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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY,

AN
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
FOR THE PEOPLE.

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J.G. HOLLAND.

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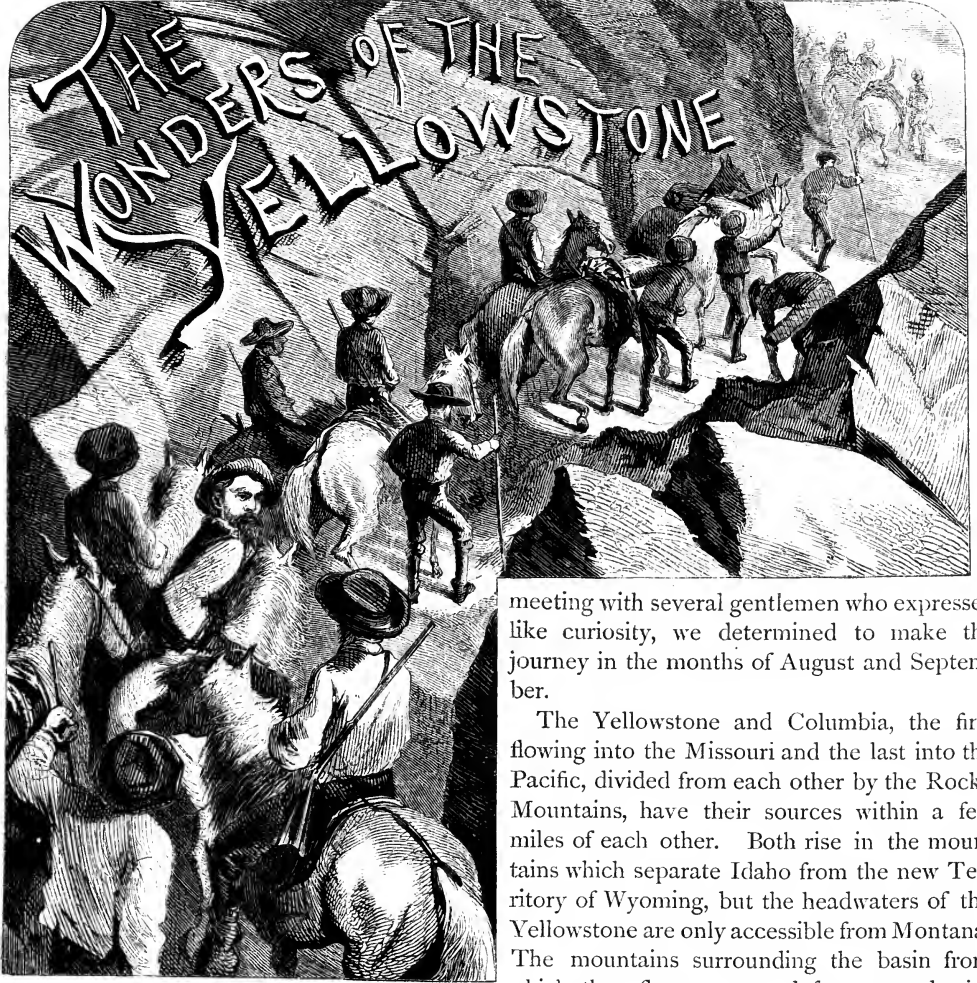
George MacDonald.

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NO. 1.



meeting with several gentlemen who expressed like curiosity, we determined to make the journey in the months of August and September.

The Yellowstone and Columbia, the first flowing into the Missouri and the last into the Pacific, divided from each other by the Rocky Mountains, have their sources within a few miles of each other. Both rise in the mountains which separate Idaho from the new Territory of Wyoming, but the headwaters of the Yellowstone are only accessible from Montana. The mountains surrounding the basin from which they flow are very lofty, covered with pines, and on the southeastern side present to the traveler a precipitous wall of rock, several thousand feet in height. This barrier prevented Captain Reynolds from visiting the headwaters of the Yellowstone while prosecuting an expedition planned by the Government and placed under his command, for the purpose of exploring that river, in 1859.

The source of the Yellowstone is in a

I HAD indulged, for several years, a great curiosity to see the wonders of the upper valley of the Yellowstone. The stories told by trappers and mountaineers of the natural phenomena of that region were so strange and marvelous that, as long ago as 1866, I first contemplated the possibility of organizing an expedition for the express purpose of exploring it. During the past year,

magnificent lake, nearly 9,000 feet above the level of the ocean. In its course of 1,300 miles to the Missouri, it falls about 7,200 feet. Its upper waters flow through deep cañons and gorges, and are broken by immense cataracts and fearful rapids, presenting at various points some of the grandest scenery on the continent. This country is entirely volcanic, and abounds in boiling springs, mud volcanoes, huge mountains of sulphur, and geysers more extensive and numerous than those of Iceland.

Old mountaineers and trappers are great romancers. I have met with many, but never one who was not fond of practicing upon the credulity of those who listened to his adventures. Bridger, than whom perhaps no man has experienced more of wild mountain life, has been so much in the habit of embellishing his Indian adventures, that they are received by all who know him with many grains of allowance. This want of faith will account for the skepticism with which the oft-repeated stories of the wonders of the Upper Yellowstone were received by people who had lived within one hundred and twenty miles of them, and who at any time could have established their verity by ten days' travel.

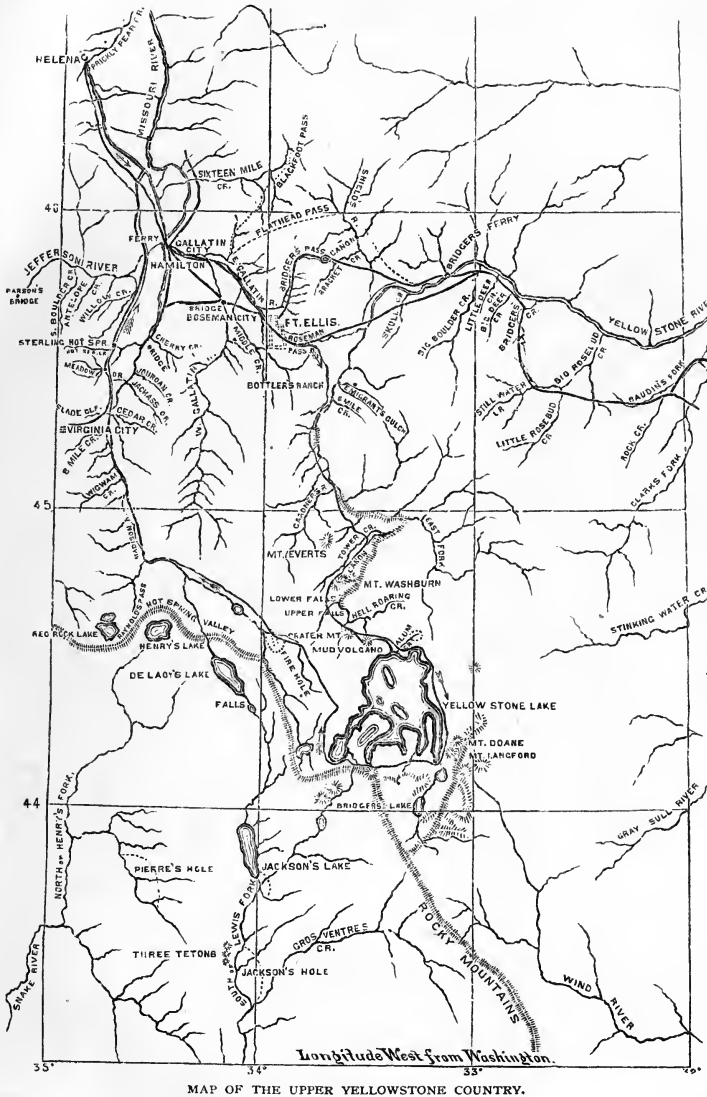
Our company, composed of some of the officials and leading citizens of Montana, felt that if the half was true, they would be amply compensated for all the troubles and hazards of the expedition. It was, nevertheless, a serious undertaking, and as the time drew near for our departure, several who had been foremost to join us, upon the receipt of intelligence that a large party of Indians had come into the Upper Yellowstone valley, found excuse for their withdrawal in various emergent occupations, so that when the day for our departure arrived, our company was reduced in numbers to nine, and consisted of the following-named gentlemen: General H. D. Washburn, who served with distinction during the war of the rebellion, and subsequently represented the Clinton District of Indiana in the Congress of the United States; Samuel T. Hauser, President of the First National Bank of Helena; Cornelius Hedges, a leading member of the bar of Montana; Hon. Truman C. Everts, late United States Assess-

or for Montana; Walter Trumbull, son of Senator Trumbull; Ben. Stickney, Jr.; Warren C. Gillette; Jacob Smith, and the writer.

The preparation was simple. Each man was supplied with a strong horse, well equipped with California saddle, bridle, and cantinas. A needle-gun, a belt filled with cartridges, a pair of revolvers, a hunting-knife, added to the usual costume of the mountains, completed the personal outfit of each member of the expedition. When mounted and ready to start, we resembled more a band of brigands than sober men in search of natural wonders. Our provisions, consisting of bacon, dried fruit, flour, &c., were securely lashed to the backs of twelve bronchos, which were placed in charge of a couple of packers. We also employed two colored boys as cooks.

Major-General Hancock, in favorable response to our application for a military escort, had given orders for a company of cavalry to accompany us, which we expected to join at Fort Ellis, in the Gallatin Valley—a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from Helena. We were none the less obliged to Gen. Hancock for his prompt compliance with our application for an escort, because of his own desire, previously expressed, to learn something of the country we explored which would be of service to him in the disposition of the troops under his command, for frontier defense; and if the result of our explorations in the least contributed to that end, we still remain the debtor of that officer for his courtesy and kindness, without which we might have failed altogether in our undertaking.

Our ride to Fort Ellis, through a well-settled portion of the Territory, was accomplished in four days. That portion of the valleys of the Missouri and Gallatin through which we passed, dotted with numerous ranches, presented large fields of wheat, oats, potatoes, and other evidences of thrift common in agricultural districts. Large droves of cattle were feeding upon the bunch grass which carpeted the valleys and foot-hills. Even the mountains, so wild, solemn, and unsocial a few years ago, seemed to be domesticated as they reared their familiar summits in long and continuous succession along the bordering uplands. At the



MAP OF THE UPPER YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY.

England States, every foot of which is susceptible of the highest cultivation.

Bozeman, a picturesque village of seven hundred inhabitants, situated at the foot of the Belt Range of mountains, is considered one of the most important prospective business locations in Montana. It is near the mouth of one of the few mountain passes of the Territory deemed practicable for railroad improvement. Its inhabitants are patiently awaiting the time when the cars of the "Northern Pacific" shall descend into their streets. The village is neatly built of wood and brick. Its surroundings are magnificent. The eye can distinctly trace the mountains by which it is encircled, a distance of four hundred miles.

Fort Ellis, three miles distant, is built upon a table of land elevated above the valley, and which overlooks it for a great distance. Our party was welcomed by Colonel Baker, the commandant, and we pitched our tent near the post.

three forks, where the Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin unite and form the Missouri, a thriving agricultural community has sprung up, which must eventually grow into a town of considerable importance. Entering the magnificent valley of the Gallatin at this point, our course up the river lay through one of the finest agricultural regions on the continent. The soil is remarkably fertile, and the valley stretches away on either side, a distance of twenty miles, to immense mountain ranges, which traverse its entire length, enclosing a territory as large as one of the larger New

On the morning succeeding our arrival we were informed that, owing to the absence on duty of most of the soldiers, a fraction of a company—five cavalymen and a lieutenant in command—were all that could be afforded for our escort; but, realizing that a small body of white men can more easily elude a band of Indians than can a large party, and without hesitating to consider the possible defense which we could make against a war party of hostile Sioux with this limited number, we declared ourselves satisfied, and took our departure for the *terra incognita* as fully

assured of a successful journey as if our number had been multiplied by hundreds.

Our pack-horses were brought up and their loads fastened to them with that incredible rapidity and skill which is the result only of life-long practice. The dexterity with which a skillful packer will load and unload his horses is remarkable. The rope is thrown around the body of the animal and securely fastened in less time than it takes to tell it. No matter what the character of the beast, wild or tame, it is under the perfect control of its master. The broncho is, however, a refractory customer. He has many tricks, unknown to his well-trained brother of the East. Bucking is a frequent vice, for which there is small remedy; but, as was proved in a single instance on the morning we left the fort, that horse must be more expert than was any in our train who can foil an experienced packer. Every leap of the enraged brute only increased the tension of the cord which bound and finally subdued him, and rendered him tractable.

Once under way, our little company, now increased to nineteen, presented quite a formidable appearance, as by dint of whip and spur our steeds gayly wheeled across the plain towards the mountains. After a tedious ride of several hours up steep acclivities, over rocks, and through dark defiles, we at length passed over the summit of the mountain

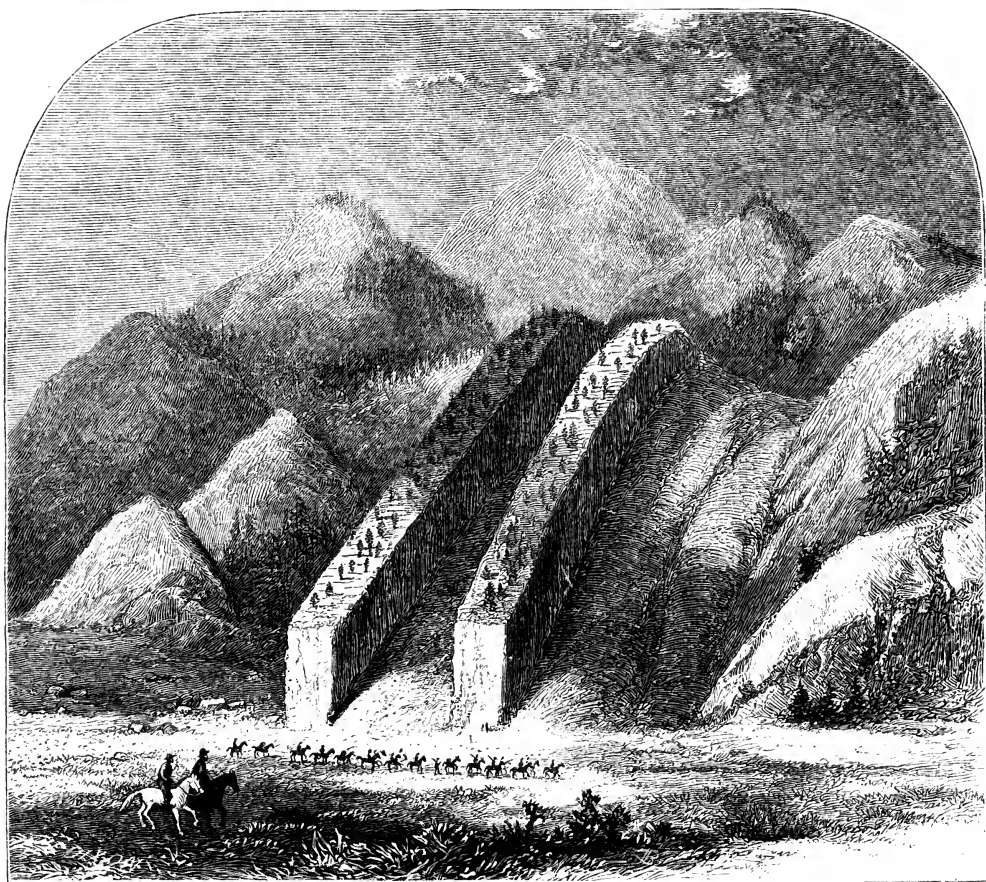
range, took a last look of the beautiful valley of the Gallatin, and descended into a ravine coursed by the waters of Trail Creek. Following this two days, we came to the Yellowstone, up which we rode to the solitary ranch of the brothers Boteler—the last abode of civilized man in the direction of our travels. These hardy mountaineers received and entertained us in hearty mountain style—giving us the best of everything their ranch afforded, together with a great deal of information and advice about the country, which we afterwards found to be invaluable. The Botelers belong to that class of pioneers, of which there are many in the new Territories, who are only satisfied when their location and field of operations are a little in advance of civilization—exposed to privation and danger—and yet unite with these discomforts some advantages of hunting, trapping, and fishing not enjoyed by men contented to dwell in safety. Free-hearted, jolly and brave, living upon such means as the country afforded, accustomed to roam for days and weeks in the mountains in pursuit of game and furs, their experience renewed our courage, and the descriptions which they gave us of the wonders they had seen increased our curiosity. It was not pleasant, however, to learn that twenty-five lodges of Crows had gone up the valley a few days before our arrival, or to be told by a trapper whom we met that he had

been robbed by them, and, in common parlance, "been set on foot," by having his horse and provisions stolen.

In anticipation of possible trouble from this source, we organized our company, and elected Gen. H. D. Washburn, Surveyor-General of Montana, commander. It was understood that we should make but one march each day—starting at 8 A.M., and camping at 3 P.M. This obviated the necessity of unpacking and cooking a dinner. At night the horses were to be carefully picketed, a fire built



ON GUARD.



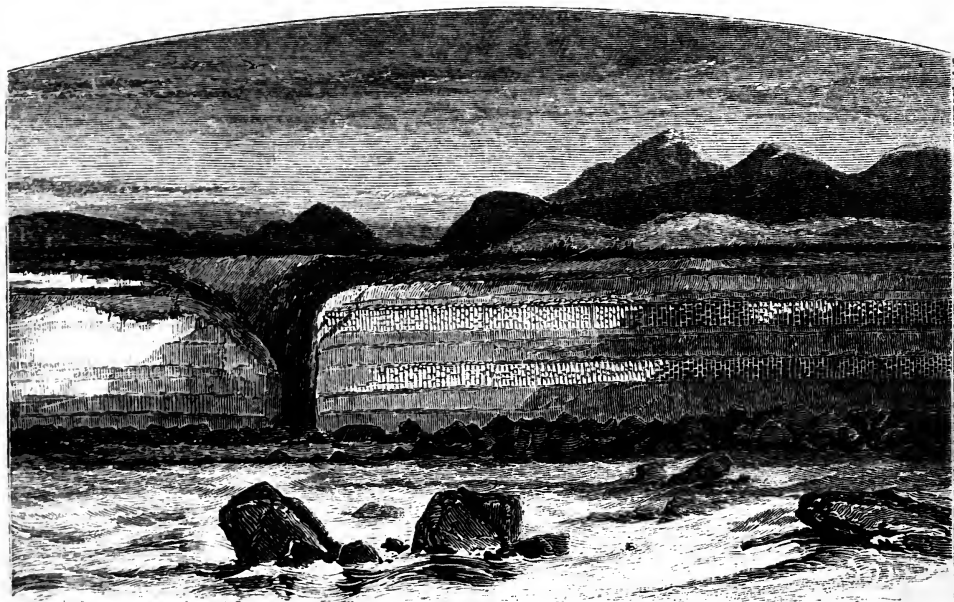
THE DEVIL'S SLIDE, MONTANA.

beyond them, and two of the company to keep guard until one o'clock; then to be relieved by two others, who were to watch until daylight. This divided the labor among fourteen, who were to serve as picket-men twice each week.

These precautionary measures being fully understood, we left Boteler's, plunging at once into the vast unknown which lay before us. Following the slight Indian trail, we traveled near the bank of the river, amid the wildest imaginable scenery of river, rock, and mountain. The foot-hills were covered with verdure, which an autumnal sun had sprinkled with maroon-colored tints, very delicate and beautiful. The path was narrow, rocky, and uneven, frequently leading over high hills, in ascent and descent more or less abrupt and difficult. The increasing altitude of the route was more perceptible than any over which

we had ever traveled, and the river, whenever visible, was a perfect mountain torrent.

While descending a hill into one of the broad openings of the valley, our attention was suddenly arrested by half a dozen or more mounted Indians, who were riding down the foot-hills on the opposite side of the river. Two of our company, who had lingered behind, came up with the information that they had seen several more making observations from behind a small butte, from which they fled in great haste on being discovered. They soon rode down on the plateau to a point where their horses were hobbled, and for a long time watched our party as it continued its course of travel up the river. Our camp was guarded that night with more than ordinary vigilance. A hard rain-storm, which set in early in the afternoon and continued



COLUMN ROCK.

through the night, may have saved us from an attack by these prowlers.

When we started the next morning, Gen. Washburn detailed four of our company to guard the pack train, while he, with four others, rode in advance to make the most practicable selection of routes. Six miles above our camp we ascended the spur of a mountain, which came down boldly to the river's edge. From its summit we had a beautiful view of the valley stretched out before us—the river fringed with cottonwood trees—the foot-hills covered with luxuriant, many-tinted herbage, and over all the snow-crowned summits of the mountains, many miles away, but seemingly rising from the midst of the plateau at our feet. Looking up the river, the valley opened widely, and from the rock on which we stood was visible the train of pack-horses, slowly winding their way along the sinuous trail, which followed the inequalities of the mountain-side. The whole formed a scene of great interest. Pursuing our course a few miles farther, we camped just below the lower cañon of the river. Our hunters provided us with a sumptuous meal of antelope, rabbit, duck, grouse, and trout.

The night was very cold, the mercury stand-

ing at 40° when we broke camp, at eight o'clock the next morning. We remained some time at the lower cañon of the Yellowstone, which, as a single isolated piece of scenery, is very beautiful. It is less than a mile in length, and perhaps does not exceed 1,000 feet in depth. Its walls are vertical; and, seen from the summit of the precipice, the river seems forced through a narrow gorge, and is surging and boiling at a fearful rate—the water breaking into millions of prismatic drops against every projecting rock.

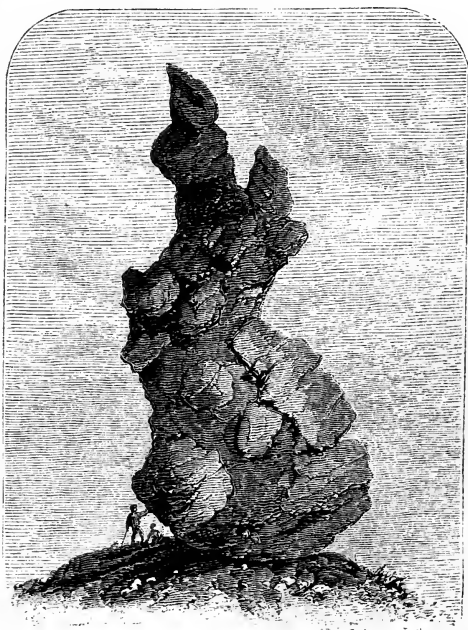
After traveling six miles over the mountains above the cañon, we again descended into a broad and open valley, skirted by a level upland for several miles. Here an object met our attention which deserves more than a casual notice. It was two parallel vertical walls of rock, projecting from the side of a mountain to the height of 125 feet, traversing the mountain from base to summit, a distance of 1,500 feet. These walls were not to exceed thirty feet in width, and their tops for the whole length were crowned with a growth of pines. The sides were as even as if they had been worked by line and plumb—the whole space between, and on either side of them, having been completely eroded and washed

away. We had seen many of the capricious works wrought by erosion upon the friable rocks of Montana, but never before upon so majestic a scale. Here an entire mountain-side, by wind and water, had been removed, leaving as the evidences of their 'protracted toil these vertical projections, which, but for their immensity, might as readily be mistaken for works of art as of nature. Their smooth sides, uniform width and height, and great length, considered in connection with the causes which had wrought their insulation, excited our wonder and admiration. They were all the more curious because of their dissimilarity to any other striking objects in natural scenery that we had ever seen or heard of. In future years, when the wonders of the Yellowstone are incorporated into the family of fashionable resorts, there will be few of its attractions surpassing in interest this marvelous freak of the elements. For some reason, best understood by himself, one of our companions gave to these rocks the name of the "Devil's Slide." The suggestion was unfortunate, as, with more reason perhaps, but with no better taste, we frequently had occasion to appropriate other portions of the person of his Satanic Majesty, or of his dominion, in signification of the varied marvels we met with. Some little excuse may be found for this in the fact that the old mountaineers and trappers who preceded us had been peculiarly lavish in the use of the infernal vocabulary. Every river and glen and mountain had suggested to their imaginations some fancied resemblance to portions of a region which their pious grandmothers had warned them to avoid. It is common for them, when speaking of this region, to designate portions of its physical features, as "Fire Hole Prairie,"—the "Devil's Glen,"—"Hell Roaring River," &c.—and these names, from a remarkable fitness of things, are not likely to be speedily superseded by others less impressive. We camped at the close of this day's travel near the southwestern corner of Montana, at the mouth of Gardiner's River.

Crossing this stream the next morning, we passed over several rocky ridges into a valley which, for a long distance, was crowded with the spires of protruding rocks, which gave it

such a dismal aspect that we named it "The Valley of Desolation." The trail was so rough and mountainous that we were able to travel but six miles before the usual hour for camping. Much of the distance was through fallen timber, almost impassable by the pack train. A mile before camping we discovered on the trail the fresh tracks of unshod ponies, indicating that a party of Indians had recently passed over it. Lieutenant Doane, with one of our company, had left us in the morning, and did not come into camp this evening. One of our horses broke his lariat during the night and galloped through the camp, rousing the sleepers, who grasped their guns, supposing the Indians were really upon them.

We started early the next morning and soon struck the trail which had been traveled the preceding day by Lieutenant Doane. It led over a more practicable route than the one we left. The marks made in the soil by the *travaux* (lodge-poles) on the side of the trail showed that it had been recently traveled by a number of lodges of Indians,—and a little colt, which we overtook soon after making the discovery, convinced us that we were in their immediate vicinity. Our party was separated, and if we had been attacked, our pack-train,



THE DEVIL'S ROOF.



THE GREAT CANON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

horses, and stores would have been an easy conquest. Fortunately we were unmolested, and, when again united, made a fresh resolution to travel as much in company as possible. All precautionary measures, however, unless enforced by the sternest discipline, are soon forgotten—and danger, until actually impending, is seldom borne in mind. A day had scarcely passed when we were as reckless as ever.

From the summit of a commanding range, which separated the waters of Antelope and Tower Creeks, we descended through a picturesque gorge, leading our horses to a small stream flowing into the Yellowstone. Four miles of travel, a great part of it down the precipitous slopes of the mountain, brought us to the banks of Tower Creek, and within the volcanic region, where the wonders were supposed to commence. On the right of the trail our attention was first attracted by a small hot sulphur spring, a little below the boiling point in temperature. Leaving the spring we ascended a high ridge, from which the most noticeable feature, in a landscape of great extent and beauty, was Column Rock, stretching for two miles along the eastern bank of the Yellowstone. At the distance from which we saw it, we could compare it in appearance to nothing but a section of the Giant's Causeway. It was composed of successive pillars of basalt overlying and underlying a thick stratum of cement and gravel resembling pudding-stone. In both rows, the pillars, standing in close proximity, were each about thirty feet high and from three to five feet in diameter. This interesting object, more from the novelty of its formation and its beautiful surroundings of mountain and river scenery than anything grand or impressive in its appearance, excited our attention, until the gathering shades of evening reminded us of the necessity of selecting a suitable camp. We descended the declivity to the banks of Tower Creek, and camped on a rocky terrace one mile distant from, and four hundred feet above the Yellowstone.

Tower Creek is a mountain torrent flowing through a gorge about forty yards wide. Just below our camp it falls perpendicularly over an even ledge 112 feet, forming one of the most beautiful cataracts in the world. For some dis-



ROCK PINNACLES ABOVE TOWER FALLS.

tance above the fall the stream is broken into a great number of channels, each of which has worked a tortuous course through a compact body of shale to the verge of the precipice, where they re-unite and form the fall. The countless shapes into which the shale has been wrought by the action of the angry waters, add a feature of great interest to the scene. Spires of solid shale, capped with slate, beautifully rounded and polished, faultless in symmetry, raise their tapering forms to the height of from 80 to 150 feet, all over the plateau above the cataract. Some resemble towers, others the spires of churches, and others still shoot up as lithe and slender as the minarets of a mosque. Some of the loftiest of these formations, standing like sentinels upon the very brink of the fall, are accessible to an expert and adventurous climber. The position attained on one of their narrow summits, amid the uproar of waters and at a height of 250 feet above the boiling chasm, as the writer can affirm, requires a steady head and strong nerves; yet the view which rewards the temerity of the exploit is full of compensa-

tions. Below the fall the stream descends in numerous rapids, with frightful velocity, through a gloomy gorge, to its union with the Yellowstone. Its bed is filled with enormous boulders, against which the rushing waters break with great fury.

Many of the capricious formations wrought from the shale excite merriment as well as wonder. Of this kind especially was a huge mass sixty feet in height, which, from its supposed resemblance to the proverbial foot of his Satanic Majesty, we called the "Devil's Hoof." The scenery of mountain, rock, and forest surrounding the falls is very beautiful. Here, too, the hunter and fisherman can indulge their tastes with the certainty of ample reward. As a half-way resort to the greater wonders still farther up the marvelous river, the visitor of future years will find no more delightful resting-place. No account of this beautiful fall has ever been given by any of the former visitors to this region. The name of "Tower Falls," which we gave it, was suggested by some of the most conspicuous features of the scenery.



TOWER FALLS, ON TOWER CREEK, WYOMING.

Early the next morning several of our company left in advance, to explore a passage for our pack-train over the mountains, which were very steep and lofty. We had been following a bend in the river,—but as no sign of a change in its course was apparent, our object was, by finding a shorter route across the country, to avoid several days of toilsome travel. The advance party ascended a lofty peak,—by barometrical measurement, 10,580 feet above ocean level,—which, in honor of our commander, was called Mount Washburn. From its summit, 400 feet above the line of perpetual snow, we were able to trace the course of the river to its source in Yellowstone Lake. At the point where we crossed the line of vegetation the snow covered the

side of the apex of the mountain to the depth of twenty feet, and seemed to be as solid as the rocks upon which it rested. Descending the mountain, we came upon the trail made by the pack-train at its base, which we followed into camp at the head of a small stream flowing into the Yellowstone. Following the stream in the direction of its mouth, at the distance of a mile below our camp, we crossed an immense bed of volcanic ashes, thirty feet deep, extending one hundred yards along both sides of the creek. Less than a mile beyond, we suddenly came upon a hideous-looking glen filled with the sulphurous vapor emitted from six or eight boiling springs of great size and activity. One of our company aptly compared it to the entrance to the infernal regions. It looked like nothing earthly we had ever seen, and the pungent fumes which filled the atmosphere were not unaccompanied by a disagreeable sense of possible suffocation. Entering the basin cautiously, we found the entire surface of the earth covered with the incrustated sinter thrown from the springs.

Jets of hot vapor were expelled through a hundred natural orifices with which it was pierced, and through every fracture made by passing over it. The springs themselves were as diabolical in appearance as the witches' caldron in Macbeth, and needed but the presence of Hecate and her weird band to realize that horrible creation of poetic fancy. They were all in a state of violent ebullition, throwing their liquid contents to the height of three or four feet. The largest had a basin twenty by forty feet in diameter. Its greenish-yellow water was covered with bubbles, which were constantly rising, bursting, and emitting sulphurous gas from various parts of its surface. The central spring seethed and bubbled like a boiling caldron. Fearful

volumes of vapor were constantly escaping it. Near it was another, not so large, but more infernal in appearance. Its contents, of the consistency of paint, were in constant, noisy ebullition. A stick thrust into it, on being withdrawn, was coated with lead-colored slime a quarter of an inch in thickness. Nothing flows from this spring. Seemingly, it is boiling down. A fourth spring, which exhibited the same physical features, was partly covered by an overhanging ledge of rock. We tried to fathom it, but the bottom was beyond the reach of the longest pole we could find. Rocks cast into it increased the agitation of its waters. There were several other springs in the group, smaller in size, but presenting the same characteristics.

The approach to them was unsafe, the incrustation surrounding them bending in many places beneath our weight,—and from the fractures thus created would ooze a sulphury slime of the consistency of mucilage. It was with great difficulty that we obtained specimens from the natural apertures with which the crust is filled,—a feat which was accomplished by one only of our party, who extended himself at full length upon that portion of the incrustation which yielded the least, but which was not sufficiently strong to bear his weight while in an upright position, and at imminent risk of sinking into the infernal mixture, rolled over and over to the edge of the opening, and with the crust slowly bending and sinking beneath him, hurriedly secured the coveted prize.

There was something so revolting in the general appearance of the springs and their surroundings—the foulness of the vapors, the infernal contents, the treacherous incrustation, the noisy ebullition, the general appearance of desolation, and the seclusion and wildness of the location—that, though awe-struck, we were not unreluctant to continue our journey without making them a second visit. They

were probably never before seen by white man. The name of “Hell Broth Springs,” which we gave them, fully expressed our appreciation of their character.

Our journey the next day still continued through a country until then untraveled. Owing to the high lateral mountain spurs, the numerous ravines, and the interminable patches of fallen timber, we made very slow progress; but when the hour for camping arrived we were greatly surprised to find ourselves descending the mountain along the banks of a beautiful stream in the immediate vicinity of the Great Falls of the Yellowstone. This stream, which we called Cascade Creek, is very rapid. Just before its union with the river it passes through a gloomy gorge, of abrupt descent, which on either side is filled with continuous masses of obsidian that have been worn by the water into many fantastic shapes and cavernous recesses. This we named “The Devil’s Den.” Near the foot of the gorge the creek breaks from fearful rapids into a cascade of great beauty. The first fall of five feet is immediately succeeded by another of fifteen, into a pool as clear as amber, nestled beneath over-arching rocks. Here it lingers as if half reluctant to continue its course, and then gracefully emerges from the grotto, and, veiling the rocks down an abrupt descent of eighty-four feet, passes rapidly on to the

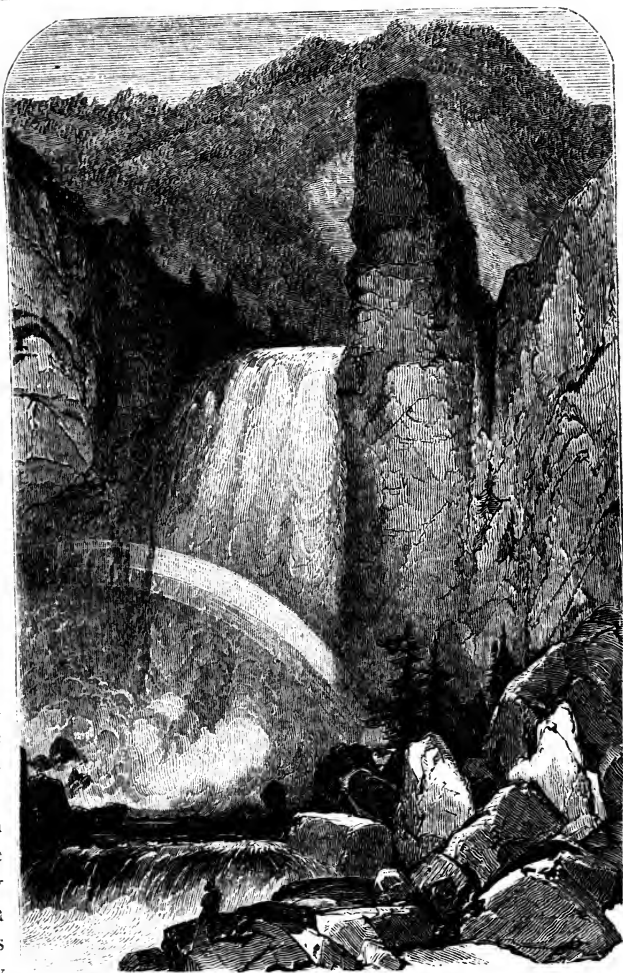


GETTING A SPECIMEN.

Yellowstone. It received the name of "Crystal."

The Great Falls are at the head of one of the most remarkable cañions in the world—a gorge through volcanic rocks fifty miles long, and varying from one thousand to nearly five thousand feet in depth. In its descent through this wonderful chasm the river falls almost three thousand feet. At one point, where the passage has been worn through a mountain range, our hunters assured us it was more than a vertical mile in depth, and the river, broken into rapids and cascades, appeared no wider than a ribbon. The brain reels as we gaze into this profound and solemn solitude. We shrink from the dizzy verge appalled, glad to feel the solid earth under our feet, and venture no more, except with forms extended, and faces barely protruding over the edge of the precipice. The stillness is horrible. Down, down, down, we see the river attenuated to a thread, tossing its miniature waves, and dashing, with puny strength, the massive walls which imprison it. All access to its margin is denied, and the dark gray rocks hold it in dismal shadow.

Even the voice of its waters in their convulsive agony cannot be heard. Uncheered by plant or shrub, obstructed with massive boulders and by jutting points, it rushes madly on its solitary course, deeper and deeper into the bowels of the rocky firmament. The solemn grandeur of the scene surpasses description. It must be seen to be felt. The sense of danger with which it impresses you is harrowing in the extreme. You feel the absence of sound, the oppression of absolute silence. If you could only hear that gurgling river, if you could see a living tree in the depth beneath you, if a bird would fly past, if the wind would move any object in the awful chasm, to break for a moment the solemn silence that reigns there, it would relieve that tension of the nerves which the scene



LOWER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE, WYOMING: (350 FEET IN HEIGHT.)

has excited, and you would rise from your prostrate condition and thank God that he had permitted you to gaze, unharmed, upon this majestic display of natural architecture. As it is, sympathizing in spirit with the deep gloom of the scene, you crawl from the dreadful verge, scared lest the firm rock give way beneath and precipitate you into the horrid gulf.

We had been told by trappers and mountaineers that there were cataracts in this vicinity a thousand feet high; but, if so, they must be lower down the cañon, in that portion of it which, by our journey across the bend in the river, we failed to see. We regretted, when too late, that we had not made a fuller exploration—for by no other theory than that there was a stupendous fall below us,

or that the river was broken by a continued succession of cascades, could we account for a difference of nearly 3,000 feet in altitude between the head and the mouth of the cañon. In that part of the cañon which we saw, the inclination of the river was marked by frequent falls fifteen and twenty feet in height, sufficient, if continuous through it, to accomplish the entire descent.

The fearful descent into this terrific cañon was accomplished with great difficulty by Messrs. Hauser and Stickney, at a point about two miles below the falls. By trigonometrical measurement they found the chasm at that point to be 1,190 feet deep. Their ascent from it was perilous, and it was only by making good use of hands and feet, and keeping the nerves braced to the utmost tension, that they were enabled to clamber up the precipitous rocks to a safe landing-place. The effort was successfully made, but none others of the company were disposed to venture.

From a first view of the cañon we followed the river to the falls. A grander scene than the lower cataract of the Yellowstone was never witnessed by mortal eyes. The volume seemed to be adapted to all the harmonies of the surrounding scenery. Had it been greater or smaller it would have been less impressive. The river, from a width of two hundred feet above the fall, is compressed by converging rocks to one hundred and fifty feet, where it takes the plunge. The shelf over which it falls is as level and even as a work of art. The height, by actual line measurement, is a few inches more than 350 feet. It is a sheer, compact, solid, perpendicular sheet, faultless in all the elements of grandeur and picturesque beauties. The cañon which commences at the upper fall, half a mile above this cataract, is here a thousand feet in depth. Its vertical sides rise gray and dark above the fall to shelving summits, from which one can look down into the boiling, spray-filled chasm, enlivened with rainbows, and glittering like a shower of diamonds. From a shelf protruding over the stream, 500 feet below the top of the cañon, and 180 above the verge of the cataract, a member of our company, lying prone upon the rock, let down a cord with a stone attached

into the gulf, and measured its profoundest depths. The life and sound of the cataract, with its sparkling spray and fleecy foam, contrasts strangely with the sombre stillness of the cañon a mile below. There all was darkness, gloom, and shadow; here all was vivacity, gayety, and delight. One was the most unsocial, the other the most social scene in nature. We could talk, and sing, and whoop, waking the echoes with our mirth and laughter in presence of the falls, but we could not thus profane the silence of the cañon. Seen through the cañon below the falls, the river for a mile or more is broken by rapids and cascades of great variety and beauty.

Between the lower and upper falls the cañon is two hundred to nearly four hundred feet deep. The river runs over a level bed of rock, and is undisturbed by rapids until near the verge of the lower fall. The upper fall is entirely unlike the other, but in its peculiar character equally interesting. For some distance above it the river breaks into frightful rapids. The stream is narrowed between the rocks as it approaches the brink, and bounds with impatient struggles for release, leaping through the stony jaws, in a sheet of snow-white foam, over a precipice nearly perpendicular, 115 feet high. Midway in its descent the entire volume of water is carried, by the sloping surface of an intervening ledge, twelve or fifteen feet beyond the vertical base of the precipice, gaining therefrom a novel and interesting feature. The churning of the water upon the rocks reduces it to a mass of foam and spray, through which all the colors of the solar spectrum are reproduced in astonishing profusion. What this cataract lacks in sublimity is more than compensated by picturesqueness. The rocks which overshadow it do not veil it from the open light. It is up amid the pine foliage which crowns the adjacent hills, the grand feature of a landscape unrivaled for beauties of vegetation as well as of rock and glen. The two confronting rocks, overhanging the verge at the height of a hundred feet or more, could be readily united by a bridge, from which some of the grandest views of natural scenery in the world could be obtained—while just in front of, and within reaching distance of the arrowy water, from



UPPER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE, WYOMING.

a table one-third of the way below the brink of the fall, all its nearest beauties and terrors may be caught at a glance.

We rambled around the falls and cañon two days, and left them with the unpleasant conviction that the greatest wonder of our journey had been seen.

We indulged in a last and lingering glance at the falls on the morning of the first day of Autumn. The sun shone brightly, and the laughing waters of the upper fall were filled with the glitter of rainbows and diamonds. Nature, in the excess of her prodigality, had seemingly determined that this last look should

be the brightest, for there was everything in the landscape, illuminated by the rising sun, to invite a longer stay. Even the dismal cañon, so dark and gray and still, reflected here and there on its vertical surface patches of sunshine, as much as to say, "See what I can do when I try." Everything had "put a jocund humor on." Long vistas of light broke through the pines which crowned the contiguous mountains, and the snow-crowned peaks in the distance glistened like crystal. Catching the spirit of the scene, we laughed and sung, and whooped as we rambled hurriedly from point to point, lingering only when

the final moment came to receive the very last impression.

At length we turned our backs upon the scene, and wended our way slowly up the river-bank along a beaten trail. The last vestige of the rapids disappeared at the distance of half a mile above the Upper Fall. The river, expanded to the width of 400 feet, rolled peacefully between low verdant banks. The water for some distance was of that emerald hue which is so distinguishing a feature of Niagara. The bottom was pebbly, and but for the treacherous quicksands and crevices, of which it was full, we could easily have forded the stream at any point between the falls and our camping-place. We crossed a little creek strongly impregnated with alum,—and three miles beyond found ourselves in the midst of volcanic wonders of great variety and profusion. The region was filled with boiling springs and craters. Two hills, each 300 feet high, and from a quarter to half a mile across, had been formed wholly of the sinter thrown from adjacent springs—lava, sulphur, and reddish-brown clay. Hot streams of vapor were pouring from crevices scattered over them. Their surfaces answered in hollow intonations to every footstep, and in several places yielded to the weight of our horses. Steaming vapor rushed hissing from the fractures, and all around the natural vents large quantities of sulphur in crystallized form, perfectly pure, had been deposited. This could be readily gathered with pick and shovel. A great many exhausted craters dotted the hillside. One near the summit, still alive, changed its hues like steel under the process of tempering, to every kiss of the passing breeze. The hottest vapors were active beneath the incrustated surface everywhere. A thick leathern glove was no protection to the hand exposed to them. Around these immense thermal deposits, the country, for a great distance in all directions, is filled with boiling springs, all exhibiting separate characteristics.

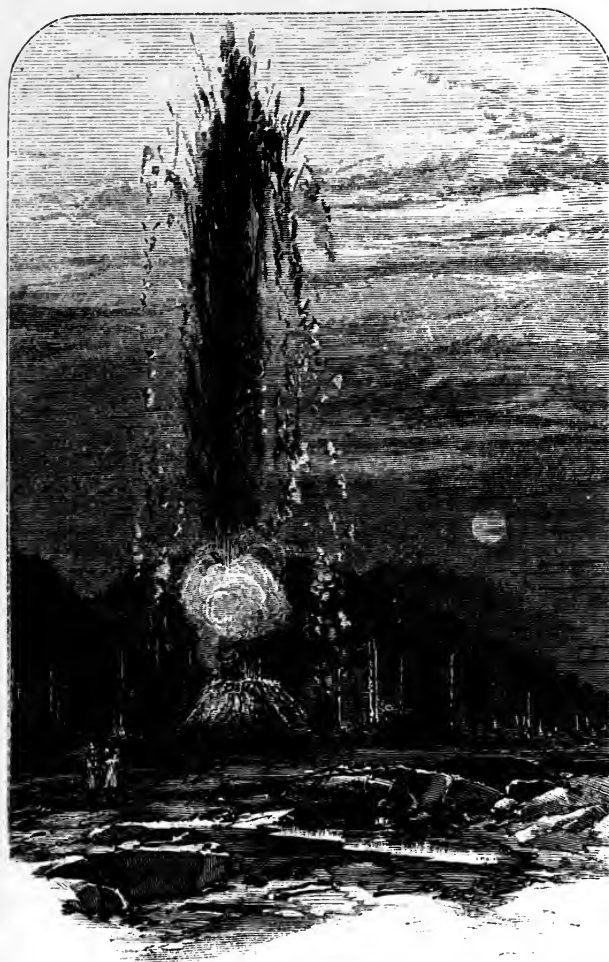
The most conspicuous of the cluster is a sulphur spring twelve by twenty feet in diameter, encircled by a beautifully scalloped sedimentary border, in which the water is thrown to a height of from three to seven feet. The regular formation of this border, and the

perfect shading of the scollops forming it, are among the most delicate and wonderful freaks of nature's handiwork. They look like an elaborate work of art. This spring is located at the western base of Crater Hill, above described, and the gentle slope around it for a distance of 300 feet is covered to considerable depth with a mixture of sulphur and brown lava. The moistened bed of a small channel, leading from the spring down the slope, indicated that it had recently overflowed.

A few rods north of this spring, at the base of the hill, is a cavern whose mouth is about seven feet in diameter, from which a dense jet of sulphurous vapor explodes with a regular report like a high-pressure engine. A little farther along we came upon another boiling spring, seventy feet long by forty wide, the water of which is dark and muddy, and in unceasing agitation.

About a hundred yards distant we discovered a boiling alum spring, surrounded with beautiful crystals, from the border of which we gathered a quantity of alum, nearly pure, but slightly impregnated with iron. The violent ebullition of the water had undermined the surrounding surface in many places, and for the distance of several feet from the margin had so thoroughly saturated the incrustation with its liquid contents, that it was unsafe to approach the edge. As one of our company was unconcernedly passing near the brink, the incrustation suddenly sloughed off beneath his feet. A shout of alarm from his comrades aroused him to a sense of his peril, and he only avoided being plunged into the boiling mixture by falling suddenly backward at full length upon the firm portion of the crust, and rolling over to a place of safety. His escape from a horrible death was most marvellous, and in another instant he would have been beyond all human aid. Our efforts to sound the depths of this spring with a pole thirty-five feet in length were fruitless.

Beyond this we entered a basin covered with the ancient deposit of some extinct crater, which contained about thirty springs of boiling clay. These unsightly caldrons varied in size from two to ten feet in diameter, their surfaces being from three to eight feet below the level of the plain. The contents of most of them were



THE MUD VOLCANO.

of the consistency of thick paint, which they greatly resembled, some being yellow, others pink, and others dark brown. This semi-fluid was boiling at a fearful rate, much after the fashion of a hasty-pudding in the last stages of completion. The bubbles, often two feet in height, would explode with a puff, emitting at each time a villainous smell of sulphuretted vapor. Springs six and eight feet in diameter, but four feet asunder, presented distinct phenomenal characteristics. There was no connection between them, above or below. The sediment varied in color, and not-unfrequently there would be an inequality of five feet in their surfaces. Each, seemingly, was supplied with a separate force. They were embraced within a radius of 1,200 feet, which

was covered with a strong incrustation, the various vents in which emitted streams of heated vapor. Our silver watches, and other metallic articles, assumed a dark leaden hue. The atmosphere was filled with sulphurous gases, and the river opposite our camp was impregnated with the mineral bases of adjacent springs. The valley through which we had made our day's journey was level and beautiful, spreading away to grassy foot-hills, which terminated in a horizon of mountains.

We spent the next day in examining the wonders surrounding us. At the base of adjacent foot-hills we found three springs of boiling mud, the largest of which, forty feet in diameter, encircled by an elevated rim of solid tufa, resembles an immense caldron. The seething, bubbling contents, covered with steam, are five feet below the rim. The disgusting appearance of this spring is scarcely atoned for by the wonder with which it fills the beholder. The other two springs, much smaller, but presenting the same general features, are located near a large sulphur spring of milder temperature, but too hot for bath-

ing. On the brow of an adjacent hillock, amid the green pines, heated vapor issues in scorching jets from several craters and fissures. Passing over the hill, we struck a small stream of perfectly transparent water flowing from a cavern, the roof of which tapers back to the water, which is boiling furiously, at a distance of twenty feet from the mouth, and is ejected through it in uniform jets of great force. The sides and entrance of the cavern are covered with soft green sediment, which renders the rock on which it is deposited as soft and pliable as putty.

About two hundred yards from this cave is a most singular phenomenon, which we called the Muddy Geyser. It presents a funnel-shaped orifice, in the midst of a basin one

hundred and fifty feet in diameter, with sloping sides of clay and sand. The crater or orifice, at the surface, is thirty by fifty feet in diameter. It tapers quite uniformly to the depth of about thirty feet, where the water may be seen, when the geyser is in repose, presenting a surface of six or seven feet in breadth. The flow of this geyser is regular every six hours. The water rises gradually, commencing to boil when about half way to the surface, and occasionally breaking forth in great violence. When the crater is filled, it is expelled from it in a splashing, scattered mass, ten or fifteen feet in thickness, to the height of forty feet. The water is of a dark lead color, and deposits the substance it holds in solution in the form of miniature stalagmites upon the sides and top of the crater. As this was the first object which approached a geyser, we, naturally enough, regarded it with intense curiosity. The deposit contained in the water of this geyser comprises about one-fifteenth of its bulk, and an analysis of it, made by Prof. Augustus Steitz, of Montana, gives the following result:—Silica, 36.7; alumina, 52.4; oxide of iron, 1.8; oxide of calcium, 3.2; oxide of magnesia, 1.8; soda and potassa, 4.1 = 100.

While returning by a new route to our camp, dull, thundering sounds, which General Washburn likened to frequent discharges of a distant mortar, broke upon our ears. We followed their direction, and found them to

proceed from a mud volcano, which occupied the slope of a small hill, embowered in a grove of pines. Dense volumes of steam shot into the air with each report, through a crater thirty feet in diameter. The reports, though irregular, occurred as often as every five seconds, and could be distinctly heard half a mile. Each alternate report shook the ground a distance of two hundred yards or more, and the massive jets of vapor which accompanied them burst forth like the smoke of burning gunpowder. It was impossible to stand on the edge of that side of the crater opposite the wind, and one of our party, Mr. Hedges, was rewarded for his temerity in venturing too near the rim, by being thrown by the force of the volume of steam violently down the outer side of the crater. From hasty views, afforded by occasional gusts of wind, we could see at a depth of sixty feet the regurgitating contents.

This volcano, as is evident from the freshness of the vegetation and the particles of dried clay adhering to the topmost branches of the trees surrounding it, is of very recent formation. Probably it burst forth but a few months ago. Its first explosion must have been terrible. We saw limbs of trees 125 feet high encased in clay, and found its scattered contents two hundred feet from it. We closed this day's labor by a visit to several other springs, so like those already described that they require no special notice.

(To be continued.)

UNRECONCILED.

At morn he stood before her,
With heart and tongue aflame,
To her entreating glances
No kiss replying came.

At night he leaned above her—
White embers lacking flame,—
To his belated kisses
No answering kisses came.

REMINISCENCES OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

TO THE EDITOR : You with much urgency beg me to give you some reminiscences of the Brontë family.

The life of Charlotte Brontë, viewed apart from her high gifts and genius as an authoress, was a very unsensational life ; for the most part it was a life of domestic duty, self-sacrifice, fidelity to whatever she believed to be right, fortitude in suffering, and patient resignation under all inevitable trials ; and these are not elements of attraction to readers who care for excitement. What is said of Charlotte may, with almost equal truth, be said of Emily and Anne ; though they differed greatly in many points of character and disposition, they were each and all on common ground if a *principle* had to be maintained or a *sham* to be detected. They were all jealous of anything hollow or unreal. All were resolutely single-minded, eminently courageous, eminently simple in their habits, and eminently tender-hearted.

For many years past I have from time to time received urgent requests from your countrymen (who have at all times evinced the highest appreciation of Charlotte Brontë's writings) for a further publication of her letters.

In 1867 some communication arose on the subject with your now lamented countryman, Henry J. Raymond. He wrote to intimate he should possibly see me on this subject in England, while on his way to join some members of his family in Europe. He advised a further publication of C. B.'s letters, said "they would in any case be a considerable success," and begged to assure me that "he should be glad to aid in the enterprise as far as it might be in his power." I had entertained strong doubts as to the desirability of adding (at least for some time to come) to the letters already given in the Memoir (which were many more than were at first anticipated), when close upon Mr. Raymond's advice another kind of urgency rose up, which has often been very active among some of C. B.'s warmest admirers.

With painful frequency it has been said to me, "Why do not you defend your friend's memory from the oft-made charge of irreligion?" Every chord of affection vibrated in response to such an appeal, soothed however, for the time, by the promise to one's self that, on some future day, her own letters should be her defence, *after* (as I thought) my own web of life had run its course. But a series of events (which I need not specify) seemed to call, and to call so repeatedly, I could no longer refuse or delay to set about giving, as a tribute of justice to herself, a few more of her own words, the words of her *heart* and *feelings*, as they were elicited by the common accidents and incidents of daily life. The doing of this involves some sacrifice ; but to shrink from possible annoyance or discomfort when duly called upon in defence of one we have loved, is indeed to be cowardly and craven-hearted, and unworthy of Charlotte Brontë's faithful love and friendship.

It is hoped the few more letters now given* will not fail to show with deep truth that her religion, though it did not manifest itself in phraseology and shibboleth, yet existed in a higher and better sense, finding its expression in the thought and action which springs from trustful, obedient faith. Why should she be condemned on points of doctrine which she had no call to pronounce? Why question her faith in our Saviour when her whole life was a practical illustration of His teachings,—her constant attendance at celebrations of the Holy Eucharist, a declaration of her faith in His atonement,—her self-sacrifice to duty, offered so freely and entirely without one thought of merit or of praise to be won, and this, too, when tempted by a combination of circumstance and affection which none of less religious principle could have resisted ;—when she never shirked a duty because it was irksome, or advised another to do what she herself did not fully count the cost of doing,—above all, when her goodness was not of the stand-still order,—when there was new beauty, when there were new developments and growths of goodness to admire and attract in every succeeding renewal of intercourse,—when daily she was a Christian heroine, who bore her cross with the firmness of a martyr saint !

E.

SCHOOL DAYS AT ROE HEAD.

ARRIVING at school about a week after the general assembling of the pupils, I was not expected to accompany them when the time came for their daily exercise, but while they were out, I was led into the school-room, and quietly left to make my observations. I had come to the conclusion it was very nice and comfortable for a school-room, though I had little knowledge of school-rooms in general, when, turning to the window to observe the look-out I became aware for the first time that I was not alone ; there was a silent, weeping, dark little figure in the large bay-window ; she must, I thought, have risen from the floor. As soon as I had recovered from my surprise, I went from the far end of the room, where the book-shelves were, the contents of which I must have contemplated with a little awe in anticipation of coming studies. A crimson cloth covered the long table down the center of the room, which helped, no doubt, to hide the shrinking little

* [The letters referred to appeared in the last volume of *HOURS AT HOME*, although many of great interest still remain unpublished.—ED.]



THE ROE HEAD SCHOOL.

figure from my view. I was touched and troubled at once to see her so sad and so tearful.

I said *shrinking*, because her attitude, when I saw her, was that of one who wished to hide both herself and her grief. She did not shrink, however, when spoken to, but in very few words confessed she was "homesick." After a little of such comfort as could be offered, it was suggested to her that there was a possibility of her too having to comfort the speaker by and by for the same cause. A faint quivering smile then lighted her face; the tear-drops fell; we silently took each other's hands, and at once we felt that genuine sympathy which always consoles, even though it be unexpressed. We did not talk or stir till we heard the approaching footsteps of other pupils coming in from their play; it had been a game called "French and English," which was always very vigorously played, but in which Charlotte Brontë never could be induced to join. Perhaps the merry voices contesting for victory, which reached our ears in the school-room, jarred upon her then sensitive misery, and caused her ever after to dislike the game; but she was physically unequal to that exercise of muscle, which was keen enjoyment to strong, healthy girls, both older and younger than herself. Miss Wooler's system of education required that a good deal of her pupils' work should be done in classes, and to effect this, new pupils had

generally a season of solitary study; but Charlotte's fervent application made this period a very short one to her,—she was quickly up to the needful standard, and ready for the daily routine and arrangement of studies, and as quickly did she outstrip her companions, rising from the bottom of the classes to the top, a position which, when she had once gained, she never had to regain. She was first in everything but play, yet never was a word heard of envy or jealousy from her companions; every one felt she had won her laurels by an amount of diligence and hard labor of which they were incapable. She never exulted in her successes or seemed conscious of them; her mind was so wholly set on attaining knowledge that she apparently forgot all else.

Charlotte's appearance did not strike me at first as it did others. I saw her grief, not herself particularly, till afterwards. She never seemed to me the unattractive little person others designated her, but certainly she was at this time anything but *pretty*; even her good points were lost. Her naturally beautiful hair of soft silky brown being then dry and frizzy-looking, screwed up in tight little curls, showing features that were all the plainer from her exceeding thinness and want of complexion, she looked "dried in." A dark, rusty green stuff dress of old-fashioned make detracted still more from her appearance; but let her wear what she might, or do what she would, she

had ever the demeanor of a born gentlewoman; vulgarity was an element that never won the slightest affinity with her nature. Some of the elder girls, who had been years at school, thought her ignorant. This was true in one sense; ignorant she was indeed in the elementary education which is given in schools, but she far surpassed her most advanced school-fellows in knowledge of what was passing in the world at large, and in the literature of her country. She knew a thousand things in these matters unknown to them.

She had taught herself a little French before she came to school; this little knowledge of the language was very useful to her when afterwards she was engaged in translation or dictation. She soon began to make a good figure in French lessons. Music she wished to acquire, for which she had both ear and taste, but her nearsightedness caused her to stoop so dreadfully in order to see her notes, she was dissuaded from persevering in the acquirement, especially as she had at this time an invincible objection to wearing glasses. Her very taper fingers, tipped with the most circular nails, did not seem very suited for instrumental execution; but when wielding the pen or the pencil, they appeared in the very office they were created for.

Her appetite was of the smallest; for years she had not tasted animal food; she had the greatest dislike to it; she always had something specially provided for her at our midday repast. Towards the close of the first half-year she was induced to take, by little and little, meat gravy with vegetable, and in the second half-year she commenced taking a very small portion of animal food daily. She then grew a little bit plumper, looked younger and more animated, though she was never what is called lively at this period. She always seemed to feel that a deep responsibility rested upon her; that she was an object of expense to those at home, and that she must use every moment to attain the purpose for which she was sent to school, *i.e.*, to fit herself for governess life. She had almost too much opportunity for her conscientious diligence; we were so little restricted in our doings, the industrious might accomplish the ap-

pointed tasks of the day and enjoy a little leisure, but she chose in many things to do *double* lessons when not prevented by class arrangement or a companion. In two of her studies she was associated with her friend, and great was her distress if her companion failed to be ready, when she was, with the lesson of the day. She liked the stated task to be over, that she might be free to pursue her self-appointed ones. Such, however, was her conscientiousness that she never did what some girls think it generous to do; generous and unselfish though she was, she never whispered help to a companion in class (as she might have done), to rid herself of the trouble of having to appear again. All her school-fellows regarded her, I believe, as a model of high rectitude, close application, and great abilities. She did not play or amuse herself when others did. When her companions were merry round the fire, or otherwise enjoying themselves during the twilight, which was always a precious time of relaxation, she would be kneeling close to the window busy with her studies, and this would last so long that she was accused of seeing in the dark; yet though she did not play, as girls style play, she was ever ready to help with suggestions in those plays which required taste or arrangement.

When her companions formed the idea of having a coronation performance on a half-holiday, it was Charlotte Brontë who drew up the programme, arranged the titles to be adopted by her companions for the occasion, wrote the invitations to those who were to grace the ceremony, and selected for each a title, either for sound that pleased the ear or for historical association. The preparations for these extra half-holidays (which were very rare occurrences) sometimes occupied spare moments for weeks before the event. On this occasion Charlotte prepared a very elegant little speech for the one who was selected to present the crown. Miss W.'s younger sister consented after much entreaty to be crowned as our queen (a very noble, stately queen she made), and did her pupils all the honor she could by adapting herself to the rôle of the moment. The following exquisite little speech shows Charlotte's aptitude, even

then, at giving fitting expression to her thoughts :—

“Powerful Queen ! accept this Crown, the symbol of dominion, from the hands of your faithful and affectionate subjects ! And if their earnest and united wishes have any efficacy, you will long be permitted to reign over this peaceful, though circumscribed, empire.
[Signed, &c., &c.]

“Your loyal subjects.”

The little fête finished off with what was called a ball ; but for lack of numbers we had to content ourselves with one quadrille and two Scotch reels. Last of all there was a supper, which was considered very *recherché*, most of it having been coaxed out of yielding mammas and elder sisters, in addition to some wise expenditure of pocket-money. The grand feature, however, of the supper was the attendance of a mulatto servant. We descended for a moment from our assumed dignities to improvise this distinguishing appanage. The liveliest of our party, “Jessie York,” volunteered this office, and surpassed our expectations. Charlotte evidently enjoyed the fun, in her own quiet way, as much as any one, and ever after with great zest helped, when with old school-fellows, to recall the performances of the exceptional half-holidays.

About a month after the assembling of the school, one of the pupils had an illness.

There was great competition among the girls for permission to sit with the invalid, but Charlotte was never of the number, though she was as assiduous in kindness and attention as the rest in spare moments ; but to sit with the patient was indulgence and leisure, and these she would not permit herself.

It was shortly after this illness that Charlotte caused such a panic of terror by her thrilling relations of the wanderings of a somnambulist. She brought together all the horrors her imagination could create, from surging seas, raging breakers, towering castle walls, high precipices, invisible chasms and dangers. Having wrought these materials to the highest pitch of effect, she brought out, in almost cloud-height, her somnambulist, walking on shaking turrets,—all told in a voice that conveyed more than words alone can express. A shivering terror seized the recovered invalid ; a pause ensued ; then a subdued cry of pain came from Charlotte herself, with a terrified command to others to call for help. She was in bitter distress. Something like remorse seemed to linger in her mind after this incident ; for weeks there was no prevailing upon her to resume her tales, and she never again created terrors for her listeners. Tales, however, were made again in time, till Miss W. discovered there was “late talking.” That was forbidden ; but under-



THE “FIELD HEAD” OF SHIRLEY.



THE "BRIARFIELD" CHURCH, OF SHIRLEY.

standing it was "late talk" only which was prohibited, we talked and listened to tales again, not expecting to hear Miss C. H. W. say, one morning, "All the ladies who talked last night must pay fines. I am sure Miss Brontë and Miss —— were not of the number." Miss Brontë and Miss —— were, however, transgressors like the rest, and rather enjoyed the fact of having to pay like them, till they saw Miss W.'s grieved and disappointed look. It was then a distress that they had failed where they were reckoned upon, though unintentionally. This was the only school-fine Charlotte ever incurred.

At the close of the first half-year, Charlotte bore off three prizes. For one she had to draw lots with her friend—a moment of painful suspense to both; for neither wished to deprive the other of her reward. Happily, Charlotte won it, and so had the gratifying pleasure of carrying home three tangible proofs of her goodness and industry. Miss W. had two badges of conduct for her pupils which were wonderfully effective, except with the most careless. A black ribbon, worn in the style of the Order of the Garter, which the pupils passed from one to another for any breach of rules, unlady-like manners, or incorrect grammar. Charlotte might, in her very earliest school-days, have worn "the mark," as we styled it, but I never remember her having it. The silver medal, which was

the badge for the fulfillment of duties, she won the right to in her first half-year. This she never afterwards forfeited, and it was presented to her on leaving school. She was only three half-years at school. In this time she went through all the elementary teaching contained in our school-books. She was in the habit of committing long pieces of poetry to memory, and seemed to do so with real enjoyment and hardly any effort.

In these early days, whenever she was certain of being quite alone with her friend, she would talk much of her two dead sisters, Maria and Elizabeth. Her love for them was most intense; a kind of adoration dwelt in her feelings which, as she conversed, almost imparted itself to her listener.

She described Maria as a little mother among the rest, superhuman in goodness and cleverness. But the most touching of all were the revelations of her sufferings,—how she suffered with the sensibility of a grown-up person, and endured with a patience and fortitude that were Christ-like. Charlotte would still weep and suffer when thinking of her. She talked of Elizabeth also, but never with the anguish of expression which accompanied her recollections of Maria. When surprise was expressed that she should know so much about her sisters when they were so young, and she herself still younger, she said she began to analyze character when she was five years

old, and instanced two guests who were at her home for a day or two, and of whom she had taken stock, and of whom after-knowledge confirmed first impressions.

The following lines, though not regarded of sufficient merit for publication in the volume of poems, yet have an interest as they depict her then desolated heart :—

MEMORY.

When the dead in their cold graves are lying
Asleep, to wake never again !
When past are their smiles and their sighing,
Oh, why should their memories remain ?
Though sunshine and spring may have lightened
The wild flowers that blow on their graves,
Though summer their tombstones have brightened,
And autumn have palled them with leaves,
And winter have wildly bewailed them
With his dirge-wind as sad as a knell,
And the shroud of his snow-wreath have veiled them,
Still—how deep in our bosoms they dwell !

The shadow and sun-sparkle vanish,
The cloud and the light fleet away,
But man from his heart may not banish
Even thoughts that are torment to stay.
When quenched is the glow of the ember,
When the life-fire ceases to burn,
Oh ! why should the spirit remember ?
Oh ! why should the parted return ?

During one of our brief holidays Charlotte was guest in a family who had known her father when he was curate in their parish. They were naturally inclined to show kindness to his daughter, but the kindness here took a form which was little agreeable. They had had no opportunity of knowing her abilities or disposition, and they took her shyness and smallness as indications of extreme youth. She was slow, very slow, to express anything that bordered on ingratitude, but here she was mortified and hurt. "They took me for a child, and treated me just like one," she said. I can now recall the expression of that ever honest face as she added, "one tall lady would nurse me."

The tradition of a lady ghost who moved about in rustling silk in the upper stories of Roe Head had a great charm for Charlotte. She was a ready listener to any girl who could relate stories of others having seen her ; but on Miss W. hearing us talk of our ghost,

she adopted an effective measure for putting our belief in such an existence to the test, by selecting one or other from among us to ascend the stairs after the dimness of evening hours had set in, to bring something down which could easily be found. No ghost made herself visible even to the frightened imaginations of the foolish and the timid ; the whitened face of apprehension soon disappeared, nerves were braced, and a general laugh soon set us all right again.

It was while Charlotte was at school that she imbibed the germ of many of those characters which she afterwards produced in *Shirley* ; but no one could have imagined that, in the unceasing industry of her daily applications, she was receiving any kind of impress external to her school-life.

She was particularly impressed with the goodness and saintliness of one of Miss W.'s guests,—the Miss Ainley of *Shirley*, long since gone to her rest. The character is not of course a literal portrait, for the very reasons Charlotte herself gave. She said, "You are not to suppose any of the characters in *Shirley* intended as literal portraits. It would not suit the rules of art nor of my own feelings to write in that style. We only suffer reality to *suggest*, never to *dictate*. Qualities I have seen, loved, and admired, are here and there put in as decorative gems, to be preserved in that setting." I may remark here that nothing angered Charlotte more, than for any one to suppose they could not be in her society without incurring the risk of "being put in her books." She always stoutly maintained she never thought of persons in this light when she was with them.

In the seldom recurring holidays Charlotte made sometimes short visits with those of her companions whose homes were within reach of school. Here she made acquaintance with the scenes and prominent characters of the Luddite period ; her father materially helped to fix her impressions, for he had held more than one curacy in the very neighborhood which she describes in *Shirley*. He was present in some of the scenes, an active participator as far as his position permitted. Sometimes on the defensive, sometimes aiding the sufferers, uniting his strength and influence

with the Mr. Helstone of *Shirley*. Between these two men there seems to have been in some respects a striking affinity of character which Charlotte was not slow to perceive, and she blended the two into one, though she never personally beheld the original of Mr. Helstone, except once when she was ten years old. He was a man of remarkable vigor and energy, both of mind and will. An absolute disciplinarian, he was sometimes called "Duke Ecclesiastic," a very Wellington in the Church.

Mr. Brontë used to delight in recalling the days he spent in the vicinity of this man. Many a breakfast hour he enlivened by his animated relations of his friend's unflinching courage and dauntless self-reliance,—and how the ignorant and prejudiced population around misunderstood and misrepresented his worthiest deeds. In depicting the Luddite period Charlotte had the power of giving an almost literal description of the scenes then enacted, for, in addition to her father's personal acquaintance with what occurred, she had likewise the aid of authentic records of the eventful time, courteously lent to her by the editors of the *Leeds Mercury*.

I must not forget to state that no girl in the school was equal to Charlotte in Sunday lessons. Her acquaintance with Holy Writ surpassed others in this as in everything else. She was very familiar with all the sublimest passages, especially those in Isaiah, in which she took great delight. Her confirmation took place while she was at school, and in her preparation for that, as in all other studies, she

distinguished herself by application and proficiency.

At school she acquired that habit which she and her sisters kept up to the very last, that of pacing to and fro in the room. In days when out-of-door exercise was impracticable, Miss Wooler would join us in our evening hour of relaxation and converse (for which she had rare talent); her pupils used to hang about her as she walked up and down the room, delighted to listen to her, or have a chance of being nearest in the walk. The last day Charlotte was at school she seemed to realize what a sedate, hard-working season it had been to her. She said, "I should for once like to feel *out and out* a school-girl; I wish something would happen! Let us run round the fruit garden [running was what she never did]; perhaps we shall meet some one, or we may have a fine for trespass." She evidently was longing for some never-to-be-forgotten incident. Nothing, however, arose from her little enterprise. She had to leave school as calmly and quietly as she had there lived.

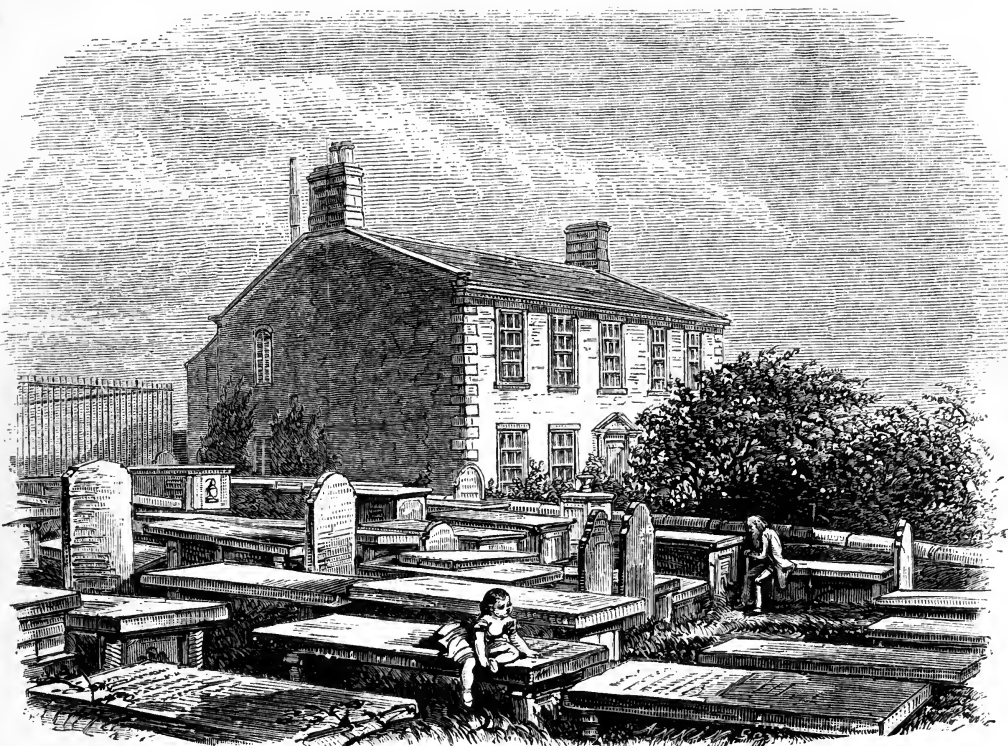
CHARLOTTE'S EARLY LIFE AT HAWORTH.

Charlotte's first visit from Haworth was made about three months after she left school. She traveled in a two-wheeled gig, the only conveyance to be had in Haworth except the covered cart which brought her to school. Mr. Brontë sent Branwell as an escort; he was *then* a very dear brother, as dear to Charlotte as her own soul; they were in perfect accord of taste and feeling, and it was mutual delight to be together.

Branwell probably had never been far from home before; he was in wild ecstasy with everything. He walked about in unrestrained boyish enjoyment, taking views in every direction of the old turret-roofed house, the fine chestnut trees on the lawn (one tree especially interested him because it was "iron-garthed," having been split by storms, but still flourishing in great majesty), and a large rookery, which gave to the house a good background—all these he noted and commented upon with perfect enthusiasm. He told his sister he "was leaving her in Paradise, and if she were not intensely happy she never would be!" Happy, indeed, she then was, *in himself*, for



THE HOUSE THAT CHARLOTTE VISITED.



HAWORTH PARSONAGE AND GRAVEYARD.

she, with her own enthusiasms, looked forward to what her brother's great promise and talent might effect. He would at this time be between fifteen and sixteen years of age.

The visit passed without much to mark it (at this distance of time) except that we crept away together from household life as much as we could. Charlotte liked to pace the plantations or seek seclusion in the fruit-garden; she was safe from visitors in these retreats. She was so painfully shy she could not bear any special notice. One day, on being led in to dinner by a stranger, she trembled and nearly burst into tears; but notwithstanding her excessive shyness, which was often painful to others as well as herself, she won the respect and affection of all who had opportunity enough to become acquainted with her.

Charlotte's shyness did not arise, I am sure, either from vanity or self-consciousness, as some suppose shyness to arise; its source was (as Mr. Arthur Helps says very truly in one of his recent essays) in her "not being understood." She felt herself apart from others;

they did not *understand* her, and she keenly felt the distance.

My first visit to Haworth was full of novelty and freshness. The scenery for some miles before we reached Haworth was wild and uncultivated, with hardly any population; at last we came to what seemed a terrific hill, such a steep declivity no one thought of riding down it; the horse had to be carefully led. We no sooner reached the foot of this hill than we had to begin to mount again, over a narrow, rough, stone-paved road; the horses' feet seemed to catch at boulders, as if climbing. When we reached the top of the village there was apparently no outlet, but we were directed to drive into an entry which just admitted the gig; we wound round in this entry and then saw the church close at hand, and we entered on the short lane which led to the parsonage gate-way. Here Charlotte was waiting, having caught the sound of the approaching gig. When greetings and introductions were over, Miss Branwell (the aunt of the Brontës) took possession of their guest and



REV. PATRICK BRONTË.

treated her with the care and solicitude due to a weary traveler. Mr. Brontë, also, was stirred out of his usual retirement by his own kind consideration, for not only the guest but the man-servant and the horse were to be made comfortable. He made inquiries about the man, of his length of service, &c., with the kind purpose of making a few moments of conversation agreeable to him.

Even at this time, Mr. Brontë struck me as looking very venerable, with his snow-white hair and powdered coat-collar. His manner and mode of speech always had the tone of high-bred courtesy. He was considered somewhat of an invalid, and always lived in the most abstemious and simple manner. His white cravat was not then so remarkable as it grew to be afterwards. He was in the habit of covering this cravat himself. We never saw the operation, but we always had to wind for him the white sewing-silk which he used. Charlotte said it was her father's one extravagance—he cut up yards and yards of white lutestring (silk) in covering his cravat; and, like Dr. Joseph Woolffe (the renowned and learned traveler), who, when on a visit and in a long fit of absence, “went into a clean shirt every day for a week, without taking one off,” so Mr. Brontë's cravat went into new silk and new size without taking any off, till at length nearly half his head was enveloped in cravat. His liability to bronchial attacks, no doubt, attached him to this increasing growth of cravat.

Miss Branwell was a very small, antiquated little lady. She wore caps large enough for half a dozen of the present fashion, and a front of light auburn curls over her forehead. She always dressed in silk. She had a horror of the climate so far north, and of the stone floors in the parsonage. She amused us by clicking about in pattens whenever she had to go into the kitchen or look after household operations.

She talked a great deal of her younger days; the gayeties of her dear native town, Penzance, in Cornwall; the soft, warm climate, etc. The social life of her younger days she used to recall with regret; she gave one the idea that she had been a belle among her own home acquaintances. She took snuff out of a very pretty gold snuff-box, which she sometimes presented to you with a little laugh, as if she enjoyed the slight shock and astonishment visible in your countenance. In summer she spent part of the afternoon in reading aloud to Mr. Brontë. In the winter evenings she must have enjoyed this; for she and Mr. Brontë had often to finish their discussions on what she had read when we all met for tea. She would be very lively and intelligent, and tilt arguments against Mr. Brontë without fear.

“Tabby,” the faithful, trustworthy old servant, was very quaint in appearance—very active, and, in these days, the general servant and factotum. We were all “childer” and “bairns,” in her estimation. She still kept to her duty of walking out with the “childer,” if they went any distance from home, unless Branwell were sent by his father as a protector. Poor “Tabby,” in later days, after she had been attacked with paralysis, would most anxiously look out for such duties as she was still capable of. The post-man was her special point of attention. She did not approve of the inspection which the younger eyes of her fellow-servant bestowed on his deliveries. She jealously seized them when she could, and carried them off with hobbling step, and shaking head and hand, to the safe custody of Charlotte.

Emily Brontë had by this time acquired a lithesome, graceful figure. She was the tallest person in the house, except her father. Her hair, which was naturally as beautiful as

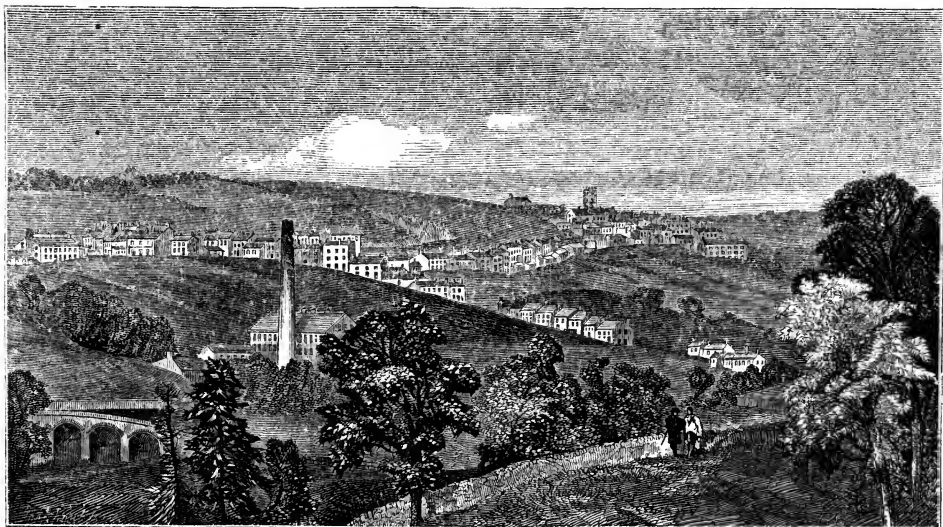
Charlotte's, was in the same unbecoming tight curl and frizz, and there was the same want of complexion. She had very beautiful eyes—kind, kindling, liquid eyes ; but she did not often look at you : she was too reserved. Their color might be said to be dark gray, at other times dark blue, they varied so. She talked very little. She and Anne were like twins—inseparable companions, and in the very closest sympathy, which never had any interruption.

Anne—dear, gentle Anne—was quite different in appearance from the others. She was her aunt's favorite. Her hair was a very pretty light brown, and fell on her neck in graceful curls. She had lovely violet-blue eyes, fine penciled eyebrows, and clear, almost transparent complexion. She still pursued her studies, and especially her sewing, under the surveillance of her aunt. Emily had now begun to have the disposal of her own time.

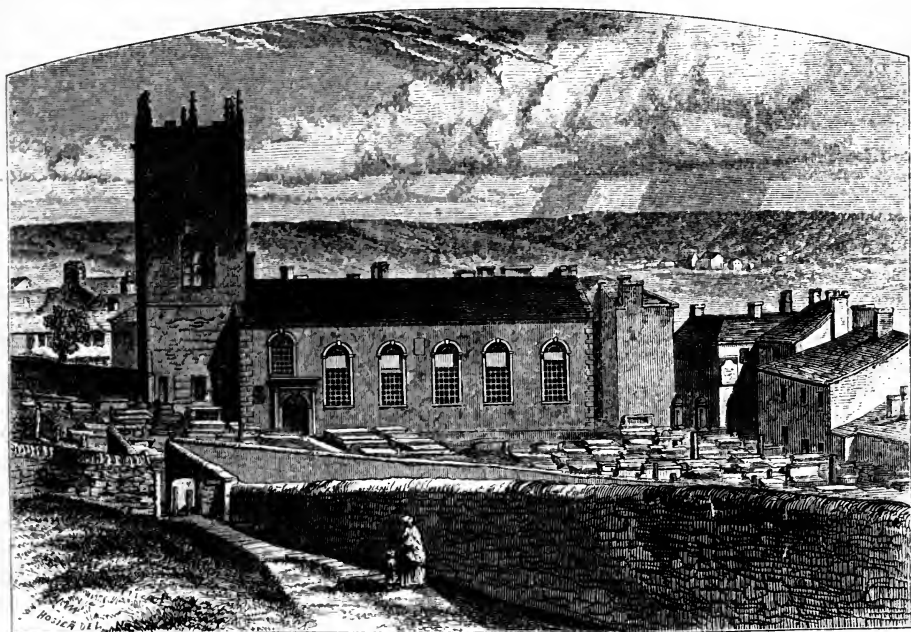
Branwell studied regularly with his father, and used to paint in oils, which was regarded as study for what might be eventually his profession. All the household entertained the idea of his becoming an artist, and hoped he would be a distinguished one.

In fine and suitable weather delightful rambles were made over the moors, and down into the glens and ravines that here and there broke the monotony of the moorland. The

rugged bank and rippling brook were treasures of delight. Emily, Anne, and Branwell used to ford the streams, and sometimes placed stepping-stones for the other two ; there was always a lingering delight in these spots,—every moss, every flower, every tint and form, were noted and enjoyed. Emily especially had a gleesome delight in these nooks of beauty,—her reserve for the time vanished. One long ramble made in these early days was far away over the moors, to a spot familiar to Emily and Anne, which they called "The Meeting of the Waters." It was a small oasis of emerald green turf, broken here and there by small clear springs ; a few large stones served as resting-places ; seated here, we were hidden from all the world, nothing appearing in view but miles and miles of heather, a glorious blue sky, and brightening sun. A fresh breeze wafted on us its exhilarating influence ; we laughed and made mirth of each other, and settled we would call ourselves the quartette. Emily, half reclining on a slab of stone, played like a young child with the tadpoles in the water, making them swim about, and then fell to moralizing on the strong and the weak, the brave and the cowardly, as she chased them with her hand. No serious care or sorrow had so far cast its gloom on nature's youth and buoyancy, and nature's simplest offerings were fountains of pleasure and enjoyment.



HAWORTH VILLAGE.



HAWORTH CHURCH.

The interior of the now far-famed parsonage lacked drapery of all kinds. Mr. Brontë's horror of fire forbade curtains to the windows; they never had these accessories to comfort and appearance till long after Charlotte was the only inmate of the family sitting-room,—she then ventured on the innovation when her friend was with her; it did not please her father, but it was not forbidden.

There was not much carpet anywhere except in the sitting-room, and on the study floor. The hall floor and stairs were done with sand-stone, always beautifully clean, as everything was about the house; the walls were not papered, but stained in a pretty dove-colored tint; hair-seated chairs and mahogany tables, book-shelves in the study, but not many of these elsewhere. Scant and bare indeed, many will say, yet it was not a scantness that made itself felt. Mind and thought, I had almost said elegance, but certainly refinement, diffused themselves over all, and made nothing really wanting.

A little later on, there was the addition of a piano. Emily, after some application, played with precision and brilliancy. Anne played also, but she preferred soft harmonies and

vocal music. She sang a little; her voice was weak, but very sweet in tone.

Mr. Brontë's health caused him to retire early. He assembled his household for family worship at eight o'clock; at nine he locked and barred the front door, always giving, as he passed the sitting-room door, a kindly admonition to the "children" not to be late; half way up the stairs he stayed his steps to wind up the clock, the clock that in after days seemed to click like a dirge in the refrain of Longfellow's poem, "The old Clock on the Stairs:"—

"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Every morning was heard the firing of a pistol from Mr. Brontë's room window,—it was the discharging of the loading which was made every night. Mr. Brontë's tastes led him to delight in the perusal of battle-scenes, and in following the artifice of war; had he entered on military service instead of ecclesiastical, he would probably have had a very distinguished career. The self-denials and privations of camp-life would have agreed entirely with his nature, for he was remarkably independent of the luxuries and comforts of life. The only dread he had was of *fire*, and this dread was so intense it caused him to

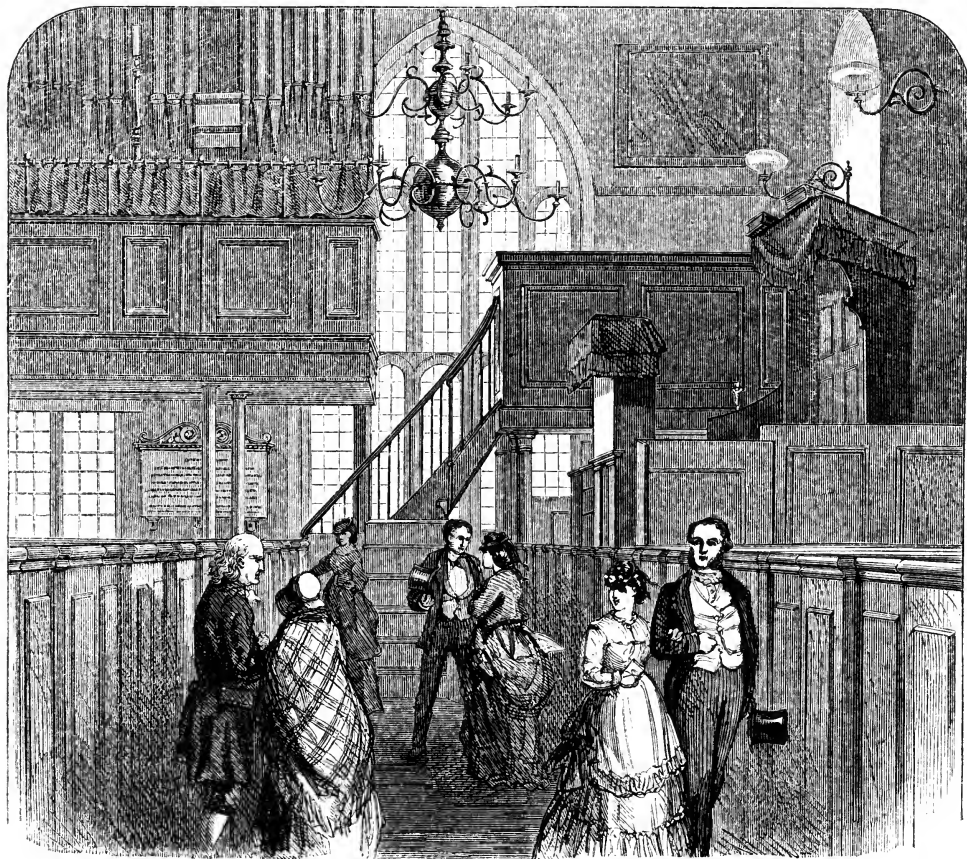
prohibit all but silk or woollen dresses for his daughters ; indeed, for any one to wear any other kind of fabric was almost to forfeit his respect.

Mr. Brontë at times would relate strange stories, which had been told to him by some of the oldest inhabitants of the parish, of the extraordinary lives and doings of people who had resided in far-off, out-of-the-way places, but in contiguity with Haworth, — stories which made one shiver and shrink from hearing ; but they were full of grim humor and interest to Mr. Brontë and his children, as revealing the characteristics of a class in the human race, and as such Emily Brontë has stereotyped them in her *Wuthering Heights*.

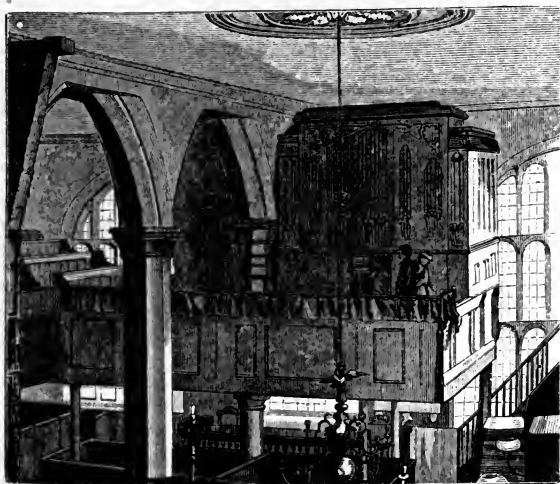
During Miss Branwell's reign at the parsonage, the love of animals had to be kept in due subjection. There was then but one dog, which was admitted to the parlor at stated times. Emily and Anne always gave him a

portion of their breakfast, which was, by their own choice, the old north country diet of oat-meal porridge. Later on, there were three household pets — the tawny, strong-limbed "Keeper," Emily's favorite : he was so completely under her control, she could quite easily make him spring and roar like a lion. She taught him this kind of occasional play without any coercion. "Flossy" — long, silky-haired, black and white "Flossy" — was Anne's favorite ; and black "Tom," the tabby, was everybody's favorite. It received such gentle treatment it seemed to have lost cat's nature, and subsided into luxurious amiability and contentment. The Brontës' love of dumb creatures made them very sensitive of the treatment bestowed upon them. For any one to offend in this respect was with them an infallible bad sign, and a blot on the disposition.

The services in church in these days were such as can only be seen (if ever seen again)



INTERIOR OF HAWORTH CHURCH.



THE ORGAN LOFT, OVER THE BRONTË TABLET AND FEW.

in localities like Haworth. The people assembled, but it was apparently to *listen*. Any part beyond that was quite out of their reckoning. All through the prayers, a stolid look of apathy was fixed on the generality of their faces. There they sat, or leaned, in their pews; some few, perhaps, were resting, after a long walk over the moors. The children, many of them in clogs (or sabots), pattered in from the school after service had commenced, and pattered out again before the sermon. The sexton, with a long staff, continually walked round in the aisles, "knobbing" sleepers when he dare, shaking his head at and threatening unruly children; but when the sermon began there was a change. Attitudes took the listening forms, eyes were turned on the preacher. It was curious, now, to note the expression. A rustic, untaught intelligence, gleamed in their faces; in some, a daring, doubting, questioning look, as if they would like to offer some defiant objection. Mr. Brontë always addressed his hearers in extempore style. Very often he selected a parable from one of the Gospels, which he explained in the simplest manner—sometimes going over his own words and explaining them also, so as to be perfectly intelligible to the lowest comprehension.

The parishioners respected Mr. Brontë because, as one of them said, "he's a grand man; he lets other folks' business alone." No doubt Mr. Brontë's knowledge of human

nature made him aware that this was the best course to pursue, till their independence had acquired a more civilized standard. There were exceptions, however, among them. Two or three individuals deserve particular note—they were men remarkable for self-culture and intelligence. One, it was said, vied with Mr. Brontë himself in his knowledge of the dead languages. He and another had, in addition to their mental stamina, such stalwart frames and stature they looked capable of doing duty as guards to the whole village. The third individual was an ailing, suffering man; but he wrote such a critique on Charlotte's writings, when they became known, that it was

valued more than any other coming from such a source. The villagers would have liked Tabby to talk to them about the family in the parsonage; but Tabby was invincible and impenetrable. When they asked her "if they were not fearfully larn'd," she left them in a "huff;" but she did not deny her "childer" the laugh she knew they would have if she told them the village query.

Haworth of the present day, like many other secluded places, has made a step onwards, in that it has now its railway station, and its institutions for the easy acquirement of learning, politics, and literature. The parsonage is quite another habitation from the parsonage of former days. The garden, which was nearly all grass, and possessed only a few stunted thorns and shrubs, and a few cur-



THE NEW BRONTË TABLET.

rant bushes which Emily and Anne treasured as their own bit of fruit-garden, is now a perfect Arcadia of floral culture and beauty. At first the alteration, in spite of its improvement, strikes one with heart-ache and regret ; for it is quite impossible, even in imagination, to people those rooms with their former inhabitants. But after-thought shows one the folly of such regret ; for what the Brontës cared for and *lived* in most were the surroundings of nature, the free expanse of hill and mountain, the purple heather, the dells, and glens,

and brooks, the broad sky view, the whistling winds, the snowy expanse, the starry heavens, and the charm of that solitude and seclusion which sees things from a distance without the disturbing atmosphere which lesser minds are apt to create. For it was not the seclusion of a *solitary* person, such as Charlotte endured in after days, and which in time becomes awfully oppressive and injurious. It was solitude and seclusion shared and enjoyed with intelligent companionship, and intense family affection.

THE MOABITE STONE.

As long ago as the summer of 1868, Rev. Mr. Klein, a missionary, was traveling through the old country of Moab, east of the Dead Sea, and while investigating the ruins of the ancient city of Dibon, still bearing the old name, the *o* being merely changed into *a*, he discovered a large, thick, black slab of basalt, on one side of which was an inscription in Semitic characters. From the measurements of Captain Warren, an English engineer, the stone was about three feet five inches high, and one foot nine inches wide. Mr. Klein duly reported the discovery, but no notice was taken of it for about a year, when Mr. Ganneau, *attaché* of the French Consulate at Jerusalem, sent an Arab to take a "squeeze" of the stone. This was successfully done, but before the paper was dry a scuffle arose, and the impression was torn to tatters, which were fortunately preserved. Subsequently an effort was made to buy the stone of the nation, but this excited the suspicion of the Turkish authorities, who caused a fire to be made under it, and water to be poured upon it when hot, so that the slab was reduced to fragments. Still those pieces large enough to allow subsequent impressions to be taken in squeeze paper, even those which were so small as to contain a single letter, were faithfully copied, and from them all a restored text was gained, tolerably full, and doubtless accurate as far as it goes. We present it on our pages in about one-tenth of the original size. The lines a, b, and c, d, e indicate the two chief fractures. The points over certain letters show what remains

more or less illegible. The English, under the lead of Captain Warren of the Royal Engineers, and the French authorities vied with each other in securing all the results which a discovery like this would bring to light. The learned world have greeted this as one of the most remarkable events of our time, and nearly all the journals of the chief literary societies have devoted pages to the Moabite Stone.

To the great multitude of general readers this discovery is profoundly interesting ; first, because it throws light on and confirms the Bible ; and second, because it is the oldest alphabetical writing in existence. It differs from the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and the cuneiform letters of Assyria, in being alphabetical language. It dates from an epoch about nine hundred years before Christ, and of course is earlier than the Babylonish captivity. It is the record of the doings of Mesha, a King of Moab, and the contemporary of Jehoram and Jehoshaphat. You may find his history, so far as it was connected with the kingdoms of Judah and Israel, in 2 Kings iii., a most interesting passage in itself, and one which acquires new attractions when we think that Elisha, the prophet of Israel, stood over against the hosts of this same Mesha, and inspired with courage the combination which was made for the overthrow of the Moabite king. And aside from its biblical interest, the passage is instructive from the fact that in it are found many of the letters of our own language, P, M, N, E, O, and Q, for in-

slew the whole [population] of it, seven thousand, . . . for to Ashtor-Kemosh I had devoted it; and I took away thence the vessels of Jehovah, and dragged them before Kemosh. And the King of Israel [Ahaziah] built Johaz, and abode in it while he was fighting against me; but Kemosh drove him out before me; and I took of Moab two hundred men, all his headmen, and I led them up to Johaz and took it, in addition to Dibon. I built Korchoh, the wall of the woods and the wall of the mound; and I built its gates, and I built its towers; and I built the palace; and I made the reservoirs for rain-water in the midst of the city. And there was not a cistern in the midst of the city, in Korchoh; and I said to the whole people, "Make for yourselves each a cistern in his house." And I cut the moat for Korchoh with [the labor of] the captives of Israel. I built Aroer, and I made the road over the Arnon. I [&c.] built Beth-Bomoth, for it had been pulled down. I built Bezer, for . . . men of Dibon, fifty [in number], for all Dibon was submission [submissive to me]. And I . . . in the cities which I added to the land. And I built . . . and Beth-Diblain, and Beth-Baal-Meon; and I took up thither

the . . . the land. And Horonaim there dwelt in it. B . . . And Kemosh said to me, "Go down, fight against Horonaim." And I . . . Kemosh in my days. And . . . year . . .

The reader will not fail to notice the familiar names of Jehovah, Chemosh or Kemosh, Omri, Ahab, Aroer, Dibon, Arnon, and others: all found in our Scriptures. Our limits prevent our making any commentary on this ancient and most interesting account: dry indeed, if not taken in connection with our Bible narrative, but suggestive and precious when viewed as the transcript of a stone manuscript nine hundred years older than Christ. To find a record dating back to the time of Omri, Jehoshaphat, and Elisha, is an event which startles not alone the world of scholars, but whose echoes penetrate every home of the least cultivation.

"AYE-AYE!"



FIG 1.—The AYE-AYE hunting for grubs by tapping upon the bark with its middle finger.

So exclaimed the natives of the east coast of Madagascar, when first shown the little animal figured above. But the exclamation was not of affirmation, but astonishment; for they had never seen it before, and indeed there are reasons for thinking it is confined to the other

side of that great continental island, which is so little known, yet in which Christianity has long numbered its devotees, its martyrs, and its apostates.

"But," says some reader, whose tastes lead him to politics, poetry, or fiction, rather than

to Nature, and whose acquaintance with the latter is limited to the creatures which he may eat or be eaten by—"even if I did care to know anything at all about this little beast, with the head of a cat, the tail of a squirrel, the hands of a miser, and the feet of a monkey, all I have to do is to glance at my 'Webster's Unabridged,' and find in a nutshell all about the aye-aye."

We pray that reader to listen for a single moment to the following statement, which is made with great regret, since we too once had equal faith in the magnificent work above mentioned. The figure named aye-aye, upon page 99, would answer equally well for at least a dozen other mammiferous vertebrates, and no one who has ever seen a correct picture of the aye-aye would recognize this as meant for one; the description of its appearance and habits, though equal in length to that of the elephant, is incorrect in several important points, and neither the figure nor the description afford any information respecting the real peculiarities which distinguish the aye-aye from all known animals. It is true that similar defects exist in the account given in Wood's *Illustrated Natural History of Mammalia*; and there is some excuse for this as for the dictionary, since both were issued before the appearance of Prof. Owen's splendid *Monograph of the Aye-aye*, in 1866; but neither this nor any other excuse can be urged for the deficiencies and misstatements of certain late text-books of zoölogy.

We trust this is sufficient reason for offering now some further account of the aye-aye.

One word as to the name. Its origin is as stated above, and not from any sound made by the creature itself; for, although one observer states that it sometimes utters a low grunt, another, the Superintendent of the Zoölogical Gardens in London, says he has never

heard it make any sound whatever. Now it could not be expected that scientific naturalists would rest content with so brief a title as aye-aye for so wonderful an animal. It must have two names at the least—the first to designate its genus, the second to signify the species, just as we say sugar (genus), white or brown, etc. (species); so in 1790 the aye-aye was called *Sciurus* (squirrel) *Madagascariensis* (native of Madagascar). In 1800

it was rechristened as *Le-mur* (ghost) *psilodactylus* (long-fingered). But it is now generally known by the title bestowed by Cuvier—*Chiromys Madagascariensis*—which signifies "a rat-like animal with hands, and living in Madagascar."

The scientific title of the aye-aye, then, fully atones for the brevity of its common name; and it must be further remembered that the technical names of animals and plants bear no definite relation to their own size or importance; for example, the elephant is simply *Elephas Indicus* or *Africanus*, according to the species, while the little changeable mole of the Cape of Good Hope is called *Chrysochloris holosericea*, and a microscopic rhizopod shell rejoices in the high-sounding title of *Quinquenoculina meridionalis*. Even this, however, would not be so bad if each species bore but a single name instead of a dozen, as often happens, and if, on the other hand, the same names were not sometimes by mistake applied to totally distinct species. It has been well said that the zeal of zoölogists to give names to species and groups is the greatest bane of Natural History, a constant hindrance to our own progress, and a subject of well-deserved reproach from the public; if we would all make it a rule not to publish the name of a supposed new species for a year after its discovery, and until a thorough search had been made for previous records, our own glory might be less appar-



FIG. 3.—Bones of the left hand of the AYE-AYE.



FIG. 2.—Right hand of the AYE-AYE, with the skin dissected off the palm to show the tendons.

ent, but we should be more considerate of our fellows, and more surely, though more slowly, advance the knowledge of natural objects.

The aye-aye is about the size of a cat, but the head is rather larger, the ears are wider and less pointed, the limbs project more freely from the trunk, and the bushy tail forms rather more than half the total length of three feet. This tail, moreover, has a gentle downward curve, instead of an upward tendency, as with the cat and the dog. The trunk is clothed with a silky coat of short grayish hair; but the color is given by the longer hairs, which are dark brown or nearly black, although along the spine some of them are tipped with white.

So far the aye-aye has presented nothing very wonderful; but a glance at figures 2 and 3 will detect its most striking feature. The aye-aye's hand is unlike that of every other known animal. Its medius or middle digit is about as long as the annularis or ring-finger, but *only half as thick*. It is skinny and bony, as if stricken with palsy, and has been aptly compared to a crooked nail. As may be seen in Fig. 3, its knuckle-joint is projected beyond those of the other digits; its first phalanx is longer than that of any excepting the annularis, and its terminal phalanges very slender. But in Fig. 2 we see that the tendon of the medius is quite as large as those of the other digits; and we are told that the ten-

dons and muscles are so arranged that great power may be exerted upon this one slender digit, for a purpose we shall presently describe. The pollex, or thumb, is the shortest and thickest of all—has one less phalanx, as is usual among the mammalia, and is armed with a claw like the others. The acute angle which it forms with the palm does not indicate any great degree of opposability.

The hinder foot (pes) reminds us at once of that of a monkey; for the primus, or great toe, stands out boldly from the side of the foot, and is evidently opposed in grasping to the other four dactyls, as is our thumb. It bears a small nail, whereas the four smaller dactyls are armed with curved and pointed claws. Both digits and dactyls, moreover, are a little thickened at the tip, so as to form fleshy pads. That of the primus is most apparent.

The aye-aye has strange teeth, too; for some of them suggest the squirrel, and others the monkey. In the first place, it has only two front or incisor teeth, above and below, and these are narrow, but deep, and bevelled off to a cutting edge, like the incisor teeth of the beaver, the squirrel, the rabbit, and other "rodentia" or gnawing animals, which have a hard case of enamel upon the front surface, the rest of the tooth being softer and more easily worn away by use. These teeth are like chisels in this respect; but they have two very decided advantages over the best steel instrument of human contrivance. The first is, that their very use keeps them sharp and in perfect order, since the edge of the lower tooth strikes just behind the edge of the upper, and both are continually worn away behind by the attrition of the hard wood which they attack. The second peculiarity is, that this constant loss of substance at the free end of the tooth is constantly *repaired by new growth at the opposite extremity*. The tooth grows during the life of the animal; and as the crown is worn away, the addition of fresh material to the root pushes the whole tooth slowly forward in its long socket, and it is thus ever ready for use. These ever-growing teeth are organic chisels which are forever in use, yet never in need of the grindstone—forever wearing away, yet never worn out.

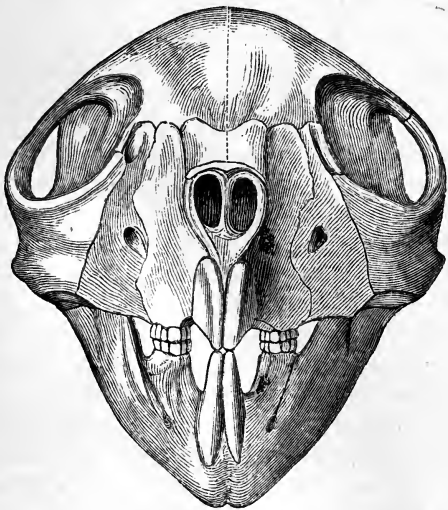


FIG. 4.—Skull of AYE-AYE seen from in front, and showing the two great gnawing teeth in each jaw.

But while the scalpriform incisors so nearly resemble those of the real rodent mammals, and while this resemblance is further increased by the absence of any canine or eye-teeth, and by the provision for a sliding forward and backward movement of the lower jaw, yet the molar or grinding teeth differ from those of the typical rodents; their crowns are rounded and slightly tuberculous, like those of the pigs, the monkeys, and man, and do not seem adapted to a strictly vegetable diet; add to this the peculiar character of the ears, which are large and naked, like a bat's, and are inclined forward as if for offensive purposes, rather than backward like the hare's, in order to warn it of pursuit, and we must evidently be cautious in drawing conclusions as to the manner of life and the zoölogical affinities of this singular animal. The limbs show that it climbs trees like a monkey, the eyes that it is active at dusk like the owl and the cat, the teeth that it gnaws wood like the squirrel, while the internal organs of digestion would lead us to suppose that it feeds upon insects; and the extraordinary middle digit is so utterly unlike anything that we have seen before, that conjecture as to its purpose seems to be in vain.

Deferring a discussion of the aye-aye's place in a system of animals, and confining ourselves to what we have learned of its structure, let us see how nearly correct the reader has been in any surmises as to its mode of existence by consulting the statements of those who have observed the aye-aye in life.

The first of these was the traveler Sonnerat,

whose *Voyage aux Indes Orientales et à la Chine, depuis 1774 jusqu'en 1781*, was published at Paris in 1782. He appears to have been the first civilized discoverer of the aye-aye, and states, either from his own observation or from the reports of the natives, that "it makes use of the long, slender and naked middle digit to draw out of holes in trees the worms which form its food." Sonnerat had a male and a female aye-aye which lived for two months on board ship, being fed with rice.

The next recorded observation upon the habits of the aye-aye was communicated to the French Academy of Sciences in 1855, by M. Liénard, of the Mauritius. He states that when a mango-fruit was offered, the aye-aye first made a hole in the rind with his strong front teeth, inserted therein his slender middle digit, and then, lowering his mouth to the hole, put into it the pulp which the finger had scooped out of the fruit. A third observer, M. A. Vinson, states that in the same year an aye-aye drank "Café au lait" or "eau sucrée" by passing its long and slender digit from the vessel to its mouth with incredible rapidity.

But in 1859 Dr. H. Sandwith, the Colonial Secretary from England to the Mauritius, wrote to Professor Owen that he had secured a fine, healthy, adult male aye-aye from Madagascar, which, after having once escaped and been recaptured, was put into spirit and sent to England. This specimen formed the subject of a most complete and suggestive work of the learned Professor, which is contained in the fifth volume of the Transactions of the Zoölogical Society of London, and has supplied most of the material for the present paper. But a long communication from Dr. Sandwith himself is printed in the Society's Proceedings for 1859, and some observations upon the habits of a female aye-aye which reached the Society's collection in August, 1862, are printed in the Society's Proceedings for that year, and in the *Annals of Natural History*, Vol. xii.

From these various sources we learn the following as to the aye-aye's mode of life:—

During the day the aye-aye sleeps; it then lies upon one side, with the body curved and nearly covered by the great bushy tail. It

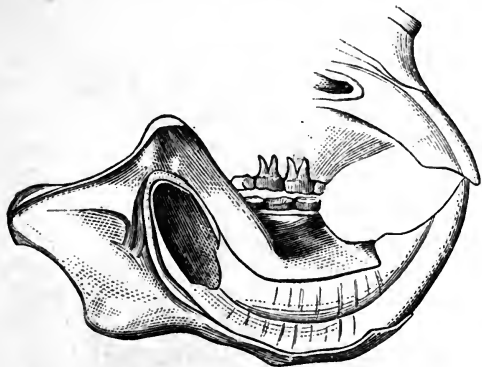


FIG. 5.—Right side of the lower jaw of the AYE-AYE, with part of the upper jaw: the bone is cut away so as to show the long and curved gnawing teeth and their hollow ever-growing roots.

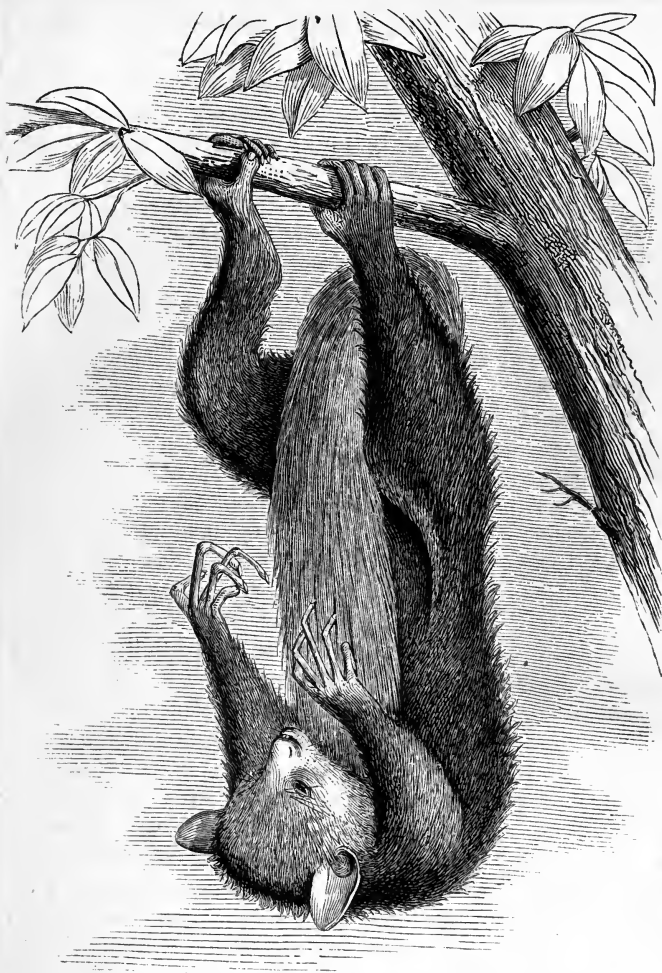


FIG. 6.—AYE-AYE making its toilet whilst suspended from a branch.

longest and largest, is thrust forward into the food, the slender medius raised upward and backward above the rest, while the pollex is lowered so as to be seen below and behind the chin. In this position (an almost impossible one, by the way, for men or monkeys) the hand is drawn backward and forward rapidly, the inner side of the finger passing between the lips, the head of the animal being held sideways, thus depositing the food in the mouth at each movement; the tongue, jaws, and lips are kept in full motion all the time. Sometimes the animal will lap from the dish like a cat, but this is unusual. During all the hours in which the Superintendent of the gardens watched it, no sound was made, nor was there any manifestation of anger or shyness.

This specimen seemed to care nothing for insects, but fed freely upon a mixture of milk, honey, eggs, and such sweet and glutinous things, and the observer concluded, therefore, that its natural food is rather fruit than insects;

is sensitive to cold, and sometimes covers itself with a piece of flannel, even in warm weather.

At dusk it awakes and climbs about, securely grasping the branches with its prehensile feet, and often hanging suspended by them, and using its fingers as a comb for its long tail (Fig. 6). In this operation the middle digit is especially serviceable, and it is also used in clearing dust from its face and other parts, the other digits being then often partially closed. It was found that the captive aye-aye in the Zoölogical Gardens used only the *left* hand in feeding from a dish, although the right seemed equally at its command.

The fourth digit (annularis), which is the

but this only indicated that the aye-aye did not like British meal-worms, grasshoppers, wasp-larvæ, and the like, and no more proved that it was not insectivorous than a man's refusal to eat turnips would show that he cared nothing for potatoes. And surely nothing can be more conclusive than the following account which Dr. Sandwith gives of the proceedings of his specimen:—

"I found he would eat bananas and dates; and he drank by dipping a finger into the water and drawing it through his mouth so rapidly that the water seemed to flow in a stream; after a while he lapped like a cat, but the former was the more usual method and seemed to be his way of reaching water in the clefts of the trees."



FIG. 7.—AYE-AYE preparing to devour a grub which it has picked out of the hole made in the wood by its teeth.

"I happened to put into his cage some thick sticks, which were bored in all directions by a large and destructive grub called the 'Moutouk.' Just at sunset the aye-aye crept from under his blanket, yawned, stretched, and betook himself to his tree, where his movements are lively and graceful, though by no means so quick as those of a squirrel. Presently he came to one of the worm-eaten branches, which he began to examine most attentively; and, bending forward his ears and applying his nose close to the bark, he rapidly tapped the surface with the (Fig. 1) curious middle digit, as a woodpecker taps a tree, though with much less noise, from time to time inserting the end of the slender finger into the worm-holes, as a surgeon would a probe. At length he came to a part of the branch which evidently gave out an interesting sound, for he began to tear it with his strong teeth; he rapidly stripped off the bark, cut into the wood, and exposed the nest of a grub, which he daintily picked out of its

bed with the slender, tapering finger, and conveyed to his mouth."

This medius, then, can be used in turn as a pleximeter, a probe, and a scoop; and not the least remarkable circumstance is the coincidence between the diameter of the hole made in the wood by the incisor teeth and the width of this digit; for although we cannot say that the size and power of the head are such as to limit the width of the teeth, yet, granting that their size is so limited, it is evident that none of the ordinary digits would be of the least service as an instrument of either discovery or extraction: and whatever view we may adopt as to the means by which these structures were produced, we must surely, with the great anatomist, recognize not only "the direct adaptation of instruments to functions, of feet to grasp, of teeth to erode, of a digit to feel and to extract, but we discern a correlation of these several modifications with each other, and with modifications of the nervous system and sense-organs,—of eyes to catch the least glimmer of light, and of ears to

detect the feeblest grating of sound,—the whole forming a compound mechanism to the perfect performance of a particular kind of work." The aye-aye obviously belongs to the branch of Vertebrates and the class of Mammalia; but some zoölogists have placed it with the squirrels in the order Rodentia, and others with the Lemurs, in the order Quadrumana or Cheiropoda; there is also a certain superficial resemblance to a cat; but the real issue has been between those who follow Buffon and Cuvier in giving prominence to the ever-growing incisor teeth, which agree with those of the rodents, and those who, like Schreber and de Blainville, regard the limbs as of more importance, and point out their resemblance to those of monkeys.

It is now generally conceded that Prof. Owen's researches have decided the question in favor of the latter view, for he shows that the only rodent features are the teeth, and similar ever-growing incisors are found in at least one other mammal, the marsupial wom-

what, but which, we fancy, have a use so noble that we may well bear with this. Were we up beside that solitary sparrow—a Madison Square aristocrat, who has winged it out thus far for a breath of country air, maybe—we would know for certain what those wide windows mean; for he is looking in, and earnestly, as if he saw foreshadowings of the coming spring behind those panes. But as we are, alas! unfeathered bipeds only, our inquisitiveness must wait. Let us be patient and ring the bell.

We are in the home of Asher B. Durand, our oldest living landscape painter; a man whose life has been one of over threescore years of wedded love and labor, unbroken by romantic incident; with its shadows, it is true, but in the main radiant with light and peace, as are the creations of his brain and hand.

Passing through the broad hall, its walls well-nigh hidden by rare engravings, we reach the painter's library, and rest a moment. "'Tis a nipping and an eager air" without, but here a hospitable glow comes from behind the polished grate. This is an artist's snugger, sure enough! From floor to ceiling, on one side, ascend long rows of well-read books; the remainder of the walls is hidden with works of art, and odds and ends of interest hide the table-covers. A large engraving of one of Turner's masterpieces is above the mantel; elsewhere we note examples of the works of others no less renowned; and here and there—disposed for favorable effect of light—are little gems, enframed, the touch of each of which we recognize—the gifts of brother artists.

"Will you step this way, sir? Mr. Durand is disengaged."

And we leave the glowing grate and the pictures and the books behind us; but the hospitable warmth, and the joy, begotten of things of beauty, these go with us, as we pass through the hall again, and upward to the studio.

Cold as the day is, with the hills outside whiter even than this snowy head that bends in kindly greeting, the artist has been at work. And now as with a glance we note the studio-walls, covered from floor to ceiling with a

wealth of color,—the artist's studies of more than fifty years,—we no longer wonder why that sparrow sat so lovingly on the bare bough outside.

Soon seated, in comfortable chat, we exchange the pleasant gossip of the day. Fresh from the studios, we have much to give away, but for this are bountifully repaid; for the good old man is eloquent in art-lore and wise with the gathered knowledge of five-and-seventy years.

How well he wears! As stately in his gait, and in face expressive as when Huntington painted him twenty years ago. Vigorous in mind too; no faltering in speech or memory, and as eager in his talk of work as if another half century of loving labor lay before him. Nature, whom he has loved so dearly, rewards him with a ripe old age. This is no nervous touch upon the canvas here; each spray and leaf is given with a nice result. No doubting the texture of these rocks, this river's bed; the stream is limpid and we sound its depths; the silver birch reflects the sunlight lovingly; this lonely pine is rugged truth itself. And yet the color is still moist upon the canvas, and the hand that laid it there has known sixty years of labor!

And now we come to the duty immediately before us: to tell you the story of this veteran painter's life—as much of it as we may within the narrow limits here prescribed. We have thus prefaced our sketch that you might guess the source of it. There is nothing of it ours but the way of telling.

Scarce a stone's throw from his present home—you can see the old stone well there, to this day—stood the birth-place of the painter, Asher Brown Durand. His father was a watchmaker and the descendant of a Huguenot surgeon, who sought refuge in this country after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The workshop of the mechanic was in the village of Jefferson, about a mile distant, where Asher was taught to make himself useful at a very early age. In those days it fell to the tradesman's lot, whatever his specialty, to be called upon for odd jobs not strictly in his line of business. Durand, the watchmaker, was skillful and inherited good taste. It frequently happened that the silver

of the neighboring gentry and well-to-do farmers was intrusted to him to cipher. Asher, who had, when a school-boy, given many evidences of a love for drawing, soon became of consequence in the workshop, owing to the facility with which he made the designs for this occasional work, and the skill with which, after a few months' practice, he put them upon the metal.

He thus unconsciously, we might say, acquired the rudiments of the art for which he afterwards became so famous. Among his father's books was one upon engraving. This had been his frequent reading for many years. It told of the work and of the fame of the old masters of the art, and the soul of the young mechanic was stirred to ambitious effort. When the graver became an obedient instrument in his hand, a world of delightful labor opened up to him. He copied, on scraps of sheet copper, the designs on the circular cards which it was the custom then to insert in the concaves of watch-cases. The sheet copper, however, was not always attainable, and he confesses that he owes much of the gratification of his taste and of the pleasure of his youth to the offices of a friendly blacksmith, who hammered a spare cent out for him, now and then, to the necessary shape and smoothness.

For three years he continued to work in his father's shop, devoting all his leisure to his hobby and to sketching tree-forms with his pencil, afterwards reproducing these upon the metal. With the plates thus made, and ink made of lampblack, he gave to the little world about him the first results of his genius, in black and white.

The father did not fail to appreciate the talent of the boy. Although he would have preferred that he should inherit the little business which he himself had founded, he was touched by his son's desire, so frequently expressed, to become an engraver, and consented to make the necessary inquiries in New York. He did so. There was an opening for an apprentice, but the fee was a thousand dollars.

Poor Asher! This was bad news from New York; and there seemed nothing for it now but to work diligently among the dainty wheels, to keep the village time, and be content with

the poor results obtained on pennyworths of copper.

But it came to pass one day, that a caller at the shop was attracted by the young engraver's work; and better still it happened, that he had the knowledge which enabled him to appreciate the talent it displayed, crude as the efforts were. He heard the story of Asher's labors and ambition; he repeated it in the city, and returned with the welcome tidings that there was corn in Egypt.

Asher, accompanied by his father and his friend, paid an early visit to New York and waited upon Mr. Maverick, then an engraver of reputation. His story was here repeated, and the specimens of his skill were exhibited. Maverick was well pleased, and said so. The artist heart of the man was touched with sympathy for the boy, and he proposed to receive him at once into his workshop as an apprentice. He considered the progress he had made as equivalent to that of three years' teaching, and accepted him without a fee. Thus Asher began his work in earnest.

In the workshop of the engraver, with all the facilities for good work at his disposal, the apprentice soon distinguished himself. When the term of his engagement ended he became the partner of his master.

But long before this noticeable event came about, he had made his first essay as a painter. The graver, after all, moved slowly, and the thing accomplished lacked the soul of color. The stately pines, the graceful elms, the glistening birches had lost no charm for him; his happiest hours were still among the wooded hills about his father's home—away from the daily increasing din of city life. He made many sketches in color before he took courage to show one to Mr. Maverick. When he did so the engraver shook his head and said, "Ah, Asher, you won't content yourself with our slow work; you'll be a painter." But he did content himself; at least for many years; until he had made a reputation as an engraver equal to that of his employer; until he became his partner; until he married and soon after went into business for himself. It was not, indeed, until he was thirty years old—in the winter of 1826—that he ventured to send a picture for public exhibition. This was to the National

Academy of Design, just then inaugurated. It was the portrait of his child, and attracted some attention. Although his taste drew him more towards landscape than portrait or figure painting, subjects for the latter were more available, as he was now, comparatively, imprisoned in the city; and then there was the young father's love, no doubt, to inspire the work on this first offering to the muse.

From this time he continued to send contributions to the Academy exhibitions, landscape or figure subjects, steadily pursuing his work as an engraver with characteristic energy and with most flattering results. His engraving of Vanderlyn's painting of "Ariadne" crowned his efforts in this direction, for it ranked him the first engraver of the New World, and secured him a European reputation.

But it is less with the engraver than with the painter that we have now to do, and so we proceed, having suggested the light and shade of our picture, to lay the color on.

Durand exhibited at the National Academy, of which he was a founder, for nine successive years, each year his landscapes attracting more and more attention. In 1834, and not till then, he abandoned the graver, completely, for the pencil and the palette. He was then Recording Secretary of the Academy, which office he held during six years. In 1844 he was chosen Vice-President, and in the following year President, which last-named office he held for sixteen years, when he declined the honor, again proffered him, in favor of Prof. Morse, who had just then returned for a brief time to his brother artists from his successful labors in Electric Telegraphy, and to whom this compliment was as touching, doubtless, as the applause of the outside world then ringing in his ears.

In this re-election, year after year, to the presidency of the first Art Institute of the country, until he himself resigned the office in favor of a distinguished brother artist, the young watchmaker of Jefferson village, the engraver of New York, the rising landscape painter, had received the highest honors in the gift of the most cultured of his fellow-countrymen. His life of industry and perseverance, his early-born and never-waning love of art, was fully crowned.

It now remains for us but to name a few of his works most highly prized, then close this brief biography. Of these, those which attracted most attention at the Exhibitions, and for which he received the most generous prices, are :—

"An Old Man's Reminiscences," painted in 1845; "Passage in the Life of Woman," in 1846; "The Beeches," in 1846; "Kindred Spirits," in 1849; "Progress," in 1853; "Primeval Forest," in 1854; "June Shower," in 1854; "In the Woods," in 1855; "The Symbol," in 1856; "Lake Hamlet," in 1857; "Sunday Morning," in 1860; "Francisca Notch," "Thanatopsis," "Lake George," "Berkshire," and "Mountain Forest," since then—the two last-named in 1870.

But need we say, as we glance through the records of the Academy, and other sources of information available to us, that we might compile a list of Mr. Durand's works to cover many of these pages—portraits, figure subjects, and landscapes. Few artists of any country have been more prolific of good work, carried religiously to completion. There have been and are those from whose easels the canvases have passed much more rapidly, it is true; but few to whom it has been vouchsafed to follow their loving labor for half a century. How the results of even the most fastidious workers accumulate in fifty years! There is no collection in the country without its example or examples of Durand; few of the homes of our cultured people unadorned with some charming bit of forest loveliness or peaceful pastoral from his pencil. In all of these there is the irresistible charm of subtle truthfulness. Be it but a passage of tree forms or a brook's bed, there is that in it which tells of the depth of the artist's love for Nature, the evidences of his search for her minutest beauties.

There are those who dazzle us with strong effects of color, and seize upon our admiration without preface, as Durand does not; but we have none who have been more successful in the translation of Nature's more frequent joys—of her hours of calm repose; at the still noon-tide in her shady places, or at that yet more peaceful hour—

"When the bright sunset fills

The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows on the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows."

DANIEL HUNTINGTON, EX-PRESIDENT N. A. D.

As the Army of the Revolution passed through Peekskill, Royalists and Republicans were out of doors to see the goodly show. A conspicuous figure among these was that of a pretty young girl who, seated on a garden wall, looked down with pleasure undisguised at Washington and his generals, and the long files of men who followed after. The graceful pose and charming face of the young beauty did not fail to attract attention; nay, more than that, the pleasing picture became a tender memory to one, at least, of the passers-by. This smitten one was Genl. Jed Huntington, then on the personal staff of Washington; the beauty was Miss Anne Moore, the daughter of a wealthy Royalist. But the doors of the Royalist were not inhospitable ones, for the young general of the Republic was ere long his guest, and despite the difference in politics, and in religion too—for Huntington was Puritan, while the Moores were High Church folk—an honored and a favored one, for the beauty of the garden wall, in course of time, was given to the soldier with her father's blessing.

Of the fruit of this fair union was the mother of the artist, Daniel Huntington, the story of whose art life is before us. His father was Benjamin Huntington, of Norwich, Connecticut, who came to New York early in life as a merchant, and here met his namesake, the daughter of the garden-flower of Peekskill, and married her. An enterprising and industrious merchant, he made a handsome fortune, but lost it by the fall of the United States Bank, wrecks at sea, and other unforeseen disasters. When these misfortunes happened, his three sons were being educated with a view to professional life. Although sadly reduced in means, he did not permit his change of circumstances to interfere with the wishes of his sons—they received a liberal education. The three boys were, Jed—named after his grandfather by the mother's side—Daniel, and Gurdon. These in their youth were thrown much into the society of the Moores, and from their great uncle, Moore of Virginia, and their cousin, Thomas W. C. Moore of New York—an accomplished amateur of fine arts—im-

bibed, each after his fashion, a love for the Church and a passion for Art. The latter feeling was greatly fostered by visits made with their mother to the studio of her relative, Col. Trumbull, who at this time occupied large rooms in the old Alms-House in the Park, where he painted and exhibited his various works, finished and in progress.

The oldest brother, Jed, was skillful in pen-drawing, and might have become a successful artist but for a stronger, and may we not say a better love?—impelled by which he entered holy orders, devoting his life to the services of religion and to literature. He was the author of *Lady Alice*, *Alban*, *Rosemary*, and other works. Gurdon, the youngest of the three, is now an Episcopal clergyman, but still finds a leisure hour for the gratification of the taste which he inherits; he has a skillful pencil and a good eye for color. And so this leaves us but the second eldest, Daniel, to dispose of, whose position as a leader, among the most thoughtful and cultured of our people, has been nobly won and diligently sustained by conscientious, painstaking labor, and the modest bearing which, better than great force of character, make friends and fortune—the fortune which is best worth the wearing.

Daniel's love of art was developed early. His devotion to the Muse, unlike that of his older and his younger brothers, was undivided. His first noticeable efforts were copies which he made from the plates of an encyclopedia. These, with all a loving mother's pride, were shown one evening to Col. Trumbull, who had dropped in for tea. "Better be a tea-water man's horse, in New York, than a portrait painter anywhere," said the Colonel, with characteristic gruffness. This was an unwelcome disturber of the fond mother's dreams, and fell as a cloud on the hopes of the young artist. They did not then know that Trumbull was a chronic grumbler, and discouraged all aspirants.

But "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and bubbles joyfully from beneath the shadows that *will* fall upon the day-dreams of the young. Our artist, of a dozen

summers or so, soon forgot the gruff Colonel's speech, and proceeded with his drawing, illustrating the margin of his school-books with sketches and caricatures. His first essay in color was made at Rome, New York, where he was living with his uncle Gurdon, of whose kindness he speaks with affectionate recollection. Here he attended the collegiate school of Mr. Oliver Grosvenor, and became famous among his school-mates for his illustrations, in water-colors, of cards which were given weekly to the boys, as prizes, by their teacher. On the walls of his uncle's home hung a number of rude paintings, made by a cousin, one Mathew Brown, representing a justice's court and other amusing scenes. These, crude as they were, were full of character and suggestiveness, and, we are told, had much influence in giving a certain direction to the thought of the art student.

When fourteen years old young Huntington entered Smith's Academy, at New Haven, where he was prepared for college under the tuition of Horace Bushnell, since so distinguished as a preacher and theological writer. "Wilkison and Hodge," says the artist, "who were my fellow-students, will remember the classic atmosphere we breathed under our enthusiastic master, who inspired us all with a love of letters, for which he himself was much distinguished."

Thence Huntington went to Yale, but the greater part of his college life was spent at Hamilton. There Elliott came, to paint a portrait of President Davis, and this, when completed, being much admired, he was solicited by a number of the young collegians to remain that they might sit for him. He painted the heads of five of them, cabinet size, for five dollars each, a deduction of three dollars per head, the transaction being looked upon as a wholesale one. The painter passed several months among the boys, joining in their sports and sharing in their lighter studies. Here Huntington formed an acquaintance that ripened into a friendship afterwards which terminated only when death laid his cold hand upon the heart of Elliott.

From Elliott young Huntington borrowed canvas and colors, and under his instruction copied some prints, eventually essaying sev-

eral small portraits of his classmates, for which he was well rewarded by their laudations and the more valued praise of Elliott. His first noticeable success was made soon after this, when he painted the portrait, life-size, of a solemn-faced fellow who swept the College rooms, and whom the boys had dubbed the "Professor of Dust and Ashes." This was pronounced a hit, and may be seen this day in the library, where it hangs beside other works of the artist painted for the College in his maturity.

The walls of the young artist's room were soon covered with his rude sketches and caricatures, and the place became a great attraction to his classmates. Among the drawings thus exposed was one representing "Ichabod Crane Flogging a Scholar." This especially attracted the attention of Professors Worth and Lathrop, who encouraged him to persevere, and eventually persuaded him to enter the Art Department of the New York University, then recently established under the care of Prof. Morse, which he did. Whilst a pupil of the school at Hamilton he was one of the few who witnessed the first successful experiments with the electric telegraph, during the winter of 1835-6. Here also, in conjunction with Cornelius Ver Bryck, afterwards an Academician, Mr. Hobart, now Rev. Dr. Hobart, Cleveland Coxe, now Bishop, and John Jay, now Ambassador to Austria, our young artist founded a club for social and literary purposes on a plan which has since extended to other colleges.

Whilst a pupil of Prof. Morse, Huntington painted a landscape, and a figure subject entitled "A Bar-Room Politician," both of which were purchased by Dr. Parmeley, much to the delight and encouragement of the young aspirant, who now felt as if he had indeed begun his artistic career. His uncle Gurdon, hearing of his progress, sent for him and sat for his portrait. It was a success. His uncle was lavish of his praises and generous with his purse. This was Daniel's first portrait for money, and what wonder if he felt already rich in fortune and in fame as he returned to New York, his uncle's praises singing in his ears, his golden wages jingling in his pocket!

On returning to New York he took a room

in the University Building, where he painted "A Toper Asleep," a gift for his brother, another landscape, and cabinet portraits of his parents. His mother was an invalid at this time. "Her walks to my studio," says the artist, touchingly, "were among the last she took."

In 1836 he opened a studio, and modest, yet full of faith, began in earnest the painter's life. He painted landscapes, chiefly, for two years, when a portrait of his father bending over a book attracted considerable attention and brought sitters to his studio. He now turned his attention almost exclusively for a time to portrait painting.

In 1839 he sailed for Europe, where he studied assiduously; painting several subjects in Florence and Rome, afterwards engraved and purchased on his return at handsome prices. In 1840 he was again in New York, and found ample employment at portrait painting. His first important compositions after his return were "Mercy's Dream" and "Christiana and her Children," both of which are still highly prized. About this time Mr. A. M. Cozzens called at the studio and purchased "The Shepherd's Boy," painted in Rome. Mr. Cozzens was an appreciative patron; not only did he give of his own purse to the young artist, but induced his friend Ed. Carey of Philadelphia to become his patron also. Mr. Carey bought generously. "A warm sympathy thus began," says the artist, "between Mr. Cozzens and myself, and I attribute much of my success in life to his generous friendship."

The success of Huntington as an artist was now assured. His compositions when placed on exhibition at the Academy were warmly received, and commissions for portraits came to him faster than he could execute them. In 1842 he married Sophia Richards of Brooklyn, and soon after went to Europe for the second time. When abroad he executed several profitable commissions. During his stay in Europe he was elected a National Academician. This was in 1844. In 1845 he was again at home and at work, and during the three following years painted several of his best pictures, among them "Almsgiving," "A Lesson of Charity," and "The Marys at the Sepulchre."

In 1848 his works, at the request of some forty of the most prominent artists and literary men of that day, were placed on public exhibition at the Art Union Buildings, 497 Broadway, where they were visited by many thousands of our citizens. The paintings thus exhibited, and of which the catalogue is now before us, numbered no less than one hundred and fifty. This catalogue, by the by, is very interesting in itself. It was compiled by the artist, and is replete with valuable and not unfrequently witty comments.

In 1851 he visited England, and there painted the portraits of several distinguished men, among them those of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy, and the Earl of Carlisle. He also painted while there several figure subjects—compositions. Thence he went once more to Paris, where he painted "The Good Samaritan" for Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, the well-known amateur of this city; and "The Sketcher," for the Graham Institute of Brooklyn.

Touching this painting of "The Good Samaritan," the following incident, related by Huntington, is characteristic: "Before I left New York Mr. Roberts called and said, 'Paint me something while you are in Europe.' I expressed great pleasure, and inquired about size and subject. These were hinted at only. 'And about what amount of money?' I asked. 'About one thousand dollars, not much over that,' was the reply. After beginning the picture in Paris, I wrote to Mr. Roberts, describing the work, and adding, 'May I draw on you for two or three hundred dollars now and then, if I need them, as the work progresses?' The return mail brought a draft for 1,500 dollars."

Whilst in London, Huntington studied for some time at the Kensington Life Academy—a private society of which Mulready, J. Philip, Frith, O'Neal, Barlow, Holman Hunt and others were members. During this stay in Europe, which lasted until 1858, he painted several of his most important pictures. Among these were "Ichabod Crane and Katrina Van Tassel," for Mr. Wm. H. Osborne, of New York; "The Counterfeit Note," for Mr. Oliphant, and another "Mercy's Dream,"

varied, however, in its details from his first picture of this subject.

In 1858 he again arrived at home, where he was received with open arms by his brother artists, and where patronage to his heart's content awaited him. Early in the following year he was called upon by Mr. Alexander H. Ritchie, the celebrated engraver, who suggested as a subject for a canvas the well-known picture, "Mrs. Washington's Reception;" or, as it is otherwise known, "The Republican Court." Mr. Huntington accepted the commission, and at the price named by Mr. Ritchie. It was eighteen months before it was completed, as the work developed in quite a remarkable way on the hands of the artist, or in his mind rather. His original scheme for the composition embraced only ten or twelve figures; when finished it had not less than forty. This was one of the representative American pictures sent to the Universal Exposition at Paris. The fine line engraving of it by Ritchie is well known. From Mr. Ritchie's possession it passed to that of Mr. H. W. Derby, Mr. Ritchie realizing handsomely by its sale. And here be it recorded, to Mr. Ritchie's honor, that, remembering the price agreed upon and paid to Huntington was but indifferent payment for the time he gave to its elaboration, he called upon the painter, soon after the sale of the picture, and, with a unique generosity, gave him a check which represented a handsome proportion of his profit. Mr. Derby, if we remember aright, exhibited this picture on its return from Paris, and soon after sold it to Mr. A. T. Stewart (in whose possession it now is) for \$20,000. Name it not in Gath, whisper it not in the streets of Ascalon—the artist's price was \$2,500!

In 1862 Mr. Huntington was elected President of the National Academy of Design, with the working of which he had been closely identified when at home for many years. He laid the foundation-stone of the Venetian building on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, in raising funds for which he had been an industrious worker. He held the Presidency for eight years, when he resigned.

This brings us almost to the present day in this brief history of our artist, and yet we have

but hinted at the number of his contributions to American Art. In such a sketch as this it would be impossible, if desirable, to enumerate them all; indeed, we feel urged to apologize for the extent to which we have gone in recording titles; but this much of cataloguing we could not well avoid and do justice to the artist's reputation. His Shakespearean subjects are well known to art lovers; his Shylock is familiar to the members and visitors of the Century Club, where almost all his important compositions and portraits have been exhibited. His exhibition picture of 1867 was a large landscape—"Chocurua Peak"—still in his possession and worked upon at intervals. It is very much improved by this retouching during the four years since its exhibition. In 1868 he exhibited two allegorical subjects—"Philosophy and Christian Art" and "Sowing the Word"—the first a commission from Mr. Robert Hoe, the latter from Mr. Anson Phelps. In 1870 his still vigorous brush was seen in a group representing the family of one of our merchant princes—Benj. H. Field. A list of eminent Americans, their wives and daughters, painted by Mr. Huntington during the past ten years, would cover at least an entire page of this magazine. His portraits number probably a hundred, and are to be found in the homes of our wealthy metropolitans, in our colleges, and in the State and national collections.

Huntington's studio—which we lately visited—is at his residence on Fifteenth street. The walls of his reception rooms are hung with pictures—his purchases and the gifts of his brother artists; rare plants are in his windows, and objects of virtu crop out here and there to challenge criticism and admiration.

We found him at work. The portrait of a fair young girl was upon his easel; her spirit had passed, but a few weeks before, into the presence of the Great Artist. He was painting this picture partly from a sketch made after death, and partly from his recollection of the face. He knew the lady well.

In the huge canvas, covering an entire side of the studio almost, we recognized the landscape, "Chocurua Peak," to which we have referred, and did not fail to note the added



DANIEL HUNTINGTON.

strength, secured by his late work upon it. Another important picture which, in its turn, takes possession of his easel at this writing, is an order from Mrs. Saltus of Brooklyn—a composition of several figures, representing an incident in the life of Charles V.

Mr. Huntington is tall, fair, and of regular features; looking younger than he is, despite his studious life. He has an easy, graceful presence, and a manner winning as a woman's. Did he need a motto for his crest, we would

suggest "*suaviter in modo*," but not "*fortiter in re*," at least not in the broad application of the phrase. For he impresses us as one whose nature shrinks from controversy; a man to mould the manners of his time where the stuff is plastic, but not to hew them into shape with rough words and ways.

But fifty-five years old, with twenty years, we trust, of work before him, it may be that the most brilliant pages of his artist-life have yet to come. But should he lay his easel by

to-day, he has done enough to keep his memory green, while the records of our nation's history remain, and while we continue to

revere the men, the refining influences of whose creations touch our lives with gentle hand, and shape them daily into fairer forms.

NORAH: THE STORY OF A WILD IRISH GIRL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "MISS MARJORIBANKS," "JOHN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is one thing about Ireland which I don't remember ever to have heard any one notice but myself, which seems a conceited thing to say, as I really know so little about it. It is nothing political, though it may have a connection with Irish politics, for anything I can tell. It is the immense, the extraordinary number of Irish gentry afloat upon the world. I never was in a country neighborhood in England where there were not two or three families, at least; and every one who has ever lived abroad knows what heaps there are at every (so-called) English center, where living is supposed to be cheap, and there is a little society. One stumbles against them wherever one goes; and my opinion is, that it is very pleasant, generally, to make their acquaintance. But the fact has always surprised me. No doubt, one falls upon a Scotch house here and there in the quiet parts of England; but I never knew a village yet without its Irish family. And there was one accordingly at Dinglefield Green.

Almost as much as a matter of course, it was in the funny, tumble-down house at the east end of the Green, which somebody, I suppose in mockery, had nicknamed the Mansion, that they established themselves. The house must have had another name for formal purposes; but it never was called anything but the Mansion among us. It stood in a little, overgrown, very weedy garden; and I know it was damp. But of course, poor things, they could not tell that. It was partly built of wood, and partly covered with creepers; and between the two, you cannot conceive a more moist and mouldy place for people to live in. Creepers are very pretty, but they are not good for the walls, nor for

one's comfort. I do not say it was not rather picturesque, when the Virginia creeper was growing scarlet, and the trees changing color. There were two very fine chestnuts on the lawn in front of the house, and a good deal of wood behind—rather more wood, indeed, than I should have liked. The garden was walled all round, except in front, where the chestnuts made a very nice screen, and showed a pretty peep of the house between them. I have no doubt it was that peep which determined Lady Louisa; and as she knew nobody on the Green, it was impossible for us to warn her that things were not quite so satisfactory within.

However, they came and settled down in summer; after the season, Lady Louisa said. "I hate it myself, me dear," she informed us all; "I'm an old woman, and what's thim balls and kettle-drums to me? Though I don't quarrel with a good dinner when it takes that form, sure it's for *them*, poor things. You can't put an old head on young shoulders; and, upon me honor, I never was the woman to try." So the Beresfords came and settled down among us after their gayeties. We are always curious about a new neighbor on the Green. There are not many of us, and nice people are always an acquisition; whereas, on the contrary, when they are not nice, as has happened now and then, it is very uncomfortable for us all. Personally, the first that I saw of the Beresfords was Norah. Every afternoon when I went out, for the first fortnight after their arrival, I met a young lady who was a stranger to me, and who must, I knew, be one of the new people at the Mansion. She had a quick way of walking, which made it difficult for a shortsighted person like myself to see her face. But when I began to compare notes with my

neighbors, I found that everybody had seen her, and had noticed exactly what I did. We all called her the Girl with the Blue Veil. That was the most conspicuous point about her; and what was still more conspicuous was, that the veil had a hole in it. We made a little merry over this, I confess. One could not but say it was very Irish. Sometimes her veil was thrown over her face, and then the tip of a pretty little nose would be seen through the crevice, or a laughing, dancing, merry eye. I have no doubt she did it on purpose, saucy girl as she was. By degrees, the whole household became known. Lady Louisa herself was a stout little woman, very droll and dowdy; and her eldest daughter was exactly like her, and about the same age, I should think. They both dressed in the same way, and a very funny way it was; and they were exactly the same height, and trudged about everywhere together. Mr. Beresford was a quiet little old man with headaches, and we saw very little of him. Sometimes one of the sons came down from town, and sometimes other Irish families—very fine, shabby, homely people like themselves, with queer old gowns, and heavy old chains, and bracelets, and titles—used to come to see them. We all wondered, at first, how it was they were not ashamed to ask Countesses and Viscountesses, and all sorts of grand-sounding people, to go to the Mansion among the weeds and the damp, and with the remarkable furniture which we knew the house to contain. But, good souls, they were not in the least ashamed of anything; and the other lords and ladies took to it quite kindly too.

We all called, of course, as soon as it could be supposed that they had settled down. If anybody else had gone to the Mansion in the same homely way, the ladies on the Green might have hesitated; but there could be no question about Lady Louisa. They were all in, as it happened, the day I made my visit. They were not the kind of people to throw any glare about the odd little place; but of course, with so many in the room, it could not help but look more cheerful. The windows were ridiculous little casement windows, but they were open; and Norah was there, without her blue veil. Now I don't mean to say

that she was beautiful, or even absolutely pretty, perhaps; but she was the kind of creature that takes you by storm. Her eyes laughed, as if life were the greatest fun in the world; and up to this time I think she had found it so. They were curious eyes. Some people called them green, which was a libel, and some called them gray, which was almost as bad. I have seen them look as near blue as green, and I have seen them darken into hazel for a moment, if any shadow flitted across Norah's sky. But on ordinary occasions they were eyes of gold; they were like crystal, or sparkling running water, with a great yellow sunset shining through it. Her hair was of the Irish kind of hair which I have seen on many beautiful heads—dusky brown, neither light nor fair, with a certain paleness like dead leaves. And she was pale; her lips, even, were not too vivid in color,—everything about her toned down, except the eyes with the light in them, and the whitest teeth I ever saw. She was such a contrast to the others that I cannot help describing her. They were like two little steady old hens trolling about together, the mother and Priscilla; whereas Norah was like a bird and had wings. She was standing as I came in, which perhaps made me distinguish her the more; while Lady Louisa and Miss Beresford sat one on each side of my dear old Lady Denzil, who had called that afternoon too.

"Here's Mrs. Mulgrave at last," said Lady Louisa, as if she had known me all my life. "Me dear ma'am, don't look so surprised. Haven't I heard of you from me Lady here, and heaps of friends; and ye may imagine me feelings when I thought you were not going to call. Mr. Beresford has one of his bad headaches; so he'll not have the pleasure of seeing you to-day. But here's me girls, and very glad to make your acquaintance at last."

"I am sure you are very good," I said; and faltered out excuses (though I might have had the sense to see they were not necessary) for having let a whole fortnight pass. Lady Louisa did not pretend to pay the least attention. She was off at a tangent before I had said half a dozen words.

"He married an O'Farrell, me dear lady,"

she said, "and Mr. Beresford's grandmother, as ye may have heard, was step-daughter to old O'Farrell, of Castle Farrell; so he's a near relation, though we haven't seen much of him. They make fun of him because he's a widower, poor man; but ye may take me word, a widower with ten thousand a year is as pretty a thing as ye'll see in a day's journey—and neither chick nor child. They're silly girls, more's the pity, as I tell them every day."

"When a man is a widower so young as that," said Lady Denzil, "I am always sorry for him. It is bad for people beginning over again, even if there was nothing more."

"But he needn't begin over again. Why can't he stay as he is?" said Miss Beresford, with a little prim consciousness, and Norah clapped her hands and went off into wild laughter most exhilarating to hear.

"I would if I were him," she said, "if it was only for the fun of cheating mamma and you. But the man is old,—he's five-and-thirty. He might be one's grandfather—and a widower. If I were Prissy, I know what I should say."

"You would stop till you were asked, me dear," said Lady Louisa; "and so will your sister—and sure it's the height of bad breeding to be speaking of a thing Mrs. Mulgrave hasn't heard of till now. It's Col. Fitzgerald, me dear ma'am, that's come to the Castle—a cousin of their own, and ye hear how they're making fun of him. His wife, poor little soul, died within the year, and ye may take me word, being a young man, he's looking out again. So I don't see why they should not have the chance, as well as another. Now don't ye agree with me?"

"It depends on what the young ladies think," said I, so much amazed that I really could not for the moment see the fun, notwithstanding the dancing laughter in Norah's eyes.

"Ah, then, and what do they know?" said Lady Louisa, "a pack of girls! Norah, me child, sit down and be quiet, do, or the ladies will think ye a tomboy, and it's not far wrong they would be. It's a young woman's duty to marry, as I always tell them, and I don't see that there's much prospect here, where

ye've no gentlemen to speak of—unless it's the officers. We'd have laughed in my time to think of the men failing. They used to be as plenty as blackberries in the old days."

"We have got our brothers," said Miss Priscilla, "and I don't know what more we want. You would not find it so easy to get on without us as you think, mamma."

"I don't think of meself, me dear," said Lady Louisa; and abandoned the subject abruptly, with that fine sense of the genius of conversation which belongs to her race. "Mr. Beresford would have called on Sir Thomas, me dear Lady, but for his headaches. Sure we all know what a man is when he is ill. You can't tell how I'm hoping the place will suit him. We've done nothing but wander about since me children were babies. As for our own country, it's out of the question. The damp, and the heat, and the cold, and altogether. But I hear you've a fine bracing air on the Green?"

"Yes," said Lady Denzil and myself, both together, but there was, of course, a certain hesitation in our voices, which Lady Louisa was much too sharp not to observe. We were thinking of the Mansion itself and the damp, but that we could not explain.

"Ah, well," she said, looking at us. "It is not easy to know who to trust. Time will show. It is a droll little bit of a house, but we make it do. We had some friends over to lunch yesterday, our cousin Lady Langdale, and young Everton, her eldest son. That's a fine young fellow now—very handsome, me dear lady, and I fear, if one must believe all the tales one hears, very fast too—but the best of sons. As pleased to come down here with his dear mother as if he had been going to—well, I was going to say the Castle, but that's not very exciting now-a-days, me dear ma'am."

"Why, he came to have some fun, mamma," said Norah. "Don't you know it's great fun coming to this tumble-down old place? I like it of all things. One can skip about as one pleases, and nobody minds—instead of having to mend one's glove, and put up one's hair, and look as proper as four pins."

"But we rather pique ourselves upon being proper all the same," said Lady Denzil, "and

you must not teach the girls to be wild, my dear, though it is very nice to see you skipping about—even with holes in your gloves.”

We looked at each other, my old friend and I, and had a little difficulty in keeping our countenances. It was all of a piece, somehow, and though one might be didactic as one's duty, one had no particular desire to set it right.

After the little glimpse we had been having of the Mansion and its inmates, there was something quite harmonious in that hole in Norah's veil.

“But Norah is quite particular about her gloves, I assure you,” said Miss Beresford. “She is not such a wild Irish girl as people think, though she will run about. Mamma has no proper maid just now—”

“Ah,” sighed Lady Louisa, “don't remind me of it, me dear. I've never had a proper maid, me dear ladies, I give you my word, since that fool of a girl went and married under me very nose, as it were. They will marry, the fools! as soon as they've got to be a bit useful to ye. And to prove it, I've got no cook in the house at this minute, if ye'll believe it, me dear ma'am, which is worse, when there's a man to be fed, than the want of a good maid.”

“Oh dear, I am very sorry,” said I. “Can—one—be of any use, Lady Louisa? Of course it is strange on so short an acquaintance—but if my servants can do anything—”

“It's like your kindness,” said Lady Louisa, pressing my hand. “But we do the best we can. There's the lad that came with us; sure he's the son of an old butler of ours, and he's seen a good deal for his condition in life, and a very pretty notion of a dinner he has, I assure you; and me maid, such as she is—I don't call her a clever maid—but she can take a turn at anything. It's handy, me dear ladies, when you're moving about, and can't carry a full establishment at your tails. And we get along. Mr. Beresford's an invalid, thank God, and not so unreasonable as most men about the cooking. And oh, I assure ye, we get along.”

Lady Denzil had turned to Norah, and was speaking to the child over her shoulder as this revelation was made to me, and I could

do nothing but falter a hope that she would soon feel herself settled down, and be supplied with cooks and everything necessary, as I rose to go away.

“Ah, then, it does not take so long to settle down,” said Lady Louisa, rising, “when ye are used to it like me. I come in, me dear ma'am, and I give meself a shake, and I'm at home, whatever the place may be. It isn't a palace,” she continued, looking round, “and the furniture is old-fashioned, but we've put in some of our own knick-knacks, ye see, which I always carry about with me, and that does more than anything to give the home-look. Norah, ring for old Ferns to show me Lady Denzil the door.”

“Is this the man of all work, who has a pretty notion of a dinner?” I could not refrain from whispering as we went out. We had shaken hands and got quite clear of the drawing-room—indeed, we were outside the door; out of all possibility, as I thought, of being overheard. But before Lady Denzil could answer, a fresh, sweet, ringing peal of laughter came upon my astonished ear.

“Oh no, not that old fellow; but I'll show him to you if you please,” said Norah Beresford, suddenly making her appearance round the corner. “He's the stable boy, and the cleverest boy I know.”

You may suppose how I started! That Mansion is one of the most awkward places for back doors and side doors, so that you never know when you are safe. Of course I made some stupid excuses, but Norah only went off into another fit of laughing. The girl was wild with fun and spirits; she could not be more than eighteen—a kind of dancing fawn—and I took a fancy to the creature on the spot; though, no doubt, if she had been one of our own girls on the Green, who have always been brought up to behave themselves, one might have thought differently. But a young face of that age running over with fun and nonsense is pleasant, when it is sweet nonsense and not wicked. Norah laughed as most people breathe, and it was not from the lips outward, but with all her heart.

“What a light-hearted creature!” I said, with a little sigh, such as middle-aged people are apt to indulge in at such a sight. It

meant *poor thing, she knows no better!* I suppose one cannot help that half-envying, half-melancholy thought.

Lady Denzil was old, not middle-aged, and had ceased to feel this little prick of compassion and superiority. She smiled only, she did not sigh, as she waved her hand to Norah. "It is a nice, innocent, cordial sort of laugh,—it does one's heart good to hear it," she said.

"And what a household!" I went on, for we were now quite free of the Mansion and its inmates. "So frank and so queer about everything! Are they half out of their minds, do you think—or is it all a joke?"

"My dear, they are Irish," said Lady Denzil quietly. "And then, why *should* they be ashamed? It is not their own house. I dare say their own place is very nice, if you could see it. And then they have a certain rank, you know. That makes people very easy about what they say. She is Lady Louisa if she lived in a garret. She can't be mistaken; and they take the good of their own mishaps, and see the fun of them just as we do, whereas *our* mishaps only amuse our neighbors, not ourselves," Lady Denzil added. It was very true, perhaps; but one did not like to hear such a sentiment from my Lady's lips.

And before a week was over, as might have been expected, the Green rang with stories of the Irish family. "Fancy, she says Colonel Fitzgerald is a widower with £10,000 a year, and her daughters may as well have the chance as another," Mrs. Stoke said to me, pale with consternation, though such calculations could not be absolutely foreign to her own experience. She was so shocked that it took away her speech for a whole evening: which was very different from its effect on Lady Louisa. "And the stable boy cooks the dinner," said the Admiral, with a laugh that they must have heard on the other side of the Green, and shrugged his shoulders, and added, "Poor devil,"—meaning, no doubt, Mr. Beresford, whom Lady Louisa, on the contrary, thanked God was an invalid; and not so particular. Whenever we met, we had a new story to tell of the Mansion. But it did them no harm, as far as I could see. No cook ever came that we could find out, and

no maid; and the hole in Norah's blue veil survived triumphantly till Christmas, when she tied up the leg of a little table in the drawing-room with it, to the admiration of all beholders. "I never saw such furniture," Norah said; "it breaks if you look hard at it. I suppose it must be made expressly for furnished houses;" and then she tied up the little table, which had a sprain, with the blue veil.

But notwithstanding, they were the greatest acquisition we had met with for a long while on the Green. Norah was a favorite everywhere; our pet, and the darling of the village, though she was not always perfectly tidy. And as for Miss Priscilla, though she was by way of being the precise and old-maidenly sister, even she had a suppressed sense of fun with all her primness. I do not believe they read three books from one year's end to another. The girls knew nothing to speak of, except a smattering of languages, which they had picked up abroad in their wanderings. Really, I cannot help thinking sometimes it is great nonsense, the fuss we make about education. Norah was a great deal nicer than if she had been well educated. I am old-fashioned, I suppose, but on the other hand I am very fond of books, which have been my closest companions for years; but yet—Those lively, keen, open eyes, seeing everything—that vivacious original mind, finding out the fun first of all, and then heaps of other meanings, if they were but ever so slightly indicated to her, in everything she heard or saw—are worth a great deal more than mere knowledge. I hate dull people, uneducated or not, which I fear is a very unchristian sentiment when one thinks how many of our fellow-creatures are very dull—and I love intelligence about all things, without caring much about its amount of education. "Ah, that is because you only see the pleasant side of it," Mr. Damerel says to me. He is very highly educated, good man, and so are his children going to be. The girls (it is his pride) learn everything with their brothers. But, oh me, how heavy they all are! how it wears one out to spend an evening at the Rectory! whereas with those dear ignorant souls at the Mansion the moments flew.

It was July when the Beresfords came, so that they had still a good deal of the summer before them, and our young people did their duty in making them acquainted with all there was to be seen. They had brought a pony with them and a little carriage, not any bigger, and, I must say, very much more crazy and out of order than mine. The wheels had a jingle of their own, which distinguished Lady Louisa's pony-chaise to the whole neighborhood. It was this that was the nominal occupation of the boy who cooked the dinner, and a very clever boy he was. I have seen him myself in the yard, polishing the chaise as if his life depended on it. "Sure and it's joking my lady was," he answered, when somebody congratulated him one day on his various accomplishments. He blushed, though Lady Louisa did not. And so the quaint, funny, candid household got settled down in the midst of us. Beside Lady Denzil, who was our queen in a way, Lady Louisa looked like an old washer-woman: but notwithstanding all her good-nature, there was one point she was stiffer upon even than Lady Denzil. We were all gentry, fortunately, and people whom one could visit, but nothing could be finer than the unconsciousness that came upon the lady of quality when an interloper of a lower order came in. She became blind, deaf, and stupid in a moment, though she was the very soul of good-humor and kindness. This is a mystery I don't understand, though I am as fond of well-born people as anybody need be.

And alas! the autumn that the Beresfords came to the Green was the year that, after all his misdoings, Everard Stoke came home.

CHAPTER II.

EVERARD was Mrs. Stoke's eldest son: they were people of the very best connections, but poor—so poor that they had to live in a little cottage and practice the most rigid economy, though they "counted cousins" with half the people in the peerage. Everard had had every advantage in education, people thinking naturally that the eldest son was his mother's best prop, and that he would be glad to be able to help his own. And no doubt some boys are a help and comfort to every one belonging to them; just as there are others who

pull everybody down who has ever attempted to help them. He was meant to go into the Indian Civil Service, that being the best way, as many people think, for a young man to get on. But he would not be a Civil servant. He insisted on going into the army, where, of course, he knew he could never keep himself, much less help his family. I don't know what poor Mrs. Stoke, who was not a strong woman either in mind or body, was subjected to in the way of threats, and disobedience, and ill-temper, before she would consent. But she had to consent at last; and they got him a commission in a very nice regiment in the line. He wanted to be a Guardsman, the young fool! but of course her friends were not such idiots as that. I suspect Everard had thought of soldiering—for he was not much more than a boy, and could not be expected to have much sense—as nothing but a life of indolence and freedom, heaps of amusements and gay society. But when he found he had to obey as well as to command, it changed his ideas altogether. The way in which he tried to cover his insubordination at first was by calling his Colonel a snob, which he did whenever he came to see any of us. "His grandfather was a tailor," he would say; "fancy gentlemen having to be under a fellow like that!" He tried after a while to get his friends to arrange an exchange for him into a different regiment: but it happened to be just at the moment when Willie, the second boy, was going out to India, and no one could pay attention to Everard's grumbles. Then there came a dreadful explosion. Whether he refused to obey orders, or whether he was insolent to his commanding officer, one could never quite make out; but the result was that he was recommended to resign to avoid a court-martial. It was the 119th, and I knew one of the officers. His account was, that he never saw such an ill-conditioned cub. "Snob himself," said my friend with indignation; "our old Colonel is a man to be proud of. The little brute never obeyed an order in his life, and wouldn't—'twasn't in him. What business had his mother to be a widow? Oh yes, I suppose she couldn't help it: but she ought to have flogged the very life out of that little beggar all the same." Poor, gentle

Mrs. Stoke, to think of her whipping a boy ! though I don't doubt it would have done him good.

So Everard came home, more or less disgraced, his chosen profession thrown away, or throwing him away. By that time he was one-and-twenty, and a dreadful life he led his poor mother and sisters, grumbling at every thing. They had nothing on the table fit to eat,—they had nothing decent to put on,—they made a fellow wretched with their long faces, &c., &c. Once he did me the favor to take me into his confidence, but was sufficiently startled by my answer not to try it again. Then by immense exertions—it was before the time of examinations for everything, and interest did a great deal—a place was got for him in one of the Government offices. When Mrs. Stoke asked my advice, I was against this step from the beginning, for what was a young man of his habits to do in London, where everything would tempt him to go astray ? “ Ah, you don't know my Everard,” said the misguided woman, with tears in her eyes. “ He is very proud, I must confess. Yes, indeed, Mrs. Mulgrave, it is a grave fault, but all the Stokes are proud. How could he be expected to be superior to the character of the family ? But he has no other faults, poor boy. I could trust him as I would trust one of the girls,” she said, drying her eyes. And I suppose, so strangely are people constituted, that she believed what she said.

Everard got the situation, and everything seemed to go well for a year or two. By degrees, he got quite out of the habit of coming to the Green. When he did come, they never could please him. When his poor mother remonstrated with him for neglecting her, he made her the cruelest answer. “ You don't think I could stand the Green all by myself ? ” he said ; “ and what fellow would care to come down with me to a hole like this ? ” It was Lottie who told me, in her indignation ; but Mrs. Stoke bore it all, and never made any sign. And then ——— It was a dreadful business ; and nobody ever explained, in so many words, exactly how it was. It was not in the papers, which kept it from the knowledge of people out of society, at least. As for people in society, of course the papers are

nothing ; and everybody knew. There was some public money that had to pass through his hands ; and besides that, he was more than a thousand pounds in debt. It came upon the poor Stokes like a thunder-clap. That sort of thing is more dreadful to us, who have but a very little money, and that little our very own, than, I suppose, to mercantile people, who are used to have other people's money in their hands. He had to go away, with just a telegram to his poor mother that he was ruined, and that she would never see him more. Of course it was some days before we heard ; but we all noticed and wondered at the strange commotion in the cottage, and poor Mrs. Stoke, more dead than alive, going and coming constantly to town. As soon as the first whisper got abroad I went to them at once, which was rather a bold thing to do, and might have been badly taken. But they knew me, and that I meant only to serve them ; and that is what Lottie means when she speaks of the time when I stood by them in their trouble. They had to make great sacrifices to pay up what they could. I know Mrs. Stoke sold her pearls, which she had always clung to through all their poverty, for the sake of her girls. And they sent away one of their servants, and lived more plainly, and dined more poorly than ever. And Everard disappeared for a long time, like a man who has gone down at sea. It was long before they knew even if he were alive, or where he was. I cannot tell how he lived, or what he did with himself ; but at the time I am writing of, everything had quieted down and been forgotten ; and he came back. His poor mother, somehow, had still a remnant of belief in her boy, and wept over him as did the father of the prodigal—though Everard was far too much a young man of the period to have any confession on *his* lips. I don't believe he even said “ I am sorry,” for all the dreadful trials he had dragged those poor women through. Oh, how many things such women have to bear that they cannot confide to their dearest friends ! He took it all as a matter of course. He looked us all in the face, just so conscious of what we thought as to be defiant of our opinion. There had been no public stigma put upon

him, no prosecution, nor anything of that kind. And now that it had "blown over," as he thought, he had the audacity to come home.

There are some men who are more attractive in their first youth than at any other age; and some whom life so moulds and stimulates, that they who were stupid and disagreeable at twenty, are at thirty interesting men of the world. Everard had never been a nice boy. Fond as I am of young people, he was one to whom I could not open my heart. But when he came home at the time I mention, strongly prejudiced as I was against him, I could not but acknowledge that he was improved. His manners were better. One could not tell if it were false or if it were true. But it is more agreeable, all the same, to be listened to, and heard out, and have a deferential answer, than to be interrupted and contradicted. Then he had learned to talk, which was a new gift; and it was a rare gift on the Green. He had been to all sorts of places, and seen every kind of people; and whatever his motive might be (I do not pretend to guess it), he took the trouble at least to make himself agreeable. Though I have an antipathy beyond all expression for this kind of man—the being who has two or three fair starts, and always turns out a failure, and comes back upon the poor women "that own him," as Lady Louisa would have said—yet somehow I could not quite execute justice upon Everard. "He is sorry, though he does not say it," said his poor mother. "He is not one to say it; and his very coming back like this is like turning over a new leaf. Don't you think so, dear Mrs. Mulgrave?"

I could not commit myself to such a favorable judgment. But still one might hope he did mean better this time.

He was at home all the summer; and the impression he produced on our little community in general was much the same as on myself. We knew his story so well that it was needless repeating or opening it up again. We said to each other, "I wonder Everard Stoke has the assurance to come back; and what will his poor mother do with him?" And then we changed to "Everard Stoke has certainly improved—don't you think so?" And

at length somebody was so kind as to suggest that he was but nine and twenty, and that perhaps he might even yet do well. It will be easily understood that no distinct reference was made to his story so as to render it intelligible to a stranger. And the Beresfords had lived abroad a good deal, and had no connection with our district, and had heard nothing about it. This was how it happened that in a place where every detail of the business was known, Lady Louisa never heard of it. She knew, of course, that there was something. He had been in the army, and left it; he had been a wanderer on the face of the earth for a long while. But then so had she and all her family; so that did not seem so strange to her. He had been a little wild, or gone too fast, as people say,—in short, there was something. But that was all Lady Louisa knew. And we, foolish creatures as we were, not seeing an inch before us, thought it kinder not to rake up an old story. "If he gets the chance now, he may do well," we said to each other, and began to ask him to our houses. And then he amused us, which is so irresistible a spell in a dull country place. And we all agreed tacitly to take him on trial again, and ignore the sins of his youth.

All this preamble is necessary to explain how he got to meet Norah Beresford, in the familiar way which our small society made inevitable. I remember being startled, not long after they came, by the advanced state of their acquaintance, till Lottie explained to me that they were always meeting Norah in her walks, and had taken to making little expeditions together. "Everard is so kind, he always walks with us now," his sister said, with, as it seemed to me, just a touch of doubtfulness in her voice.

"That is very unlike Everard," said I, perhaps a little severely; which was a very foolish thing to say, for however much we may ourselves condemn our own, none of us like to hear another do it. Lottie flushed a little and turned upon me, as I might have known. "Everard has changed very much, Mrs. Mulgrave," she said; "he is not like the same. Indeed, I don't think he *is* the same; but of course old friends always remember the past and don't believe in the future, as we do."

"I think that is not quite fair to me, Lottie," I said; "but at all events I hope in the future with all my heart, and that your faith may be fully verified. No doubt he is much improved."

And thus my little representation was put a stop to. To be sure it was possible that Everard's kindness to his sisters might be one of the fruits of repentance. It was not like him, but still it was possible, and he was very much improved. But I can't say I quite liked, the moment after, to see him come along the road with his little sister Lucy, by way of chaperone, I suppose, and Norah by his side. It was her laugh, that sweet, fresh, mellifluous Irish laugh, that called my attention to them. And the two were talking very closely. Lucy, whose head was busy about other matters, tripped on before, and Everard was talking and Norah listening as—well, as people do. One knows when one sees, without requiring to explain. I saw the scene from my window, and immediately, on the spur of the moment, rushed out to the garden gate, and called to them to come in and have some tea. "I am sure you have been having a long walk, and you shall not pass my door," I said, with a playfulness that I did not feel. Norah was very willing, poor child; she meant no harm and knew no better. She came in to me as brightly as if my quiet house had been the gayest in the world. But her face did cloud over a little when Everard paused, and took off his hat, and excused himself. He had only meant to see Miss Beresford home, he said, and could not stay. He had letters to write. Norah's face clouded, and showed the cloud. She looked wistfully at him, as if, but for shame, she would have changed her mind, and gone home; and she looked reproachfully at me. But the thing was done, and could not be altered. "I dare say we shall meet to-morrow, somehow," she said to Lucy, as she kissed her—and so went in with me, in that cloudy condition, half smile, half tear, which was, of all others, the most natural aspect of the mobile Irish face.

"I should not have come in if I had known he would go away," said Norah frankly. "Ah, then, you won't be angry that I say it.

He was telling me something—I'd rather have heard it out, and had his company a little longer, than a dozen cups of tea."

"But the tea is better for you, my dear," said I, "though perhaps not a dozen cups."

"No, fun is best," said Norah, beginning to brighten out of the cloud. "I like to be amused above all things. You steady English, with your steady ways, you prefer being dull. But I am not an English girl, and I have been brought up abroad; I like to be amused."

"All the better," said I. "I like it too, and Everard Stoke *is* amusing. He is even interesting, sometimes, which is more surprising still."

"Why should it be surprising?" said Norah. "You all seem to speak as if you patronized Ever—Mr. Stoke, and made allowance for him, and all that; whereas," said the girl, flashing up into full animation, "there is not a man all about can hold a candle to him! Sure you know it as well as me! They are all old fogies, or young fogies, which are worse. I laugh at them till it makes me ill—and then I could cry to think one is never to see anything better than that, when up starts somebody suddenly out of the earth,—that is *Fun!* Yes; he is fun, though you shake your head—and—interesting, and all that;—and then you English put on your solemn faces. Oh, I don't like you at all! I shall never like you! That is, you are an old dear, and a jewel, and I love *you*." It was a minute at least before I could free myself from Norah's embrace, which was as impulsive and vehement as herself.

"You may not like us, my dear," said I, "and yet you must acknowledge we are not very ill-natured, after all. We might have made it impossible for Mr. Stoke to have so much as seen you, if we had thought proper to make ourselves disagreeable; and I am not sure we ought not to have done so, after all."

"It can't matter to me one way or another," said Norah with a sudden blush; and then she put her arms round me again, and looked up in my face with her shining sunset eyes, and coaxed me in her mellow Irish tones. "Ah, then, Mrs. Mulgrave, darling! do tell

me all to myself—mamma shall never hear, nor any one. Tell me what he has done?”

“Norah, if I thought it was anything to you what he had done—” I began.

“Ah, then, and what could it be to me?” said Norah. “Did I ever see him till six weeks ago? Did I ever hear his name? But I like to know everything. I am fond of stories. I suppose he has been very naughty, poor fellow!” she said, with an inimitable fall of her voice. Love itself could not have been more pathetic. Perhaps, with all her *naïveté*, there was a touch of that delicious instinctive histrionic sense which made her face unconsciously suit the emotion of the moment; or else things were worse than I thought.

And even now I had not the courage to speak out—a thing I shall never forgive myself. I had not the heart to throw the first stone at him, and he trying, or appearing to try, to amend. I thought what I did say would be enough to frighten her. I made a little fancy sketch of his insubordination, and how he had to leave his regiment, and then of his getting into debt and—being obliged to go away. The way she kept smiling at me, undismayed—the clear golden gleams, unsubdued by any cloud, out of her eyes—the proud way she held her head, never a droop of shame or even doubt in it—ought to have warned me to cut nothing out of the picture. I don’t know now how it was I could have been so foolish. I had not the heart to shame him in the girl’s eyes. When I had ended I watched her very closely, more anxious how she should take it than I could tell. But she took it in a way I never would have dreamed of. She jumped up from her chair and clapped her hands.

“Now that is the kind of man I love,” she said. “His Colonel was a frightful old wretch. He bore it as long as he could, but that was not forever. The idea of shaking your head at a man for that! And then his independence—going away to hide his poverty from his friends, and making a living for himself with nobody to help him! I think it was grand! I knew I was right to like Everard Stoke. Ah now, how can I call him *Mister*. Don’t you all say Everard? That’s for telling me,” she said, suddenly giving me a vehement

kiss. “Hush, whisper—I’m so glad. I thought it was something about some girl—”

“Oh, my dear Norah!” I cried; but she spoke so fast, and was in such a flood of talk, that it was impossible for me to go on.

“You never talk of such things before us,” said Norah in her excitement, “but we always hear a word now and again that sets us wondering. Priscilla and I made sure it was about some girl. They say men are like that. I could have forgiven him, for you know he must have been so young. But I am glad—I can’t tell you *how* glad—that it was only getting into debt and that sort of thing. Why, that’s nothing. We are all in debt, every one,” said Norah, with a laugh of half hysterical emotion. “Papa owes—I can’t tell how much—and that’s one reason why we are never at home.”

“Oh, my dear, don’t tell me any more,” cried I, in a fright; “and Norah, stop and think before you say you are glad. He is nothing to you, and can never be anything to you; but all the same, you ought to estimate him justly. Everard Stoke has been a bad son and a bad brother—he has been—”

“And what did they ever do for him?” said Norah, with a toss of her head in defiance. “Why should he take them up on his shoulders when they don’t want it? You are seeing with their eyes, and not your own nice kind ones, Mrs. Mulgrave, dear.”

“And whose eyes are *you* seeing with, poor child?” I said. “He has been a burden upon them, and he has neglected them, Norah. You can’t think how he has neglected them, and they always so careful of all his tastes—always so tender to him.”

“They never understood him,” said Norah hotly, with quick tears of vexation springing into her eyes. She had come to that last defense in which the faithless and cruel intrench themselves. And when she reached that point, her excitement, which was not under control, as it would have been with a girl more used to self-restraint, burst into tears. I stood looking on, very serious, even rueful, not attempting to comfort her. And next moment she sprang up with a wild outburst of laughter, and dried her eyes.

“Not that I care one bit,” she said, “not

one bit ;—what should it matter to me ? But only he has been telling me things, and I'm so glad they are quite true. There, Mrs. Mulgrave, dear, that's all. You shall never hear me speak of Ever—Mr. Stoke again."

"I hope not, my dear," I said very gravely, giving her my hand.

"You may be quite sure. What can it matter to me?" said Norah. "We're strangers, you know, and wild Irish. After a while we'll go away and disappear into Italy or somewhere. I know papa's ways. If one of us girls doesn't marry Colonel Fitzgerald," Norah continued, looking up at me with one of her doubtful looks, half fun, half pathos. She knew that she might have to do this, strange as it sounded, should Colonel Fitzgerald throw his handkerchief at her, and yet she could not help seeing the humor of the situation, such as it was.

I confess I was so mean that I went up stairs to my bed-room window, and watched her walk all the way home. Probably the same idea that was in my mind had been in Norah's, for she certainly paused and looked round, as with some ghost of an expectation. But Everard was too wise for that. He was not going to follow her at such a moment under my watchful eyes. Of course, if one had chosen to inquire, there was pretty sure to be "something about some girl" in his dark existence. But it had never been my business to accuse him, or investigate his sins ; was it my business now ?

I asked myself this question till it became a pain to me. Was I my brother's keeper ? Ah,—but the question sounds different when it is my little sister's keeper—the child that one sees on the edge of a precipice. It gave me a bad headache and a great deal of trouble before I could make out what I ought to do. And what I decided upon was no better than a compromise, a worldly proceeding. I made up my mind to go to his mother and speak about it to her. Norah had no money that I knew of, and though she had good connections, they were but a poor people to lean upon. He could have no motive for the part he was playing, and would surely give it up when he understood the circumstances.

With this lingering hope in my mind I got

up next morning full of my purpose, and went to the cottage to have an interview with Mrs. Stoke.

CHAPTER III.

"THIS is carrying things a great deal too far," said Mrs. Stoke, in her offended and stately tone. "I know you mean well, dear ; but why should my boy take any trouble about such a girl as Norah Beresford ? With his connections, he might look a great deal higher. She has not a penny ; and her family is good, of course, but a poor Irish family. It would be nothing to us to marry into the Clantorry connection. It certainly is not worth Everard's while. I know you speak from good motives——"

"Oh, mamma ! how can you talk to *her* so ?" cried Lottie. "Have you forgotten ? Dear Mrs. Mulgrave, mamma will never hear anybody say a word about Everard, you know."

"I don't want to say a word," I answered. "I never thought he wished to marry her ; and it is for his own sake as well as hers that I speak. If he should go too far, and it should get known, people will speak of the past ; and I am sure, for one, I do not want that to be raked up again."

"But you do it," said Mrs. Stoke, sitting down to cry. "I was thinking nothing about the past, for the moment ; and you have gone and brought it all back."

I stood quite still while my victim cried. I own that I felt intensely uncomfortable. What business had I to interfere ? Was it not the best thing to leave it alone, and let each one take care of his own affairs ? I to make Everard's mother cry, with so many real things in his life to vex her ! I was angry with myself.

"But, mamma," said Lottie, after a pause, "Everard never did consider anything but his own pleasure, all his life. You and I ought to know that."

"You are always the one to turn against him," said her mother. But it was not so easy to silence Lottie as me.

"Ever since the time when he would break our dolls," said Lottie, with a little bitterness. "If he liked it, he would break Norah's heart in the same way, and throw the fragments

from him. Do you mean to say you do not know your own son, after all these years?"

"Oh, Lottie, how cruel you are to me!" cried Mrs. Stoke. That was all the satisfaction I could get. I begged them not to tell Everard, so as to rouse his vanity; but only to dissuade him, lest people should talk. And then I went home with the discouraging sense, for one thing, that Lottie agreed with me, and the feeling that I had sown dispeace among them—not a pleasant thought.

Next time I saw the Beresfords after this, I found Lady Louisa, with her two daughters, in a considerable state of excitement.

"Me dear, it's the Colonel we're expecting," she said; "and I don't deny I am fluttered a little when I think of the importance it may be to *them*, poor things. For let me tell you, me dear ma'am, ten thousand a year does not go begging every day to a couple of poor girls without a penny; and I'd have them mind what they're about."

"Then is he coming——?" said I, and stopped short, confounded; for had he been coming, like a French gentleman on his promotion, to see the *fiancée* his friends had looked out for him, Lady Louisa could not have been more straightforward in her speech.

"He is coming," said Norah, "like the man in the story, to see which of the two sisters he will like best; and one will be very fine, in full dress, to make the best of herself. And the other will be in her high frock, ready to run about after dinner is over. And he'll turn round from the one that was got up all ready for him, and he'll say to the papa, 'I'll have the one with her clothes on, please.' That's how it will be."

"If it's me you mean, Norah," Miss Beresford began, with a little flash of spirit, "nobody ever saw me with my dress falling off my shoulders; though I don't sit down to dinner like a tomboy that must always be running about."

"Ah, then, don't be vexed, Prissy dear," said Norah. "It was only for fun. If one couldn't make fun of it, one would be furious," cried the little vixen, suddenly clenching her hands. "The man—the brute!—coming to look at us to see which he will buy, and mam-

ma talking and settling what we're to wear, as if it were all right."

"Don't get to quarreling over him already, me dears," said Lady Louisa, with perfect calm. "Is it the man I'm thinking of? Sure the man might go to Russia, for anything I care; but he's got ten thousand a year, me children, and why should it go past our door more than another's, if I can help it?—and as nice a place as ever I set eyes on," she added, with a sigh, "in county Wicklow, me own county. And the comfort it would be to see one of ye there."

"But unless people—like each other," said I, seeing it was my turn to say something, "even a nice place would not make them happy—" and broke off here like a fool, having made my little conventional speech.

"A nice place goes a long way, me dear ma'am," said Lady Louisa, with that mellow, warm Irish worldliness, which somehow does not feel so abhorrent as the ordinary type; "and it does you a vast deal of good, take me word for it, to have plenty of money. They never knew what that was, poor things. We're poor, and we've always been poor, and I'm not ashamed of it. But I'll never let me children go and throw themselves away. If ye marry beauty, it's but skin-deep," continued this philosopher; "and as for wit and brains, and all that, it's pleasant, but where's the good of it? But sure, when ye marry money, ye know what you are doing; and that's a consolation, at the least. I'm thinking, me dear ma'am, as you've all been so kind and hospitable to us, to make a little effort to repay ye, now me friends are in town. We can't give but very small dinners in this bit of a place, which is a pity. But I'm thinking of a series of tays."

"Mamma," said Priscilla in an undertone, with a blush and look of horror. Their mother was too ready-witted, however, to correct herself.

"Of tays." Is it too Irish I am?" she said, with her round, pleasant laugh. "The first of them is this day week, me dear lady—and I hope to see the Colonel and some of the officers; and if the young ones like to amuse themselves on the lawn—sure, it wants to be well cut first," she added, breaking off;

"and I hope you won't forget to tell Patrick's children. In a general way I like to see the grass grow, me dear ma'am—I'm fond of nature, though I'll allow it's a strange taste—and I hope we shall have the honor of Mrs. Mulgrave's company," said Lady Louisa, with a gracious bow. "But if I were you I'd tell Patrick at once, me dears, before you forget," she added, turning to Norah. Patrick was the famous stable-boy who was of so much use in the cooking; and certainly such a lawn for the young people to amuse them-

selves upon, I never saw. The grass must have been ankle-deep at least.

Norah, however, did not move. She had some object of her own in following out this conversation. "If you mean dancing, mamma," she said, "there are plenty of ladies—but I don't know where the men are to come from, unless you mean the Colonel to order down his whole regiment."

Poor Norah! I saw in a moment that this little speech was made to call forth the mention of one name.

(To be continued.)

OUR LABOR-SYSTEM AND THE CHINESE.

It is impossible to deal justly with the Chinese labor question without a fair examination of our entire labor-system.

The United States, in their relations to labor, stand alone among all the countries of the earth. The very principles of freedom and equality, upon which we depend for our cohesion, are adverse to a practical labor-system. Whereas other nations find their labor-market supplied by the peasant order, or by a system of serfdom or slavery, we have no such resource, and are forced to look abroad for paid substitutes for those who, in other countries, are presumed to feel some slight interest in the land and people they serve.

We have no peasantry; and since our native-born population have been disinclined to turn their attention to menial labor, it has followed that we must look for assistance to the refuse population of older and overcrowded countries, in order that we might develop the resources of our own.

Hitherto we have found no difficulty in supplying our need, in so far as quantity has been concerned. Mere bone and muscle were to be had for the asking; and in millions we have asked and received. While the land needed only those elements for its development, this was all very well.

But the simple fact of our own isolation from menial pursuits has left us free to advance in other directions; and the result has been, that in the short space of a century we

have won a position equal to that of nations enriched by the achievements of a thousand years. Meanwhile our labor-system has not kept pace with us. While the lords of the soil have progressed intellectually, the tillers have remained stagnant upon the same plane which they occupied at the period of the first immigration.

This would be all well enough, if it were not that inventive genius and intellectual power require instruments of some mental capacity to make them profitable. The truth is, that while, in the first period of our existence, we needed only brute force, and the muscular power that could fell trees and hoe potatoes, now we must have intellectual and skilled labor to utilize our inventions, to develop our manufactures, and to enrich our land with intelligent agriculture. Agriculture, horticulture, and manufacture, which were at first conducted with a view to absolute necessity, are now followed, in a degree, as fine arts, needing all the adjuncts which the mind can offer to advance them.

For such advancement our present labor-system is incompetent; and this leads to the first proposition to be offered in this article, viz.: that *our present labor-system is intellectually inadequate to the necessities of the people and the capacity of the country and period.*

Again, not only has our labor-system failed to advance in value and capacity with our advancing resources; not only is it a dead-weight upon invention and improvement; but it has

also been the occasion for the introduction into our social and political organization of an element fraught with danger to our welfare and position as a nation. Forced to depend for the labor which built our residences and our warehouses, and which tilled our fields and worked our manufactories, upon the refuse of the ignorant lower orders of Europe, or, in default of these, upon a peasantry imbued to a large extent with the *sans-culotteism* of the times, we have seen our servants educated to overturn their masters, and the worst features of despotic injustice introduced into our republican law, by the very ones who had fled from their own homes to escape the workings of similar unjust dispensations. This brings us to a second proposition, which is, that *the interference of ignorant labor with politics is dangerous to society, injurious to operatives, and practically impedes the progress and advancement of labor itself.*

Hitherto our labor-market has been a monopoly with no competitors; and the consequence has been—as must ever be the case under similar circumstances—labor improperly and grudgingly performed, and exorbitant compensation insolently demanded. There should be nothing freer than labor. Our market should be open to the world, since only by that means can the natural laws which regulate it gain opportunity for their working.

Contemplating the question of labor from these standpoints, it is within the bounds of possibility that the subject of Chinese labor, instead of being a problem, may become the solution of a problem; and it is in this light that it is proposed to treat it in the present article.

The three classes of labor to be considered are—agricultural, manufacturing, and domestic. Beginning with the last, it will be admitted that domestic service in this country has at length become a simple condition of tyranny on the part of the servant over the master. Gradually, our republican theories, as applied to a foreign and intractable element, have borne fruit in a drawing-in of the lines of division, until it is impossible to tell where subordination begins and supremacy ends. The fact is, that in domestic service there is little or no adhesion by good feeling,

but only the temporary sustenance of an apparent servitude, for the sake of an interest which culminates in real mastery. A monopoly of wages and service exists to such an extent, that while servants may demand any compensation, they are bound by no laws and held by no agreement. The performance of the least amount of labor, with the largest degree of license, and the most exorbitant pay, is the rule. Faithful service, and real interest in a situation on account of the one served, are conditions we read of in old country literature with doubt—having no illustrating cases in our own life.

Next, as to the manufacturing interest. While this same condition of monopoly obtains here, it is aggravated by the scarcity of skilled labor at any price, and the combinations which the laboring classes are enabled to form at any moment, disorganizing and deranging our whole system of manufacture, forcing employers into heavy losses or agreement with unjust terms, demoralizing entire communities, and bringing poverty and disaster upon innumerable families; and all these evils for want of legitimate competition.

Now as to agriculture. The abolition of slavery was certainly productive of results, as regards our agricultural progress, whose bitter and injurious effects must be felt for an indefinite period of time, unless some other form of labor shall take the place of the one so summarily annihilated. And yet this act of emancipation, ruinous to our agricultural interests as it must be at the outset, cannot but result favorably in the end, provided it be made the stepping-stone to a more advanced and intelligent system. The colored population of the South, ignorant and brutish as a mass, can never be anything more to our soil than the blind workers, whose labor must be fruitless except as directed by a higher intelligence. The necessity for this kind of labor is being rapidly obviated by the introduction of machinery; and it becomes obvious that what will be needed hereafter in this direction is a much higher standard of intelligence, combined with education, and a marked degree of aptitude for the duties required.

The vastness of our agricultural resources

makes necessary a similarly comprehensive mode of treatment, in which brute power shall play only a minor part ; while education, natural intelligence, and adaptation of the best means to the greatest end, may result in a development far beyond our present powers of conception.

These three classes of labor—the domestic, agricultural, and manufacturing—may be said to control our future chances of advancement in happiness and prosperity. The millions of acres of fertile land which are being opened for cultivation by our new and extensive lines of railway must hereafter become the homes of a vast population, whose labors shall go to enrich or impoverish the nation. It becomes us, therefore, in so far as it may lie in our power, to endeavor so to direct the course of emigration and the growth of this population as to strengthen and sustain ourselves. While we profess to throw our ports open to the world, and to accept willingly, and in a spirit of brotherly kindness, the waifs and strays from every nation, there is no need that we should offer special advantages to crime and poverty, or throw obstacles in the way of such a class of emigrants as would benefit our country. Heretofore, the chief immigration to America has been twofold—the class of small farmers from the villages of Germany, who brought money with them and labored to obtain a foothold upon the soil for themselves and their families ; and the poverty-stricken peasantry of Ireland, whose only desire was to escape a condition which they rightly believed could hardly be made worse. Of these two classes, while one has supported itself, we have had to support the other ; neither being precisely what we require to strengthen and improve the country. The German element, while it has, to some extent, developed our agricultural resources, has done so in a small way and purely for self. The Irish has served too largely to fill our prisons and reformatories, and to introduce into the political system of our large cities the worst features of European mobocracy. It is true that Italy sends us organ-grinders, and Germany lager-beer brewers ; but it may be questioned if this admixture largely strengthens our body politic.

One of the results of the late European

war is likely to be an extensive emigration to this country. The land which has been overrun and devastated by the invaders, will for years be in no shape to offer a sufficient support to its unfortunate inhabitants. The consequence must be emigration, and the natural tendency will be hitherward ; a tendency which should certainly be encouraged by all who have the future progress of their country at heart.

It happens, too, that the advantages which present themselves in favor of such an emigration are just now of the strongest character. The Southern States, prepared by their necessities, and by the natural elasticity of their people, to rise out of the condition of prostration into which they were thrown by the events of the late war, are anxious to receive such an immigration as shall aid in restoring them to a condition of prosperity.

It is manifestly to their advantage to induce those accustomed to agricultural labor to lavish it upon their magnificent and fertile lands, now lying idle and unproductive. Such a course, properly systematized and sustained, will go far towards drawing a population towards the South which shall be of incalculable value to her, and a long step towards the solution of our labor-problem.

To produce this result, various forces should be at once set in motion. Accurate and discriminating statements, covering the advantages of Southern immigration, should be translated into the French language, and disseminated through those sections of country most likely to be affected by them. The most liberal propositions should be at once made, for the encouragement of those who desire to emigrate. Intelligent agents should be sent out to strengthen these statements and propositions by personal evidence and advice. Transportation should be effected at the lowest possible cost, and thrown open to these unfortunate people who are thus forced to seek subsistence in a foreign land. The great point being to encourage the growth of rice, cotton, sugar, and tobacco, capital can hardly find a better investment than by forwarding a movement of this character.

And this brings us to the consideration of the question which is attracting such profound

attention at the present day—the question of the introduction into this country of Chinese labor.

Disclaiming all intention of treating this subject exhaustively, it is proposed, rather, to present its salient points, and their bearing upon our necessities and future well-being. Assuming, in the first place, that the broad system of welcome to the foreigner, which obtains in our constitution and national policy, offers the same privilege to the Chinaman that it does to the scum of Liverpool and London and the refuse of Ireland, we shall present no arguments in favor of the rights of domicile in this country of Chinese emigrants, since they need none. Neither do we propose to show that Chinese immigration is or is not a matter to require consideration with the design to legislate its cessation, because we are perfectly convinced that if it be in the intention of the Power that decrees such movements, none of our puny efforts can avail aught. When it is considered that this immigration is not an accidental occurrence, occasioned by the existence of temporary influences, but, possibly, a vast swaying hitherward of forces which, similarly directed heretofore, have changed the fate of nations and altered the aspect of the earth, it should be seen that it is taken at once out of the control of humanity; though it may still, in a measure, be directed for good or evil under intelligent judgment.

It becomes, therefore, our purpose to show that its tendency in our direction may be made productive of the most beneficent results; and, so far from being opposed or repulsed, should be encouraged and protected by every means which our laws and social restraints can render potent in such cases.

Having endeavored heretofore to show in what degree our labor-system needs reforming, we shall now offer such evidence in favor of this class of labor as the facts of history and observation supply. The deficiencies of our system of labor have been already alluded to, and are well known; they may be briefly summed up in the words ignorance and brutality; the one resulting from the other. The day when these elements could sway the social and political system of a nation has

nearly passed by; it becomes us now to look for something which shall take their place. From what we know of the Chinese, we can fairly say they are neither ignorant nor brutal. Without the advantages which we possess, with few of the aids which these advantages have given to us, they have reached a high condition of civilization; while in many of the arts they have advanced far beyond any of the more liberally-endowed peoples. While they have had their wars and their rebellions, the experience of the past ten years in Europe and America does not leave us much to boast of in comparison in that direction. If the occasional outbreaks which occur in their seaports—against the representatives of nations which seek to impose upon them a new religion and a widely different civilization in spite of themselves—be taken as evidences of native brutality, let us refresh our memories with the “opium war,” and our own treatment of the American Indians.

The Chinese, in their every tradition, experience, and thought, are a race totally different from that with which it is now proposed they should mingle. In philosophy, religious belief, and social laws, their ancient views are all to be overthrown and new ones set up. Yet by what means can this be done so well as by constantly increasing social and political intercourse, and the establishment of mutual interests between them and ourselves?

Again: we have, on the one side, a vast territory, comprising the most fertile lands, waiting to be tilled; manufacturing advantages of power and inventive capacity unequalled elsewhere, demanding instruments to render them fruitful; and thousands of families in want of domestic servants. On the other, we have a great agricultural population, the best practically informed in the world; a nation noted for its power of imitation, expertness, and ingenuity; and the most industrious, docile, and intelligent servants known. Surely there could be no better judgment used for the advantage of both, than would be comprised in the bringing of these two together.

The Chinese are expert tillers of the soil, and with only the rude appliances that have

been in use in their country for centuries, will get more out of an acre of ground than we do, with all our new machinery and improved methods of working. Yet, when placed in charge of labor-saving machines, they are found quick to learn and intelligent to operate. Personal observation and the experience of travelers justify us in considering them among the most intelligently industrious people of the world. They are, too, faithful to a remarkable degree to those for whom they labor. Experience is daily proving this in the few instances where they are employed among us; while in California they have long been noted for their just and upright dealings. A gentleman who did business among them for four years in San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, reports that he knew of but one case of a Chinese merchant failing to fulfill his contract from dishonesty of purpose.

The causes of Chinese emigration are to be found mainly in an oppressive government, over-crowded settlements, and the difficulties of living at home, where the wages for a Coolie laborer are about eight or ten dollars a year, out of which he has to support his family, pay taxes, and restore all implements of his employer which he may break or lose. Yet the Chinese love their country, believe it to be the greatest on the face of the earth, and leave it only to obtain means to return in better condition.

They come to America only because they have heard good accounts of the country from those who have lived here; and because their "Companies," settled at San Francisco, are an assurance that they will be well treated, protected, and fairly paid for their labor. While there is no radical change in the working of the Chinese system of government, they will gladly avail themselves of every opportunity to come here, and be relieved from poverty and from tyranny. There is little probability of such a change occurring, but should it occur there will be no further emigration from China; it would seem as though the condition of things in both countries had been arranged to match the wants of either at this precise juncture. To the representations and labors of "Mandarin" Ward and the

late Anson Burlingame do we owe it that the Chinese are so favorably acquainted with America and the Americans. Ward is now a Chinese god, and Burlingame will be remembered in China when Ward is forgotten. Chiefly is it owing to the efforts of his Imperial Majesty's late Ambassador to the great Powers that America stands so high in the celestial opinion; and if his advice, so often and so earnestly given, were followed by us, such a union with China would be brought about as would at once enrich and strengthen both these great nations.

Such a result can certainly be best promoted by the effectual acquaintance to be produced by immigration and intercommunication. The Chinese, in coming from their own country, bring with them their native arts and education, exchanging them for those which they obtain in the new world. To what extent Chinese agriculture or manufacture may be made useful and valuable to us, remains to be seen; yet there is good reason to suppose that through this agency new industries and interests may be introduced among us, of the greatest possible value and importance. Of such possibilities we may mention the growth of tea and the silk-worm, the two most important industries of China, so far as the rest of the world is concerned. The importation of tea from China into the United States amounted in 1869 to 36,000,000 pounds. The character of soil and climate of several of our States for the production of this important staple is being tested; and comparisons are being made with those of tea-growing countries, with a view to discover the best locality for encouraging the growth. In Tennessee, some ten miles east of Knoxville, a Mr. James Campbell had started a plantation before the war; the plants were doing well, but during the late struggle were of course neglected. A recent letter from this gentleman to the Commissioner of the General Land Office expresses the most sanguine hopes for the result of his experiment, based upon its progress since a renewal of the labors necessary to make it productive. He suggests the scope of country, embracing North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, and the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, as offering

the best field for the tea-culture. A number of other experiments in tea-culture of a late origin in different parts of this country are reported as promising good results.

The most promising and successful of these enterprises is that reported by Sherman Day, Esq., Surveyor-General of California.

In El Dorado county in that State, about half a mile north-east of Gold Hill, a small mining town, and about half-way between the larger towns of Placerville and Coloma, Mr. J. H. Schnell, a German gentleman, who had resided some ten years in Japan as an attaché of his national Legation, has commenced the cultivation of the tea-plant. He has brought with him his Japanese wife and a number of Japanese laborers, familiar with the tea-culture in their native land. Mr. Schnell is not satisfied that the soil upon which his experiments have been inaugurated is the best in the neighborhood. He supposes, however, that well-drained, loose, gravelly soils are preferable for tea-culture. By the enlargement of his operations from year to year, it will not be difficult for him to obtain an aggregate of a million of plants, each averaging about a pound of good tea per annum.

The indications observed, both in the older system of culture in Oriental Asia and in the experiment in this country, go to show that this business may be profitably pursued as a supplement to other agricultural enterprises. Each farmer may raise enough for his domestic consumption; for ten or twelve trees will furnish enough tea to meet the wants of an ordinary family. The question of competing with China and Japan in the markets of the world by the production of tea is of course problematic. We have not yet seen enough of our tea-production to judge of its ultimate capacity. But its introduction as a new industry is strictly a question appertaining to the consideration of our labor-system. Again, the possibility of its acting as an incentive to the general introduction and encouragement of Chinese labor, as best qualified to take charge of it, renders it of unquestionable importance in this connection.

Being made a matter of domestic industry and private experiment, the aggregate results of our tea-culture cannot fail to be very con-

siderable. The price of labor, the continuance of tariff duties, and the decreasing cost of transportation, are all to be taken into consideration in estimating the efficiency of our tea industry as a separate branch of agriculture; but the labor necessary to cultivate few tea-plants will only go to absorb the odds and ends of a farmer's time, which might otherwise run to waste. The feasibility of growing tea seems to be sufficiently settled in the United States. In different portions of the country the healthy and promising growth of plants has been secured. We may expect that by degrees this important industry will be established, adding to the wealth and natural resources of the American people.

In such a case, it will be readily seen that the introduction of Chinese labor from the tea-growing districts, familiar with every process of the growth and manufacture, would be a most important step towards success in the enterprise.

The growth of the mulberry-tree and the cultivation of the silk-worm have attracted more attention and received a much wider scope in California than the tea interest. There are at present four millions of trees in the State; and the foreign demand for eggs has been so great as to impede the local manufacture of silk. As the State has offered premiums both for the production of the trees and the eggs, and in every way sought to encourage this industry, there is little doubt that it will soon compete favorably with foreign countries.

Here, again, the introduction of skilled labor from China could not but be of the greatest possible advantage to the culture.

In every capacity in which the Chinese laborers have been tried in this country, they have proved a success. In the mines of California and New Mexico they have worked, and worked faithfully, where Americans and Europeans have given up in despair, either from unremunerative returns or unhealthy conditions in the locality. In their little market-gardens in California, in their laundries, and in their own peculiar manufacturing avocations, they have ever been found earnest, industrious, and persevering.

The Central Pacific Railroad would be to

day a thing of the future had it not been for the labors of the Chinese. And in the few manufactories in the Eastern States where enterprise has been found sufficient to press their employment, they have proved themselves to be diligent workers and sober, temperate human beings.

The first Chinese who came to San Francisco were fugitives from their masters in Peru, who took passage at Callao on the pretense that their term of service had expired. These were veritable "coolies;" and it is thus, and in no other way, that we owe the immigration of Chinese into California to the coolie system. It may be as well to state here that the United States not only have laws to prevent the encouragement of the coolie trade, but that their treaty with China explicitly enforces such prevention in a specific article. From the few delinquent coolies from Peru—about twenty—who arrived in San Francisco in 1849, sprang the enormous emigration from China which has since continued. Attracting to themselves stray cooks and servants of their own nationality who chanced to come into port on Chinese ships, these men obtained work at first in San Francisco, and afterwards in the mines, and saved money. Returning to China at a later period, they gave such extravagant statements concerning the new country and its wealth as seemed good to them, and thus indicated the road which their oppressed and poverty-stricken but intelligent countrymen were only too glad to follow.

While there were numerous emigrations of the Chinese to Siam, Java, and Malacca from the earliest periods, it was not until 1847 that the first cargo set sail from Macao on the Callao, and inaugurated the coolie-trade.

That this trade grew and flourished to an enormous extent, and was carried on with barbarities, injustice, and treachery equaling anything the human mind can conceive, is as true as are the same facts in connection with the African slave-trade. An emigration amounting to an enforced expatriation, made peculiarly obnoxious by utter ignorance on the part of the unhappy coolies of their point of destination, was accompanied by the most outrageous and brutal treatment during the voyage, and by all the worst hor-

rors of slavery on their arrival at the scene of their future labors—and death. Few of the hundreds that were crowded into ill-conditioned vessels for this voyage arrived at port; and of the 150,000 who are known to have arrived, not five hundred ever returned to their homes. The new trade introduced corruption of the most fearful character into the interior of China; civil war being encouraged, in order that prisoners might be captured and sold into slavery; even mandarins and other high government officials combining in the encouragement of this execrable traffic. The coolie-trade still continues, though it is now confined to Macao, and is there sustained by the clan-fights which take place in the interior, after which the defeated are sold to the river "man-buyers," who are always in waiting for their prey. The shipments of coolies from Macao, Canton, Hong-Kong, Swatow, and Whampoa to Cuba, Java, Peru, other parts of South America, the Indian Archipelago, and Australia, from 1847 to 1870, amounted, in round numbers, to 269,000, of which 57,000 were exported during the past two years.

But the present coolie-trade is conducted under so many restrictions as to deprive it of many of its worst features. Thus all arrangements for coolies are made under the supervision of the officers of the foreign or native governments at the various ports; as the Portuguese at Macao, the Chinese at Canton, and the English at Hong-Kong.

Agents of emigration at the different ports charter vessels to proceed to China, for cargoes of coolies; there the agents employ brokers—Portuguese or English—and obtain permission from the officials to open "baracoons" or depots for the coolies, where they shall be brought by the brokers. The vessels are only allowed to remain in port for a certain number of days, and are inspected by the authorities to see that they are in a satisfactory condition. The brokers take *lorchers*,—boats specially appointed for the traffic,—and go up the coast after men. Various formalities ensue before the cargo can be removed from port, but the general result is,—and in spite of all "regulations" to prevent it,—that the coolie has sold himself for eight

or ten years of slavery, his term of service being transferable, like that of any other animal.

The coolie for Peru costs about \$120 on board ship, and for Havana somewhat more. In Peru, the *hacienda* or planter pays from \$300 to \$400 per man, and on transferring his labor to another, makes a profit on the operation. The agents pay all expenses, and run all risks, depending upon the companies which send them out for reimbursement.

This is, in brief, the coolie-system; but the Chinese emigration to California is very different. In the first place, it is entirely voluntary. The Chinaman, disgusted with the injustice and poverty of his life, seeks to escape to the rich and generous country of which he has heard; and if he has not the passage-money from Hong-Kong or Canton, mortgages his wife and family, giving his notes with large interest, and commission for brokerage, bribery, etc., payable a certain length of time after his arrival in America. This insures his passage to San Francisco, where he is immediately taken in hand by the company from his district.

The companies in San Francisco are five, their names being "Yung Wo," "Si Yap," "Sam Yap," "Yan Wo," and "Ning Yeung." These companies are the connecting-link between the Chinese emigrants and their native land. Maintaining a sort of "intelligence office" on a large scale, they effect engagements for the Chinamen; look after their interests here and at home; are their bankers and brokers; see that they are cared for in sickness; and return their embalmed bodies to their families in China after death. For these services they are paid by a percentage on wages received, acting in fact as a sort of general assurance office for the benefit of their clients. The companies are entirely honorable and trustworthy; and will, if desired, guarantee the conduct of those whom they supply for positions. Of course they have a firm hold upon the Chinese immigrants, as a threat to dissolve connection with them would be equivalent to robbing them of their only trusted protector. At present the remuneration of Chinese labor and service is exceptionally high, owing to

their having adopted the standard of San Francisco, which has always been much higher than in the Eastern States. As emigration continues and increases, this matter will regulate itself, and prices assume a downward tendency. At present, too, Chinamen are unwilling to come East in individual cases, or except in gangs of twenty-five or fifty. This is natural enough, since they know nothing of those whom they will meet on removal from their own settlement, and hesitate to cut the last cords which unite them to their home.

The advent of a few such gangs, however, as have already established themselves in New Jersey and Massachusetts, will go far towards encouraging others; and before long we may anticipate their arrival here in such numbers as may be desired by employers.

As regards the character and temperament of the Chinese, it may be stated here that, so far from sharing the universal lawlessness and dishonesty peculiar to the Turkish and Arab Oriental, they are, if anything, less dishonest than the same class of other nations.

On the Pacific mail steamships, where they have long been employed both as seamen and waiters, this peculiarity is marked. They are more honest than the average run of such *employés* of other nations. They are patient, kindly-disposed, lively in manners, reticent in speech, given to minding their own business as well as that of their employers; and their constant and persistent industry is remarkable and exceptional.

From 1852 to 1870, 90,000 Chinese emigrants arrived in San Francisco; and there are probably 75,000, in round numbers, distributed through the United States at present. In the South they have proved as satisfactory as elsewhere; and it is probable that another year will see their employment in manufactories and on plantations widely extended.

Recently, a number of cotton planters in one of the Southern States have combined and chartered a ship which is at the present writing on its way to China for a cargo of emigrants. It is well understood that this is the best and most economical way of obtaining them, since they are procurable at Hong Kong on contract for about half the wages demanded

at San Francisco ; but it must be in cargoes numbering from 200 to 500. In the present instance it is the intention of the planters importing them to employ them as cotton-pickers, a labor for which their peculiar handiness, industry, and perseverance, as well as their mechanical accuracy and adaptability, would seem to specially qualify them.

Having been already introduced into service upon several Southern railroads, they have been found to give entire satisfaction ; and arrangements are pending to obtain a widely-extended use of their services in this class of labor. The operations upon the Northern Pacific Railroad, from Duluth, on the shore of Lake Superior, to Puget Sound, will offer another opportunity for rendering available this class of labor, which will hardly fail to be seized by the enterprising and shrewd managers of this new and vast construction.

Of late, renewed efforts have been made in San Francisco to discountenance not only the employment of the Chinese, but their immigration ; and these efforts, sustained by unfaithful servants of the law, have been so far successful as to occasion a great falling off in the arrivals of Chinese emigrants in that city. The only result of such action will be the changing of the depot of reception for the Chinese emigrants from San Francisco to some other port. If their labor is needed in this country, not all the feeble struggles of our present laboring class can prevent its reception. Such enactments as that recently offered in the legislature of the State of New York, to the effect that Chinese laborers should not be employed in the State, carry with them their own remedy, and, if passed, might be found to act as a two-edged sword, cutting both ways. Such laws, like curses and chickens, "come home to roost," and can in no wise permanently disturb the immutable laws of labor.

Among the objections which are frequently made to the employment of Chinese laborers, and particularly to their employment as domestic servants, are their personal habits. Now the fact is, that by those who make this objection little or nothing is really known concerning their personal habits. Popular superstition defines them as a race filthy and rat-eating.

The truth is, that while they are excessively unclean in their private domestic arrangements, they are scrupulously neat in their personal appearance, and attend carefully to their personal cleanliness. Chinese women are the dirtiest people conceivable ; and the effect which a slatternly woman will produce on a household over which she has jurisdiction is too well known to need comment. But it has been noticed that where Chinese men are employed to perform the menial duties usually given to female servants, they perform them with a rigid exactitude of order and care really remarkable.

The habit of mind of the Chinese is strict order and neatness in details ; and it may be accepted as a certainty that when one of them has once been shown the proper method of performing any duty, he will not swerve from that method in a hair's breadth, no matter how frequently or for how long a period its repetition may be exacted of him. As to the rat-eating propensities of the Chinese, the only authority for the popular belief rests on the fact that rat-catchers in China, whose sole duty is to rid localities of these vermin, carry a string of their victims on a pole, as a sign of their calling. That they will, when in danger of starvation, resort to these small animals for food, is doubtless as true as it was of the inhabitants of beleaguered Paris under similar circumstances.

The usual food of the Chinese is rice, fish, poultry, and vegetables ; and on this diet, or any portion of it, they are capable of prolonged efforts in labor which would put to shame many of our stalwart beef-eaters. The Chinaman works for a motive, the strongest possible to his race ; his sole wish and design is to obtain sufficient money by his savings to enable him to return to his family, and live in comparative comfort and ease for the rest of his days. He is therefore economical and abstemious. A few hundred dollars in gold will accomplish all his needs and his desires, and if he can save this amount in three or five years he is satisfied. Again, he is content with the current market price for labor, and such an idea as a combination or "Union" to enforce a higher standard of wages, is not only unknown to

him, but is foreign to all his instincts and repugnant to his feelings. Naturally peaceable, he shrinks from conflict, and, as his past history has proven, will put up with oppression, contumely, and wrong for the longest before he will strive to relieve himself; and then only by flight. Meanwhile, he will of course seize every legitimate means for bettering his condition, and will not work for one employer for less pay than another is willing to give him for the same amount of labor.

The Chinese is as tractable in matters of religion as he is in everything else. Already, in New Jersey, he is found willing, and even desirous to attend church, and in North Adams the Chinese laborers are taught in a Sunday-school, to which they are devotedly attached and scrupulously attentive.

If for no other purpose than the breaking up of the incipient steps towards labor combinations and "Trades Unions," which are beginning to assume authority in this country, the advent of Chinese labor should be hailed with warm welcome by all who have the true interests of labor and the laboring classes at heart. The terrible evils and injustice of which this system is the cause have risen to such a height in England, and have been so vividly portrayed by Charles Reade in his recent novel, *Put Yourself in his Place*, that we should eagerly accept the warning, and beware of putting ourselves in a similar place.

It is noteworthy that, no sooner is there the appearance of an immigration from China, than there occurs a great uprising among the class heretofore chiefly benefited by the utter freedom of our shores, and an outcry against what they term an effort on the part of the heathen "to take the bread out of their mouths."

Our great cities cry out against the despotisms by which they are ruled;—the offspring of European emigration, whose bartered votes and bastard naturalization have given them the power they wield. Our packed prisons, our myriads of liquor-shops,—all the corruption which to-day permeates society,—are a fit comment on the present condition of our labor-system.

From the license which has been given to ignorant brutality to interfere in our politics, has arisen the vast flood of corruption which threatens to overrun our whole country. From the single fact that the votes of our laboring classes can be purchased and wielded successfully for the establishment and sustenance of any wrong, however vital, of any corruption, however vile, has arisen a condition of things in political life unprecedented in the history of nations.

It is, therefore, not only for the convenience to society, the advantage to our national welfare, the healthy competition in labor which it promises, that the new element should be welcomed and sustained, but also for the fact that it promises to eradicate the most pernicious features of our present political life. There is no danger that the Chinese will interest themselves in our politics or mode of government. The experience of California is a sufficient guarantee on that head.

Accustomed to be governed, and to have no word or voice in the laws or their execution, they have only a desire to be allowed freedom to pursue their own avocations, and personal safety while engaged in the pursuit. Of votes, and candidates, and caucuses, and primary elections, torch-light processions, nominations, jobs, and rings, they are in blessed ignorance. And since we know them to be intelligent, there is the less fear of their influence, when they do arrive at this height of learning and experience, than if it were accompanied by that condition of ignorance which cannot discern the difference between right and wrong, except when a greenback is placed between them.

The present condition of our labor-system is to be feared of all men. That any improvement can come to it, except by means of the freest competition, is impossible. That closely bound up in it are our present happiness and future prosperity is a plain truth, obvious to all.

As no great event can take place in this world without a wise ulterior design, it may be that the final solution of the labor-problem will be found in the advent into the West of the "Heathen Chinese."

UNFLEDGED.

THE egg of a little bird
 Fell at my feet to-day,
 And the life within it stirred,
 Throbbled once, and sank away.

A song fell out of a heart
 Into the hands of men;
 They broke it all apart
 And none would know it then.

Poor little bird in the grass!
 Poor little trembling song!
 Beside you both I pass;
 And the way, the way is long.

Poor little wren so brown,
 Twittering over her loss!
 Poor little heart cast down,
 Thine is the greater cross!

BEN: A STORY FOR MAY-DAY.

BEN stood pressing his face against the glass.

It was neither night nor day-dawn nor twilight that greeted Ben on that morning of the first of May. It should have been daylight by the old clock that he could hear striking five on the mantel-piece in the room below. But what Ben saw, with his face pressed so close against the eight by ten glass of the gable-window in that half-story upper room of the dingy old farm-house, was fog; a dripping, saturating, Ohio River fog. Why Ben pressed his face so close to the glass it would be hard to tell. If there had been no fog he would have seen a lovely landscape, but it was one that he had seen every day for years from that identical hillside, a landscape associated in his mind with toil and hard treatment ever since he had come at nine years of age to be a "bound boy" in the family of "Old Man Pogue." So that there was no need of pressing his face to the glass to see beauties to which ten years of drudgery had made him insensible.

But there was the big strapping fellow with

his face against the glass, staring out through that gable-window into a fog that was so dense as to hide the apple-tree bough which he could have touched if the window had been open. Staring into the fog, trying to see something, Ben Lamson was only giving outward expression to the mental act within. For to him the future and the purposes of his own life were befogged. And it seemed to him that his soul was staring out of a little gable-window trying to find the right road, but unable to do so. If only the fog would lift!

All his clothes were packed in the great yellow cotton handkerchief by his feet. Evidently the rule of "Old Man Pogue" had been too bitter for the bound boy, and unwilling to wait for the two years to pass that should bring him to his majority, he was thinking of fleeing with the little bundle out into the fog.

But something held him back. And that which held him back was also that which impelled him. For a revival preacher, whose theology was confused, whose grammar was mixed, whose rhetoric was wild, but whose

neart was earnest, had done for the bound boy at "Old Man Pogue's" what I am afraid neither of the courses of Boston lectures could have done. He had waked up the man in him. And when the manhood was awake slavery became intolerable. The first effect of Christianity on a downtrodden man is not patience. That comes afterward. The primary result is resistance.

But poor Ben Lamson was so unsophisticated as to think that the precepts of the Christ were meant to be obeyed, and that his example was intended to be followed. (If he had been an educated man or a man of business he would have known better.) His judgment was not clear, but his conscience was sensitive and true. He hesitated whether to stay and serve, or to escape. But when he tried to see the right way, there was only a dense fog seen through the dusty gable-window of his soul.

After a while the wind lifted the fog that rested on the landscape, rolling it up like a curtain, disclosing the green pasture and the brook, the leafy trees on the southern exposure of the Indiana hills, the freshly-plowed cornfields, "the beautiful river," margined here and there with lofty white-and-green-trunked sycamores, and beyond the river the Kentucky hills, their cold northern slopes not yet much touched with vernal influences. And right in the valley on the Indiana side, and on the upper terrace of the level ground, lay the beautiful village of New Geneva, with its two or three mills, its vine-covered cottages, its yards full of trees, and the neighboring vineyards that had been planted by its first settlers, who were Swiss.

For the first time since he had lived and worked on "Pogue's Hill," Ben took in the beauty of the landscape, wondering, as he saw the rising sun shimmering on the river and gilding the windows of the village, that he had been blind so long. And the peace of the sun and sky and river entered into his soul as he stood staring out of that gable-window. He postponed the solution of the problem of duty, unpacked his bundle, and went to the morning's work.

New Geneva had come of late years to be more of an onion-growing than wine-growing

place. And seven o'clock found Ben with his hoe in hand looking down the long rows of the onion-beds, while his back ached to think of the day's work before him. For May-day is holiday for all village children and young people in this Ohio River country. Not that they dance about a May-pole in a stiff conventional way, as I imagine our English forefathers did; or run about the streets pinched and shivering with a few make-believe paper flowers, as the Boston children do. But they adjourn their schools and devote themselves to ransacking the forests for wild-flowers, of which, in this latitude, they are able to bring home their arms full.

So it happened that Ben, the bound boy, now nearly a man, did not put his hoe into the onion-bed with his usual alacrity on this May-day morning. For out of the village there came the school children, younger and older, in an irregular noisy swarm. Poor Ben had only been in school three months, and that during the last winter. He, who had never known a holiday, now watched eagerly the throng of his schoolmates who went shouting and laughing up the hill on the opposite side of the brook. Ben was leaning on his hoe, looking at them with a lump in his throat. For there were all the boys. And there was Sally Little—he knew her hat—actually waving her handkerchief at him! He swung his old cap around his head. They could not see his tears. That was good.

And—yes—there was Mary Patterson, standing still. Now she shielded her eyes from the sun and looked. Ben did not know whether to wave or not. He was so confused. To have Mary Patterson look at him was worth more than everything else in the world. She waved her handkerchief! Poor Ben! He wished Pogue's onion-beds in the river. He was just debating whether he should not take French leave of the onions and go to the woods, when he was startled by the harsh voice of Pogue himself.

"What a good-for-nothin' gawk you air, Ben Lamson. You don't airn enough to pay for your salt, let alone your clo'es. Ef you want to be a boy and trot off with that air passel of fools, why just git! I'll give you the day, but see that you git 'round peart

towards night. Mind you come back time enough to do the chores. Put out, now!"

Whether the old grind guessed something of Ben's plans of running away I cannot tell. But he doubtless thought it politic to give him a holiday, and it was characteristic of him to do it as ungraciously as possible.

But Ben, who had never known a holiday before, stood not on the manner of the giving. As soon as the old man said "put out," Ben took him at his word. He did put out. He put the hoe out of his hands, he put himself out of the onion-patch by jumping the "ten-rail" fence at a bound, and he put himself out of the reach of recall by running swiftly across the pasture, leaping another fence and taking a path through the woods that enabled him to intercept the party which had already entered the forest at the top of the hill.

His unexpected appearance in front of the party was the signal for a general cheer from the boys and for hearty congratulations from the girls, for Ben, despite his awkwardness, was liked for his generous good-nature.

Sally Little, before referred to, was a sister to my old chum, whose name was Harry, but who was called for short on the family record William Henry Harrison Little. (He was a punster to the extent of just one paradoxical pun, which, however, he aired very frequently. He often asserted that his name was not *Little*.) From one of "Sister Sally's" letters I make an extract, remarking that I am not to be held accountable for her style, though she was always famous in the village school for her "compositions," and she has printed several articles in that column of the *New Geneva Gazette* which the editor, with rare thoughtfulness, has labeled "Poetry."

"NEW GENEVA, May 2d, 1856.

... "It was a gorgeous day. There was not a cloud in the sky. The river, seen from the top of the hill, was splendid to behold. The little children kept to themselves and we had a splendid time. [If it were not for the delicacy I feel in changing the manuscript of an author already somewhat known by her contributions to the *Gazette*, I should certainly feel obliged to leave out some of her adjectives.] You see, Harry, Sam Sloan was there, making love to Henriette Voisier and Mary Patterson alternately, in his ridiculous way. Mary has grown even more delicate and splendid than she was when you saw her. Ben Lamson, Pogue's bound boy, fairly worships the ground

she walks on. I don't think Sam cares two straws for her, except for the fun of flirting with the prettiest girl in the crowd. And Mary is splendid, *and no mistake*. If you could have seen what a scramble there was after Mary's hat when it went over the cliff! I believe the wicked minx dropped it over a purpose. It lodged in the top of an ironwood that grew right under the cliff. All the boys made for it, except Ben. He had stepped out to pick an anemone. When he saw what had happened Sloan was already halfway down to the tree, and the rest were behind him. They had gone down by the path. But Ben just slid right down the steep ledge, kicking a shower of stones over the cliff. When the boys saw this daring feat of Ben's they all stopped short except Sloan, who ran on more furiously than ever. You know how little space there is on top of the cliff! We held our breaths and turned pale for fear Ben would go over, and indeed it was awful to see him. Teetlet* Moreau came near fainting, and she cried out, 'Ben will be killed!' But he had taken such a line in starting that he was able to check himself a little in two or three places, and to bring up with his boots against a rotten stump which stood on the edge of the cliff. By this time, however, Sloan was up the tree halfway to Mary's truant hat. If Ben had stopped to get down the cliff by any of the paths he would have been beaten. But there was a cedar tree that had stood on the precipice, and which had been partly uprooted, and now hung over the edge. Quick as thought Ben went down this to where it touched the trunk of the tree in the branches of which the hat rested, and by descending a few feet further was able to seize the hat just as Sam had reached his hand out to shake it to the ground. It was splendid! Such cheers as Ben got! And when he came back there was an ugly gash on his hand, made by a broken limb of the cedar. Of course there was nobody to tie it up but Teetlet, who is always our Sister of Charity, and who does such things splendidly.

"But poor Teetlet had become so excited that she could hardly do it. I never saw her flurried before. I could see her brown Swiss curls tremble as she tied up the wounds of the knight who had risked his life for another girl. Her cousin Estelle cried out, '*Qu'avez-vous, Teetlet?*'—which did not help matters. As for Mary, she expressed her pity for Ben, and he drank in her words, while his handsome face was suffused with blushes. It was a splendid incident, and I am writing a poem on it for the *Gazette*.

"You'll say, Harry, that I have another hero, and that I make him a hero on small provocation. Maybe so. But hear me. I saw him under fire. Sam Sloan made sport of him all the rest of the day, with that mean, rough sarcasm of his. He laughed at his old hat, and asked Ben if he slept in it at night. He told him he ought to stop growing, and wait for his round-about. In fact, Pogue's people are too stingy to buy him a new jacket, and his arms reach some inches too far through the sleeves, while the body does not meet

* "Teetlet," short for Petite Lettie.

his pants. It is what you used to call 'the white belt.' But Sloan made the most fun of his pantaloons by parodying Holmes's lines into—

"And his shocking ugly hat,
And his breeches and all that
Are so queer!"

"Which in truth they are, for Mrs. Pogue never could cut. She gives them the same bagged shape that old man Pogue's have, and you know how they look. But Ben bore all Sam's hard jokes patiently. Not a word did he speak back. Of course everybody joined in the laugh that Sam raised. Everybody but Teetlet. All the rest were cowards, and Sloan's ridicule is like a whip, and they are all afraid of it. It is awful. But Teetlet, noble soul, took his part. As for Mary Patterson, she kept still, and I could not tell whether it was to conceal her love or because she hadn't any. Ben loves her, anyhow.

"When we got to Tardy's field (you remember what oceans of flowers grow there among the young honey-locusts), the boys all fell to gathering flowers for the girls. Sam Sloan gave a splendid bouquet to Mary Patterson, and so did Ben, and for that matter so did half a dozen others, until she was obliged to leave some of them behind. But she held on to Ben's and Sam's. Ben gave his second one to Teetlet as an acknowledgment of surgical services rendered, and she blushed and looked half happy. Teetlet did not want for flowers, though, for there is hardly a boy or girl in town who is not under some obligation to her. But poor Sarah Jane Gray did not get any at first. You know what a wilted weed she was when you saw her. She has grown more limp, and jealous, and fretful than ever. She is an old maid of the sour kind, though she is not sixteen yet. Her calico dress hangs about her in slovenly wrinkles that go well with the pucker in her face. Sam Sloan was mean enough to call her a dried peach, in an undertone. But just as she was putting on an expression more forlorn than ever at finding herself neglected, Ben handed her a handsome bunch of flowers, not a whit less beautiful than the one he had given to Mary. And Mary looked approvingly at him until Sam was mean enough to whisper, so as to be heard by half a dozen, that Sarah Jane would wilt those flowers if she looked at them much.

"But the best thing I have to tell is to come yet. When we all got to playing 'Oats, peas, beans and barley grow,' and Ben was chosen, I saw the struggle in his face. He cast one longing, adoring look at Mary, but turned away and chose poor wilted Sarah Jane, who actually looked happy, or at least looked less miserable when she found herself chosen at all, for the poor girl is generally left out altogether. Wasn't that splendid of him?

"When we got to the top of the hill, on our return, the party divided, as you know. Ben and the Poynes and myself go down the west path, and the rest go straight down into the village, except Mary Patterson, who can go either way. For a wonder, Mary plucked up courage enough to face Sloan's ridicule.

"'I'm going home with you, Ben,' she said, and turned down the path by his side.

"'That's right,' cried Sam after them, 'two spooney fools together.'

"This cut Mary to the quick, and Ben no sooner saw it than he got red in the face, and dashed up the hill after Sam, who ran like a good fellow, dropping his new beaver, which Ben, boy-like, pitched into the top of a thorn-tree, and all the cowards who had laughed with Sam now laughed at him, and left him to recover his hat as he could. As for Ben, he did not walk on the ground last night, with Mary by his side. I never saw a fellow worship a girl as he does.

"So much for my hero, of whom you are growing tired. . . .

"SARAH LITTLE."

Of course you think, gentle reader, that the handsome poor boy got over his awkwardness, courted Mary, was shot at by her father, carried her off with a rope ladder, married her, begged old gentleman's pardon, made a fortune, &c., &c., &c. But you are wrong there; I know better. Mary's father was dead, and the story did not come out that way. Is not this my story, and can I not end it as I please? Could I not make Mary die and have Ben marry Sarah Little, who admires him so much? Couldn't I send Ben to sea and bring him back rich, and have old Pogue lose all his money, and Ben buy the whole country, and Sam Sloan go to the Penitentiary? And couldn't I have it discovered that Ben was the son of a Duke, and heir to vast estates in the West Indies, and several castles in Spain? Of course I could, but what I shall do is to tell exactly the simple facts in the case, though they may not be half so interesting as any of the plots suggested above.

When Ben had finished the "choores," and climbed to his loft, and looked again out of the gable-window, it was not with a peaceful heart. The moon was shining on the green pasture, the low-murmuring brook ("branch" they call it in the "dialect") looked like a thread of silver, the trees on the hill were asleep, and even the long tresses of the weeping willow among the ghost-like gravestones were not swayed by a breath; and the bosom of the river lay all white and pure and peaceful in the light. But is there any such thing as peace in physical expression? For to Ben, chafing under his limitations, stimulated by his passion, and now thoroughly aroused by

the desire so to cultivate himself that he might hold up his head when Mary Patterson looked at him—to Ben Lamson that great, deep picture framed by the little gable-window was full of troublous tokens. The brook was fretting at the stones, the willows were bemoaning the sorrow of the world, the dark maple trees were threatening giants against the sky, and the “ghostly sycamores” by the river’s brink were palisades to shut him in.

As soon as every one was asleep, which was soon after eight o’clock, he crept out over the shed kitchen with all his worldly gear in one cotton handkerchief, for it is an advantage that poverty hath that it strikes no roots and is easily transplanted.

Ben started to the river. To get a chance to “work his passage” in a steamboat until he reached Cincinnati, or any other place, indeed, was the first object in view. But it was yet early, and in Ferry Street, under the homely black locust-trees that shaded the streets of New Geneva, he met Teetlet, returning from visiting some sick person.

“Why, Ben, where are you going?” she cried.

I find it difficult just here to make my readers understand the simplicity of manners in an old western village. To Teetlet Ben unfolded everything—his love, his hardships, his purposes. Who among the boys and girls in New Geneva had not seek Teetlet’s confidence?

She very quickly took in Ben’s case, and sent him that very night to a lawyer, where he found that there was a better road than the one he was traveling.

In so many points had the indenture been violated, that Pogue was easily terrified into releasing Ben, and paying the two hundred dollars that he was bound to pay when Ben attained his majority.

II.

Four years, and another May-day.

Perhaps I cannot do better than to use part of another letter written by Sarah Little to William Henry Harrison Little, Esq., Attorney-at-Law in Beachville. I insert it, adjectives and all :—

“NEW GENEVA, April 27th, 1860.

“We have the greatest time studying French. It’s just splendid. You know that since Teetlet’s father died she teaches French and Music. And Teetlet’s a splendid teacher. She is a regular Sister of Charity, too. There are five of us in the French class, and the best scholar of all is my old hero Ben Lamson. You know he has come to be assistant editor and part owner of the *Gazette*. It beats all how splendidly he gets along in his studies and in his business. You’ll say I’m in love with him, but there’s no chance for me. He worships Mary Patterson. For the first two years Mary did not seem to think so much of him, but now she takes his attentions in a way that makes me sure they are engaged. Teet knows all about it, I think, for Ben tells her everything. Mary’s splendid looking enough, but Ben’s too good for her. You’ll say I’m jealous, but I am not. Ben has started a library in town, and he leads off in very many things. Teet thinks Ben is splendid. So do I. So does everybody indeed. Teetlet is as good as ever to everybody. She sat up every other night for three weeks with Mrs. Gray, before she died. There’s a wife for you.

“O ! I wish you were here for the first of May. Mary Patterson came home three days ago, looking splendid as ever, and Ben has fixed up a May-day picnic out to Tardy’s field. Would you believe it ? They say Ben has kept the course of studies of Mary’s school before him, and that, besides all the rest he has learned, he has studied through every book she went through without letting her know it. Won’t he make a husband ? I do think he is splendid.

“SALLIE.”

The week before this May-day was a week of disillusion to Ben. He had seen little of Mary since she went away, and any lack of sympathy, when together, he was inclined to attribute to his own lack of culture. There had been an engagement for a year. But now Ben found it hard talking to Mary. She had passed a good examination, but hers was emphatically a boarding-school education.

When Mr. Blank sends Henrietta Blank to the Robinsontown Female College and receives reports of her standing in her classes, it never occurs to him to doubt that the quantity of fact stored in her memory is a true measure of her culture. It never occurs to him to suspect that the president of the institution would be guilty of veneering, or that cramming and education are processes quite diverse. Perhaps he may afterward feel something of the disappointment that Ben felt in Mary. But Ben stifled it and struggled

against it loyally, and by all the jugglery that his imagination was capable of he tried to cheat himself into the belief that this was an educated girl. He knew that her graduation was the solemn stamp of the regular authorities certifying that her education was the genuine article, up to grade, first quality, A No. 1, fourth proof, and all that. Nevertheless his talk of books wearied her, his enthusiasm for nature or art met no response, and his noble purposes seemed to her evidences of mental unsoundness. To enjoy herself and display the learning she had acquired, going through her paces whenever it was requested, was the sole purpose of life. She was pleased with Ben's growing distinction, and thought him in every way ornamental to herself.

Ben spent the night of April 30th in a great struggle. The battle of the gable-window and the fog was as nothing to this. That was a boy's trouble; this was a man's great fight.

I think the result was that Ben reached this conclusion:—"I am bound in honor; I will make the best of it. After all, Mary is perhaps as good as women generally are, except Teetlet and a few others, who are meant to be saints and die old maids."

May-day morning found the school children in one group, and Ben's party of older ones in another. Mary was very gracious and very beautiful. Ben felt her beauty, and did it homage. He forgot his doubts, and resolved to be happy. There was one little occurrence, however, that had its effect upon him. I will copy from another of Sarah Little's "splendid" letters:—

"MAY 2d, 1860.

"DEAR HARRY: It was a splendid day, and we had a grand time. But there was one curious thing happened. You know the grape-vine swings, by the old log-house on the hill. Well, we had just had a splendid swing, when Mary and her school-chum began to talk French. Evidently, they did not know that we understood them. You see it's just splendid to understand French. But what did they do but compare Ben with other beaux of Mary! And there was Ben, looking right in my eyes all the time. Finally, Mary's friend said, '*Mais il est bon,*' which means, you see, 'But he is good.' (I wish you understood French.) And Mary answered, as cool as a cucumber, '*Oui, il a des qualités, mais j'en ai un grand ennui.*'

"Which is, that she was dreadfully tired of his

goodness. I wish you could have seen Ben's eyes at that moment. He came round and stood before her, and looked straight at her, and said, '*Moi, j'ai aussi un grand ennui. Adieu! Marie.*' Which means that he was as much bored as she was. And he just walked off, and began to talk to Sarah Jane Gray. And Mary clasped her hands and said, 'Dear me! how did he learn French, too?' So it is all up between them. It was really funny. Good-bye. Your affectionate sister,
SARAH LITTLE."

Of course Ben ought to have committed suicide; or at least he ought to have felt desolate. He knew that he ought to feel so, and he tried to feel so, just as you have tried your best to feel solemn and sorry when some miserable scoundrel had died. Ben felt disappointed, but he also felt relieved. "He might have gone farther and fared worse," if he had married tresses without tenderness, and eyebrows without brains! So he was dejected to have the one great hope of his life die, but thankful that he was not chained to the corpse.

What did he do? He worked harder, if possible, than before. He took a great deal of interest in all public affairs, and became a sort of good Samaritan. I find it quite fashionable for disappointed heroes in novels to solace themselves with benevolence. That is what Ben has done for the rest of his life, up to this time; and I am glad, therefore, that my truthful story is in the style. In fact, Ben has founded a religious and charitable order.

Are you satisfied, my reader? You wanted to hear more about good Teetlet. I would like to tell you one incident.

She came in at nine o'clock one night, about three months after the May-day. It was a warm evening, and she had just carried down some ice-cream to Mrs. Jennings, who had washed her lungs away, trying to pay off a mortgage of twenty-five dollars held by the richest merchant in the town. She sat down in her rocking-chair and pushed her brown hair off her forehead. I must stop to say that it was as fine a Swiss face as I ever saw. Seeing a letter on her table, she opened it and read:—

"NEW GENEVA, August 3, 1860.

"MY DEAR TEETLET: When I was a boy, uncultivated and passionate, I loved a pair of eyebrows and a head of hair. As I grew, my imagination supplied the character. I have come out of the chrysalis

shell; I am a man. I am in love, this time with no blindness of passion. I know one in whose life I see reflected the Christ-life. My worshipful love for that one isn't like my other passion at all, and I wonder that the poverty of human language should compel me to call the two by the same name.

"You showed me how to get free from Pogue. The French you taught me was the charm that set me free from the spell of a false love. Now, help me once more by sending me some amulet that will enable me to win the love of ——well, I shall come to see you to-morrow evening, and tell you all about it. Henceforth, 'by your leave,' I am

"YOUR BEN."

I am not going to give you a picture of Teetlet's agitation. That would be "sentimental," and there is nothing with which the market is so overstocked as sentimentalism. Besides, a Swiss brunette face is full of vivacious expression, and tears spoil it. Let us skip the five minutes that followed the read-

ing of the letter. Teetlet was looking at a dry sprig of cedar. She enclosed it in a note which read :—

" Aug. 3, 1860.

"BEN : I took this bit of cedar from your coat more than four years ago, when I tied up your torn hand. I brought it home in the bouquet you gave me. It was to have been burned if you had married Mary. It is the most precious amulet I have. Come.

"TEETLET."

Ben came the next evening, and they founded that religious and charitable order that I spoke of, and Abbot Ben (they call him Major since the war) and Abbess Teetlet have wrought many changes in New Geneva. There is an academy on Pogue's Hill, and the county poor-house has been reformed, and a thousand other good things have been done by this Order. For after all men's clumsy devices the family is God's appointed "Order of Religion and Good Works."

WHAT THE DEVIL SAID TO THE YOUNG MAN.

O! YOUTH, so brave and strong,
The maiden's looks belie her;
Though she seem shy, a song—
A kiss—well, only try her!

Love is the wine of life
That flows alone for pleasure;
Dull husband and tame wife
Know not the sparkling measure.

Discovery—that's crime;
No sin but this, no sorrow;
No punishment in time—
None in the far to-morrow!

Drink off the golden cream
Of youth, and wealth, and pleasure;
Then spill life's purple stream,
And drop the empty measure!

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from Vol. I., page 672.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHARLEY AT OXFORD.

I HAVE no time in this selection and combination of the parts of my story which are more especially my history, to dwell upon that portion of it which refers to my own life at Oxford. I was so much of a student of books while there, and had so little to do with any of the men except Charley, that save as it bore upon my intellect, Oxford had little special share in what life has made of me, and may in the press of other matter be left out. Had I time, however, to set forth what I know of my own development more particularly, I could not pass over the influence of external Oxford, the architecture and general surroundings of which I recognized as affecting me more than anything I had yet met, with the exception of the Swiss mountains, pine-woods, and rivers. It is, however, imperative to set forth the peculiar character of my relation to and intercourse with Charley, in order that what follows may be properly understood.

For no other reason than that my uncle had been there before me, I went to Corpus Christi, while Charley was at Exeter. It was some days before we met, for I had twice failed in my attempts to find him. At length, one afternoon, as I entered the quadrangle to make a third assay, there he was coming towards the gate with a companion.

When he caught sight of me, he advanced with a quick yet hesitating step—a step with a question in it: he was not quite sure of me. He was now approaching six feet in height, and of graceful, though not exactly dignified carriage. His complexion remained as pale and his eyes as blue as before. The pallor flushed and the blue sparkled as he made a few final and long strides towards me. The grasp of the hand he gave me was powerful, but broken into sudden almost quivering relaxations and compressions. I could not help fancying also that he was using some little

effort to keep his eyes steady upon mine. Altogether, I was not quite satisfied with our first meeting, and had a strong impression that if our friendship was to be resumed, it was about to begin a new course, not building itself exactly on the old foundations, but starting afresh. He looked almost on the way to become a man of the world. Perhaps, however, the companionship he was in had something to do with this, for he was so nervously responsive, that he would unconsciously take on for the moment any appearance characterizing those about him.

His companion was a little taller, and stouter-built than he; with a bearing and gait of conscious importance, not so marked as to be at once offensive. The upper part of his face was fine, the nose remarkably so, while the lower part was decidedly coarse, the chin too large, and the mouth having little form, except in the first movement of utterance, when an unpleasant curl took possession of the upper lip, which I afterwards interpreted as a doubt disguising itself in a sneer. There was also in his manner a degree of self-assertion which favored the same conclusion. His hands were very large, a pair of merely blanched plebeian fists, with thumbs much turned back—and altogether ungainly. He wore very tight gloves, and never shook hands when he could help it. His feet were scarcely so bad in form; still by no pretense could they be held to indicate breeding. His manner, where he wished to conciliate, was pleasing; but to me it was overbearing and unpleasant. He was the only son of Sir Giles Brotherton, of Moldwarp Hall. Charley and he did not belong to the same college, but, unlike as they were, they had somehow taken to each other. I presume it was the decision of his manner that attracted the wavering nature of Charley, who, with generally active impulses, was yet always in doubt when a moment requiring action arrived.

Charley, having spoken to me, turned and

introduced me to his friend. Geoffrey Brotherton merely nodded.

"We were at school together in Switzerland," said Charley.

"Yes," said Geoffrey, in a half-interrogatory, half-assenting tone.

"Till I found your card in my box, I never heard of your coming," said Charley.

"It was not my fault," I answered. "I did what I could to find out something about you, but all in vain."

"Paternal precaution, I believe," he said, with something that approached a grimace.

Now, although I had little special reason to love Mr. Osborne, and knew him to be a tyrant, I knew also that my old Charley could not have thus coolly uttered a disrespectful word of him; and I had therefore a painful though at the same time an undefined conviction that some degree of moral degeneracy must have taken place before he could express himself as now. To many, such a remark will appear absurd, but I am confident that disrespect for the preceding generation, and especially for those in it nearest to ourselves, is a sure sign of relaxing dignity, and, in any extended manifestation, an equally sure symptom of national and political decadence. My reader knows, however, that there was much to be said in excuse of Charley.

His friend sauntered away, and we went on talking. My heart longed to rest with his for a moment on the past.

"I had a dreary time of it after you left, Charley," I said.

"Not so dreary as I had, Wilfrid, I am certain. You had at least the mountains to comfort you. Anywhere is better than at home, with a meal of Bible oil and vinegar twice a day for certain, and a wine-glassful of it now and then in between. Damnation's better than a spoony heaven. To be away from home is heaven enough for me."

"But your mother, Charley!" I ventured to say.

"My mother is an angel. I could almost be good for her sake. But I never could, I never can get near her. My father reads every letter she writes before it comes to me—I know that by the style of it; and I'm

equally certain he reads every letter of mine before it reaches her."

"Is your sister at home?"

"No. She's at school at Clapham—being sand-papared into a saint, I suppose."

His mouth twitched and quivered. He was not pleased with himself for talking as he did.

"Your father means it for the best," I said.

"I know that. He means *his* best. If I thought it *was* the best, I should cut my throat and have done with it."

"But, Charley, couldn't we do something to find out, after all?"

"Find out what, Wilfrid?"

"The best thing, you know;—what we are here for."

"I'm sick of it all, Wilfrid. I've tried till I'm sick of it. If you should find out anything, you can let me know. I am busy trying not to think. I find that quite enough. If I were to think, I should go mad."

"Oh, Charley! I can't bear to hear you talk like that," I exclaimed; but there was a glitter in his eye which I did not like, and which made me anxious to change the subject. "Don't you like being here?" I asked, in sore want of something to say.

"Yes, well enough," he replied. "But I don't see what's to come of it, for I can't work. Even if my father were a millionaire, I couldn't go on living on him. The sooner that is over, the better!"

He was looking down, and gnawing at that tremulous upper lip. I felt miserable.

"I wish we were at the same college, Charley!" I said.

"It's better as it is," he rejoined. "I should do you no good. You go in for reading, I suppose?"

"Well, I do. I mean my uncle to have the worth of his money."

Charley looked no less miserable than I felt. I saw that his conscience was speaking, and I knew he was the last in the world to succeed in excusing himself. But I understood him better than he understood himself, and believed that his idleness arose from the old unrest, the weariness of that never satisfied questioning which the least attempt at thought was sure to awaken. Once invaded by a

question, Charley *must* answer it, or fail and fall into a stupor. Not an ode of Horace could he read without finding himself plunged in metaphysics. Enamored of repose above all things, he was from every side stung to inquiry which seldom indeed afforded what seemed solution. Hence, in part at least, it came that he had begun to study not merely how to avoid awaking the Sphinx, but by what opiates to keep her stretched supine with her lovely woman-face betwixt her fiercelion-paws. This also, no doubt, had a share in his becoming the associate of Geoffrey Brotherton, from whose company, if he had been at peace with himself, he would have recoiled upon the slightest acquaintance. I am at some loss to imagine what could have made Geoffrey take such a liking to Charley; but I presume it was the confiding air characterizing all Charley's behavior that chiefly pleased him. He seemed to look upon him with something of the tenderness a coarse man may show for a delicate Italian greyhound, fitter to be petted by a lady.

That same evening Charley came to my rooms. His manner was constrained, and yet suggested a whole tide of pent-up friendship which, but for some undeclared barrier, would have broken out and overflowed our intercourse. After this one evening, however, it was some time before I saw him again. When I called upon him next he was not at home, nor did he come to see me. Again I sought him, but with like failure. After a third attempt I desisted, not a little hurt, I confess, but not in the least inclined to quarrel with him. I gave myself the more diligently to my work.

And now Oxford began to do me harm. I saw so much idleness and so much wrong of all kinds about me, that I began to consider myself a fine exception. Because I did my poor duty—no better than any honest lad must do it—I became conceited; and the manner in which Charley's new friend treated me, not only increased the fault, but aided in the development of certain other stems from the same root of self-partiality. He never saluted me with other than what I regarded as a supercilious nod of the head. When I met him in company with Charley, and the latter

stopped to speak to me, he would walk on without the least change of step. The indignation which this conduct aroused, drove me to think as I had never thought before concerning my social position. I found it impossible to define. As I pondered, however, a certainty dawned upon me rather than was arrived at by me, that there was some secret connected with my descent, upon which bore the history of the watch I carried and of the sword I had lost. On the mere possibility of something, utterly forgetful that, if the secret existed at all, it might be of a very different nature from my hopes, I began to build castles innumerable. Perceiving of course that one of a decayed yeoman family could stand no social comparison with the heir to a rich baronetcy, I fell back upon absurd imaginings; and what with the self-satisfaction of doing my duty, what with the vanity of my baby manhood, and what with the mystery I chose to believe in and interpret according to my own desires, I was fast sliding into a moral condition contemptible indeed.

But still my heart was true to Charley. When, after late hours of hard reading, I retired at last to my bed, and allowed my thoughts to wander where they would, seldom was there a night on which they did not turn as of themselves towards the memory of our past happiness. I vowed, although Charley had forsaken me, to keep his chamber in my heart ever empty, and closed against the entrance of any other. If ever he pleased to return, he should find he had been waited for. I believe there was much of self-pity, and of self-approval as well, mingling with my regard for him; but the constancy was there notwithstanding, and I regard the love I thus cherished for Charley as the chief saving element in my condition at the time.

One night—I cannot now recall with certainty the time or season—I only know it was night, and I was reading alone in my room—a knock came to the door, and Charley entered. I sprang from my seat and bounded to meet him.

"At last, Charley!" I exclaimed.

But he almost pushed me aside, left me to shut the door he had opened, sat down in a chair by the fire, and began gnawing the head

of his cane. I resumed my seat, moved the lamp so that I could see him, and waited for him to speak. Then first I saw that his face was unnaturally pale and worn, almost even haggard. His eyes were weary, and his whole manner as of one haunted by an evil presence of which he is ever aware.

"You are an enviable fellow, Wilfrid," he said at length, with something between a groan and a laugh.

"Why do you say that, Charley?" I returned. "Why am I enviable?"

"Because you can work. I hate the very sight of a book. I am afraid I shall be plucked. I see nothing else for it. And what will the old man say? I have grace enough left to be sorry for him. But he will take it out in sour looks and silences."

"There's time enough yet. I wish you were not so far ahead of me: we might have worked together."

"I can't work, I tell you. I hate it. It will console my father, I hope, to find his prophecies concerning me come true. I've heard him abuse me to my mother."

"I wish you wouldn't talk so of your father, Charley. It's not like you. I can't bear to hear it."

"It's not like what I used to be, Wilfrid. But there's none of that left. What do you take me for? Honestly now?"

He hung his head low, his eyes fixed on the hearth-rug, not on the fire, and kept gnawing at the head of his cane.

"I don't like some of your companions," I said. "To be sure I don't know much of them!"

"The less you know, the better! If there be a devil, that fellow Brotherton will hand me over to him—bodily, before long."

"Why don't you give him up?" I said.

"It's no use trying. He's got such a hold of me. Never let a man you don't know to the marrow pay even a toll-gate for you, Wilfrid."

"I am in no danger, Charley. Such people don't take to me," I said, self-righteously. "But it can't be too late to break with him. I know my uncle would—I could manage a five-pound note now, I think."

"My dear boy, if I had borrowed——"

But I have let him pay for me again and again, and I don't know how to rid the obligation. But it don't signify. It's too late, anyhow."

"What *have* you done, Charley? Nothing very wrong, I trust."

The lost look deepened.

"It's all over, Wilfrid," he said. "But it don't matter. I can take to the river when I please."

"But then you know you might happen to go right through the river, Charley."

"I know what you mean," he said, with a defiant sound like nothing I had ever heard.

"Charley!" I cried, "I can't bear to hear you. You can't have changed so much already as not to trust me. I will do all I can to help you. What have you done?"

"Oh, nothing!" he rejoined, and tried to laugh; it was a dreadful failure. "But I can't bear to think of that mother of mine! I wish I could tell you all; but I can't. How Brotherton would laugh at me now! I can't be made quite like other people, Charley? *You* would never have been such a fool."

"You are more delicately made than most people, Charley,—'touched to finer issues,' as Shakspeare says."

"Who told you that?"

"I think a great deal about you. That is all you have left me."

"I've been a brute, Wilfrid. But you'll forgive me, I know."

"With all my heart, if you'll only put it in my power to serve you. Come, trust me, Charley, and tell me all about it. I shall not betray you."

"I'm not afraid of that," he answered, and sunk into silence once more.

I look to myself presumptuous and priggish in the memory. But I did mean truly by him. I began to question him, and by slow degrees, in broken hints, and in jets of reply, drew from him the facts. When at length he saw that I understood, he burst into tears, hid his face in his hands, and rocked himself to and fro.

"Charley! Charley! don't give in like that," I cried. "Be as sorry as you like; but don't go on as if there was no help. Who

has not failed and been forgiven!—in one way if not in another.”

“Who is there to forgive me? My father would not. And if he would, what difference would it make? I have done it all the same.”

“But God, Charley——” I suggested, hesitating.

“What of him? If he should choose to pass a thing by and say nothing about it, that doesn’t undo it. It’s all nonsense. God himself can’t make it that I didn’t do what I did do.”

But with what truthful yet reticent words can I convey the facts of Charley’s case? I am perfectly aware it would be to expose both myself and him to the laughter of men of low development who behave as if no more *self-possession* were demanded of a man than of one of the lower animals. Such might perhaps feel a certain involuntary movement of pitifulness at the fate of a woman first awakening to the consciousness that she can no more hold up her head amongst her kind: but that a youth should experience a similar sense of degradation and loss, they would regard as a degree of silliness and effeminacy below contempt if not beyond belief. But there *is* a sense of personal purity belonging to the man as well as to the woman; and although I dare not say that in the most refined of masculine natures it asserts itself with the awful majesty with which it makes its presence known in the heart of a woman, the man in whom it speaks with most authority is to be found amongst the worthiest; and to a youth like Charley the result of actual offence against it might be utter ruin. In his case, however, it was not merely a consciousness of personal defilement which followed; for, whether his companions had so schemed it or not, he supposed himself more than ordinarily guilty.

“I suppose I must marry the girl,” said poor Charley, with a groan.

Happily I saw at once that there might be two sides to the question, and that it was desirable to know more ere I ventured a definite reply.

I had grown up, thanks to many things, with a most real although vague adoration of

women; but I was not so ignorant as to be unable to fancy it possible that Charley had been the victim. Therefore, after having managed to comfort him a little, and taking him home to his rooms, I set about endeavoring to get further information.

I will not linger over the affair—as unpleasant to myself as it can be to any of my readers. It had to be mentioned, however, not merely as explaining how I got hold of Charley again, but as affording a clew to his character, and so to his history. Not even yet can I think without a gush of anger and shame of my visit to Brotherton. With what stammering confusion I succeeded at last in making him understand the nature of the information I wanted, I will not attempt to describe—nor the roar of laughter which at length burst bellowing—not from himself only, but from three or four companions as well to whom he turned and communicated the joke. The fire of jests, and proposals, and interpretations of motive which I had then to endure, seems yet to scorch my very brain at the mere recollection. From their manner and speech, I was almost convinced that they had laid a trap for Charley, whom they regarded as a simpleton, to enjoy his consequent confusion. With what I managed to find out elsewhere, I was at length satisfied, and happily succeeded in convincing Charley, that he had been the butt of his companions, and that he was far the more injured person in any possible aspect of the affair.

I shall never forget the look or the sigh of relief which proved that at last his mind had opened to the facts of the case.

“Wilfrid,” he said, “you have saved me. We shall never be parted more. See if I am ever false to you again!”

And yet it never was as it had been. I am sure of that now.

Henceforth, however, he entirely avoided his former companions. Our old friendship was renewed. Our old talks arose again. And now that he was not alone in them, the perplexities under which he had broken down when left to encounter them by himself, were not so overwhelming as to render him helpless. We read a good deal together, and Charley helped me much in the finer affairs of the

classics, for his perceptions were as delicate as his feelings. He would brood over a Horatian phrase as Keats would brood over a sweet pea or a violet; the very tone in which he would repeat it would waft me from it an aroma unperceived before. When it was his turn to come to my rooms, I would watch for his arrival almost as a lover for his mistress.

For two years more our friendship grew; in which time Charley had recovered habits of diligence. I presume he said nothing at home of the renewal of his intimacy with me: I shrunk from questioning him. As if he had been an angel who had hurt his wing and was compelled to sojourn with me for a time, I feared to bring the least shadow over his face, and indeed fell into a restless observance of his moods. I remember we read "*Comus*" together. How his face would glow at the impassioned praises of virtue! and how the glow would die into a gray sadness at the recollection of the near past! I could read his face like a book.

At length the time arrived when we had to part—he to study for the bar, I to remain at Oxford another year, still looking forward to a literary life.

When I commenced writing my story, I fancied myself so far removed from it that I could regard it as the story of another, capable of being viewed on all sides, and conjectured and speculated upon. And so I found it, so long as the regions of childhood and youth detained me. But as I approach the middle scenes, I begin to fear the revival of the old torture; that from the dispassionate reviewer I may become once again the suffering actor. Long ago I read a strange story of a man condemned at periods unforeseen to act again and yet again in absolute verisimilitude each of the scenes of his former life: I have a feeling as if I too might glide from the present into the past without a sign to warn me of the coming transition.

One word more ere I pass to the middle events, those for the sake of which the beginning is and the end shall be recorded. It is this—that I am under endless obligation to Charley for opening my eyes at this time to my overweening estimate of myself. Not that he spoke—Charley could never have reproved

even a child. But I could tell almost any sudden feeling that passed through him. His face betrayed it. What he felt about me I saw at once. From the signs of his mind, I often recognized the character of what was in my own; and thus seeing myself through him, I gathered reason to be ashamed; while the refinement of his criticism, the quickness of his perception, and the novelty and force of his remarks convinced me that I could not for a moment compare with him in mental gifts. The upper hand of influence I had over him I attribute to the greater freedom of my training, and the enlarged ideas which had led my uncle to avoid enthralling me to his notions. He believed the truth could afford to wait until I was capable of seeing it for myself; and that the best embodiments of truth are but bonds and fetters to him who cannot accept them as such. When I could not agree with him, he would say, with one of his fine smiles, "We'll drop it then, Willie. I don't believe you have caught my meaning. If I am right, you will see it some day, and there's no hurry." How could it be but Charley and I should be different, seeing we had fared so differently? But alas! my knowledge of his character is chiefly the result of after-thought.

I do not mean this manuscript to be read until after my death; and even then,—although partly from habit, partly that I dare not trust myself to any other form of utterance, I write as if for publication,—even then, I say, only by one. I am about to write what I should not die in peace if I thought she would never know; but which I dare not seek to tell her now for the risk of being misunderstood. I thank God for that blessed invention, Death, which of itself must set many things right; and gives a man a chance of justifying himself where he would not have been heard while alive. But lest my manuscript should fall into other hands, I have taken care that not a single name in it should contain even a side look or hint at the true one. *She* will be able to understand the real person by almost every one of them.

CHAPTER XXV.

MY WHITE MARE.

I PASSED my final examinations with credit,

if not with honor. It was not yet clearly determined what I should do next. My goal was London, but I was unwilling to go thither empty-handed. I had been thinking as well as reading a good deal; a late experience had stimulated my imagination; and at spare moments I had been writing a tale. It had grown to a considerable mass of manuscript, and I was anxious, before going, to finish it. Hence, therefore, I returned home with the intention of remaining there quietly for a few months before setting out to seek my fortune.

Whether my uncle in his heart quite favored the plan, I have my doubts, but it would have been quite inconsistent with his usual grand treatment of me to oppose anything not wrong on which I had set my heart. Finding now that I took less exercise than he thought desirable, and kept myself too much to my room, he gave me a fresh proof of his unvarying kindness. He bought me a small gray mare of strength and speed. Her lineage was unknown; but her small head, broad fine chest, and clean limbs, indicated Arab blood at no great remove. Upon her I used to gallop over the fields, or saunter along the lanes, dreaming and inventing.

And now certain feelings, too deeply rooted in my nature for my memory to recognize their beginnings, began to assume color and condensed form, as if about to burst into some kind of blossom. Thanks to my education and love of study, also to a self-respect undefined, yet restraining, nothing had occurred to wrong them. In my heart of hearts I worshiped the idea of womanhood. I thank Heaven, if ever I do thank for anything, that I still worship thus. Alas! how many have put on the acolyte's robe in the same temple, who have ere long cast dirt upon the statue of their divinity, *then* dragged her as defiled from her lofty pedestal, and left her lying dishonored at its foot! Instead of feeding with holy oil the lamp of the higher instinct, which would glorify and purify the lower, they feed the fire of the lower with vile fuel, which sends up its stinging smoke to becloud and blot the higher.

One lovely spring morning, the buds half out, and the wind blowing fresh and strong, the white clouds scudding across a blue gulf

of sky, and the tall trees far away swinging as of old, when they churned the wind for my childish fancy, I looked up from my book and saw it all. The gladness of nature entered into me, and my heart swelled so in my bosom that I turned with distaste from all further labor. I pushed my papers from me, and went to the window. The short grass all about was leaning away from the wind, shivering and showing its enamel. Still, as in childhood, the wind had a special power over me. In another moment I was out of the house and hastening to the farm for my mare. She neighed at the sound of my step. I saddled and bridled her, sprang on her back, and galloped across the grass in the direction of the trees.

In a few moments I was within the lodge gates, walking my mare along the graveled drive, and with the reins on the white curved neck before me, looking up at those lofty pines whose lonely heads were swinging in the air like floating but fettered islands. My head had begun to feel dizzy with the ever-iterated, slow, half-circular sweep, when just opposite the lawn, stretching from a low wire fence up to the door of the steward's house, my mare shied, darted to the other side of the road, and flew across the grass. Caught thus lounging on my saddle, I was almost unseated. As soon as I had pulled her up, I turned to see what had startled her, for the impression of a white flash remained upon my mental sensorium. There, leaning on the little gate, looking much diverted, stood the loveliest creature, in a morning dress of white, which the wind was blowing about her like a cloud. She had no hat on, and her hair, as if eager to join in the merriment of the day, was flying like the ribbons of a tattered sail. A humanized Dryad!—one that had been caught young, but in whom the forest-sap still asserted itself in wild affinities with the wind and the swaying branches, and the white clouds careering across! Could it be Clara? How could it be any other than Clara? I rode back.

I was a little short-sighted, and had to get pretty near before I could be certain; but she knew me, and waited my approach. When I came near enough to see them, I could not mistake those violet eyes.

I was now in my twentieth year, and had never been in love. Whether I now fell in love or not, I leave to my reader.

Clara was even more beautiful than her girlish loveliness had promised. "An exceeding fair forehead," to quote Sir Philip Sidney; eyes of which I have said enough; a nose more delicate than symmetrical; a mouth rather thin-lipped, but well curved; a chin rather small, I confess;—but did any one ever from the most elaborated description acquire even an approximate idea of the face intended? Her person was lithe and graceful; she had good hands and feet; and the fairness of her skin gave her brown hair a duskier look than belonged to itself.

Before I was yet near enough to be certain of her, I lifted my hat, and she returned the salutation with an almost familiar nod and smile.

"I am very sorry," she said, speaking first—in her old half-mocking way, "that I so nearly cost you your seat."

"It was my own carelessness," I returned. "Surely I am right in taking you for the lady who allowed me, in old times, to call her Clara. How I could ever have had the presumption I cannot imagine."

"Of course that is a familiarity not to be thought of between full-grown people like us, Mr. Cumbermede," she rejoined, and her smile became a laugh.

"Ah, you do recognize me then?" I said, thinking her cool, but forgetting the thought the next moment.

"I guess at you. If you had been dressed as on one occasion, I should not have got so far as that."

Pleased at this merry reference to our meeting on the Wengern Alp, I was yet embarrassed to find that nothing more suggested itself to be said. But while I was quieting my mare, which happily afforded me some pretext at the moment, another voice fell on my ear—hoarse, but breezy and pleasant.

"So, Clara, you are no sooner back to old quarters than you give a rendezvous at the garden gate—eh, girl?"

"Rather an ill-chosen spot for the purpose, papa," she returned, laughing, "especially as the gentleman has too much to do with his horse to get off and talk to me."

"Ah! our old friend Mr. Cumbermede, I declare!—Only rather more of him!" he added, laughing, as he opened the little gate in the wire fence, and coming up to me shook hands heartily. "Delighted to see you, Mr. Cumbermede. Have you left Oxford for good?"

"Yes," I answered—"some time ago."

"And may I ask what you're turning your attention to now?"

"Well, I hardly like to confess it, but I mean to have a try at—something in the literary way."

"Plucky enough! The paths of literature are not certainly the paths of pleasantness or of peace even—so far as ever I heard. Somebody said you were going in for the law."

"I thought there were too many lawyers already. One so often hears of barristers with nothing to do, and glad to take to the pen, that I thought it might be better to begin with what I should most probably come to at last."

"Ah! but, Mr. Cumbermede, there are other departments of the law which bring quicker returns than the bar. If you would put yourself in my hands now, you should be earning your bread at least within a couple of years or so."

"You are very kind," I returned heartily, for he spoke as if he meant what he said; "but you see I have a leaning to the one and not to the other. I should like to have a try first, at all events."

"Well, perhaps it's better to begin by following your bent. You may find the road take a turn, though."

"Perhaps I will go on till it does, though."

While we talked Clara had followed her father, and was now patting my mare's neck with a nice, plump, fair-fingered hand. The creature stood with her arched neck and small head turned lovingly towards her.

"What a nice white thing you have got to ride!" she said. "I hope it is your own."

"Why do you hope that?" I asked.

"Because it's best to ride your own horse, isn't it?" she answered, looking up naively.

"Would *you* like to ride her? I believe she has carried a lady, though not since she came into my possession."

Instead of answering me she looked round at her father, who stood by smiling benignantly. Her look said—

"If papa would let me."

He did not reply, but seemed waiting. I resumed.

"Are you a good horsewoman, Miss—Clara?" I said, with a feel after the recovery of old privileges.

"I must not sing my own praises, Mr.—Wilfrid," she rejoined, "but I *have* ridden in Rotten Row, and I believe without any signal disgrace."

"Have you got a side-saddle?" I asked, dismounting.

Mr. Coningham spoke now.

"Don't you think Mr. Cumbermede's horse a little too frisky for you, Clara? I know so little about you, I can't tell what you're fit for.—She used to ride pretty well as a girl," he added, turning to me.

"I've not forgotten that," I said. "I shall walk by her side, you know."

"Shall you?" she said, with a sly look.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "your grandfather would let me have his horse, and then we might have a gallop across the park."

"The best way," said Mr. Coningham, "will be to let the gardener take your horse, while you come in and have some luncheon. We'll see about the mount after that. My horse has to carry me back in the evening, else I should be happy to join you. She's a fine creature, that of yours."

"She's the handiest creature!" I said—"a little skittish, but very affectionate, and has a fine mouth. Perhaps she ought to have a curb-bit for you, though, Miss Clara."

"We'll manage with the snaffle," she answered, with, I thought, another sly glance at me, out of eyes sparkling with suppressed merriment and expectation! Her father had gone to find the gardener, and as we stood waiting for him, she still stroked the mare's neck.

"Are you not afraid of taking cold," I said, "without your bonnet?"

"I never had a cold in my life," she returned.

"That is saying much. You would have me believe you are not made of the same clay as other people."

"Believe anything you like," she answered carelessly.

"Then I do believe it," I rejoined.

She looked me in the face, took her hand from the mare's neck, stepped back half-a-foot, and looked round, saying:

"I wonder where that man can have got to. Oh, here he comes, and papa with him!"

We went across the trim little lawn, which lay waiting for the warmer weather to burst into a profusion of roses, and through a trellised porch entered a shadowy little hall, with heads of stags and foxes, an old-fashioned glass-doored bookcase, and hunting and riding-whips, whence we passed into a low-pitched drawing-room, redolent of dried rose-leaves and fresh hyacinths. A little pug-dog, which seemed to have failed in swallowing some big dog's tongue, jumped up barking from the sheepskin mat, where he lay before the fire.

"Stupid pug!" said Clara. "You never know friends from foes! I wonder where my aunt is."

She left the room. Her father had not followed us. I sat down on the sofa, and began turning over a pretty book bound in red silk, one of the first of the *annual* tribe, which lay on the table. I was deep in one of its eastern stories when, hearing a slight movement, I looked up, and there sat Clara in a low chair by the window, working at a delicate bit of lace with a needle. She looked somehow as if she had been there an hour at least. I laid down the book with some exclamation.

"What is the matter, Mr. Cumbermede?" she asked, with the slightest possible glance up from the fine meshes of her work.

"I had not the slightest idea you were in the room."

"Of course not. How could a literary man with a Forget-me-not in his hand be expected to know that a girl had come into the room?"

"Have you been at school all this time?" I asked, for the sake of avoiding a silence.

"All what time?"

"Say, since we parted in Switzerland."

"Not quite. I have been staying with an aunt for nearly a year. Have you been at college all this time?"

"At school and college. When did you come home?"

"This is not my home, but I came here yesterday."

"Don't you find the country dull after London?"

"I haven't had time yet."

"Did they give you riding lessons at school?"

"No. But my aunt took care of my morals in that respect. A girl might as well not be able to dance as ride nowadays."

"Who rode with you in the park? Not the riding-master?"

With a slight flush on her face she retorted,

"How many more questions are you going to ask me? I should like to know, that I may make up my mind how many of them to answer."

"Suppose we say six."

"Very well," she replied. "Now I shall answer your last question and count that the first. About nine o'clock, one—day—"

"Morning or evening?" I asked.

"Morning, of course—I walked out of—the house—"

"Your aunt's house?"

"Yes, of course, my aunt's house. Do let me go on with my story. It was getting a little dark,—"

"Getting dark at nine in the morning?"

"In the evening, I said."

"I beg your pardon, I thought you said the morning."

"No, no, the evening;—and of course I was a little frightened, for I was not accustomed—"

"But you were never out alone at that hour,—in London?"

"Yes, I was quite alone. I had promised to meet—a friend at the corner of— You know that part, do you?"

"I beg your pardon. What part?"

"Oh—Mayfair. You know Mayfair, don't you?"

"You were going to meet a gentleman at the corner of Mayfair—were you?" I said, getting quite bewildered.

She jumped up, clapping her hands as gracefully as merrily, and crying—

"I wasn't going to meet any gentleman.

There! Your six questions are answered. I won't answer a single other you choose to ask, except I please, which is not in the least likely."

She made me a low half-merry half-mocking courtesy, and left the room.

The same moment her father came in, following old Mr. Coningham, who gave me a kindly welcome, and said his horse was at my service, but he hoped I would lunch with him first. I gratefully consented, and soon luncheon was announced. Miss Coningham, Clara's aunt, was in the dining-room before us. A dry, antiquated woman, she greeted me with unexpected frankness. Lunch was half over before Clara entered—in a perfectly fitting habit, her hat on, and her skirt thrown over her arm.

"Soho, Clara!" cried her father; "you want to take us by surprise—coming out all at once a town-bred lady, eh?"

"Why, where ever did you get that riding-habit, Clara?" said her aunt.

"In my box, aunt," said Clara.

"My word, child, but your father has kept you in pocket-money!" returned Miss Coningham.

"I've got a town-aunt as well as a country one," rejoined Clara, with an expression I could not quite understand, but out of which her laugh took only half the sting.

Miss Coningham reddened a little. I judged afterwards that Clara had been diplomatically allowing her just to feel what sharp claws she had for use if required.

But the effect of the change from loose white muslin to tight dark cloth was marvellous, and I was bewitched by it. So slight yet so round, so trim yet so pliant—she was grace itself. It seemed as if the former object of my admiration had vanished, and I had found another with such surpassing charms that the loss could not be regretted. I may just mention that the change appeared also to bring out a certain look of determination which I now recalled as having belonged to her when a child.

"Clara!" said her father in a very marked tone; whereupon it was Clara's turn to blush and be silent.

I started some new subject, in the airiest

manner I could command. Clara recovered her composure, and I flattered myself she looked a little grateful when our eyes met. But I caught her father's eyes twinkling now and then as if from some secret source of merriment, and could not help fancying he was more amused than displeased with his daughter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A RIDING LESSON.

By the time luncheon was over, the horses had been standing some minutes at the lawn gate, my mare with a side-saddle. We hastened to mount, Clara's eyes full of expectant frolic. I managed, as I thought, to get before her father, and had the pleasure of lifting her to the saddle. She was up ere I could feel her weight on my arm. When I gathered her again with my eyes, she was seated as calmly as if at her lace needlework, only her eyes were sparkling. With the slightest help, she had her foot in the stirrup, and with a single movement had her skirt comfortable. I left her to mount the horse they had brought me, and when I looked from his back, the white mare was already flashing across the boles of the trees, and Clara's dark skirt flying out behind like the drapery of a descending goddess in an allegorical picture. With a pang of terror I fancied the mare had run away with her, and sat for a moment afraid to follow, lest the sound of my horse's feet on the turf should make her gallop the faster. But the next moment she turned in her saddle, and I saw a face alive with pleasure and confidence. As she recovered her seat, she waved her hand to me, and I put my horse to his speed. I had not gone far, however, before I perceived a fresh cause of anxiety. She was making straight for a wire fence. I had heard that horses could not see such a fence, and if Clara did not see it, or should be careless, the result would be frightful. I shouted after her, but she took no heed. Fortunately, however, there was right in front of them a gate, which I had not at first observed, into the bars of which had been wattled some brushwood. "The mare will see that," I said to myself. But the words were hardly through my mind before I saw them fly over it like a bird.

On the other side she pulled up and waited for me.

Now I had never jumped a fence in my life. I did not know that my mare could do such a thing, for I had never given her the chance. I was not, and never have become, what would be considered an accomplished horseman. I scarcely know a word of stable-slang. I have never followed the hounds more than twice or three times in the course of my life. Not the less am I a true lover of horses—but I have been their companion more in work than in play. I have slept for miles on horseback, but even now I have not a sure seat over a fence.

I knew nothing of the animal I rode, but I was bound at least to make the attempt to follow my leader. I was too inexperienced not to put him to his speed instead of going gently up to the gate; and I had a bad habit of leaning forward in my saddle, besides knowing nothing of how to incline myself backwards as the horse alighted. Hence, when I found myself on the other side, it was not on my horse's back, but on my own face. I rose uninjured, except in my self-esteem. I fear I was for the moment as much disconcerted as if I had been guilty of some moral fault. Nor did it help me much towards regaining my composure that Clara was shaking with suppressed laughter. Utterly stupid from mortification, I laid hold of my horse, which stood waiting for me beside the mare, and scrambled upon his back. But Clara, who, with all her fun, was far from being ill-natured, fancied from my silence that I was hurt. Her merriment vanished. With quite an anxious expression on her face, she drew to my side, saying,

"I hope you are not hurt?"

"Only my pride," I answered.

"Never mind that," she returned gayly. "That will soon be itself again."

"I'm not so sure," I rejoined. "To make such a fool of myself before *you*!"

"Am I such a formidable person?" she said.

"Yes," I answered. "But I never jumped a fence in my life before."

"If you had been afraid," she said, "and had pulled up, I might have despised you."

As it was, I only laughed at you. Where was the harm? You shirked nothing. You followed your leader. Come along, I will give you a lesson or two before we get back."

"Thank you," I said, beginning to recover my spirits a little; "I shall be a most obedient pupil. But how did you get so clever, Clara?"

I ventured the unprotected name, and she took no notice of the liberty.

"I told you I had had a riding-master. If you are not afraid, and mind what you are told, you will always come right somehow."

"I suspect that is good advice for more than horsemanship."

"I had not the slightest intention of moralizing. I am incapable of it," she answered, in a tone of serious self-defence.

"I had as little intention of making the accusation," I rejoined. "But will you really teach me a little?"

"Most willingly. To begin. You must sit erect. You lean forward."

"Thank you. Is this better?"

"Yes, better. A little more yet. You ought to have your stirrups shorter. It is a poor affectation to ride like a trooper. Their own officers don't. You can tell any novice by his long leathers, his heels down and his toes in his stirrups. Ride home, if you want to ride comfortably."

The phrase was new to me, but I guessed what she meant; and without dismounting, pulled my stirrup-leathers a couple of holes shorter, and thrust my feet through to the instep. She watched the whole proceeding.

"There! you look more like riding now," she said. "Let us have another canter. I will promise not to lead you over any more fences without due warning."

"And due admonition as well, I trust, Clara."

She nodded, and away we went. I had never been so proud of my mare. She showed to much advantage, with the graceful figure on her back, which she carried like a feather.

"Now there's a little fence," she said, pointing where a rail or two protected a clump of plantation. "You must mind the young wood though, or we shall get into trouble.

Mind you throw yourself back a little—as you see me do."

I watched her, and following her directions, did better this time, for I got over somehow and recovered my seat.

"There! You improve," said Clara. "Now we're pounded, except you can jump again, and it is not quite so easy from this side."

When we alighted, I found my saddle in the proper place.

"Bravo!" she cried. "I entirely forgive your first misadventure. You do splendidly."

"I would rather you forgot it, Clara," I cried ungallantly.

"Well, I will be generous," she returned. "Besides, I owe you something for such a charming ride. I *will* forget it."

"Thank you," I said, and drawing closer would have laid my left hand on her right.

Whether she foresaw my intention, I do not know; but in a moment she was yards away, scampering over the grass. My horse could never have overtaken hers.

By the time she drew rein and allowed me to get alongside of her once more, we were in sight of Moldwarp Hall. It stood with one corner towards us, giving the prospective of two sides at once. She stopped her mare, and said,

"There, Wilfrid! What would you give to call a place like that your own? What a thing to have a house like that to live in!"

"I know something I should like better," I returned.

I assure my reader I was not so silly as to be on the point of making her an offer already. Neither did she so misunderstand me. She was very near the mark of my meaning when she rejoined,

"Do you? I don't. I suppose you would prefer being called a fine poet, or something of the sort."

I was glad she did not give me time to reply, for I had not intended to expose myself to her ridicule. She was off again at a gallop towards the Hall, straight for the less accessible of the two gates, and had scrambled the mare up to the very bell-pull and rung it before I could get near her. When the porter appeared in the wicket—

"Open the gate, Jansen," she said. "I

want to see Mrs. Wilson, and I don't want to get down."

"But horses never come in here, Miss," said the man.

"I mean to make an exception in favor of this mare," she answered.

The man hesitated a moment, then retreated—but only to obey, as we understood at once by the creaking of the dry hinges, which were seldom required to move.

"You won't mind holding her for me, will you?" she said, turning to me.

I had been sitting mute with surprise both at the way in which she ordered the man, and at his obedience. But now I found my tongue.

"Don't you think, Miss Coningham," I said—for the man was within hearing, "we had better leave them both with the porter, and then we could go in together? I'm not sure that those flags, not to mention the steps, are good footing for that mare."

"Oh! you're afraid of your animal, are you?" she rejoined. "Very well. Shall I hold your stirrup for you?"

Before I could dismount she had slipped off, and begun gathering up her skirt. The man came and took the horses. We entered by the open gate together.

"How can you be so cruel, Clara?" I said. "You *will* always misinterpret me! I was quite right about the flags. Don't you see how hard they are, and how slippery therefore for iron shoes?"

"You might have seen by this time that I know quite as much about horses as you do," she returned, a little cross, I thought.

"You can ride ever so much better," I answered; "but it does not follow you know more about horses than I do. I once saw a horse have a frightful fall on just such a pavement. Besides, does one think *only* of the horse when there's an angel on his back?"

It was a silly speech, and deserved rebuke.

"I'm not in the least fond of *such* compliments," she answered.

By this time we had reached the door of Mrs. Wilson's apartment. She received us rather stiffly, even for her. After some common-place talk, in which, without departing from facts, Clara made it appear that she had

set out for the express purpose of paying Mrs. Wilson a visit, I asked if the family was at home, and finding they were not, begged leave to walk into the library.

"We'll go together," she said, apparently not caring about a *tête-à-tête* with Clara. Evidently the old lady liked her as little as ever.

We left the house, and entering again by a side door, passed on our way through the little gallery, into which I had dropped from the roof.

"Look, Clara, that is where I came down," I said.

She merely nodded. But Mrs. Wilson looked very sharply, first at the one, then at the other of us. When we reached the library, I found it in the same miserable condition as before, and could not help exclaiming, with some indignation,

"It *is* a shame to see such treasures mouldering there! I am confident there are many valuable books among them, getting ruined from pure neglect. I wish I knew Sir Giles. I would ask him to let me come and set them right."

"You would be choked with dust and cobwebs in an hour's time," said Clara. "Besides, I don't think Mrs. Wilson would like the proceeding."

"What do you ground that remark upon, Miss Clara?" said the housekeeper, in a dry tone.

"I thought you used them for firewood occasionally," answered Clara, with an innocent expression both of manner and voice.

The most prudent answer to such an absurd charge would have been a laugh; but Mrs. Wilson vouchsafed no reply at all, and I pretended to be too much occupied with its subject to have heard it.

After lingering a little while, during which I paid attention chiefly to Mrs. Wilson, drawing her notice to the state of several of the books, I proposed we should have a peep at the armory. We went in, and, glancing over the walls I knew so well, I scarcely repressed an exclamation: I could not be mistaken in my own sword! There it hung, in the centre of the principal space—in the same old sheath, split half way up from the point! To the hilt

hung an ivory label with a number upon it. I suppose I made some inarticulate sound, for Clara fixed her eyes upon me. I busied myself at once with a gorgeously hilted scimitar which hung near, for I did not wish to talk about it then, and so escaped further remark. From the armory we went to the picture-gallery, where I found a good many pictures had been added to the collection. They were all new, and mostly brilliant in color. I was no judge, but I could not help feeling how crude and harsh they looked beside the mellowed tints of the paintings, chiefly portraits, amongst which they had been introduced.

"Horrid!—aren't they?" said Clara, as if she divined my thoughts; but I made no direct reply, unwilling to offend Mrs. Wilson.

When we were once more on horseback, and walking across the grass, my companion was the first to speak.

"Did you ever see such daubs!" she said, making a wry face as at something sour enough to untune her nerves. "Those new pictures are simply frightful. Any one of them would give me the jaundice in a week, if it were hung in our drawing-room."

"I can't say I admire them," I returned. "And at all events they ought not to be on the same walls with those stately old ladies and gentlemen."

"Parvenus," said Clara. "Quite in their place. Pure Manchester taste—educated on calico-prints."

"If that is your opinion of the family, how do you account for their keeping everything so much in the old style? They don't seem to change anything."

"All for their own honor and glory! The place is a testimony to the antiquity of the family, of which they are a shoot run to seed—and very ugly seed too! It's enough to break one's heart to think of such a glorious old place in such hands. Did you ever see young Brotherton?"

"I knew him a little at college. He's a good-looking fellow."

"Would be, if it weren't for the bad blood in him. That comes out unmistakably. He's vulgar."

"Have you seen much of him, then?"

"Quite enough. I never heard him say

anything vulgar, or saw him do anything vulgar, but vulgar he is, and vulgar is every one of the family. A man who is always aware of how rich he will be, and how good-looking he is, and what a fine match he would make, would look vulgar lying in his coffin."

"You are positively caustic, Miss Coningham."

"If you saw their house in Cheshire! But blessings be on the place!—it's the safety-valve for Moldwarp Hall. The natural Manchester passion for novelty and luxury finds a vent there, otherwise they could not keep their hands off it; and what was best would be sure to go first. Corchester House ought to be secured to the family by Act of Parliament."

"Have you been to Corchester, then?"

"I was there for a week once."

"And how did you like it?"

"Not at all. I was not comfortable. I was always feeling too well bred. You never saw such colors in your life. Their drawing-rooms are quite a happy family of the most quarrelsome tints."

"How ever did they come into this property?"

"They're of the breed, somehow—a long way off though. Shouldn't I like to see a new claimant come up and oust them after all! They haven't had it above five-and-twenty years, or so. Wouldn't you?"

"The old man was kind to me once."

"How was that? I thought it was only through Mrs. Wilson you knew anything of them."

I told her the story of the apple.

"Well, I do rather like old Sir Giles," she said, when I had done. "There's a good deal of the rough country gentleman about him. He's a better man than his son, anyhow. Sons will succeed fathers though, unfortunately."

"I don't care who may succeed him, if only I could get back my sword. It's too bad, with an armory like that, to take my one little ewe-lamb from me."

Here I had another story to tell. After many interruptions in the way of questions from my listener, I ended it with the words—

"And—will you believe me?—I saw the sword hanging in that armory this afternoon—

close by that splendid hilt I pointed out to you."

"How could you tell it among so many?"

"Just as you could tell that white creature from this brown one. I know it, hilt and scabbard, as well as a human face."

"As well as mine, for instance?"

"I am surer of it than I was of you this morning. It hasn't changed like you."

Our talk was interrupted by the appearance of a gentleman on horseback approaching us. I thought at first it was Clara's father, setting out for home, and coming to bid us good-bye; but I soon saw I was mistaken. Not, however, until he came quite close, did I recognize Geoffrey Brotherton. He took off his hat to my companion, and reined in his horse.

"Are you going to give us in charge for trespassing, Mr. Brotherton?" said Clara.

"I should be happy to *take* you in charge on any pretense, Miss Coningham. This is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

Here he looked in my direction.

"Ah!" he said, lifting his eyebrows, "I thought I knew the old horse! What a nice cob *you've* got, Miss Coningham!"

He had not chosen to recognize me, of which I was glad, for I hardly knew how to order my behavior to him. I had forgotten nothing. But, ill as I liked him, I was forced to confess that he had greatly improved in appearance—and manners too, notwithstanding his behavior was as supercilious as ever to me.

"Do you call her a cob, then?" said Clara. "I should never have thought of calling her a cob.—She belongs to Mr. Cumbermede."

"Ah!" he said again, arching his eyebrows as before, and looking straight at me as if he had never seen me in his life.

I think I succeeded in looking almost unaware of his presence. At least so I tried to look, feeling quite thankful to Clara for defending my mare: to hear her called a cob was hateful to me. After listening to a few more of his remarks upon her, made without the slightest reference to her owner, who was not three yards from her side, Clara asked him, in the easiest manner—

"Shall you be at the county ball?"

"When is that?"

"Next Thursday."

"Are you going?"

"I hope so."

"Then will you dance the first waltz with me?"

"No, Mr. Brotherton."

"Then I am sorry to say I shall be in London."

"When do you rejoin your regiment?"

"Oh! I've got a month's leave."

"Then why won't you be at the ball?"

"Because you won't promise me the first waltz."

"Well—rather than the belles of Minstercombe should—ring their sweet changes in vain, I suppose I must indulge you."

"A thousand thanks," he said, lifted his hat, and rode on.

My blood was in a cold boil—if the phrase can convey an idea. Clara rode on homewards without looking round, and I followed, keeping a few yards behind her, hardly thinking at all, my very brain seeming cold inside my skull.

There was small occasion as yet, some of my readers may think. I cannot help it—so it was. When we had gone in silence a couple of hundred yards or so, she glanced round at me with a quick, sly half look, and burst out laughing. I was by her side in an instant; her laugh had dissolved the spell that bound me. But she spoke first.

"Well, Mr. Cumbermede?" she said, with a slow interrogation.

"Well, Miss Coningham?" I rejoined, but bitterly, I suppose.

"What's the matter?" she retorted sharply, looking up at me, full in the face, whether in real or feigned anger I could not tell.

"How could you talk *of* that fellow as you did, and then talk *so to* him?"

"What right have you to put such questions to me? I am not aware of any intimacy to justify it."

"Then I beg your pardon. But my surprise remains the same."

"Why, you silly boy!" she returned, laughing aloud, "don't you know he is, or will be, my feudal lord? I am bound to be polite to him. What would become of poor grandpapa

if I were to give him offence? Besides, I have been in the house with him for a week. He's not a Crichton; but he dances well. *Are you going to the ball?*"

"I never heard of it. I have not for weeks thought of anything but—but—my writing, till this morning. Now I fear I shall find it difficult to return to it. It looks ages since I saddled the mare!"

"But if you're ever to be an author, it won't do to shut yourself up. You ought to see as much of the world as you can. I should strongly advise you to go to the ball."

"I would willingly obey you—but—but—I don't know how to get a ticket."

"Oh! if you would like to go, papa will have much pleasure in managing that. I will ask him."

"I'm much obliged to you," I returned. "I should enjoy seeing Mr. Brotherton dance."

She laughed again, but it was an oddly constrained laugh.

"It's quite time I were at home," she said, and gave the mare the rein, increasing her speed as we approached the house. Before I reached the little gate she had given her up to the gardener, who had been on the look-out for us.

"Put on her own saddle, and bring the mare round at once, please," I called to the man, as he led her and the horse away together.

"Won't you come in, Wilfrid?" said Clara, kindly and seriously.

"No, thank you," I returned; for I was full of rage and jealousy. To do myself justice, however, mingled with these was pity that such a girl should be so easy with such a man. But I could not tell her what I knew of him. Even if I *could* have done so, I dared not; for the man who shows himself jealous must be readily believed capable of lying, or at least misrepresenting.

"Then I must bid you good evening," she said, as quietly as if we had been together only five minutes. "I am *so* much obliged to you for letting me ride your mare!"

She gave me a half-friendly, half-stately little bow, and walked into the house. In a few moments the gardener returned with the mare, and I mounted and rode home in anything but a pleasant mood. Having stabled her, I roamed about the fields till it was dark, thinking for the first time in my life I preferred woods to open grass. When I went in at length I did my best to behave as if nothing had happened. My uncle must, however, have seen that something was amiss, but he took no notice, for he never forced or even led up to confidences. I retired early to bed, and passed an hour or two of wretchedness, thinking over everything that had happened—the one moment calling her a coquette, and the next ransacking a fresh corner of my brain to find fresh excuse for her. At length I was able to arrive at the conclusion that I did not understand her, and having given in so far, I soon fell asleep.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN CHANGE.

WE remember Paris as she was a year ago to-day. The glory of the Spring was upon her. All the day and all the night long the roll and roar of wheels resounded in her streets. Gay throngs crowded the sunny Boulevards; bonnes and babies gossiped and frolicked under the fresh shadows of the garden of the Tuileries; ten thousand carriages swept and sparkled up the incline of the Champs Elysées, and rolled down the Avenue de l'Impératrice to the Bois; exhibition after exhibition attracted multitudes to the Palais de l'Industrie; all the places of amusement were filled with pleasure-seekers; there was high revel in the Jardin Mabille and kindred haunts of dissipation, and all seemed prosper-

ous and safe. There was not even a cloud so large as a man's hand to give portent of the war which was so soon to burst in flame upon the doomed city and the nation which it represented. Among the gay throngs moved the Emperor—silent, assured, determined. The confident smiles of the Empress illuminated her pathway through admiring and devoted hosts. The little Prince Imperial rode his velocipede in front of the palace in his hours of solitary amusement—the admiration and envy of the humbler-born children who looked on from afar, and the hope and expectation of parental eyes that regarded him from the windows. With all the signs of discontent and rebellion among the bad classes of the city, and the local outbursts of disorder,

the empire never seemed stronger to the eye of a stranger than then. The empire was not only confident in and for itself, but it stretched still its hand over Rome, and held the quaking Pope in his seat, against the will of his subjects. It was a splendid, impressive power, armed to the teeth, and, by the menace of its arms, keeping all Europe awake and prepared for any possibility of conflict.

A few weeks passed away, and then came an event. A Prussian prince was brought forward as a candidate for the Spanish throne; and this event was seized upon by France and manipulated with a patent determination to make it a cause of war. Nothing in the whole history of the conflict that followed has been more evident than that the French government and people brought upon themselves, wantonly and without excuse, every woe which they have suffered. However much we may deplore the overwhelming spoliation and humiliation that have come upon France, we cannot but confess that her punishment is just. Precisely as the Prussian armies have marched from the Rhine to Paris, and marched into and through Paris, did the French army propose to march from the Rhine to Berlin, and into and through Berlin. "On to Berlin!" was their watchword. "On to Berlin!" was their inspiring song. Precisely as Prussia has taken from France her territory on the Rhine, did France propose, without the slightest provocation, to take from Prussia her territory on the Rhine. With a poetic justice that grows into something awfully divine, has Prussia inflicted upon France every evil which France, in her vanity and blood-thirsty hatred, had designed to inflict upon Prussia.

Spring has come again; but the change that has swept over France was not wrought by winter or by tempest. The empire is fallen, the people are starved or impoverished, the proud man of the Tuileries is an exile in disgrace, the French armies are destroyed, their material of war is captured, and the long heritage of glory bequeathed by manlier generations has been surrendered to the overshadowing power of the enemy. The Emperor is Emperor no more, but the number of Emperors is not less. William, who came out a King, goes back a Kaiser; and united Germany greets him with huzzahs and hallelujahs. A power that stood among the first, and looked down with proud contempt on all rival nationalities, is now no power at all. Her prestige is gone, her wealth is wasted, her armies are destroyed, her pride is humbled, her territory is rent, and tens if not hundreds of thousands of her bravest fill the graves of soldiers or pine in pestilential hospitals. A whole generation cannot repair the losses of the last few months.

This triumph of Prussia over France has a broader significance than appears to the unthinking observer. It revolutionizes the leading influences of Europe. It is the triumph of the Teuton over the Latin, of Protestantism over Romanism, of the new civilization over the old. The Latin races, with their intriguing priesthood, their ignorant, poor, and superstitious

peoples, their monkeries and nunneries, and relics and shams, are sinking to decay. Italy, France, and Spain are all in trouble, while Portugal is hardly counted among the nations, so insignificant and powerless has she become. All are bankrupt, and neither seems to hold within itself the power of recovery. France is a republic to-day, nominally; but those who know France well, will be surprised if she remain a republic for a year. The whole head of France is sick, and the whole heart is faint. The Latin blood, wherever it flows, seems to be weak and corrupt. There are men of ideas and pure life and noble aspirations in all these countries; but what are they, and what can they do, against a church organization hoary with experience and perfectly united in its object—that object being the perpetuation of its own power, at whatever cost, against all the encroachments of freedom and free thought? Spain knows, Italy knows, and poor France will know within a twelvemonth. Nothing but universal education—instituted, controlled, and directed by the State—and a free Bible with free men to preach its truths, can save the whole Latin race from fatal degeneration and decay. Without these regenerating influences France will follow Spain and Italy into a powerlessness that will be alike her protection from national jealousy and her degradation from the world's respect. Bound as these peoples are by so many chains, it is impossible for them to hold a respectable footing in the race of freer nations for power and greatness. The Teuton blood, with its affiliations, is the blood of the future. The Teutonic languages are the languages of the future; and Protestant civilization, under various forms and phases—moving through various modes of progress—is the civilization of the future. Does any one doubt it? Let him point to a single Catholic nation that is making progress to-day, and to a single Protestant nation that is not!

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

A PECULIAR feature of the legislation of the past winter has been the unprecedented number of measures designed to secure more general and more regular attendance of children at school. Not only in the National Legislature, but in several of the State Legislatures, bills have been introduced for the promotion of public education by devices ranging from penalties for non-attendance at school, as proposed in the State of New York, to rewards for regular attendance (by remission of taxes), as proposed in Illinois. Though these schemes have been, for the most part, unsuccessful,—the time not being ripe for them, as their friends allege,—they have shown very clearly the drift of public opinion. The nation has been aroused to a sense of its educational poverty, and is earnestly casting about for a cure. It has learned that some millions of its population are illiterate; that millions of children are growing up unschooled; that ignorance is everywhere associated with, if not related to, poverty and crime; and that the productive force of the coun-

try is seriously weakened by lack of intelligence. The natural inference is, that a wider diffusion of elementary instruction would go far to inaugurate a happier state of things. And the inference is just. But when people assume, as the advocates of compulsory schooling do, that the instruction now given in the schools is a certain cure-all for the evils noticed, and that the one thing needful is some means of bringing all the children into the schools and keeping them there, then their position may be reasonably questioned. It is by no means evident that such an extension of the scope and power of the public schools would be an advantage. Indeed there are reasons for suspecting that it might prove a national calamity unless a radical change were first made in the matter and methods of popular teaching. Let us not be charged with hostility to public schools. We believe in them firmly. It is not only the wisest policy but the highest duty of the community to make education a public concern, and to see to it that no poverty, indifference, or greed shall be suffered to deprive the young of suitable opportunities for instruction and culture. We believe, further, that a well-devised and properly-conducted system of public schools is the directest, cheapest, surest, and best means for securing the instruction of all classes. Nevertheless, we seriously question whether the existing system is anywhere near that state of perfection which would warrant us in stereotyping it, and enforcing it on all children. We are by no means sure that the instruction given in the schools is, in the main, such as the children need. We doubt whether the mental habits fostered by the schools are really beneficial to inhabitants of a working world like ours. We doubt whether instruction is offered at the most suitable times and for the most suitable periods. In short, there is not a feature of the popular school system that we should not wish to have carefully reconsidered before extending its sphere and power. The perfection of the system is to be found in Boston. It is the professed desire of the advocates of compulsory education to secure, as far as possible, to all the children of the land, the school advantages provided by that city. In view of the testimony of the hundred and fifty physicians who have joined with the parents of the pupils in the Boston Latin School in protesting against the system of long hours and cramming enforced in that school in particular, and in the public schools in general, we may be pardoned for accounting those "advantages" something fearful. "I cannot doubt that the modern system of forcing the tender brain of youth lays the foundation for the brain and nervous disorders of after years—the cases of melancholia, paralysis, softening of the brain, and kindred diseases becoming so fearfully prevalent." So writes Dr. Clement A. Walker, Superintendent of the City Hospital for the Insane. Dr. George A. Stuart adds: "Of late years the majority of diseases seem to have assumed a nervous type, which in most cases may be traced to over-taxation of the mental powers of the young, both male and female." And Dr. J. B. Tread-

well: "Hundreds of pupils of our public schools are ruined in health every year; this I know from personal observation." And Dr. H. F. Damon: "The amount of vital power has its limits, and these limits, in my judgment, are far exceeded by the present system of overtasking the pupils in our public schools." Dr. E. B. Moore writes that he has a son now in the insane asylum, "the result of excessive study and disappointed ambition."

We do not infer that such would everywhere be the inevitable results of the proposed extension of public schooling, but such results would be possible, indeed probable, unless the system were materially modified; and we ought to be very cautious in erecting a national god so likely to turn out a Moloch. If the choice lies between healthy ignorance and "an overtaxed brain, a dwarfed body, a weakened intellect, a variety of diseases, and a premature grave,"—which Dr. P. D. Walsh says is the natural, or unnatural, result of the current system of schooling,—commend us to an abundance of healthy ignorance.

Even if much study were never a weariness to the flesh,—if the requirements of the schools could be complied with without any risk of broken health, the present cost of schooling would be needlessly great. The complaint that our schools are spoiling our more promising youth for work,—that they foster foolish ambitions and aversions to material pursuits, is not wholly without foundation. Ten or fifteen years of exclusive devotion to books is very apt to develop tastes and habits unfriendly to productive labor. The youth leaves school a young man (in his own estimation at least), and very likely with exaggerated notions of his own importance. He is too old, and too proud, and "too much of a gentleman" to begin at the bottom of any craft, and, by doing boy's work, acquire that familiarity with details on which the mastery of any business depends. Besides, in most cases, he cannot afford the time for such an apprenticeship. He must begin to earn wages at once. The consequence is, the country is full of unprofitably "educated" men, who, having neither rude strength nor skilled hands, are glad to get employment at lower rates than are paid to common laborers. The loss to the country from this needless diverting of youth from productive labor is beyond estimation. It is due very largely to the unwise requirements of the schools in the matter of time. They suffer no rivals. Their pupils must give the best part of the day, regularly, to school-work, or withdraw. It may ruin their health, and deprive them of opportunity to acquire the practical business training on which their future happiness and usefulness will chiefly depend. No matter: the character of the school is at stake, and the school, not the student, is the primary consideration. The Boston Board admit this inversion of the proper order of things with unconscious frankness, in their refusal to lessen the amount of study required of the Latin School boys. "It would be impossible," they plead, "to point out any eminent school of this

grade in which a less number of hours is found sufficient."

At the lower end of the social scale is another class of victims to the unwisdom of our school conductors. The records of our Board of Education show that half the children who enter the schools never pass beyond the primary grades; that is, they leave school before they can read a newspaper, or work a simple sum in fractions. Mrs. Holmes's "Children who Work," in our last number, tells what becomes of the most of them. Their sad condition justifies legislative interference; but it would be going to as injurious an extreme to compel them to stop work entirely, and go to school all day. They must live; and they must earn their living soon, if not now. The school of letters is to them a need, the school of labor is an absolute necessity: and, as things are, they cannot take both. Nevertheless, they could have, and should have, both; and we believe that the public schools ought to take the first step toward making this consummation possible, by offering instruction at such times, and for such periods, as shall least conflict with the primary requirements of the children. The current six-hour system is destructive at both ends, and in the middle. It is ruinous to health, it prevents the practical education of the well-to-do, and it shuts out from school privileges that large class which cannot command the whole day for book-learning. A system so doubtfully adapted to the circumstances of the case needs very careful looking to before it is made absolute in power and dominion. Indeed, our Boards of Education are in urgent need of some scores of Huxleys to insist, as Professor Huxley did at a late meeting of the London School Board, on a reconsideration, not only of the subjects and methods of elementary instruction, but of the hours given to schooling. Our public schools may never become perpetual fountains at which all may draw as they have opportunity; but they will cease, we hope, to hedge themselves about with needless exactions and impassable barriers. They will not insist on six hours' attendance a day, when three hours are the limit of profitable study; nor will they insist on three hours' study, or none, when any number of children can command but one hour.

THE INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION.

THE Black Sea Conference in London has reconstructed the Treaty of 1856 and adjourned, and before this Magazine reaches our readers it is probable that the Washington Conference—the "Joint High Commission," as its awkward official title is—will have completed the practicable portion of its work. A complete settlement of all the questions at issue between the United States on the one side, and Great Britain and her North American Colonies on the other, can scarcely be looked for at the present time. That would involve the independence, if not the annexation of Canada, for which neither England nor Canada is

yet quite prepared. But there is no reason why the International Commission cannot settle the disputes about boundary, fisheries, and the Alabama claims,—meaning by the latter all the controversies growing out of the unfriendly attitude of England toward us in the late civil war,—no reason, unless it be that the English government does not yet recognize the necessity that plainly lies before it. That necessity is to come to the American terms in the neutrality dispute, or else be forever hampered by the false position which England now finds herself in.

The appointment of the International Commission took both countries by surprise in early February, and was welcomed, for the first few weeks, in both countries. It was felt to be a great step towards a peaceful settlement of a long-standing quarrel that might, sooner or later, end in war. When the limited powers of the Commissioners became known, and the difficulties of the case began to be realized, there was a reaction from the first feeling; and since the unfortunate culmination of the quarrel between President Grant and Senator Sumner, a great many Americans and Englishmen have doubted still more seriously whether the Commission would result in an acceptable treaty. We believe that it will; though, as has been said, it may not be a treaty covering all the points in dispute. It was not at first intended by the British government, which proposed the Commission, that it should deal with any but Canadian questions. Indeed, the Commission, as first proposed, had a purely Canadian origin, and grew out of certain suggestions made by Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian premier, to the Imperial government, and by his friend, Sir John Rose, to our government. As originally contemplated by Lord Granville, the British and Canadian members were to be but three—Sir Edward Thornton and the two Canadian knights just mentioned. When, at the instance of Secretary Fish, the Alabama controversy was referred to the Commission, Earl de Grey and Prof. Montague Bernard were added, and Lord Tenterden, a grandson of Abbott, the famous lawyer, was made secretary. The latter, though a peer, is a clerk in the British Foreign Office; and Prof. Bernard, though he lectures at the Cambridge University, is also intimate with the Foreign Office papers, and in his book on "The Neutrality of Great Britain" is little other than the mouth-piece of the British government. In connecting these two men with the work of the Commission, the Ministry signified that the British side of the Alabama question should have full justice done it, for both Lord Tenterden and Prof. Bernard are perfectly familiar with the controversy and the British line of argument. The American side is represented, though not so forcibly, by Secretary Fish and his assistant in the State Department, Mr. Bancroft Davis, who acts as secretary of the American half of the Commission. It was a mistake, we think, not to have put on the Commission either Mr. C. F. Adams, Mr. Caleb Cushing, or Mr. George Bemis, who, with Senator Sumner, are the four Americans best informed in

regard to our whole controversy with England. But as Mr. Sumner has been consulted freely by several of the Commissioners, and will have a voice in ratifying the treaty made—as Mr. Cushing is on familiar terms with the State Department, and Mr. Bemis is the college class-mate and intimate friend of Judge Hoar, it is probable that the information and the abilities of three of these four persons have been really at the service of the American Commissioners, and have helped direct their deliberations. Mr. Adams stands a little aloof from public affairs, and probably would not have sacrificed his leisure to this work.

The whole Commission is able and respectable, without including, on either side, the men of most distinction in diplomacy or politics. The oldest of the American members, Judge Nelson, is an able and learned judge, politically affiliated with the Democratic party, and not specially familiar, so far as we know, with diplomatic affairs. The same is true of Gen. Schenck, who was a Republican leader in Congress more by force of will and character than by profound statesmanship. Secretary Fish has for two years rather reluctantly, and amid many difficulties, directed the diplomacy of the country, but cannot be said to have mastered his subject completely. Judge Hoar, who, in natural strength of mind, is inferior to no man on the Commission, has also but comparatively a recent acquaintance with the matter in hand; and Senator Williams is in the same category. Of the English Commissioners, Lord de Grey is the highest in rank and the most versed in official life, being the son of a peer and a prime minister, and early entered upon his course as a hereditary legislator and governor of England. Sir Stafford Northcote has long been in Parliament, and Sir John Macdonald has had intimate acquaintance with Canadian politics for many years; but no one of the three has ranked as an expert in diplomacy. Sir Edward Thornton and Prof. Bernard are thoroughly at home in some parts of the case they have had in hand, and so is Lord Tenterden. Perhaps the best way to describe the twelve Commissioners (including the two secretaries) is to speak of them as an able jury, some member of which is booked up on every point of the case.

The possible conclusions of the International Commission are three: either they will settle all points at issue, or none of them, or some and not others. Even if they should be so fortunate as to agree upon all in their own deliberations, it is by no means certain that the two countries will ratify their action. The anomalous position of Canada is likely to be the greatest obstacle to a complete settlement, and we have no right to expect that the obstacle will be wholly overcome. The probabilities, as we write, are that our countrymen will regain and extend the rights of fishery which they had by the treaty of 1783, and will secure free navigation of the British American waters. A cession of some portion of British American territory is not impossible, though what is more probable is the establishment of all British America as an independent nation, and the

withdrawal of the British flag, in this way, from our continent. Canadian independence, as a step towards commercial reciprocity and ultimate annexation, is regarded with favor by Gen. Grant and the State Department, and would be acceptable, no doubt, to the United States. It ought also to be acceptable to Canada herself and to England.

In the old controversy about the proclamation of neutrality, the fitting out of rebel cruisers, etc., England has already come more than half way over to our position. The Franco-Prussian war had scarcely begun when the British Government was forced to modify the neutrality laws of which we complained so much during our war, and they were modified wholly in the direction of our complaints. Had the new law existed in 1861, the rebel cruisers never would have left the shores of England. A formal recognition in the new treaty of this change in British law, and a reasonable compensation in damages for the depredations of the Alabama, and perhaps the other cruisers, would meet all the requirements of this portion of our claims, and it would seem that this would be granted. As to the proclamation of neutrality, the British claims for damages, and the questions arising out of the Fenian raids on Canada, it will not be impossible to come to an agreement if each side is willing to concede something. But, on the other hand, there are accidents that may interfere with any present settlement of some of these points, and if three out of four of the matters in dispute are amicably arranged, it will be enough to justify all the applause the Commission has received. Let us hope for this, at least, and for as much more as may be vouchsafed us.

MR. WELLS'S REPORT ON TAXATION.

THE appointment of a "Commission to Revise the Laws for the Assessment and Collection of Taxes" in the State of New York, is one of many indications that the country has grown restless under the load of taxation which has been imposed upon it partly by the war, and to a hardly less degree by the growth of expenditure—national, State, and local—for new objects. Much of this expenditure is quite defensible, as promoting the rapid development of the country and its communications, by means of which wealth has been created far more rapidly than it has been absorbed. But it is the vice of large expenditures of public money, even for the best objects, that they breed carelessness, if not corruption, in those through whose hands they pass—evils more threatening to the country than any other to which it is now exposed. If there were no other argument against high taxation, the host of corruptible servants which it involves, who are not in this country under any rigid responsibility or strict discipline, is so dangerous to the public virtue, as to demand the simplification of systems and the reduction of the number of agents.

As a people we have hitherto been so lightly taxed that the methods of taxation have been less regarded

than they must be hereafter. The sole aim has been to get the money, without much thought as to the effect of the process upon the earning capacity of the people. Hence our methods of taxation have been clumsy and devoid of principle, and the laws which established them have been openly violated or widely departed from in practice. In the older countries of Europe, on the contrary, the *incidence* of taxes,—how they fall upon classes of property or of persons, and their effect upon production and trade,—is a question long discussed, and lying at the bottom of most of the measures of revenue reform.

The Governor of New York, with a view to getting the best help for the solution of this difficult problem, placed at the head of his commission a gentleman of political sentiments opposed to his own, but of distinguished reputation, won while serving the General Government as Special Commissioner of Revenue. The name of Mr. Wells was a guaranty that the work of the Commission would not be of a partisan character, and that it would be prosecuted with thoroughness and impartiality. The report now presented justifies the public expectation. It presents a mass of facts respecting the assessment and collection of taxes in this country which has not hitherto been accessible to the people. If the Commissioners had rested there, they would have materially lightened the task of future reformers; but their office being "to revise the laws," and not merely to present facts, they have proceeded to draw most important deductions from these facts, and to make recommendations which, whether adopted or not, will no doubt influence future legislation.

They find that there are three principal objects of taxation in this country—namely, real property, personal property, and corporate franchises. The first and last of these are either visible or incapable of being concealed, and there is no difficulty in reaching them for assessment. The second class—personal property—is only in part tangible, or open to scrutiny against the will of the owner; and this it has been found impossible to reach and tax fairly by the most skillful devices of legislation. Nothing short of the constable with his search-warrant will compel an unwilling man to disclose what he has in his pocket. Taxation of personal property is therefore dependent on the rack and the thumb-screw, and the Book of Martyrs is full of instances of men who, in defiance of torture, have died and made no sign. But if it were free from this difficulty, it is very doubtful whether this species of property ought to be as heavily taxed as the other classes named. It is the active, movable wealth of the country, the tools of every trade, the motive power of all industries. The profits of last year waiting to be invested in the next—technically the loan fund—on which all business depends, form a part of it. Taxation is friction, and friction is the worst enemy to machinery. How can the mill which grinds the nation's corn be expected to turn out its full capacity of grists if we are perpetually clogging the wheel, or putting stones into the hopper?

It would not, however, be just to exempt all personal property from taxation, for the wealth of many persons consists chiefly of it, and all citizens should contribute to the support of government. A large portion of it is invested in corporations, and these, where in the nature of monopolies, the Commissioners propose to tax. This is obviously just, as they exist only by law, and enjoy valuable privileges which they derive from the sovereign power of the people. Thus it is that the railway companies acquire the right of eminent domain, and banks the privilege of issuing their notes to circulate as money. Thus the aqueduct and gas companies get the right to dig up our streets; and thus all corporations alike are empowered to aggregate capital for important purposes without individual liability. The second proposition of the Commissioners is "to tax land, exclusive of buildings, at a uniform valuation of fifty per cent. of its true marketable or fair value." This proposition is arbitrary, but it has reference to the last proposition, which is the debatable feature of the scheme. It is suggested as an alternative, either to tax buildings at their full value, apart from the land on which they stand, as representing the property of the owner not invested in land; or, appraising both land and buildings at their full value, to assess the owner or occupant of them at three times the rent or rental value. These two propositions are not equivalent, and it is not easy to see why they are presented in the alternative. The whole value of a building is much more than three times its rental value, since the latter rarely exceeds ten or fifteen per cent. The Commissioners seem, however, to give no weight to the first plan, as they do not illustrate or discuss it, and it might well have been omitted from their report. The second plan, which they present with more confidence, has decided merit. It rests on the idea that the rental of a building, be it house, store, or workshop, indicates the means of its owner or occupant. Perhaps nothing, on the whole, indicates it so well. If this principle is admitted, and the rent is adopted as a unit of measure, it is of course quite unimportant whether the tax is assessed on three times the unit, or on a greater or less proportion.

This, in brief, is the system offered by the Commissioners as a substitute for the very unequal, arbitrary, over-reaching and under-reaching method of taxation now in use, not only in New York, but in all the States. It has simplicity, equality, certainty—the three elements demanded. It may not reach all classes of property or of persons, but it attains this end much more nearly than is done at present. If it is objected that many rich men are neither householders nor owners or occupants of buildings, the answer is, that such men are generally owners of corporate stocks taxed under the first head of Mr. Wells's system, or of United States bonds exempted from taxation on important public grounds. There will always be skulkers, and the ingenuity of man will never suffice to hunt them out. Laws and systems are devised for average men, and must not be condemned because

they do not reach the exceptions. It is to be hoped that so able a report as this, on a subject of universal interest, will not be without its fruits; and that it is

received with more than usual favor is indicated by the fact that a new and enlarged edition of it has just been issued by the Messrs. Harper.

THE OLD CABINET.

Of the many who are watching with curious interest the growth of Wilfrid Cumbermede out of the weird romaunt of his childhood, through his sensitive, questioning youth up to the full manhood foreshadowed, perhaps there are some who think there never were, in all the world, two such boys as Wilfrid and his friend Charley; that such speculative, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar" urchins do well enough in books, but are not to be found in the flesh, outside of them. Yet there are not a few who read the strange story with ever-growing wonderment; finding outspread here the secret record of their own early histories—the spiritual trials through which they passed, the mental agonies they endured. Manhood, with all its grave debates and burdens hard to be borne, has brought them nothing so terrible.—There are children whose days are darkened by no greater gloom than that of a petty disappointment. This is bad enough with some, Heaven knows. But there are others over whose lives a false notion of religion has thrown a pall which makes existence dreadful. Do you remember how little Marjorie Fleming pours out her soul in that quaint, sad journal of hers, written at the mature age of six: "O, what become of me if I was in danger and God not friends with me—I must go to unquenchable fire and if I was tempted to sin how could I resist it! O no I will never do it again—no no—if I can help it." "My religion is greatly falling off because I don't pray with so much attention when I am saying my prayers. I hope I will be religious again—but as for regaining my character I despair for it." Almost daily she deplored her badness, and how the devil got the better of her. "Remorse is the worst thing to bear, and I am afraid I will fall a martyr to it." Poor, little Marjorie, suppose she had been left alone with her solemn Mentor, "Isa," had not enjoyed the roystering companionship of her great hearted man-lover, Walter Scott.—To us Gilfillan's lurid but whole-souled Essays are lovable chiefly on account of the memory there enshrined of that other sweet child whose young life was clouded by the unsolved questions of the ages respecting life, death, and the judgment to come.

Unhappy, indeed, for such a child, if for guide and teacher it has one unappreciative, unsympathizing, schooled only in the conventionalities of ghostly counsel. A morbid conscientiousness, bringing about an over-exact, forced, unloving observance of the religious regimen; a brooding introspection, leading to the madhouse, or, less sad alternative, an early grave; these are among the things to be feared. These, and something else; a soul driven by the reaction—perplexed

and wandering—into regions of skepticism and infidelity.

SOME people possess an unconscious art of exasperation which is almost a thing to admire. We may suffer from it more than words can tell, and yet there is a fascination in its fine perfection; there is a feeling of inferiority on the part of the sufferer that fills the soul with envy. But the admiration and envy are the after-surge. In the presence of the artist, that is the tormentor, there is only anguish and indignation.

We had occasion once to make some inquiries at the advertising desk of the *Daily Idiot*. We suppose the time occupied by our conversation with the clerk at that desk was not more than two minutes and thirty-five seconds, yet the memory of those two minutes and thirty-five seconds—be they more or less—we expect to carry with us to our grave. It was a season of trial and temptation; of smothered passion and resentment; of madness and misery, followed by remorse. We did not want to kill the gentleman on the other side of the counter. No! we are naturally of a quiet disposition, with an unconquerable bias against murder. We merely felt a gentle desire to crawl through the little glass window at which we were talking, seize the nape of that long, unlovely neck, and incontinently kick the advertising clerk of the *Daily Idiot*.

And pray, what had he done, you ask?

Well, he had "done" nothing, we suppose, nor had he said much. The "subject-matter" of discourse was entirely commonplace; a simple business affair, nothing of an out-of-the-way or exciting nature was said on either side; an observer might have failed to notice anything that was at all uncourteous in look or language. It was only that frigid air of insolence; that way of making an honest man feel like a pick-pocket; that inimitable art of exasperation!

We have often wondered how such people get along in the world. We once cherished a theory that their days of prosperity are soon numbered, a brief basking in the sunshine of success, and then they are cut down and perish like the flower of the field that withereth; a few years, at the most, of irritating arrogance, and the world wearies of them and flings them aside forever. But we were mistaken. Alas! no such moral can be pointed to the tale. They live and thrive, have their salaries increased, rise to places of greater dignity as well as profit. It is an inscrutable dispensation. We may not be spared, sensitive fellow-sufferers! We may not even kick—except in a mild, metaphoric way;—we can only mingle our

plaints and our sympathies. We can only cherish a vain wish that we were Great Men traveling incog.—something like a President of the United States, or an ex-Emperor, or a millionaire with an idiopathy for purchasing newspaper establishments and turning insolent subordinates into the streets.

By the by, is it not a queer thing how men apparently conspire to push certain ungracious dogs into position and wealth—and they snarling and snapping all the while? There are those whose good-nature and urbanity have done wonders for them. We have known a ready, ringing, hearty, appreciative laugh to be worth a fortune to a man. Properly dispensed, it is the most invincible flattery that can be devised. It breaks down all barriers; opens wide the flood-gates of good-fellowship. It will win and hold you friends by the hundreds. Some persons marveled at the extraordinary success of our friend Brown, who went abroad, before the war, on a confidential mission for the well-known house of Tight, Slack & Co. But it was no mystery to us. The fellow laughed his way through Europe. Mrs. Jarley's "crowned heads" themselves would have had to come down before the irresistible cheeriness of that laugh. The "Laughing Sergeant" of the Army of the Potomac was nothing to him. So much for the laugh. The smile—more subtle and seductive still—we know its power in society, its conspicuous emprises in the highest fields of politics. But if sweet temper and humanity are passports to prosperity, it does not follow that churlishness keeps a man down. There is old Gradgrind, one of the best hated men in the community—and one of the richest. Nor have his riches come from outsiders. His own unloving townspeople have poured them upon him. He is in the retail dry-goods trade—and a large trade it is—the largest in his line in all the town. He is a terror not only to his family and clerks, but to all shoppers. If you see him standing at the door of his store you slink past, and watch your opportunity to steal in and make your purchase when you are not likely to be met by his snarls and sour looks. Yet when young Stebbins—the manliest, most affable, and popular of his clerks—tired of his espionage and oppression, set up a stand of his own across the street, the public stoutly refused to buy young Stebbins's ribbons.

In the strange, querulous, stern face of her father (portrayed on page 26 of the magazine), one may read the

whole tragedy of Charlotte Brontë's life. Yet in the sombre web of her existence there shone one thread of silver, all the brighter and more blessed for the contrast—it was the warm, steady, unflinching friendship of her schoolfellow "E." "Ma bien aimée, ma précieuse E., mon amie chère et chérie," she calls her, in one of her earlier letters. "If we had but a cottage and a competency of our own, I do think we might live and love on till death, without being dependent on any third person for happiness." "What am I compared to you?" she exclaims: "I feel my own utter worthlessness when I make the comparison. I am a very coarse, common-place wretch." But the affection that overflowed in such loving extravagance was no passing sentiment. As life deepened, and grew more and more intense—and fuller of pain—for each, the closer became their attachment, the more constantly Charlotte turned for sympathy and support to her faithful companion. "No more of that calm repose," wrote Charlotte once, when her friend had gone away after paying her a visit at Haworth. In her, indeed, she found all the greater rest and refreshment because of the difference in their natures. Her individuality colors the Caroline Helstone of *Shirley*. It was to her that nearly all the letters were written from which Mrs. Gaskell drew the materials for that wonderful biography. It is she who now, in these pages, repels the charge of irreligion ignorantly raised by some against her friend, and gratifies the desire, on the part of the thousands in America who hold dear the memory of Charlotte Brontë, to know something more of a genius moulded by such unique surroundings to ends so remarkable and renowned; of a life the lesson of whose suffering and heroism is one of the best legacies Heaven has granted to this generation.

It will interest many to know that "The House Charlotte Visited" (pictured on page 24 of this number), was the residence of her school-fellow, the author of the accompanying Reminiscences; and that Miss Wooler, Charlotte's teacher at Roe Head, is still in the land of the living. And here is something from Charlotte herself—a strongly characteristic epistle

Sub—

mission - Courage - action when
practicable - there seem to be the weapons
with which one must fight life's long

battle

Yours faithfully

Charlotte

to "E."—which has never before appeared in print. It is one of her later letters, and, read in connection with the Reminiscences, helps to round out the story of her life:—

"DEAR E.—I am thankful to say that Papa's convalescence seems now to be quite confirmed. There is scarcely any remainder of the inflammation in his eyes. He begins even to look forward to resuming his duty ere long, but caution must be observed on that head.

"Martha has been very willing and helpful in Papa's illness. Poor Tabby is ill herself at present. Influenza has been almost universally prevalent in this district, and I have myself had a touch of it. * * *

"I write to you about yourself rather under constraint and in the dark, for your letters, Dear E., are most remarkably oracular, dropping nothing but hints. I can hardly guess what checks you in writing to me. There is certainly no one in this house to whom I show your notes, and I do not think they are in any peril in passing through the post.

"Perhaps you think that as I generally write with some reserve you ought to do the same. My reserve, however, has its foundation not in design, but in necessity; I am silent because I have literally nothing to say. I might indeed repeat over and over again that my life is a pale blank, and often a very weary burden, and that the Future sometimes appalls me, but what end could be answered by such repetition, except to weary you and enervate myself? The evils that now and then wring a groan from my heart lie in position, not that I am a single woman and likely to remain a single woman, but because I am a *lonely* woman and likely to be lonely. But it cannot be helped and therefore imperatively must be borne, and borne, too, with as few words about it as may be. I write all this just to prove to you that whatever you would freely say to me, you may just as freely write. Understand, I remain just as resolved as ever not to allow myself the holiday of a visit from you till I have done my work. After labor—pleasure, but while work is lying at the wall undone I never yet could enjoy recreation.

"Yours, very faithfully,

"C. BRONTË."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

THE MODERN MAYING.

"It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a-Maying early on the first of May." This custom survives among ourselves, but in a mutilated form and with far different intent. Where is the householder in this highly favored land who has not at least once in the course of his life watched the slow dawn of May-day morning, perched, Marius-like, among piled-up household gods, one sad eye dwelling on their frangible perfections, the other cast wildly forth in search of the coming carman—coming and still to come?

It is in quest of this Hibernian blossom that we go a-Maying. Groups of doleful fellow-citizens confront us in the street, occupied after like manner in "bringing in" the merry month. Carts, high-piled, rattle past us. We notice the bureaus ingeniously packed a-top of the decanters, the soup-kettle performing a dance over the face of the looking-glass, and fellow-danger makes us wondrous pitiful. Somebody's Parian Psyche flies from the top of a van, and, describing the arc of the parabola, alights upon the poultrie pavement with resounding crack. We remember our pet Venus in the entry at home, and groans, not loud but deep, escape us. Time presses. No. 37 must be evacuated ere nightfall, even though the skies tumble. Desperation wings our feet—we fly—we bribe—we protest—and trusting no promise, mount the hard-won vehicle beside the driver, and

"Lead the way
To light him to his prey."

Arrived at 37, what rueful spectacle presents itself? Smith, our successor, being a creature versed in re-
moves, and an earlier bird than ourself, has picked up a fellow-worm with a wagon at some unconscionable hour in the morning, and here are his goods encumbering the side-walk. Worse!—here is his parlor carpet being dragged through the hall over our carefully stacked valuables. We remonstrate; nobody listens—

Hibernia takes the helm—a great wave of chairs and tables surges up the steps to meet a corresponding billow outward bound. Crash, bang! our treasures vanish—are in the car somewhere—somehow; the book-box on the china-box, the bootjack at leap-frog with the engravings, and springing to his exalted perch, the presiding genius picks up the reins and is off at a canter:—

Rattle their bones

Over the stones,

It is nothing but furniture belonging to Jones!

Meantime, in a lonely up-town street the wife of our bosom awaits our coming. Like Sisera's mother, she looks from the window and cries, "Why tarry the wheels of the chariots?" The house is empty—unfurnished, save for an Etruscan card-receiver brought up the day before for safer keeping, and one empty blacking-bottle, relic of the late occupant. In the second story the children riot in high carnival—below stairs sit the servants with idle hands, growing hour by hour more sulky. At last wheels rumble. "They come," resounds from the watch-tower, and chaos begins. Hig-gledy-piggledy, the big, the little, the light, the heavy, are dumped in the hall. Nailed boots clatter up and down stairs, draughts pour in from open doors, a May dew of great density falls and baptizes the best furniture. As bodies tire, tempers rise. The children grow fractious and demand "dinner." Alas! the cooking utensils have been by mistake consigned to the very last cart. There is neither "horse-meat nor man-meat, nor a place to sit down," and night falls over the dreadful scene.

Next day brings agonizing discoveries. This article is found broken—that missing. Worse! all treasures have undergone a shabbifying process—more disheartening than absolute ruin. The favorite vase has lost a handle. Venus's nose betrays a dent. Everywhere are smears, nicks, stains—the Lares and Penates veil their faces and weep.

Such is our Maying! In place of painting poles with yellow and black, we paint ourselves (by simple

natural process) black and blue. The flours *we* strew emerge from capized barrels; our May-dues wash clean the pocket instead of the complexion. And though Bael has lost place among the deities and is no longer propitiated by rites of custard and oatmeal cake, something of black shadow still lies on the day once considered especially his own. Brown bread is no longer broken into knobs and tossed in air with the invocation, "This I give to thee, O hooded crow—spare my lambs; this to thee, O fire—spare my dwelling"—but modern heathenism, could it only believe the spell effectual, would gladly compound for like observance: "This I give to thee, O Irishman—spare my china! This to thee, O cart, have pity on my glass!"

But neither brown loaf nor white, prayer nor oblation avail. The work of destruction goes on, charm we never so wisely, and till the millennial time shall come of peaceful firesides and settled homes, May-day must remain a festival of terror, and the "merry month" be "brought in" after the sad fashion here depicted.

MAKING THE BEDS.

SPRING has come, dear, teasing Spring! For six weeks past she has been swinging the door of Winter like any mischievous child; now popping her pretty head into sight with beckoning smile, and bird-call for distant bobolink; anon, with rush of icy wind slamming the portal to, and tweaking the noses of such incautious blossoms as have ventured forth to peep.

But now the door is wide open and she stands revealed. Day after day fresher tints dye the grass. The leafy spray on elm boughs grows more dense, the air breathes hopefulness. It behooves us to be about our work, and smooth the brown beds in which last Summer's darlings have lain so long, silent and asleep.

Here and there little faces peep from beneath the covering. Japan lilies are throwing off the clothes and preparing to jump up—brave fellows, always prompt to hear the rising bell. Violets! Oh, how blue, how ineffably sweet! The sharp fingers of hyacinths are thrusting through the mould. Soon the whole hand will be visible with a palm full of flowers. Crocuses were astir betimes this year. They got their spring work mostly done in March, but their airy golden and lilac bubbles still fleck the border. Vines are a-bud; spirea and hawthorn prickly with minute leaves adown their brown branches; all things are faithful to their time, and Winter has rendered up his trust.

We meanwhile must attend to ours. Forks must let out the imprisoned earth to taste the Sun. Heaps of compost have been waiting long months for this special moment. Barrow after barrowful, in it goes. Rakes fill the air with clear metallic scrapes, suggestive somehow of Spring, and so delightful. Now comes out a neat fagot of tiny sticks, whittled by the boys in Winter evenings, a basket of flower seeds, the shining trowel. Slender fingers smooth the sur-

face and scatter over it the mysterious articles within which lurk like enchained genii what marvels of bloom, of grace, of tint and fragrance! Now the soft soil is strewed and patted close; the label is written—"Mignonette"—"Nemophila"—"Aster"—"Pan-y"—and to the warm hands of Spring we trust for the finishing touches.

And now, patience. It is never worth while to pull up either our radishes or our moral qualities to make sure that they grow; the roots strike best when left alone. Meantime there is plenty to do. Roses must be set free from their wrappings of straw or their subterranean hiding-places. The knife must be applied here and there. Near by the gardeners already are bending in the sun. Asparagus beds are being forked and salted; strawberry patches hoed and mulched; and, fed with refuse of weed and brier, gay little bonfires flicker in the sun.

And everywhere Spring's gentle touch supplements ours: tenderest of all in yonder woods, where hepatica and May-blossom and Quaker-ladies twinkle into life under her caressing fingers. In hidden coverts, wildest nooks, we see her at work, making gardens for the bees, and secret Edens which no eye save her own shall look upon. But even for us, her awkward helpers, she has a smile and a peculiar recompense all her own, never delaying nor denied to those who

"Go before to make
The paths of June more beautiful."

SALADS.

In early Spring the heart of man, by natural instinct, "lightly turns to thoughts of"—salad. Before the days of forcing-frames and canned tomatoes this instinct became a passion; people aspired after green food with a sort of thirst, watched for the first leaf eagerly as Noah; and when it came, like the little Bride of the Holly-Tree Inn, "abandoned of themselves to it with a perfect looseness." Even now, despite modern improvements, which give us green peas (slightly flavored with tin) in January, and hot-house strawberries at Christmas, the first crisp bouquet of real garden lettuce is an event—significant as a violet—forerunner of a long, delightful vegetable train.

There is poetry in salad. It has its literature—its history. The sage Evelyn did not disdain to "discourse of Sallets," nor Sydney Smith to sing its praise in rhyme. Reputation has been won by a Mayonnaise, and place and ribbon not thought too good for the lucky inventor. The variety is infinite. From simple vinegar and sugar to Vivian Grey's cucumber, which, when complete, was thrown out of window, every note of the gamut of taste is sounded. "In the composition of a salad, every plant should come to bear its part like notes in music," says Master Evelyn. There is kind and degree to suit each various fancy, and a bard for every sauce.

First and best, because simplest, stands French salad made of vinegar and oil, three parts of the latter to one of the former, salt, and pepper. For the proper

composition of this, an old proverb asserts there are four persons required—a miser to measure the vinegar, a spendthrift the oil, a sage to judge of the salt, and a maniac to stir all together. The oil should be pure, the salad-bowl heaped with freshest cress and lettuce duly mixed, and if the manipulator is skillful, the result cannot but be delightful.

For people who dislike oil there is cream-dressing, made in this wise: the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs are rubbed very fine with a silver spoon; to these add a dessert-spoonful of mixed mustard; blend the two thoroughly, then stir in a table-spoonful of melted butter and half a tea-cupful of thick cream, a little salt and cayenne, and, if desired, a dash of anchovy or Worcestershire sauce. Last of all, add little by little vinegar enough to make the whole a smooth, creamy mass, and pour it on the lettuce just before serving.

Salad Mayonnaise requires experience and a certain knack, which the French cooks say is a gift of Nature, and not to be acquired. Like the poet, a true salad-maker is set apart from his brethren by a mystic chrism

all his own. "The one essential of the Mayonnaise is oil—eggs boiled or raw form the basis of the mixture, the oil is added drop by drop till the paste is thick as custard and smooth as velvet—a few drops of vinegar or lemon-juice complete it. Serve in a small silver dish by itself, or poured over the lettuce, or in a wine-glass set in the midst of the lettuce-bowl."

In the hands of a practiced housewife salad becomes one of the economies of the table, working up all manner of residuary scraps, which without it would be cast aside and wasted. String-beans, button onions, a stray mushroom or two, cold beets nicely sliced and seasoned, boiled potato, fragments of cold chicken or meat, all find a place in the salad and lend it variety and flavor.

A pretty ornament for the middle of a dinner-table is made by crowning a bowl full of green lettuce with blossoms of scarlet nasturtium. The flowers are submitted to the dressing as well as the leaves, and add a certain piquant pungency to the dish which must be tried before it can be appreciated.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

ENGLISH WATER-COLORS.

THE condition of English art is one of the most curious anomalies in the history of mental development. A school without masters; patronage such for munificence and extent as the world never saw before; governmental encouragement such as no nation ever before gave, but without producing improvement in its general condition or purposes; the most absolute freedom of aim and catholicity of pursuit without the production of a single dominant motive; the most extravagant appreciation without producing a standard of criticism which receives the least deference from public opinion—these are some of the dominant traits of this art epoch in England.

There are now open in London three regular winter exhibitions of water-color drawings, which have been preceded by one of oil-color pictures, and will be succeeded by one of mixed oil and water colors, two more of water-colors, and two great exhibitions—the "British" Society and the Academy—of which the greater part are oil-colors. All these must be of pictures never before exhibited, and of them the Dudley Oil Exhibition, now closed, had about 600 pictures—the same gallery, now open for water-colors, has 665 drawings, one of the water-color exhibitions; that of the Old Society has, in this winter-exhibition, 389, and will have as many more in the spring opening; while the new Water-Color Society has, in its present collection, 355 drawings, with as many more to follow when it reopens in May; the new British Institution 350, and a new one, numbers unknown; the old Society of British Artists with about 600, and the Academy 1,200, making a total of about 5,000 exhibited, while at least an equal number will have been rejected, making a grand

total of 10,000 drawings and pictures painted for the season of '70, '71, to be followed by as many more next season, '71, '72. Then there are the local exhibitions in all the principal cities, the Scottish and Irish Academies. The French salon is a bagatelle to it!

Of this immense mass of product, it is almost pitiful to see how large a proportion is of work which no lover of art or human development can look on with hope or belief that the work was worth doing, or with any other feeling than one of regret that so many brains without ideas, and hands without power, should have been diverted from results of positive value to the production of work which has now no real value, and will, every year, have less and less pecuniary value. The development of water-color painting in England is so large, so original in many technical qualities, that it almost deserves the name of a school, and in it certainly are all the best results of the collective talent of the country. All the great masters of English art have arisen alone, and gone without a successful follower. Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, have no pupils; but the great number of more than respectable artists who began the use of water-color in England as their proper medium of expression—Varley, De Wint, Prout, Fielding, David Cox, and their *confrères* of the last generation—developed a taste for pure, fresh nature and the expression of those qualities of freedom and unschooled energy which are more in accordance with the English mind than scholastic excellence or the qualities of well-trained completeness, which, while they help mediocrity, sometimes trammel genius, if not in production, yet in appreciation of its best. The innate tendency of the English mind is to respect power in any shape more than training, or any perfection of the

thing in its kind. If it attains culture it is from its own impulse more than, like the French, from the drift of a system. It diverges, refuses to associate, maintains individuality as the first of the traits of life, prefers being its own slave to being any other mind's follower, and follows so badly that we justify the choice sometimes.

All this one finds in English art, and especially in the water-color school, which came out of the need to do something without great training and with energy and freshness. We in America have most unjust prejudice against water-color painting. For small work it has every advantage of oils, and some which no manner of painting in oil will give. It has a purity with difficulty attainable—and only after a long time occupied in the process—in oil; it has at least equal solidity and greater durability; it has, *sometimes*, the least possible tendency to fade under strong light, but it never darkens, as all oil-color does; and it enables one to do work which could never be so well done in oil. It has another advantage equally noteworthy in the economic point of view: it gives in little space, and at less expense than in oil, the higher qualities of art equally well. There are two small drawings of Turner's hung in Mr. Ruskin's drawing-room, which are, in every respect except handling, as powerful and artistic as the *great* pictures of the National Gallery—the Apollo and Hesperides. Thus, for fragmentary work, rendering of effects, etc., water-color is far beyond oil.

In the water-color exhibitions now open, though neither of the three has the importance of the spring exhibitions, there are still so many different developments of power and quality that one unacquainted with the material would hardly believe it to be the same in all the pictures exhibited. There is, in the Dudley Gallery, a strong, vigorously painted scene from Romeo and Juliet, by Miss Madox-Brown, painted in a solidly objective manner, dramatic and unaffected, and as vigorous as any oil picture can be; not far from it a large drawing by Madame Bodichon, as broad and masterly in treatment as the work of any living landscape painter in oil; and at the opposite side of the room is a large drawing of "Antigone giving the rites of Sepulture to her brother Polynices," by a Greek lady, Miss Spartali, as rich and intense in color, as replete with the *great* qualities of color as any oil picture which we shall see in the Academy exhibition next May. Yet it is more than doubtful if either of these ladies would have attained the purely mechanical mastery of oil-colors so as to give the same qualities in the same degree.

In the same room are some drawings of shells by a Miss Walker, which, for singular refinement of execution and lustrous local color cannot be excelled by any material—rapid, facile in execution and subtle in drawing. There are some pigs, by Briton Rivière, which remind one of Morland's. Two landscapes, by Miss Blunden, are as full of sunshine and glow of local color as any work of its kind by any painter in oils—as vigorous and effective, with a transparency in sky and water which belong to water-color only.

Its convenience, cleanliness, economy of time, labor, and material, and its portability, make it especially recommendable for women's work, and on every account it is to be acclimatized with us. The winter exhibitions of the water-color societies are nominally of "sketches and studies," and, though many elaborate works find their way into them, their chief interest is in those studies mostly from nature—rapid works which show in a most interesting manner how much may be done in a short time to tell largely and effectively the moods and phases of nature.

Amongst these are studies by Bramwhite, and some others which are absolutely indistinguishable from oil; others which, as especially some by Collingwood Smith, give an almost incomprehensible amount of result with so little labor; and again, studies of grave, tender twilight effects by Jackson, which are, for perfect tone, in treatment of simple picturesque material, unsurpassed by anything in modern painting, except the same class of subject treated by Turner.

Then, in the fresh, sparkling manner, more or less, of David Cox—blotchy, rapid, and decisive—are studies of woodland, by W. Burnett, which give a new phase of the material—depths of glade and leafy labyrinth, knee-deep herbage, and waist-deep ferns, with the moisture of the dew or the just-passed rain on them—the silvery grays of the old oak trunks, and the quiet gray greens of the inextricable foliage, all frankly and straightforwardly rendered, no rubbing out, no apparent reworking, no mystery but that of decision.

There are some skies by Moore, full of fine subtle form, luminous, glowing with sunlight, and exquisite in distance and aerial quality, danced to by sea-breakers full of freedom and swing;—grayer seas out in the open by Hayes, which have more of the surface and sparkle of brine than anything oil-color can do at its best, and of which one feels the drip and spray about the picturesque and well-drawn fishers' boats.

In figure-painting the results are less notably superior, yet even here one may find the best of the purely English work. T. Taylor, a remnant of the last generation of painters, has the firmness of drawing and freshness of execution which Cox and De Wint brought into landscape;—John Gilbert, for dramatic power in composition and power of drawing, within a limited range of feeling for character, has no superior in modern art. Of the minute and elaborate manner corresponding to Meissonier's, there are some pictures by Gow, well drawn and full of just action, painted with spirit, and yet great fidelity of detail—in some respects better than Meissonier;—some emulations of the style of Leys, by Pinwell, really remarkable for subtlety of drawing; and pictures by a pupil of Leys, Henry, whose fault is, that Leys might have painted them. Of men more properly foreign in manner, but domesticated here, are Guido Bach, whose figures have a vigor and clearness of style one never sees in English art, a result of academic study and severe discipline,—and Carl Werner, whose architectural pictures bring all the purity and richness of water-

color to a system of study deliberate and complete. His Eastern views are the best architectural work of the day.

And besides all these, there is an immense amount of work in all English exhibitions which shows a curious fragmentary possession of power and entire ignorance of its true scope, so that we see artists who can merely succeed in imitating local color with success, remarkable in its kind, but not of a great kind, immediately set about historical or dramatic work—men who can make a good stereoscopic representation of any given inanimate object, give us feigned relief of the human face, in which fidelity to the surface passes for portraiture;—intense, but utterly superficial wandering over nature, in which the real aim and uses of art are quite forgotten, if ever comprehended.

The first impression of an artistically trained foreigner on coming into the English exhibition must be—What chaos, what indirection, what earnestness, what native power, and yet what utter ignorance! Of the stronger motives, and the greater men, we shall speak when the more important exhibitions are open.

The disturbances in France have driven to England a number of French painters, whose habitual participation in the exhibitions can but produce excellent effects on English art. There have been for a long time French exhibitions in London; but separate exhibitions will never have the result of those which place works so different in quality side by side, and the hitherto almost rigid exclusiveness of the Royal Academy (still too illiberal and short-sighted) in yielding to common sense and artistic hospitality will not be without admirable influence both on art and on public taste.

WE rejoice to know that the Olive Branch is again waving over the lands beyond the seas, and sincerely hope that the untold sufferings of the recent conflict may teach men lessons that will induce them to be less rash in unsheathing the bloody sword. But it will be some time before we shall be able to imagine Paris as other than the besieged and struggling, the suffering and starving city. Indeed it will require years for the gay capital to wipe out the marks made upon it and its surroundings by its own guns and those of the enemy. It is doubtful whether the present generation will again see that gay and brilliant capital in all the glory of its recent years, and with its many attractions for the crowd of pleasure-loving strangers from every quarter of the world.

The Champs Elysées, for a few days occupied by the German hosts, may soon resume their gay and thoughtless frivolities for the people;—and the puppet-plays will doubtless ere long gather their admiring crowds around them, for the Parisian masses when in gay good humor like nothing better than the moral lessons taught them by the automaton players of the booths, where suffering virtue always comes off triumphant, the weak conquers the strong, and the small the great; where the stern creditor is always outwit-

ted by the unhappy debtor, and the sharp wife punishes the weak or dissolute husband with the broomstick. The more the biter is bit, and the more frequently the blows are laid on during these miniature comedies, the greater is the delight of a genuine Parisian crowd. But in the higher circles society is so torn and lacerated, and its leaders for the last twenty years are so scattered or annihilated, that a long period must elapse before Parisian society under a new *régime* can find its landmarks, and attain that consistency and influence that will give it character and gather a court around it. It is very doubtful therefore whether the tens of thousands of strangers from all parts of the world will hasten to their old haunts during the transition period that must ensue; they gladly joined in all the frivolities of the Carnival epoch, but it is not so sure that they will enjoy the lenten one that follows.

During this era of sorrow France will at least welcome to its bosom some of its most patriotic children, whose voices have been drowned by the excitement and passions of the contest, and who found it necessary for the moment to retire from the arena of a strife where circumstances were too strong for them. Among these we soon expect to see at their accustomed posts Guizot, Laboulaye, and Gasparin—the latter two so well known among us for their interest in our own country during the Rebellion of the South. Gasparin has indeed been very active in Geneva during all the period of his exile, and has endeavored to gain the ear of his countrymen by means of the Press of that town. He is the well-known leader of the French Protestants in France, and of great influence with the moderate liberals of the country. He endeavored with all the force of his rare genius and brilliant pen to reconcile his countrymen to the inevitable loss of Alsace, and wrote with great power in favor of making all that territory neutral ground, if possible a republic, so that the German and French lines might nowhere touch. His darling object has not been gained, but time may demonstrate that his was the wiser counsel. He and his Protestant compeers at least return to Paris, and will doubtless exercise a controlling influence in the adoption of measures best calculated to revive a suffering and humiliated country and soothe the bitterness of its grief.

THE NEW GERMAN EMPIRE rises like a phoenix from the ashes of its rival; but the victorious hosts return to their homes not as arrogantly exultant conquerors, but deeply impressed with the solemnity of their mission and the gravity of the work before them. As their venerable King has acknowledged the finger of Providence in the marvelous destinies that have overtaken his people, so do they seem inclined to thank God rather than their own swords for their victories. Their publicists, statesmen, and teachers are now all appealing to the people through the Press to rise to the dignity of the great task before them, and especially to obey the unwritten moral law of concord and unity that must now pervade every

heart in the solution of the problems before them. The great stumbling-blocks that have hitherto impeded their course have been the particular and separate interests of each individual State; but higher than these now rise the common interests of the different nationalities cemented by their mingled blood on the battle-field. Men who have bled together have a common sympathy, and the returning soldiers, whether of North or South Germany, cannot be kept in antagonism by the narrow-minded or scheming politicians of their respective States.

Germany now begins her work on a platform broader than ever before. She has not the least desire to revive the Empire of the Middle Ages, whose highest aim was to enslave the mind, teach the infallibility of human creeds, or exterminate heresy. It is to be a *New Empire* in word as in name, rooting in German soil alone, and bearing on its banner the mottoes of personal liberty in action and in conscience, and of equality before the law and the moral claims of the State. Its leaders totally disclaim any spirit of conquest beyond its own well-defined borders, and seem to be chiefly impressed with the necessity and policy of this judicious national creed.

A THORWALDSEN JUBILEE has been occupying the attention of the genial Danes of Copenhagen, who adopted the better part of celebrating the centennial of their great sculptor while neighboring nations were dealing in the art of destruction. Thorwaldsen bequeathed his large and valuable collection of sculpture to the State, which, in return for the fame and honor conferred on it by its favorite child, built a museum to receive them. The famous artist lives in the heart of the Danish people, and this festival was made an eminently popular one, as was proved by the universal interest in it exhibited by all classes. It took the form of a Jubilee Pilgrimage to the shrines of the master—first to his old home in Copenhagen, and then to the Thorwaldsen Museum, in the centre of which is the tomb of the cherished artist. The interior of the museum building is a broad, light hall covered with glass, and its most prominent attraction is a mound-shaped gravestone bearing the dates of his birth and death. The stone is covered round and round with luxurious ivy, and under it lies the vault containing the remains of the great sculptor. The sides of this hall are adorned with corridors, cabinets, and apartments filled with the creations of his genius. It seemed a spot created for the reception of just such an admiring throng as then filled it in respectful silence.

The elder citizens of Copenhagen have still a lively remembrance of the person of Thorwaldsen, for he died in 1844, and this celebration was made a touching homage to his personal worth as well as to his great genius. At the same time quite an effort was made by the artistic world to make it special testimony to him as an artist, with a view to revive an active love in his works that would result in more care of the Museum and a manifest improvement in some of

its accessories. For the last decade the Danish people have been so much engaged in their troubles with Prussia that they have insensibly neglected their art temple, and allowed it in some measure to assume a forlorn appearance. This celebration was partly intended to enlist the people of this lively capital in the project of a renewal of their shrine in several respects, so as to make it more attractive as a place of resort for citizens and strangers. Copenhagen, by the way, is a charming little city to visit, and we are glad to perceive that it is about to be brought into the direct line of European travel by the new steamers that will soon be plying between New York and Stettin, on the Baltic, which will, we think, touch at Copenhagen, though no announcement has yet been made to that effect.

VIENNA has also had its jubilee, and this time to a living hero, the aged poet Grillparzer. He has attained his eightieth year, and is yet as hale and fresh as our own Bryant. He has had a remarkable career in connection with the ruling house of Austria, for the freedom of his sentiments expressed so often in his verses made him no favorite with the ruling powers, although they greatly admired his genius and coveted it to their own uses. Grillparzer was a thorn in the side of the old Emperor Francis, and a great annoyance to Metternich. The poet was so popular with the people that they almost forced the court to give him an official position near it, and the Emperor was such a prosy old fellow that he could not bear the idea of having any one around him who was given to making verses. But, on the other hand, Grillparzer was so devoted to the House of Hapsburg, as was shown by his famous poem entitled "King Ottokar," that Francis was occasionally forced to cease his putting and reward the poet with a smile. And thus Grillparzer, through a whole *régime*, wavered between smiles and tears, and was sometimes the only individual in Vienna who gave any political life or discussion to its salons.

Grillparzer, though a loyal Austrian, had far more sympathy with German culture than with Hungarian or Slavonic tendencies, and this made him antagonisms among these nationalities and at the Imperial court. But it gained for him warm hearts in Germany, whose poets and authors gladly reckoned him among their guild, as he wrote his great works in their tongue. He has led a most busy life, and given to the world a splendid collection of poems and dramas that will ever be an ornament to the language and an honor to his country. His eightieth year was thought by his many admirers a fitting occasion to give him a significant testimonial of their love, and his countrymen were delighted to find affectionate words flowing in from every quarter. In Vienna all factions forgot the conflicts with the poet in bygone years, and from court to workshop joined in the celebration. The poets, dramatists, and journalists of all German lands sent in their loving words in the form of letter or despatch, and claimed a place in his heart as he had long had

one in theirs; and even kings wrote to him autograph letters in such terms as these from the monarch of Bavaria:—"My dear Grillparzer!—To the Nestor and hero of the German poets I send, on the eightieth celebration of his birthday, my best and kindest greetings. Posterity will think with pride of your immortal works, which also fill me with high admiration.—Louis, King of Bavaria."

FAIR ITALY is beginning to attract more than ever the attention of literary tourists and sojourners, on account of the political regeneration that makes it more acceptable, or at least more accessible, to travelers in search of profit or pleasure. We notice that Adolph Stahr, long and favorably known as one of the most genial and generous writers about Italian affairs, has just added to other volumes on Italy one bearing the attractive title of *A Glimpse into Free Italy*. He rejoices like a child in the fact that this most glorious land, after centuries of heavy oppression and spiritual and moral death, is now to open its arms to new liberty and activity. His works of the past have furnished stores of wealth regarding this country, with every phase of which he is so familiar, and the present one will form a fine contrast with the pictures of earlier days.

Another splendid Cicerone for Italian travel has appeared on the stage in the person of Holty, whom we scarcely know whether to call poet or *littérateur*. He terms his book *Alpine Magic and Italian Pictures*, and its pages seem to fully justify the title. He possesses the peculiar gift of clothing reality in a garb so fanciful as to make it most attractive, without removing it from the sphere of the real. Read the accounts of a hundred tourists who chat of Lago Maggiore or of Como, of the views from the Apennines or the sunny shores of the Mediterranean; go with them through the busy streets of Naples, or ascend to the summit of Vesuvius, then read this *Alpine Magic*;

or let these Italian pictures pass in review before you, and you will exclaim that such a Cicerone in the highest sense of the term you had never imagined in the flesh. The Alpine charms are found mainly on the summit of the Righi and St. Gothard, and the pictures have such headings as Isola Bella, Capri, and Pompeii. What pleasant memories rise in the bosom of the tourist at the recurrence of these magic names, and how much the world owes to a man whose genius aids us in seeing new beauties and enjoying new sensations in the pleasures of other days! Travel is the watchword of the hour, but few who enjoy its pleasures possess the true art of extracting all its profit or real enjoyment; and a genial and faithful Cicerone, who can cultivate the sense of the beautiful without destroying the practical or warping the judgment from the truth, is a treasure both as companion and teacher.

WE suppose that Professor David Forbes, of England, knows as much about the interior of the earth as any man living. In a late lecture he insisted that all the objections brought by geology, mathematics, or astronomy, against the old theory that the earth is a molten mass surrounded by a crust about fifty miles thick, are quite untenable. He would have us believe, while the outer layer of melted matter, just below the earth's crust, may be a kind of glassy slag, that, not far below this layer, a salamander bent on discovery would find the pure molten metals, of which the heaviest—gold, platinum, etc.—would be at the earth's centre. Very likely the mass of the earth is molten iron; and this view is quite corroborated by the fact that the broken fragments of some disrupted world, which, in the form of *aërolites*, are continually falling from the sky, are often metallic iron. But what a tantalizing thought it is, that just under our feet are countless tons of the precious metals, only waiting for John Whopper to let us know the route by which he passed through to China.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

NILSSON.

BEFORE these pages reach the public eye, the song of the northern syren will be hushed for the summer, and, removed from the witchery of her presence, we shall have opportunity for a little sober musical retrospection. For we may as well acknowledge frankly that we cannot judge Miss Nilsson while she sings. During her tour through the country there has been very little real criticism upon either her voice or her style. There have been rhapsody and rapture, and a deal of enthusiastic nonsense; and there has been, now and then, some very sharp censure. When critics differ so widely, it is generally safe to say that the truth lies between the two extremes of opinion; but the difficulty in the present case is not that neither judgment is a just one, but that both are just. The cultivated musician is right when he tells you that Miss

Nilsson is not a great vocalist; that in all the technicalities of art her method is crude, and sometimes coarse; that she cannot even breathe properly; that despite the extensive range of her voice, she takes the higher notes with evident difficulty; that the upper and lower registers are not perfectly fused, but seem like two distinct voices. All this is quite true, and it is true also, that when she returned to New York, a few weeks ago, after long travel, and sickness, and fatigue, there was a veil over those beautiful notes which delighted us so in the autumn; and there were signs of weakness and lassitude which we could not see without pain. But, on the other hand, the enthusiasts are equally in the right when they protest that this clear, pure voice—we speak of it as we heard it in the first glory of the season, and as we hope to hear it again—falls upon the ear with a charm that other voices sel-

dom bring; and this fair face, and these pretty ways, and these indescribable little sentimental breathings of melody, all fitting so well together, have somehow fascinated all the world. No criticism can explain this fact away. Nilsson is not a great artist, but she has captivated the popular heart. What a round of applause would have shaken Steinway Hall, the other night, if all the audience could have heard the reply of an elegant young gentleman to a lady who found fault with the *Ah! fors' è lui!* "Not sing well! You talk sacrilege. I wish I could get down in the dust and kiss the hem of her garment."

That is but a slightly exaggerated expression of the feeling with which the great majority of cultivated people—the ladies and gentlemen of society, who love music without knowing a great deal about it—listen to Miss Nilsson's wonderful little Swedish melodies and homely ballads, and to the operatic fragments which she acts as well as sings with such fine dramatic expression. Many of these same people will tell you afterward that the performance was not perfect; they missed something, they knew not what. But for the time the spell was complete; the influence was irresistible. The perfect purity of her tones affected them, as sensitive minds are sometimes affected by the beauty of a quiet landscape in which there is neither life nor motion. The delicacy of her style was so peculiar that at first it was readily mistaken for tenderness of feeling. The expression was so refined and soft that it was termed pathetic or religious, when it was really neither. The effect of a sentimental delivery and a charming personal presence was misunderstood. People called the singer sympathetic when she was only fascinating, and believed that she moved their hearts when she only captivated their imaginations. How often does she win the eloquent applause of tears? Handel's "Angels ever Bright and Fair" is accepted as one of her most touching and devotional songs. As we write, how vividly we recall the beautiful vision of that September evening, the rapt expression of the deep-set eyes, the attitude of heavenly aspiration, as she stood before us in her white robes and golden hair; and for a moment—we know not how she did it, nor where the art lay concealed—"she seemed to divide in a dream from a band of the blest." But we think of the tableau rather than the song; the superb acting rather than the music. And notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, we do not believe that Miss Nilsson appreciates the dignity and the pathos of Handel's sublime conceptions, or that she can ever be so far lifted up and transfigured by the spirit of harmony as to deeply stir the soul. There are two great singers, well known to us here, who illustrate, in rare perfection, the two qualities which Nilsson lacks. Parepa sometimes seemed to be so filled with the majesty of song that her grandeur was almost pathetic. Adelaide Philipps is almost without an equal in the power to call forth that profound emotion of the heart which is half pleasure and half pain. When she gives utterance to the passionate

plaint of Orpheus, or to that exquisite poem of sorrow in "Rinaldo," we know that she is singing right out of her heart, and is filled for the time with the same pathos that inspired Gluck and Handel. This is what we mean when we say that there are tears in her voice.

Nilsson is rarely majestic, and never truly emotional. She is always conscious of her art, and her art is intellectual and dramatic. For this reason she does not satisfy us in the oratorio, and even in the miscellaneous concert-room she is at a disadvantage. The operatic stage is undoubtedly her proper sphere, and if she should grace the boards of our Academy of Music next season, we may expect to see a far more brilliant development of her powers than the great concert-tour of the past winter has permitted. In "Hamlet," in "La Traviata," in many operas which depend largely upon the personation of individual character, we should anticipate for her a triumph. In "Faust" she would probably delight the town; but we have already had proof that there is a deep tenderness in the music of Margherita which she comprehends imperfectly.

THE DRAMATIC SEASON.

No department of city journalism has shown more general improvement in the past ten years than that which is devoted to the drama. If any of our readers will take the trouble to compare the New York newspapers of to-day with those—say—of 1860, they will find that at so recent a date as the latter, dramatic criticism was not a constant and well-maintained feature of most of our leading dailies, while the reverse can truthfully be said of nearly all of them now. And while we bear in mind the fact that in 1860 some of our most brilliant journalists served the public and won fame for themselves by acting as both the interpreters and judges of the best performances on our stage, we cannot forget that these irruptions of first-class talent into this range of writing were exceptional.

This is not wholly an "aside." It serves to give us occasion to say, that the drama in its highest forms has secured a far more general recognition, and therefore has become a more important feature of discussion.

Since the beginning of the present season we have been favored with a great variety of very good acting. Just think of the actors who have been with us, you who are always talking about the "degeneracy of the drama!" First of all, because he has done and is doing most to elevate our stage, there is Edwin Booth. It is unnecessary to criticize him, for he has been analyzed, and praised, and condemned in every possible form of favorable and unfavorable expression. There may have been more nearly perfect Hamlets in those halcyon days which veteran play-goers see through such a mist of cherished memories; but where is the other Hamlet, now, that could draw good houses a hundred successive nights in any city where Booth has been seen? We admit that we could wish for it a few bursts of such spontaneous phrenzy as used to drive the elder Booth's audiences into a temporary madness of admiration; but

we doubt if, on the whole, the elder Booth gave anything like as finished an interpretation of the Hamlet of the best modern criticism as his son does now. In the portrayal of such a character a colder temperament, a more analytical mind, and a more assiduous devotion to details may atone for a lack of abandonment to the doubtful and varying inspiration of the occasion.

† But it is Booth's Richelieu and Benedick that have been the talk of the past season. The former a masterpiece of careful study, and the latter a failure from overmuch study, as well as from Mr. Booth's lack of humor and liveliness. The public are so largely indebted to him for the superb stage outfit which he has given to both "Richelieu" and "Much Ado About Nothing," that one reluctantly finds fault with either; but we must say that if Mr. Booth's animated surroundings in both plays were more in keeping, we could dispense with some of the upholstery and fine scenery. To call most of his subordinates "supporting" actors is to apply a very complimentary and inapplicable phrase. They are, to a painful degree, hindrances to the effects produced by his own acting and by the magnificent scenery which he has so liberally provided. But we bear in mind the great difficulty of obtaining good actors for subordinate parts in this country. As soon, indeed, as any one of them obtains a little prominence here, he finds it too easy to become a "star" in some of our distant cities. Yet we look to Mr. Booth, who has done so much for our drama, to finish his labors by making his theatre a school for stock-actors worthy to help him produce the best plays in the language.

We do not forget that before Mr. Booth's return we had the pleasure of again greeting our always fresh and beloved Jefferson. Of his inimitable creation of Rip Van Winkle (sketched in an earlier number), when will the people tire long enough to allow us to see him in some other character?

A far different genius early in the season surprised us by her almost absolute mastery of a language of which, three years ago, she knew scarcely a word—we mean, of course, Janaschek. A strong—almost masculine—energetic, and very marked actress, she had already won the coldest critics by her originality and boldness. She was just the sort of woman to attempt the mastery of our difficult language; though few anticipated anything like the success with which she astonished the public on her reappearance here in English. Her victory was signal, and a worthy reward of her daring and perseverance. As compared with any other foreigner who has undertaken to use our language, her English is extraordinarily precise. Indeed, almost the only criticisms that could be made were suggested by her very scrupulous exactness in the pronunciation of words that we handle with more freedom. She is often stiff and "stagey," but her capacity of expressing the depths of passion is so great that we readily forgive her obvious faults.

And this reminds us of a far different German actress, who first dawned on us a few weeks since, and who has

carried captive our hearts by her fine and touching delineations of the gentler phases of passion. Seebach made no sensation; she scarcely even drew large houses, but she illustrated one type of acting more beautifully than any one else whom we have seen for a long time. She, too, belongs to the "natural" school, and depends wholly on her fidelity to healthy and legitimate conceptions of the characters she assumes.

The reappearance of Mr. Forrest was another noteworthy event of the season. There seemed, indeed, a sadness in the circumstances of his visit. In the opinion of the best judges he never before acted so well, with so few violations of good taste, with so notable an absence of that overwrought physical passion which once filled the galleries with astonishment and delight. Time and the decay of his once too great physical powers had reduced him to a moderation that was grateful to refined tastes, while the undoubted genius of the man never shone with a steadier light. But his day has passed. A new generation of play-goers, to whom his ancient methods were distasteful, had come in. He neglected, too, almost all the usual means for obtaining the public attention. Still his performances were appreciated and enjoyed by many good judges, who were free to confess that, with all his faults, Edwin Forrest was still a great actor.

At Wallack's a rapid succession of the best comedies in the language have been given, as they can be given in no other theatre in this country or in England, and that they have been appreciated by a succession of large houses is another proof of the fact that the taste for the better forms of the drama has not died out, and is not likely to do so.

Mr. Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre is in the same general line of effort as Wallack's, and suits the tastes of very much the same class of audiences; but its success has been signalized by the remarkable run of an American comedy which, in defiance of the entire army of the critics has achieved a career of most remarkable length and prosperity. Mr. Howard's "Saratoga" is amenable to many severe criticisms, but it has conquered the principal requirement of a successful comedy—it has made people laugh. How much of its success has been due to the almost uniformly good cast given it, and how much has been owing to familiarity with the scenes and situations represented, we shall not attempt to point out. But its success should stimulate authors and managers to work in the field presented by the follies of our American life.

DARWINISM.

FOR some years the discussion of the origin of species has been progressing, but has rather avoided the real centre of interest, the question of the origin of man; although it has been plainly enough seen what was the tendency of the arguments, and that the main battle would be fought here. But within a few months the batteries have been unmasked and the question is squarely discussed. Mr. A. R. Wallace, who inde-

pendently announced what he called the great law of "Natural Selection," first came out with an argument to prove that man was descended from ape-like progenitors, but that he varied in so many respects from what might have been expected, that there were evident proofs that a Higher Intelligence had modified and directed the operations of natural law. The most important contribution, however, to this subject is Darwin's long-promised *Descent of Man*, just issued by D. Appleton & Co.

He is able to see nothing that cannot be explained by the laws of nature, and traces the probable ancestry of man through the monkeys of the Old World (probably not the gorilla nor one of the largest species), then the family of lemurs, then that of the kangaroos and opossums, then of the Ornithorhynchus, which was the son of a reptile, which was the son of a fish, which was the son of an Ascidian mollusk, which was the son of a worm, which was the son of a coccolith, which was the son of an amoeba, which was the son of—we don't know what; superficially, at least, quite a different genealogy from the biblical one, ending with "Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God." But the main argument of Darwin—an argument so much made up of small points mutually strengthening each other, though of little weight alone—is the old familiar one used by geologists a generation ago, in reply to theologians who insisted on their chronology of the earth as only six thousand years old. They used to say, "Can it be believed that the God of Truth would have created the earth with such strata and fossils as it contains simply to deceive his creatures with the belief that they had been gradually deposited, and that all these animals and plants now extinct once actually inhabited the earth? Is the earth a lie?" This is just the substance of Darwin's argument. Is it credible that man can be a separate creation when he possesses so many rudimentary muscles and other organs, and exhibits so many variations, all perfectly explained in the theory that they are inherited from an ape-like ancestor, but in any other theory nothing less than a base deception?

We have put his argument in its most striking form. It will doubtless immediately call out a host of champions to assail its wealth of facts and its conclusions. Though the younger scientific men have been greatly attracted by the new theory, the older scholars have held more aloof, and insist that the old opinion, that man was a special creation of God, has other arguments than the generally received exegesis of Genesis. And it is reassuring to those who are worried by what seems to them the ungodly theory of Development, to find that so many of its ablest defenders, like Owen, Wallace, and St. George Mivart, believe they see abundant proofs that a Higher Power has modified the progress of development, compelling it to travel in certain fixed lines, and toward certain desired ends.

Just behind the question, whether one living species can be developed out of another by the ordinary forces

of nature, lies the most vexed question of all: whether nature will develop a living species at all out of dead matter. Scientific men, since Pasteur, have rather avoided the question, apparently not caring to shock too many prejudices at once. But it is about time that the question were met, and a few months ago Dr. Bastian, a respectable English physicist, seemed to have almost settled it, by experiment, in the affirmative. He partly filled some glass tubes with the chemical substances found in organic matter, and exhausted the air, thinking that a less pressure might allow a freer re-arrangement of particles, and requested Dr. Frankland, a distinguished chemist, to expose them for some hours to a heat considerably above boiling-point, for the purpose of destroying all germs of life. The tubes were then taken out, and after some weeks' exposure to light at a moderate temperature, the contents grew turbid, and a sediment settled, which, when examined by the microscope, showed clusters of cells, and particles in lively motion. This experiment he regarded as a conclusive proof of "spontaneous generation." But Professor Huxley publicly ridiculed his experiment, much to Dr. Bastian's disgust, insisting that the cell-clusters which he had found were utterly without life, and in fact seeming to prove that one of them, curiously fringed, was only a minute sprig of moss that had been accidentally put in with the solution. Dr. Frankland has just repeated the experiment. He took the same solution, exposed it for four hours to a heat of 310° F., and then gave it moderate heat and sunlight for five months. The contents became turbid, as in Dr. Bastian's experiment, and dropped a sediment. The tubes were then opened, and this sediment examined by himself and by Professor Huxley. The descriptions and figures of Dr. Bastian were found to be quite accurate; but the "figure of eight" particles, which he had described, were found to be entirely lifeless. The movement among them, which was noticed abundantly, was only what microscopists are familiar enough with, as the "Brownian movement," common to particles utterly devoid of life. The flocculent sediment consisted mainly of particles of glass, which the heat of the solution had corroded off from the sides of the tube. And so Professor Huxley appears in the new light of the successful champion of the old-fashioned notions against the pretensions of "modern science." Still he does not deny that Nature can evolve life without the special fiat of a Creator, but only asserts that she never yet has been seen to do it.

"THE UNKNOWN RIVER," ETC.

WORDSWORTH might like to come back to earth for a summer, and voyage with Philip Gilbert Hamerton down some "Unknown River!" If this supposition seem extravagant to any man, let him buy and read *The Unknown River, an Etcher's Voyage of Discovery*, by P. G. Hamerton: Roberts Bros., Boston. It is not easy to write soberly about this book while fresh from its presence. The subtle charm of the very title

is indescribable : it lays hold in the outset on the deepest romance in every heart : it is the very voyage we are all yearning for. When, later on, we are told that this "Unknown River" is the Arroux, in the eastern highlands of France, that it empties into the Loire, and has on its shores ancient towns of historic interest, we do not quite believe it. Mr. Hamerton has flung a stronger spell by his first word than he knew.

It is not too much to say that this book is artistically perfect, perfectly artistic, and a poem from beginning to end : the phrasing of its story is as exquisite as the etching of its pictures ; each heightens the other ; each corroborates the other ; and both together blend in harmonious and beautiful witness to what must have been one of the most delicious journeys ever made by a solitary traveler. The word solitary, however, has no meaning when applied to Hamerton—poet, painter, adventurous man, all in one, and with a heart for a dog ! There is no empty or barren spot on earth for such as he. The book cannot be analyzed nor described in any way which will give strangers to it any idea of its beauty. "The Unknown River," in the first chapter, is a tiny brook over which the dog Tom can jump at a bound. When we leave it it is a broad and stately river ; has flowed under arched bridges and lost itself in the Loire : between these two points we have voyaged many days and nights ; now slowly, a mile a day ; now swiftly on wheels, boat and traveler in a "spring cart," past such tangles of tree and rock as even Hamerton could not wind through by water :—now by lamplight, a lantern being fixed in the prow, and every tiny leaf and spray, and thread of stalk, flashing out like silver tracery on each side of the narrow green corridor through which the boat glided ;—now by twilight through smooth reaches, and broad still pools ; now among rough boulders and rapid currents where the waters "hissed and twisted like serpents ;"—now through dark galleries where no land could be seen, only close-locked boughs overhead and on each side ;—now between shores bright with heath and fern and broom, and shaded by gigantic oaks and chestnuts, and silent in uninhabited loneliness ;—now past hamlets which have not been touched or changed for five hundred years ;—now past old cities, half ruin, half town, where Gauls and Romans fought great useless fights long time ago ;—we do not know how many days and nights we have journeyed ; it is one of Hamerton's sweet bits of wisdom not to tell us. It is, perhaps, the greatest charm of his style, and in this, is close kinship to the charm of an etching, that the effects are produced by few touches ; no wearying details : hint and suggestion being set so clearly before fancy, that the picture is filled out instantaneously, involuntarily, almost unconsciously. This was a noticeable excellence in the other book of Mr. Hamerton's which has been reprinted here, the *Painter's Camp*, but it is far more striking in *The Unknown River*. There seems also to be a decided increase of power in the description of incident.

There is exquisite pathos in the story of the peasant

whom he found living alone like a widower with his four children, and waiting for the return of his wife, who had gone four years before from Paris to Boston, in the service of some rich Americans. She had learned to write, that she might write to him, and she had sent him money enough to buy their cottage and two fields ; and now in a few months she was to return. The tears streamed down the man's face as he showed her picture, and kissed it tenderly, even in presence of the stranger. But we suspect that Philip Gilbert Hamerton is not long a stranger in any of the houses of the simple people through whose wild countries his love of nature carries him ;—the fineness and clearness of his artistic sense are of the sort which keep hearts and hands warm and ready to all men. In one of his books, probably in *The Painter's Camp*, we remember he says that the snail is the type of the truly artistic traveler,—carrying his house on his back, and very slow of pace ; and that therefore he (Hamerton) is disheartened sometimes, for fear "Death may catch him" before he has seen anything of the world. Long may that day be distant !

The latest volume in the "Library of Wonders" (Charles Scribner & Co.) is *The Wonders of Engraving*, containing not only a history of the art, but an interesting description of the various processes. The illustrations are extremely curious, and, in point of execution, probably superior to any which have yet appeared in the "Wonder" series. The same house has just published a seventh edition of Trench's standard work on *English, Past and Present*, and will soon publish a new book by Marion Harland, entitled *Common Sense in the Household, a Manual of Practical Housewifery*. The work, which is written in a sprightly and entertaining style, is dedicated to "My Fellow-housekeepers, North, East, South, and West." Scattered throughout the volume are gossipy chapters upon "Company," "Servants," "The Sick-Room," "The Nursery," &c., and it is evident that the professional demands upon the time of even a "popular author" do not always prevent the knowledge, practice, and intelligent preaching of all homely duties and accomplishments.

Mr. P. T. Quinn's reputation as not only one of the most talented and successful of our agriculturists, but also as an honest and precise expounder of the very best methods, insures a favorable reception for any work put forth under his authority. His *Pear Culture for Profit* has already taken its place among the standards ; and his new volume, *Money in the Garden* (published by the Tribune Association), on account of its more general application, no less than of its thoroughness, condensation, and entire reliability, is destined to still wider popularity and usefulness.

We understand that Prof. Dana is not the author of the Introduction to Molloy's work on *Geology and Revelation*. The title-page seems at first to imply that he is so, but it was not intended to convey this idea. Mr. Dana is author only of the Appendix to the volume.

TELEGRAPH



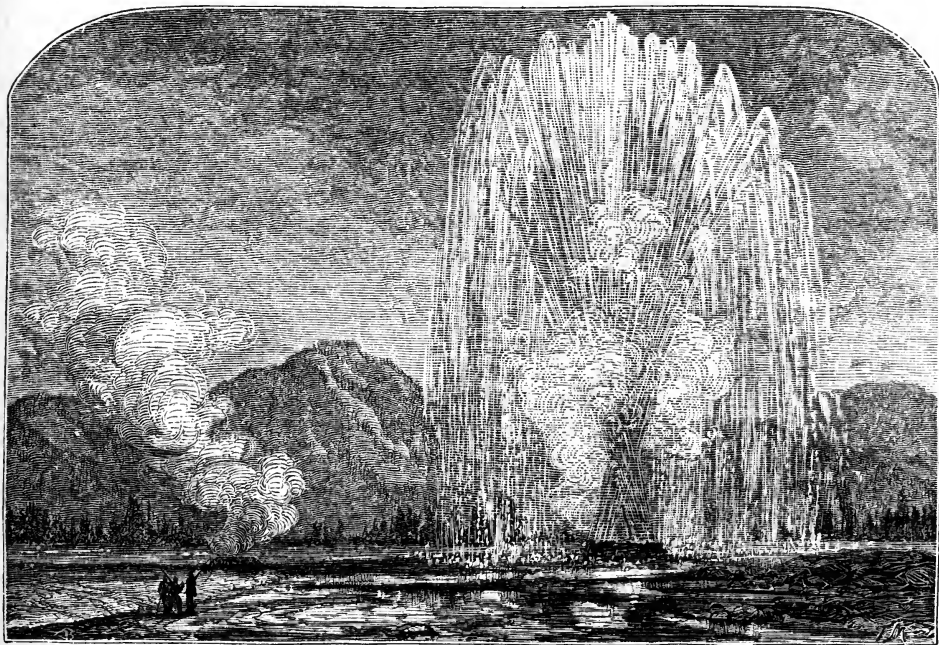
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THE WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

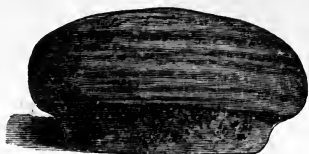


THE FAN GEYSER.

SECOND ARTICLE.

THE writer, in company with General Washburn, rode back three miles the next morning to resurvey Crater Hill and the springs in its vicinity. The large sulphur spring was overflowing, and boiling with greater fury than on the previous visit, the water occasionally leaping ten feet high. On our return we followed the trail of the train, fording the river a short distance above the camp. Here we found the first evidence, since leaving Boteler's, that the country had been long ago visited by trappers and hunters. It was a bank of earth two feet high, presenting an angle to the river ingeniously concealed by interwoven willows, thus forming a rifle-pit from which the occupant, without discovery, could bring down geese, ducks, swans, pelicans, and the numerous

furred animals with which the river abounds. Near by we stopped a moment to examine another spring of boiling mud, and then pursued our route over hills covered with artemisia (sage brush), through ravines and small meadows, into a dense forest of pines filled with prostrate trunks which had piled upon each other for years to the height of many feet. Our passage of two miles through this forest to the bank of the lake, unmarked by any trail, was accomplished with great difficulty, but the view which greeted us at its close was amply compensatory. There lay the silvery bosom of the lake, reflecting the beams of the setting sun, and stretching away for miles, until lost in the dark foliage of the interminable wilderness of pines surrounding it. Secluded amid the



SLATE FORMATION.—THE DOOR-KNOB.

loftiest peaks of the Rocky Mountains, 8,337 feet above the level of the ocean, possessing strange peculiarities of form and beauty, this watery solitude is one of the most attractive natural objects in the world. Its southern shore, indented with long narrow inlets, not unlike the frequent fiords of Iceland, bears testimony to the awful upheaval and tremendous force of the elements which resulted in its creation. The long pine-crowned promontories, stretching into it from the base of the hills, lend new and charming features to an aquatic scene full of novelty and splendor. Islands of emerald hue dot its surface, and a margin of sparkling sand forms its jeweled setting. The winds, compressed in their passage through the mountain gorges, lash it into a sea as terrible as the fretted ocean, covering it with foam. But now it lay before us calm and unruffled, save by the gentle wavelets which broke in murmurs along the shore. Water, one of the grandest elements of scenery, never seemed so beautiful before. It formed a fitting climax to all the wonders we had seen, and we gazed upon it for hours, entranced with its increasing attractions.

This lake is about twenty-five miles long and seventy-five or eighty in circumference. Doubtless it was once the mighty crater of an immense volcano. It is filled with trout, some of gigantic size and peculiar delicacy. Water-fowl, in great variety, dot in flocks its mirrored surface. The forests surrounding it are filled with deer, elk, mountain sheep, and lesser game; and in the mountain fastnesses the terrible grizzly and formidable amiss make their lairs.



SLATE FORMATION.—DRINKING-CUP.

In form, it was by one of our party not inaptly compared to a "human hand with the fingers extended and spread apart as much as possible. The main portion of the lake is the northern, which would represent the palm of the hand. There is a large southwest bay, nearly cut off, that would represent the thumb, while there are about the same number of narrow southern inlets as there are fingers on the hand." Enclosing this watery palm, is a dense forest of pines, until now untraversed by man. It was filled with trunks of trees in various stages of decay, which had been prostrated by the mountain blasts, rendering it almost impassable; but as the beach of the lake was in many places impracticable, there was no alternative but to recede altogether or work our way through it.

Our course for the first six miles lay along the beach, passing a number of hot sulphur



SLATE FORMATION.

springs and lukewarm ponds. Three steam jets, from incrustated apertures, discharged with a hissing noise resembling the sound of steam escaping from an engine. The water of the lake was thoroughly impregnated with sulphur, and the edges, at a distance of twenty to fifty feet from the beach, bubbled with springs, which, like those on the bank, discharged through pipes of silicious sinter. These pipes, though completely submerged, were intensely hot, while the water of the lake was too cold for a pleasant bath.

At one point along the shore are scattered curiously wrought objects of slate, varying in size from a gold dollar to a locomotive. We gathered specimens of cups which had been hollowed out by the elements—discs, long pestles, resemblances to legs and feet, and many other objects which nature in her most capricious mood had scattered over this watery solitude. So strikingly similar were many of

these configurations to works of art, that a fanciful old trapper who had seen them told us that we would find on the borders of the lake the drinking-cups, stone war-clubs, and remains of the idols of an extinct race which had once dwelt there. These were doubtless the joint production of fire and water,—the former roughly fashioning, and the latter beautifully polishing and depositing them where they could be easily obtained. We gave to this locality the name of "Curiosity Point," and added to our collection a number of specimens from its ample store.

Ascending the plateau from the beach, we became at once involved in all the intricacies of a primeval wilderness of pines. Difficulties increased with our progress through it, severely trying the amiability of every member of the company. Our pack-horses would frequently get wedged between the trees or caught in the traps of a net-work of fallen trunks from which labor, patience, and ingenuity were severely taxed to extricate them. The ludicrous sometimes came to our relief, proving that there was nothing so effectual in allaying excitement as hearty laughter. We had a remarkable pony in our pack-train, which, from the moment we entered the forest, by his numerous acrobatic performances and mishaps, furnished amusement for the company. One part of the process of travel through this forest could only be accomplished by leaping over the fallen trunks, an exploit which, with all the spirit need-

ful for the purpose, our little broncho lacked the power always to perform. As a consequence, he was frequently found with the feat half accomplished, resting upon the midriff, his fore and hind feet suspended over the opposite sides of some huge log. His ambition to excel was only equaled by the patience he exhibited in difficulty. On one occasion, while clambering a steep rocky ascent, his head overtopping his haunches, he literally performed



"LITTLE INVULNERABLE" IN A FIX.

three of the most wonderful backward headsprings ever recorded in equine history. A continued experience of this kind, after three weeks' toilsome travel, found him as sound as on the day of its commencement, and we dubbed him the "Little Invulnerable."

After fifteen miles of unvarying toil we emerged from the forest to the pebbly beach of the lake. Here we found carnelians, agates, and chalcedony in abundance. The lake was rolling tumultuously, its crested waves rising at least four feet high. The scene was very beautiful and exhilarating.

Our route the next day was divided between the beach of the lake and the forest, and so much impeded by fallen timber that we traveled but ten miles. Part of this distance was along the base of a brimstone basin which stretched from the lake to a semicircular range of mountains. In company with Lieutenant Doane the writer ascended this range, traversing its slopes a distance of three or four miles, and found it covered half way to the summit with a mixture of carbonate of lime and flowers of sulphur. Exhalations, issuing from all parts of the surface, impregnated the atmosphere with strong sulphurous



THE STOCKING.

odors. Small rivulets of warm water, holding sulphur in solution, coursed their way down the mountain, uniting at its foot in a considerable stream. The surface over which we rode was strongly incrustated, and sounded hollow beneath the tread of our horses. It was filled with vents and fissures, surrounded with sulphur deposits nearly washed away. This mountain exhibited the same general phenomena as Crater Hill, though not in an equal state of activity.

Our course during the two following days was nearly southeast, on a line parallel with the Wind River Mountains—that remarkable range which forms so conspicuous a feature in Mr. Irving's *Astoria* and *Bonneville's Adventures*. The faint outline of their distant peaks had been visible on the northeastern horizon for several days. On our right, seventy-five miles distant, were the towering summits of the three Tetons, the great landmarks of the Snake River valley. The close of the day, on Sept. 6th, found us near the southeastern arm of the lake, into which a large river flows. The ground was low and marshy, and being unable to find a fording-place, we were compelled to make our camp at the base of a range of bluffs half a mile away. During the night we were startled by the shrill and almost human scream of an amiss or mountain lion, which sounded uncomfortably near. This terrible animal is much larger than the panther of the eastern forests, but greatly resembles it in shape, color, and ferocity. It is the terror of mountaineers, and furnishes them with the staple for many tales full of daring exploits.

Early the next morning our commander and several others left camp in search of a ford, while the writer and Lieutenant Doane started in the direction of a lofty mountain, from the summit of which we expected to obtain a satisfactory observation of the southern shore of the lake. At the expiration of two hours we reached a point in the ascent too precipitous for further equestrian travel. Dismounting, we led our horses for an hour longer up the steep side of the mountain, pausing every few moments to take breath, until we arrived at the line of perpetual snow. Here we unsaddled and hitched our horses, and climbed the apex to its summit, passing over a mass

of congealed snow more than thirty feet in thickness. The ascent occupied four hours. We were more than 600 feet above the snow line, and by barometric calculation 11,350 feet above the ocean level.

The grandeur and vast extent of the view from this elevation beggar description. The lake and valley surrounding it lay seemingly at our feet within jumping distance. Beyond them we saw with great distinctness the jets of the mud volcano and geyser. But beyond all these, stretching away into a horizon of cloud-defined mountains, was the entire Wind River range, revealing in the sunlight the dark recesses, gloomy cañons, stupendous precipices, and glancing pinnacles, which everywhere dotted its jagged slopes. Lofty peaks shot up in gigantic spires from the main body of the range, glittering in the sunbeams like solid crystal. The mountain on which we stood was the most westerly peak of a range which, in long-extended volume, swept to the southeastern horizon, exhibiting a continuous elevation more than thirty miles in width; its central line broken into countless points, knobs, glens, and defiles, all on the most colossal scale of grandeur and magnificence. Outside of these, on either border, along the entire range, lofty peaks rose at intervals, seemingly vying with each other in the varied splendors they presented to the beholder. The scene was full of majesty. The valley at the base of this range was dotted with small lakes and cloven centrally by the river, which, in the far distance, we could see emerging from a cañon of immense dimensions, within the shade of which two enormous jets of steam shot to an incredible height into the atmosphere.

This range of mountains has a marvelous history. As it is the loftiest, so it is the most remarkable lateral ridge of the Rocky Range. The Indians regard it as the "crest of the world," and among the Blackfeet there is a fable that he who attains its summit catches a view of the land of souls, and beholds the happy hunting-grounds spread out below him, brightening with the abodes of the free and generous spirits.

In the expedition sent across the continent by Mr. Astor, in 1811, under command of

Captain Wilson P. Hunt, that gentleman met with the first serious obstacle to his progress at the base of this range. After numerous efforts to scale it, he turned away and followed the valley of the Snake, encountering the most discouraging disasters until he arrived at Astoria.

Later, in 1833, the indomitable Captain Bonneville was lost in this mountain labyrinth, and, after devising various modes of escape, finally determined to ascend the range. Selecting one of the highest peaks, in company with one of his men, Mr. Irving says: "After much toil he reached the summit of a lofty cliff, but it was only to behold gigantic peaks rising all around, and towering far into the snowy regions of the atmosphere. He soon found that he had undertaken a tremendous task; but the pride of man is never more obstinate than when climbing mountains. The ascent was so steep and rugged that he and his companions were frequently obliged to clamber on hands and knees, with their guns slung upon their backs. Frequently, exhausted with fatigue and dripping with perspiration, they threw themselves upon the snow, and took handfuls of it to allay their parching thirst. At one place they even stripped off their coats and hung them upon the bushes, and thus lightly clad proceeded to scramble over these eternal snows. As they ascended still higher, there were cool breezes that refreshed and braced them, and springing with new ardor to their task, they at length attained the summit."

As late as 1860, Captain Reynolds, the commander of the expedition sent by Government to explore the Yellowstone, from his camp at the base of this formidable range writes: "To our front and upon the right, the mountains towered above us to the height of from 3,000 to 5,000 feet in the shape of bold, craggy peaks of basaltic formation, their summits crowned with glistening snow. It was my original desire to go from the head of Wind River to the head of the Yellowstone, keeping on the Atlantic slope, thence down the Yellowstone, passing the lake, and across by the Gallatin to the Three Forks of the Missouri. Bridger said at the outset that this would be impossible, and that it would be

necessary to pass over to the head-waters of the Columbia, and back again to the Yellowstone. I had not previously believed that crossing the main crest twice would be more easily accomplished than the transit over what was in effect only a spur, but the view from our present camp (head of Wind River) settled the question adversely to my opinion at once. Directly across our route lies a basaltic ridge, rising not less than 5,000 feet above us, its walls apparently vertical, with no visible pass or even cañon. On the opposite side of this are the head-waters of the Yellowstone."

We were an hour and a half making the descent of the mountain. At its base we struck the trail of our pack-train, which we followed to a point where the direction it had taken would have been lost, but for the foresight of one of our companions, who had formed a tripod of poles, one of which, longer than the others, pointed to the right. Obeying this Indian indication, we descended the bank and crossed the bottom to the river, fording which we followed the trail through a beautiful pine forest, free from undergrowth and other obstructions, the distance of a mile. Here night overtook us, and mistaking for the trail a dark serpentine line, we soon found ourselves clambering up the side of a steep mountain. The conviction that we were following a band of Indians, and possibly were near their lodges, suggested no pleasant reflections. Alighting from our horses, we built a fire upon the track, and, carefully examining it, could not find the impression of a single horseshoe. Further investigation revealed the fact that we had been for some time pursuing the path worn by a gang of elk that had crossed the trail of the pack-train since the twilight set in.

A night on the mountain, without supper or blankets, was not to be endured. We retraced our route to the base of the mountain, and struck out boldly in the darkness for the beach of the lake, where we supposed our party had camped. Our ride through fallen timber and morass until we reached the shore was performed more skillfully than if we had seen the obstacles which lay in our path. We reached the lake in safety, and after a ride of

two miles on the smooth beach rounded a point from which we saw the welcome watch-fire of our company. A loud halloo was responded to by a dozen sympathetic voices, showing that our anxiety had been shared by our companions. Our camp was on the eastern inlet of the south shore of the lake, distant but four miles from the camp of the preceding night.

Thirteen miles of toilsome travel, zigzagged into only seven of progress, found us encamped, at the close of the next day, two miles from the mouth of a small stream flowing into the lake. Our party was separated nearly all day, searching for routes. Two members, after suffering all the early sensations incident to a conviction of being lost in the wilderness, came into camp at a late hour, full of glee at their good fortune. At one of their halts, after they had dismounted to reconnoiter, a huge grizzly jumped at one of them from the bushes, frightening his horse so that he broke his bridle and ran away. They caught him with difficulty. Our commander and Mr. Hauser, in company, while seeking a route for future travel, came suddenly upon a female grizzly and two cubs, about half a mile from camp. On their return, six of the party started in pursuit, but Madame Bruin, meanwhile, had made good her retreat.

Our journey of five miles, the next day, was accomplished with great difficulty and annoyance. Almost the entire distance was through a forest piled full of fallen trunks. Traveling was but another name for scrambling; and as man is at times the least amiable of animals, our tempers frequently displayed alarming activity, not only towards the patient creatures laden with our stores, but towards each other. Once, while involved in the reticulated meshes of a vast net of branches and tree-tops, each man, with varied expletive emphasis, clamorously insisting upon a particular mode of extrication, a member of the party, who was always jolly, restored us to instant good-humor by repeating, in theatrical tone and manner, those beautiful lines from Childe Harold:—

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore.”

Our “Little Invulnerable,” too, was the un-

conscious cause of many bursts of laughter, which, like the appreciative plaudits of an audience, came in at the right time. We were glad, however, at an early hour in the afternoon, to pitch our tent on one of the small tributaries of Snake River—three miles distant from the lake. In the search made by every member of the party for routes, our company was unavoidably much scattered. Our first care being for the pack-train, when it came up we missed therefrom the little animal whose frequent mishaps had been to us all a source of so much amusement. An instant search was instituted, and at a late hour we found him three miles from camp. He saluted us with a low neigh, and with hurried pace soon rejoined his companions. One of our comrades (the Hon. Truman C. Everts, late U. S. Assessor of Montana) had failed to come up with the rest of the company; but as this was a common circumstance, we gave it little heed until the lateness of the hour convinced us he had lost his way. We increased our fire and fired our guns, as signals; but all to no purpose. It had been a sort of tacit agreement among us only the night before, that should any one get parted from the company, he would at once go to the south-west arm of the lake (that being our objective point) and await there the arrival of the train. The belief that we should find our companion there, hastened us into the commission of an error, which was designed by all as a measure of speedy relief. If we had not continued our journey with all possible expedition towards the point indicated, Mr. Everts would probably have rejoined us within three or four days, as he has informed us since that he visited our camp, but the falling foliage of the pines had entirely obliterated our departing trail.

The narrative of this gentleman, of thirty-seven days spent in this terrible wilderness, will furnish a chapter in the history of human endurance, exposure, and escape as incredible as it must be painfully instructive and entertaining.

Seven miles of struggling took us through the timber to another inlet, five miles farther on our way. No sign of our missing comrade. We built a large fire on a commanding ridge,

and ascended a mountain overlooking the north and west shores of the lake, where we kindled another fire, which could be seen at a great distance. Eight hundred feet above Yellowstone Lake, nestled in a dark mountain glen, we found two small lakes, completely environed with frightful masses of basalt and brown lava, seemingly thrown up and scattered by some terrible convulsion. Two of our company took the backward trail at night, searching for Mr. Everts; and our anxieties were greatly increased lest they too should meet with some disaster.

We rose early the next morning, after passing a sleepless night. While at breakfast, our two companions came in. They had followed the beach to a point east of our camp of two days before, and found no trace of Mr. Everts. More than ever assured that we should find him at the west arm of the lake, we struck out for that point,—three of our party, Mr. Hauser, Lieut. Doane, and myself, in advance, to explore a route for the train and make all possible search by the way. We posted notices on the trees to indicate the route we had taken, and made caches of provisions at several points. Late in the afternoon, at the close of a fatiguing day's travel, mostly through forest, we arrived at our objective point, and were greatly distressed to find there no trace of our lost friend. While gathered around our camp-fire in the evening, devising a plan for more systematic search, our ears were saluted with a screech so terribly human, that, for a moment supposing it to be our missing comrade, we hallooed in response, and would have started to his relief but that a minatory growl warned us of the near approach of a mountain lion.

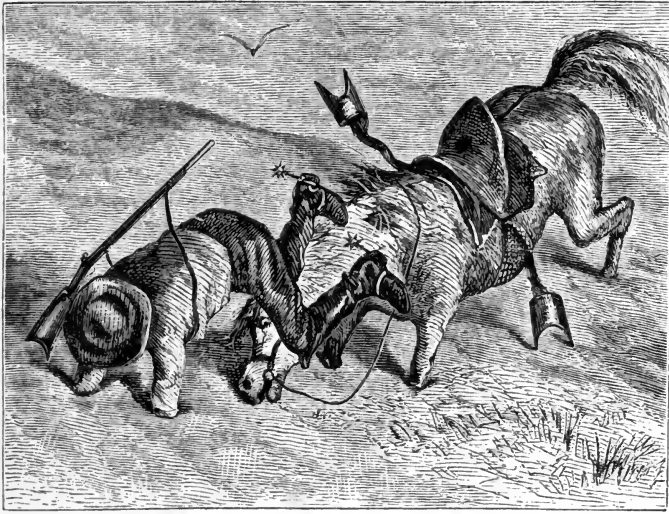
Three parties, of two each, struck out the next morning in different directions, in pursuit of our companion. One followed the lake shore; one the back trail through the forest; and the third, southerly from the lake



ON GUARD ON YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

to a large brown mountain. The party following the lake shore returned to camp early in the afternoon, with the report that they had seen Indians. The story of their adventures, written by one of them, runs thus: "He and his companion having penetrated several miles through the inhospitable wilds of that region, dismounted and unsaddled their horses. Mr. T. commenced to fish, and prepare them a little dinner, while Mr. S. went ahead with his gun, to continue the search on foot. The former had just caught four fishes, and kindled a fire, when the latter returned in some haste, but perfectly cool and self-possessed, and stated that there were six Indians on a point jutting out into the lake, about a mile distant. They concluded that neither had a mouth for fish, which they left sweltering in the noon-day sun, and, saddling their horses, they advanced towards the foe. Mr. S. saw them distinctly; but Mr. T. could not, probably because he was somewhat nearsighted. Finally, the former gentleman saw them flitting, phantom-like, among the rocks and trees, at which juncture the party retired to camp in platoons, and in good order, at the rate of a mile in every three minutes." This tribe of Indians, being one of the curiosities of the expedition, and hitherto unknown, was named after the person who discovered it.

Both of the other parties returned, after a



BREAKING THROUGH.

fruitless search. In their trip to the brown mountain, the two who went south crossed the main range of the Rocky Mountains through a very low pass, which on the western side terminated in a brimstone basin containing forty or fifty sulphur and mud springs, and a large number of craters, from which issued jets of vapor. This slope of the mountain was covered with a hollow incrustation through which the water from the springs, percolating in different channels, had spread out over the little patches of soil with which they came in contact, covering them with bright green verdure. In crossing one of these the horse of one of the party broke through to his haunches, and being extricated, he plunged more deeply into another trap, throwing headlong his rider, whose arm as he fell was thrust violently through the treacherous surface into the scalding morass, from complete submersion in which both man and beast were with great difficulty saved.

At the base of the brown mountain the party saw a lake of considerable size, which they believed to be the head-waters of Snake River—the Lewis fork of the Columbia. They could not approach it nearer than a mile, on account of the treacherous character of the soil.

The other party were absent two days. They had visited all the camps of the six preceding days, following the trail between

them, mostly obliterated by the falling foliage of the pines, with great difficulty, but without discovering the slightest indication that Mr. Everts had come upon it. On full consultation we came to the conclusion that he had either been shot from his horse by an Indian, or had returned down the Yellowstone, or struck out upon some of the head-waters of Snake River, with the intention of following it to the settlements. It was agreed that we should pursue the search three days longer from this point before renewing our journey. Snow began to fall early in the evening. Through the hazy atmosphere we beheld, on the shore of the inlet opposite our camp, the steam ascending in jets from more than fifty craters, giving it much the appearance of a New England factory village.

Snow continued to fall all night and the next day, and we made our camp as comfortable as possible. At night the snow was more than two feet deep. It turned to rain the following morning. Showers, alternated with sunshine through the day, removed the snow rapidly. We were now so completely environed by forest, and so far away from any recognized trail, that all our fear of molestation by Indians, or of danger from any other cause, was thoroughly dissipated. With true Falstaffian philosophy we felt that we could take our ease in our inn, and the figure one of us presented has been graphically delineated by our artist upon the spot.

We made a circuit round the head of the inlet to the springs we had seen, the next day. They were widely different from any we had visited before. In all they numbered 150, and were scattered along the lake shore about a mile, at a distance of 100 yards from the beach. Those farthest inland resembled boiling mud of various degrees of consistency, some not thicker than paint, others so dense that as they boiled over, the contents piled into heaps,

which gradually spread over the ground, forming an extensive vitrified surface. This sediment varies in color—that flowing from some of the apertures being white as chalk, that from others of a delicate lavender hue, and from others, of a brilliant pink color. The following are the results of analyses of the various specimens which we gathered, by Professor Augustus Steitz, of Montana:—

White sediment.	Lavender sediment.	Pink sediment.
Silica 42.2	Silica 28.2	Silica 32.6
Magnesia 33.4	Alumina 58.6	Alumina 52.4
Lime 17.8	Boric acid... 3.2	Oxide of calcium 8.3
Alkalies 6.6	Oxide of iron.. 0.6	Soda and potassa 4.2
	Oxide of calcium 4.2	Water and loss.. 2.5
	Water and loss 5.2	
100	100	100

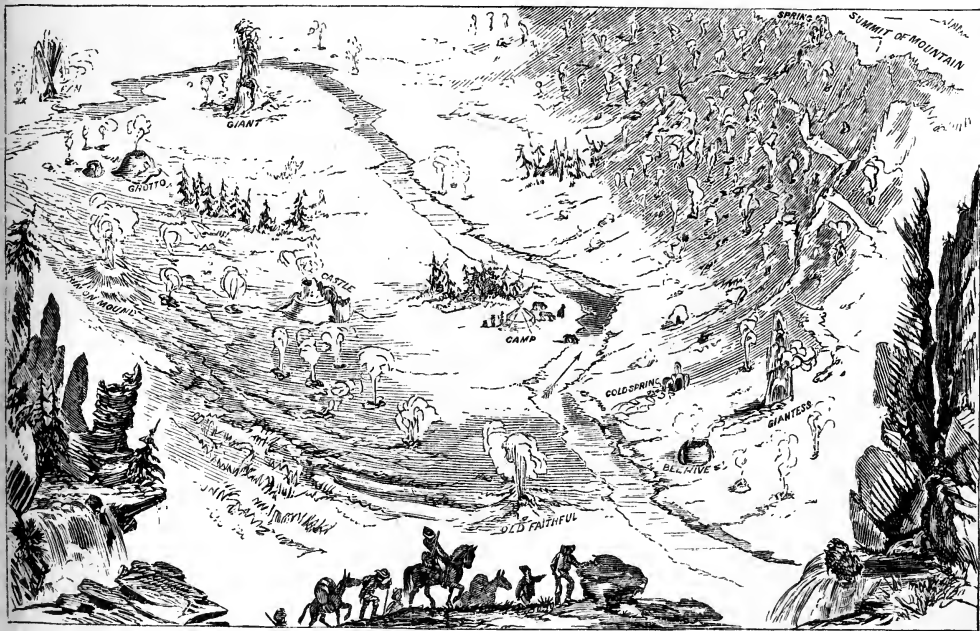
In close proximity to these springs are others of pure, odorless water. Near the shore were several boiling springs, around which the sedimentary increment had formed into mounds of various sizes and heights. The deposit around one of these springs resembles a miniature forest of pines.

The most remarkable springs in this group, six or seven in number, are of pure ultramarine hue—very large, and wonderfully transparent. The largest is forty feet wide by seventy feet long. The sides are funnel-

shaped, converging regularly to the depth of forty feet, where they present a dark and apparently unfathomable chasm. From the surface to this opening the sides of the funnel are furrowed and sinuous, coated with a white sediment, which contrasts vividly with the dark orifice at its base.

This group of springs exhibit in their deposits a great variety of shades and colors—no two of them being alike. Their constant overflow has fashioned a concrete bank of commingled tufa, eight feet in height and a quarter of a mile in length, on the margin of the lake. The waves have worn this bank into large caverns, which respond in hollow murmurs to their fierce assaults. Between the springs are numerous vents and craters, from which heated vapor is constantly rising. Along the edge of the water, and ten or twenty feet from shore, many springs are bubbling, none of which seem to be strongly impregnated with sulphur. The beach, for a mile or more, is strewn with fragments of sinter of various colors, which have been worn by the waves into many fantastic forms.

The five days during which we camped at this locality were occupied by every possible effort to find our missing friend, but the



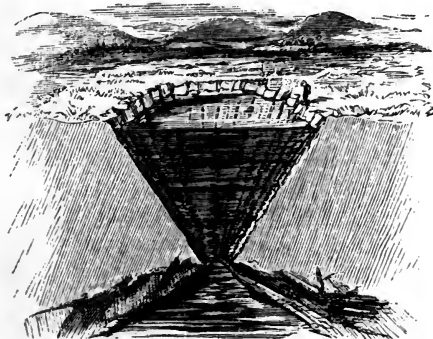
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE GEYSER BASIN.



THE "FACTORY VILLAGE."

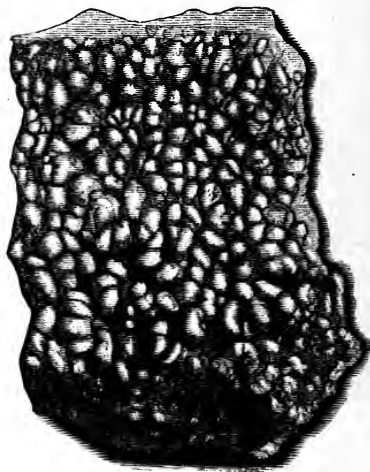
labors of each day only served to increase our fears for his safety. One hope, that of meeting him at Virginia City, was still indulged; but opposed to this were many painful conjectures as to his possible fate—not the least prevalent of which was the one that he might have been shot from an ambush by an Indian arrow. Our provisions were rapidly diminishing, and our longer stay gave promise of unfavorable results. The force of circumstances obliged us to adopt the gloomy alternative of moving forward the next day, leaving one of our own party and two of the cavalymen to prosecute a further search.

The loss of our comrade and friend was to us all a source of much unhappy reflection, and the hope of finding him so entirely absorbed our attention that we had little curiosity to examine, and so escaped very many of the wonders of this region, which we should otherwise have seen. In our constant passing to and fro in different directions through the forest, along the lake, and over the surrounding mountains, we had glances of objects which, had we been free from a heavy charge, it would have been pleasant to visit and describe. These, however, are reserved for future investigation.



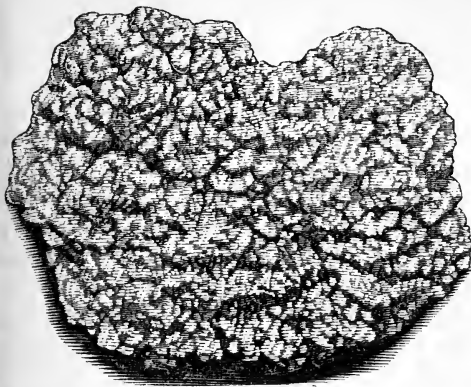
SECTION OF LARGE SPRING.

The plan of our route led us in a northerly direction from the lake towards the head-waters of the Madison. We traveled through a dense pine forest, unmarked by trails and encumbered by fallen timber for most of the distance. The close of the first day's travel found us only twelve miles from the lake, still in the midst of the deep snow, with no place to pitch our tent, and each man seeking, unsuccessfully, a dry spot whereon to spread his blankets, under the shelter of the trees. The next day we reached the east bank of the Fire Hole River, the largest tributary of the Madison, down which we traveled, passing several cascades, many craters and boiling springs, to a large basin, two miles above the point of the union of the Fire Hole and Burnt Hole Rivers.



SILICIOUS STALAGMITE.

We bade adieu to Yellowstone Lake, surfeited with the wonders we had seen, and in the belief that the interesting portion of our journey was over. The desire for home had superseded all thought of further exploration. We had seen the greatest wonders on the continent, and were convinced that there was not on the globe another region where, within the same limits, nature had crowded so much of grandeur and majesty, with so much of novelty and wonder. Our only care was to return home as rapidly as possible. Three days of active travel from the head-waters of the Madison, would find us among the settlers in the beautiful lower valley of that



SILICIOUS SINTER. SPECIMEN 1.

picturesque river, and within twelve miles of Virginia City, where we hoped to meet with Mr. Everts, and realize afresh that "all is well that ends well."

Judge, then, what must have been our astonishment, as we entered the basin at mid-afternoon of our second day's travel, to see in the clear sunlight, at no great distance, an immense volume of clear, sparkling water projected into the air to the height of one hundred and twenty-five feet. "Geysers! geysers!" exclaimed one of our company, and, spurring our jaded horses, we soon gathered around this wonderful phenomenon. It was indeed a perfect geyser. The aperture through which the jet was projected was an irregular oval, three feet by seven in diameter. The margin of sinter was curiously piled up, and the exterior crust was filled with little hollows full of water, in which were small globules of sediment, some having gathered around bits of wood and other nuclei. This geyser is elevated thirty feet above the level of the surrounding plain, and the crater rises five or six feet above the mound. It spouted at regular intervals nine times during our stay, the columns of boiling water being thrown from ninety to one hundred and twenty-five feet at each discharge, which lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes. We gave it the name of "Old Faithful."

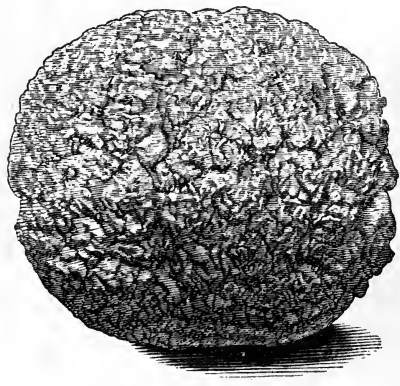
In our journey down the valley, looking down through a crevice in the crust upon which we were traveling, we discovered a stream of hot water of considerable size, running nearly at right angles with and away from the Fire Hole River.

On the summit of a cone, twenty feet high, was a boiling spring, seven feet in diameter, surrounded with beautiful incrustations, on the slope of which we gathered twigs and pine-tree cones, encased in a silicious crust a quarter of an inch in thickness. But all of the curiosities of this basin sink into insignificance in comparison with the geysers. We saw, during our brief stay of but twenty-two hours, twelve in action. Six of these, from vents varying from three to five feet in diameter, threw water to the height of from fifteen to twenty-five feet, but in the presence of others of immense dimensions these soon



SILICIOUS SINTER. SPECIMEN 2.

ceased to attract attention. One, which we named "The Fan," has an orifice which discharges two radiating jets of water to the height of sixty feet, the falling drops and spray resembling a feather fan. It is very beautiful. Its eruptions are very frequent, lasting usually from ten to thirty minutes. A vent connected



SILICIOUS SINTER. SPECIMEN 3.

with it, about forty feet distant, expels dense masses of vapor fifty or sixty feet high, accompanied by loud, sharp reports, during the time the geyser is in action.

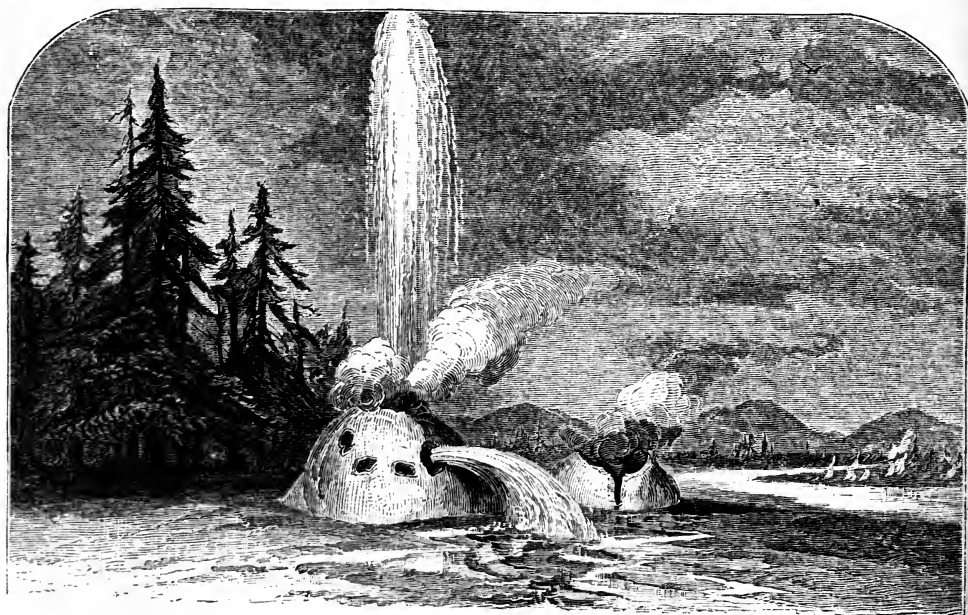
"The Grotto" was so named from its singular crater of vitrified sinter, full of large, sinuous apertures. Through one of these, on our first visit, one of our company crawled to the discharging orifice; and when, a few hours afterwards, he saw a volume of boiling water, four feet in diameter, shooting through it to the height of sixty feet, and a scalding stream of two hundred inches flowing from the aperture he had entered a short time before, he concluded he had narrowly escaped being summarily cooked. The discharge of this geyser continued for nearly half an hour.

"The Castle," situated on the summit of an incrustated mound, has a turreted crater through which a large volume of water is expelled at intervals of two or three hours to the height of fifty feet, from a discharging orifice about three feet in diameter. The architectural features of the silicious sinter surrounding it, which is very massive and compact, indicating that at some former period the flow of water must have been much greater than at present, suggested its name. A vent near it is constantly discharging a large stream of boiling water,

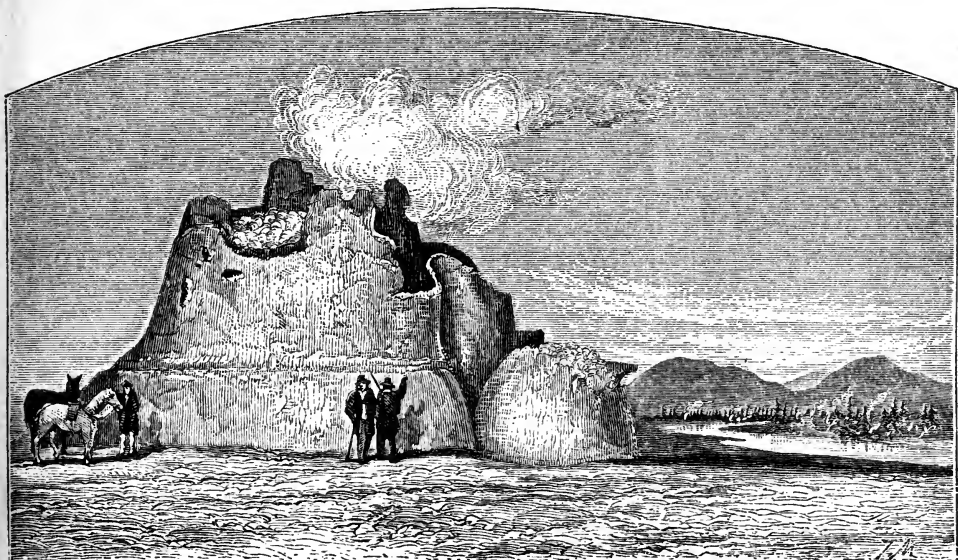
and when the geyser is in action the water in this vent boils and bubbles with great fierceness.

"The Giant" has a rugged crater, ten feet in diameter on the outside; with an irregular orifice five or six feet in diameter. It discharges a vast body of water, and the only time we saw it in eruption the flow of water in a column five feet in diameter, and one hundred and forty feet in vertical height, continued uninterruptedly for nearly three hours. The crater resembles a miniature model of the Coliseum.

Our search for new wonders leading us across the Fire Hole River, we ascended a gentle incrustated slope, and came suddenly upon a large oval aperture with scalloped edges, the diameters of which were eighteen and twenty-five feet, the sides corrugated and covered with a grayish-white silicious deposit, which was distinctly visible at the depth of one hundred feet below the surface. No water could be discovered, but we could distinctly hear it gurgling and boiling at a great distance below. Suddenly it began to rise, boiling and spluttering, and sending out huge masses of steam, causing a general stampede of our company, driving us some distance from our point of observation. When within about forty feet



THE GROTTO GEYSER.



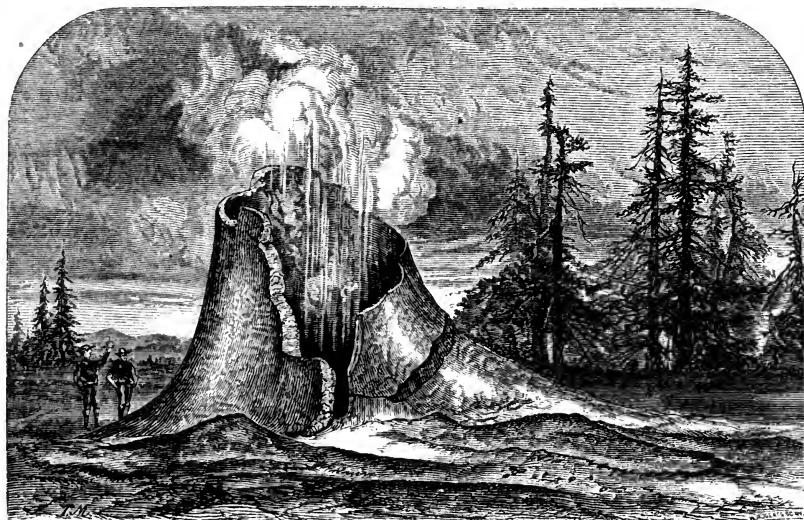
CRATER OF THE CASTLE GEYSER.

of the surface it became stationary, and we returned to look down upon it. It was foaming and surging at a terrible rate, occasionally emitting small jets of hot water nearly to the mouth of the orifice. All at once it seemed seized with a fearful spasm, and rose with incredible rapidity, hardly affording us time to flee to a safe distance, when it burst from the orifice with terrific momentum, rising in a column the full size of this immense aperture to the height of sixty feet; and through and out of the apex of this vast aqueous mass, five or six lesser jets or round columns of water, varying in size from six to fifteen inches in diameter, were projected to the marvellous height of two hundred and fifty feet. These lesser jets, so much higher than the main column, and shooting through it, doubtless proceed from auxiliary pipes leading into the principal orifice near the bottom, where the explosive force is greater. If the theory that water by constant boiling becomes explosive when freed from air be true, this theory rationally accounts for all irregularities in the eruptions of the geysers.

This grand eruption continued for twenty minutes, and was the most magnificent sight we ever witnessed. We were standing on the side of the geyser nearest the sun, the gleams of which filled the sparkling column of water and spray with myriads of rainbows, whose

arches were constantly changing,—dipping and fluttering hither and thither, and disappearing only to be succeeded by others, again and again, amid the aqueous column, while the minute globules into which the spent jets were diffused when falling sparkled like a shower of diamonds, and around every shadow which the denser clouds of vapor, interrupting the sun's rays, cast upon the column, could be seen a luminous circle radiant with all the colors of the prism, and resembling the halo of glory represented in paintings as encircling the head of Divinity. All that we had previously witnessed seemed tame in comparison with the perfect grandeur and beauty of this display. Two of these wonderful eruptions occurred during the twenty-two hours we remained in the valley. This geyser we named "The Giantess."

A hundred yards distant from The Giantess was a silicious cone, very symmetrical but slightly corrugated upon its exterior surface, three feet in height and five feet in diameter at its base, and having an oval orifice twenty-four by thirty-six and one-half inches in diameter, with scalloped edges. Not one of our company supposed that it was a geyser; and among so many wonders it had almost escaped notice. While we were at breakfast upon the morning of our departure a column of water, entirely filling the crater, shot from it, which,



CRATER OF THE GIANT GEYSER.

by accurate triangular measurement, we found to be two hundred and nineteen feet in height. The stream did not deflect more than four or five degrees from a vertical line, and the eruption lasted eighteen minutes. We named it "The Beehive."

How many more geysers there are in this locality it would be impossible to conjecture. Our waning stores admonished us of the necessity for a hurried departure, and we reluctantly left this remarkable region less than half explored. In this basin, which is about two miles in length and one mile in width, more than a thousand pipes or wells rise to the surface, varying in diameter from two to one hundred and twenty feet, the water in which varies in temperature from 140° to the boiling-point, upwards of a hundred of which give evidence, by the calcareous and silicious deposits surrounding them, that they are geysers; and to all appearances they are as likely to be as any we saw in action.

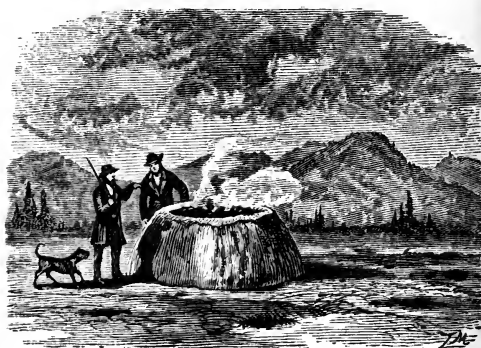
The sides of these wells were covered with silicious incrustations, and were funnel-shaped; and in many of the larger ones gradually converged for a distance of from twenty to fifty feet from the edge, below which point the apertures enlarged laterally in all directions like a jug below the neck, and were apparently unfathomable. None of the springs in this locality appear to be impregnated with sulphur. In this basin there are to be found no mud

springs, of which we discovered so many in the valley of the Yellowstone; and we found but one spring of cold water.

This entire country is seemingly under a constant and active internal pressure from volcanic forces, which seek relief through the numberless springs, jets, vol-

canoes, and geysers exhibited on its surface, and which, but for these vents, might burst forth in one terrific eruption and form a volcano of vast dimensions. It is undoubtedly true that many of the objects we saw were of recent formation, and that many of the extinguished craters recently ceased their condition of activity. They are constantly breaking forth, often assuming new forms, and attesting to the active presence of volcanic force.

A mountaineer, who visited a portion of this region a year ago, found at one place a small volcano which was constantly overflowing with liquid sulphur and lava, and emitting smoke; showing that the genuine volcanic elements were there, and needed but the concentration of the forces now dissipated through thousands of vents to present a spectacle of grandeur surpassing that of Vesuvius or *Ætna*.

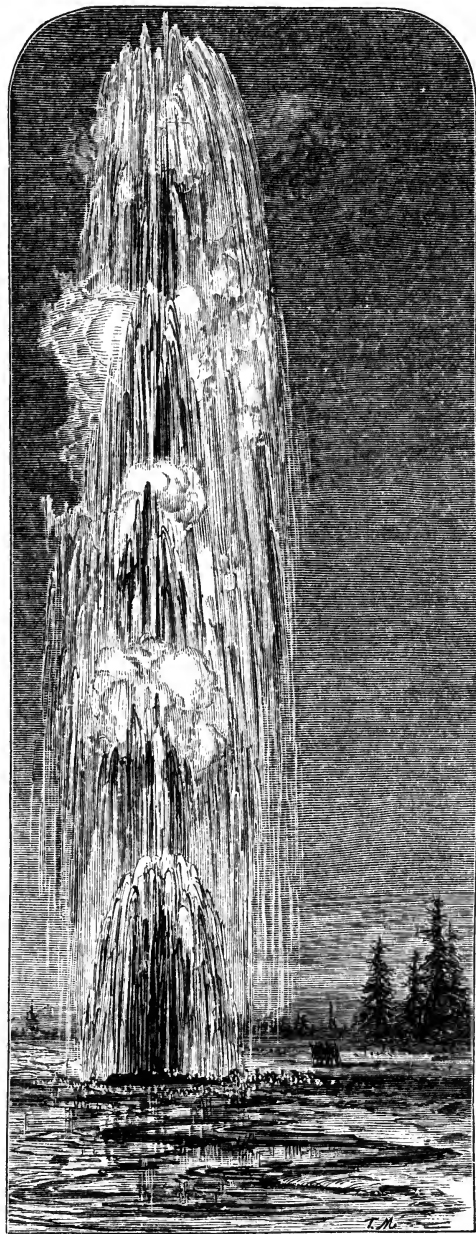


THE BEEHIVE.

The geyser is a new and, perhaps, the most remarkable feature in our scenery and physical history. It is found in no other countries but Iceland and Thibet. The geysers of the country last named are inconsiderable when compared with either those of Iceland, or the Fire Hole or Madison Basin; and those of Iceland, even, dwindle into insignificance by the side of those of the Madison. Until the discovery of the Madison geysers there were but two of any note known to the world—the Great Geyser and the Strokr of Iceland. The phenomena presented by these have been sufficient at various periods during the past century to invite the personal investigation of some of the most distinguished of European savans. Von Troil, Stanley, Ohlsen, Hooker, MacKenzie, and, at a later day, Bunsen, have visited Iceland for the purpose of witnessing these aqueous eruptions, and forming some satisfactory conclusion relative to the causes in which they originate.

The theory published by Sir George MacKenzie, that the outbursts were produced by pressure on the air contained in cavernous recesses under ground, for many years received the sanction of the scientific world. The periods intervening between the eruptions of the Great Geyser of Iceland have been very irregular until within the past forty or fifty years, since when it has generally projected a small jet to the height of twenty feet every two hours, and a large one to the height of eighty feet every six hours. MacKenzie's theory was that there were two subterranean cavities connected with the main pipe, one much deeper and larger than the other, which rapidly filled with water after each eruption, and that the pressure of the vapors upon them produced these periodic explosions.

Ingenuous as this theory appeared to be, it was dissipated by the experiments made upon water by M. Donny, of Ghent. He discovered that water long boiled became more and more free from air, by which its molecular cohesion is so greatly increased, and that, when it is exposed to a heat sufficient to overcome the force of cohesion, the production of steam is so instantaneous and so considerable as to cause explosion. Bunsen ascribes the eruption of the geysers to this cause. He found



THE GIANTESS.

the water at the bottom of the well of the Great Geyser to be of a constantly increasing temperature up to the moment of an eruption. On one occasion it was as high as 261° Fahrenheit. His idea is that on reaching some unknown point above that temperature ebullition takes place, vapor is suddenly generated in enormous quantities, and an eruption of

the superior column of water is the consequence. The geysers of the Madison exhibit precisely the same physical features, and, doubtless, originate in the same causes. They are surrounded too, as are those of Iceland, by innumerable springs of hot water. The bursting of a column into millions of particles resembles an explosion more than a mere eruption; and the vast clouds of vapor which enshroud them and mingle with them in their ascent sometimes give an appearance of bulk to the upper part of the columns much greater than their real magnitude.

The water of the Madison geysers, like that of the geysers of Iceland, appears perfectly pure, and, doubtless, could be used for cooking or drinking. We had not the means of analyzing it on the spot. The sinter was both carboniferous and silicious, the latter characteristic predominating, but both prevailing sufficiently to have produced large incrustated mounds, and numerous illustrations of petrification in various stages of progress. All this, where such immense volumes of water are being constantly ejected, could be effected with a moderate infusion of silica or soda. Dr. Black gives the following* result of an analysis of a quantity of 10,000 grains (about one-sixth of a gallon) of water from the Great Geyser of Iceland:—

Soda	0.95
Alumina.	0.48
Silica	5.40
Muriate of soda.	2.46
Dry sulphate of soda.	1.46
Total	10.75

That the same elements are held in solution in

the waters of the Madison geysers, we have abundant proof in the vast incrustated field by which they are surrounded. They are but a reproduction, upon a much grander scale, of the phenomena of Iceland.

A wider field for the investigation of the chemist than that presented by the geysers may be found in the many-tinted springs of boiling mud and the mud volcano. These were objects of the greatest interest to Humboldt, who devotes to a description of them one of the most fascinating chapters of *Cosmos*. It would be rash in us to speculate where that great man hesitated. We can only say that the field is open for exploration—illimitable in resource, grand in extent, wonderful in variety, in a climate favored of Heaven, and amid scenery the most stupendous on the continent.

By means of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which will doubtless be completed within the next three years, the traveler will be able to make the trip to Montana from the Atlantic seaboard in three days, and thousands of tourists will be attracted to both Montana and Wyoming in order to behold with their own eyes the wonders here described. Besides these marvels of the Upper Yellowstone, one may look upon the strange scenery of the lower valley of that great river, the Great Falls of the Missouri, the grotesque groups of eroded rocks below Fort Benton, the beautiful cañon of the Prickly Pear, and the stupendous architecture of the vast chains and spurs of mountains which everywhere traverse that picturesque and beautiful country.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE WAR.

It is a happy circumstance for the poor soldiers that the scenes of the campaign are not all shadows. It is too true, alas! that the latter greatly predominate when we make the final summing up of events, but there are some bright points among the dark ones, and the true campaigner generally succeeds in mingling them into that *chiar-oscuro* that gives the artist a fair subject for his skill.

The true soldier, as he seizes knapsack and musket for the tramp, does it with a gay and merry heart, determining to look only at the bright side of the picture, knowing full well that the dark one will come soon enough. And thus with this genial inclination to turn even hardships into pleasures, he secures to himself many a jovial hour where more exacting subjects would extract but vexation and chagrin.

And thus, when the famous Rhine-guard crossed the waters of that classic stream, it was with gay and inspiring songs about the Fatherland, and their love for its hills and streams, and the wives and maidens left behind them. As they defiled through the mountain passes of Alsace and began to spread over the plains of Lorraine, the distance from their base of supplies soon taught them the necessity of making requisitions on the country for their own support and that of their horses, and the foraging parties sent out for this purpose tell some of the best stories and give the most characteristic pictures of the war.

In these the light predominates, as in the one that we present to our readers as the initial of the series. The scene is laid in the village of Jubecourt, in the fertile Lorraine and the lovely valley of the Meuse. Its rustic inhabitants had heard of the hated Prussians, but never suspected the possibility of their violating its precincts, and when the word passed from mouth to mouth that the Prussians were coming, they ran from street



THE "BEAUTY OF LORRAINE."

to street anxiously putting their heads together and exclaiming, "The Prussians! the Prussians!!"

But on learning that the foreign warriors came not to destroy but merely to be fed, they became calm, and listened to the needs of the soldiers for themselves and steeds. They were told what was required and at what time it must be delivered, and were promised a fair price for what they should bring. The scene chosen by our artist shows us the way of making the announcement to the village rustics of the demands made upon them.

The preliminaries were no sooner settled between the commander of the party and the local authorities, than a deep rumbling was heard approaching through the street that led to headquarters, as if a cracked frying-pan were being belabored. And then presently appeared a frightful-looking old woman bearing a dilapidated drum, which she was beating in a most vigorous manner. With enormous spectacles on the end of her nose, frousy, unkempt hair, and toothless mouth, she seemed a veritable witch. Having reached the center of the square, she stopped in presence of the troops and the assembled rustics, and adding her frightfully hoarse male voice to the harsh discords of her drum, began to tell them of the loaves of bread, and bags of oats, and sheep and oxen that must be forthcoming on the morrow.

The soldiers grouped around and enjoyed the comic scene most heartily, gaining the traditional streak of fat with uproarious laughter at the extreme oddity of the *tout ensemble*. They soon learned from those who were taking the matter in more serious mood that the scene was no uncommon one for them, for the lady had been the town-crier for years, and could put many a drum-major to shame by her skill on her favorite instrument. They christened her the "Beauty of Lorraine," and an artist in helmet and pike sketched the scene true to nature with which we adorn our pages.

But the stern realities of war soon call the actors on its arena to other tasks that tax all their manhood, and when well performed cast over their lives a halo of light that compensates for all the trials and dangers of the strife. The Germans like to consider this war a holy one in defence of their Fatherland, and have done much to cultivate the virtues that make true heroes—bravery, devotion, enthusiasm, and patience. They even likened it to the Crusades, and to a certain extent adopted the insignia of those mediæval contests. The attendant emblems of every army have been the crosses—the Iron Cross, the Red Cross, and the Black Cross. The first the reward of valor, the second the symbol of devotion, and the last the very sad one that has marked the grave of so many fallen heroes buried in hostile earth.

The Order of the Iron Cross was instituted by the Prussians in their struggles with the first Napoleon as the highest reward of merit from the country in adversity, when it had neither gold nor precious stones to bestow on its heroes. There was a period in Prussian history, just previous to the great war of deliverance from Napoleon, when the universal cry of the people was "Gold for Iron!" All classes of society freely gave their treasures to the nation and received iron testimonials in exchange for them; the fair ladies of the realm brought their golden ornaments to their country's altar, and received for them their *fac-similes* in iron,—the origin of the beautiful manufactures in iron and steel of Berlin,—brides even brought their wedding rings, and the poor peasant girls, if they had naught else, their flowing locks; for the highest pride of women had no charms for them while their country was trodden down by the heel of the oppressor. Thus was introduced an age of iron whose highest mark of honor for noble deeds was the Iron Cross.

When Germany became free again in consequence of the great uprising, the Iron Cross was held sacred to that epoch, and the order closed. But when the second Napoleon threatened to bathe his steeds in the waters of the Rhine and possess himself of the fairest cities of the land, the first impulse of the nation was to renew the order of that Cross that had been to them a signal of God's favor in times past; and the possession of the Iron Cross became the darling aspiration of every man in the army, from meanest private to King William himself.

This proud insignia has been charily bestowed with the sole view of making it an emblem of genuine merit; but no great engagement has taken place that has not witnessed deeds so heroic as to claim this coveted reward. In one instance even the chaplain of a regiment, who had sought permission to accompany his charge to battle, came back to receive the Cross. In the heat of the contest the officers had nearly all fallen, and the men were wavering under a withering fire from the heights they were storming; the chaplain, seeing the urgency of the moment, seized a sword and, preaching to his men like Peter the Her-



THE IRON CROSS.

mit, led them in the fierce assault, and soon scaled the dangerous crest and stood with his children victorious on its summit. The remnant of the brave band voted him the warrior's cross, and the king gladly bestowed it.

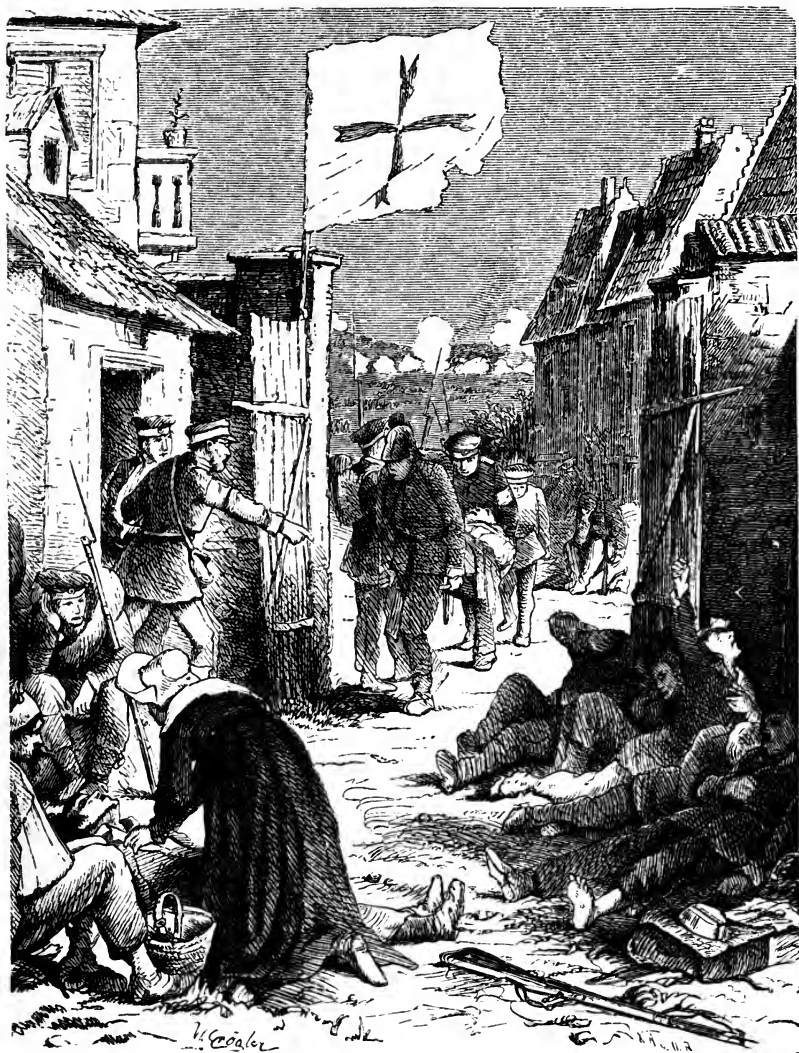
The scene here depicted is the sequel of a bitter contest in one of the sorties from Paris. The alarm had come in the dead of the night, but, like the electric flash, it had given life to the sleeping post, and in a few minutes the rattling artillery were hastening to the enemies' intrenchments. Cannon were roaring, balls hissing, and men falling by scores around. Presently one of the field-pieces is shattered,

full gallop with his powder train through flaming streets. Smoke is ascending from every roof, and glowing cinders are falling thick and fast; a single spark on his treasure and he and his men would be blown to atoms; but this is no place for timid hearts—rather lose their lives than lose the battle.

And now comes the reward for this valor and devotion. In a few days the heroes are summoned to the gardens of Versailles, accompanied by their companions in the contest. As their commander calls them forward from the silent ranks the drums peal out a bravo to the men who have done their duty, and a

and the horses lie groaning on the earth; the advancing foe will soon possess it as a trophy, when a boy-officer calls his men to his side, cuts the traces, and with superhuman strength he and his men drag it, creaking and cracking, from the enemy, while the latter pursue and bring half of his men to the ground before the piece is safely rescued.

On another wing of the engagement the ammunition fails. A mounted messenger is sent to bring a new supply, but the way leads through a burning village. Without hesitation the officer commanding the column starts in



THE RED CROSS.

smile lights up their faces which compensates for many a shadow. By the side of the gray-haired veteran stands the beardless youth who has just received his first baptism of fire—alike in courage, though separated by years. As their names are called, they step forward, and are told that the manly heart should be of gold, but the will of iron; that theirs having proved so, they are found worthy to wear the Iron Cross as a badge of duty done and honor won.

With this proud emblem on his breast many a soldier has returned happy to his family though crippled in body, to receive the ova-

tions and thanks of his fellow-citizens, and give to his children an heir-loom of which they will be ever proud. In some instances this distinction has been gained only by the loss of life, and then the honor has been conferred on the dead soldier who brought from the field the testimonial of the gaping wound in the open breast. The cross in this instance is sent to his nearest relatives as the richest legacy that a fallen warrior can leave them.

As we pass from lights to shadows in our story, we next encounter the Red Cross—the symbol of mercy and sympathy

for those wounded on the battle-field or pining in the hospital. It is not the fate of the battle that all may gain the cross of honor and bravery to which all aspire; too many, alas! lie wounded and crippled, writhing in an agony from which only quick relief will save from death. After the warrior has fulfilled the demands of duty and lies a victim of his bravery, he has claims to the ordinary rights of humanity, though he be a fallen soldier in the face of an enemy.

These claims were so nobly responded to in our own war by the Sanitary Commission, that the world looked on its results and ad-

mired. In 1864 a convention of the friends of humanity in war was convened in Geneva, with a view to the adoption of an international code for the benefit of the sick, and those wounded in battle. The principal points adopted were, that the moment a man is wounded so as to be disabled, his person is sacred from assault, and also that the Sanitary Corps attending the army for the relief of the sick and wounded shall be considered as neutrals, and their persons be free from attack or seizure while engaged in the performance of their duties. The colors adopted by this branch of the army were the Red Cross on a white ground, and they were declared sacred on the battle-field and the ambulance; the members of the Corps generally display the cross on a white band around the left arm.

The recommendations of the Geneva Convention were adopted by several European nations, and especially by the German armies in the recent struggle; these being followed by a numerous voluntary corps of soldiers of the Red Cross. And the place of many of these laborers was right at the front and in the midst of suffering and danger, that they rather than the fighting men should pick up the wounded and bear them to the rear. In every battle the field hospital of a division was to be no farther distant than two thousand paces from the line of battle, that the wounded might be transported there as quickly as possible, and with as little suffering as the nature of their wounds would admit. And to this end the Sanitary Corps was regularly instructed and drilled in the art of quickly and tenderly transporting their charges to the ambulance hospitals, which occasionally chanced to be in a neighboring village, as in the case of our sketch, where the Red Cross is flying while the battle is raging in the background.

Every available place is crowded; mansions, cabins, barns, and at last the open streets. As the wounded arrive on stretchers, the busy surgeons assign them places according to the severity of their wounds; some need immediate attention to save them from death, while others can more easily wait till the ambulance wagons convey them to the more distant stationary hospital. Not a few die on their way from the field, and some are even hit

by stray or vicious bullets on their way to relief; and thus occasionally even the members of the corps lose their lives while in the performance of duty.

The Red Cross knows no foes and distinguishes no nationality—its mission is to humanity, and therefore even the bitterest enemies are kindly brought to the ambulance for treatment, as we perceive in our sketch the savage Turco beside the German soldier, and the French receiving attention at the hands of a sister of charity. The Red Cross knows neither sex nor age in its ranks, for many women and children even bear its white band in the numerous hospitals extending from the battle-fields of France to the military centers and prison camps of Germany.

And this war has been a great triumph for German womanhood, from the throne to the cabin. Thousands of devoted women have given all their time and strength to the care of the wounded at home, and many have gone, under the protection of the banner of the Red Cross, to distant battle-fields and been the solace of the sick and the comforters of the dying. It required a contest to make old soldiers believe this thing feasible or advisable, but the calmness and efficiency of the hospitals under the direction of women, and the influence of their presence among the sick and dying, have gained them many friends among the early doubters. And all who have experienced the horrors of a military hospital know that it requires no less heroism to perform all one's duty here than on the fields of strife. The only wonder is how so many delicate and sensitive women have been able to pass through scenes so trying, and bear such fearful trials as many of those have done who have faithfully served their country under the banner of the Red Cross.

And now comes a scene where all is shadow,—dark to blackness,—fitly symbolized by the Black Cross, which is placed over every German soldier's grave. Too many, alas! receive this distinction, and it is very often conferred with heartfelt tears and regrets of surviving comrades and friends. After a great battle scores of fallen braves need in the hurry of the hour to be consigned to a common grave, and receive a common

cross. Their companions endeavor to accord to all this honor, as also that of attendance with the deep roll of the drums in the last sad funeral march.

But occasionally death calls to his ranks one that is more than usually loved, as in the case of the young officer whose burial our last picture depicts. He was the pride of his family and the favorite of his men, who are now, under the banner of the Red Cross, silently bringing him to his last resting-place. His code was devotion to duty, and his fortune loyalty to his country, and he would willingly have given his life for the poorest of his friends. In the presence of human suffering

he was the tenderest of all, but on the battlefield he was the bravest.

His battalion is making an assault with the bayonet, with his tall and slender form in the advance. His helmet and mantle are already torn by bullets, and he and his are surrounded by a band of maddened Zouaves; in the very act of protecting one of his men from a fatal thrust he falls with a deadly bullet in his heart, and it stands still in death. All that a brother can do is to rescue the corpse from the scene of conflict, and when this was over the soldiers bore it to the best house in the village and gathered flowers from all the gardens to beautify it for the grave. For a time

the bronzed warriors stood weeping around it, and then bore it forth to its cool resting-place within sight of the walls of Paris and the smoke of the roaring cannon.

His grave is dug in silence and in tears, and a short sermon is preached by the army chaplain. This reaches the hearts of his men, and draws from many of them the sobs of children, mingled with the vows of soldiers that his example shall not be lost on them. And when the good man closes with the sad though cheering words: "Peace be unto thee!" the weary warriors around the grave respond, with the ardent heart-wish



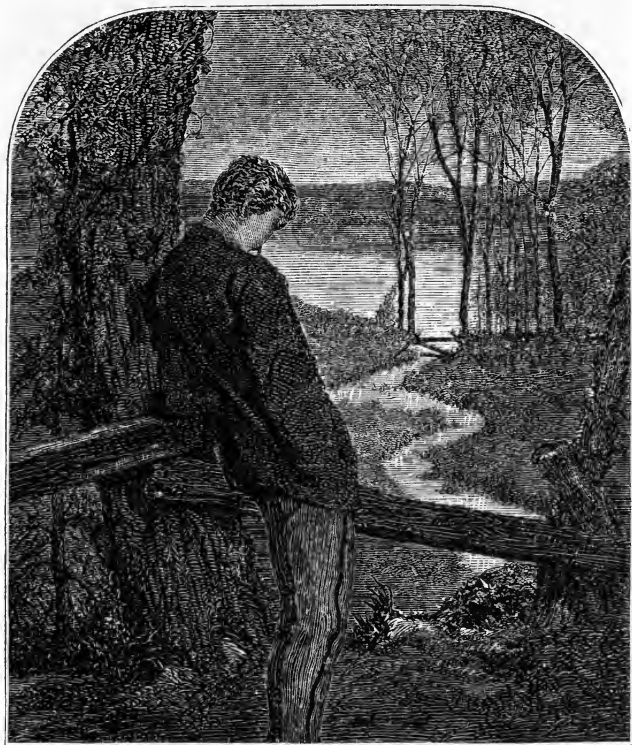
THE BLACK CROSS.

that peace may soon be accorded to all the living as to the dead, and to the end that such sacrifices may cease to be demanded on the altar of the country.

When the dull earth is rolled upon the coffin, his comrades tarry to place the Black Cross on the grave, and relieve it with garlands of flowers. But the fate of war may soon carry all these away, for foreign soil will grant no monument to the fallen foe. But around the camp-fire his soldiers will continue

to talk of his devotion to them and to duty, and will carry home to his mourning ones a lasting monument in their hearts that will assuage the pangs of wife or mother. The Fatherland now accords a common honor to all, whether they return with the Iron Cross on the breast, have faithfully served under the folds of the Red Cross, or lie beneath the mound marked by the Black Cross. To all it says: "Well done! Peace be unto you!"

THREE LEAVES FROM A STORY.



I.

THE CHANGED SKY.

A moonless night without a star,
An empty night without a sound,
Except the millwheel turning round,—
Deep shade, deep silence, near and far.

O, yestereve feil fair and bright,
With moon and stars and whispering trees,
And hopes far flying as the breeze,—
Another world from this to-night.

My longing feigned a voice did call,—
The lonely voice of her I love,—
And so I followed, but to prove
My heart had cried, and that was all.

I followed down the scented lane,
And through the gate and open door;
There, left my heart forever more,
And bore away the words, "In vain!"

I had an eager heart, I own,
That beat and beat and would not rest ;
But now quite empty is my breast,—
Its restless tenant dead or flown.

There seems a pressure in the air,
The weight of some vast outspread hand,
Or girding of some iron band,
Instead of skies uplifted fair.

The leaping water's song and strife
Fell lightly once upon my ears ;
But now it has a sound of tears :
The wheel seems grinding out my life.

Little river,
Flowing ever
Through deep shadows
And bright meadows,
Knowest thou what I have done—
Put out the sun ?

Drawn a star down from the sky ?
In an evil, evil hour,
Crushed a flower,
That before my feet did lie ?
Ah ! the river, sweetly flowing,
Would not know what I was saying,
Did I tell it, seaward going,
I had with a heart been playing.



Poor, coward soul, for shame ! arise,
And stretch thine arms out through this dark,
Since earthly love is but a spark,—
But O, her mouth ! and O, her eyes ! .

I turn my back upon the past,
Yet ever to myself am strange ;
So short a bound, so great a change,
Between this evening and the last.

II.

HER CONFESSION.

Should I throw away a jewel,
Trusted to my sacred keeping ?
Could I to a heart be cruel,
Turn its joy to inward weeping ?

Scarce I knew what I was doing,
When his love he proudly told me ;
Proud, I held back for more suing,
Ere his life should quite enfold me.

Little river,
Flowing ever,
Brightly glancing,
Lightly dancing,
Stop, and let me softly whisper,
Prattling lisper,

That I love him, love him,—love
Purely as thy waters flow,
Humbly as the sands below,
Faithful as the heavens above.
But when he rose up so solemn—
Ceaseless river, canst stop flowing ?—



Faced me like a stately column,
Could I, could I stop his going?

Ah, he thought my words were stronger
Than I meant them, more inhuman;
Sure he might have waited longer,—
Should have thought I was a woman.

Little river,
Flowing ever,
Rushing hither,
Thither,—whither?
All are charmed when *thou* goest lightly,
Careless, sprightly;

But now I'm a woman grown,
So say they,
I must hold by what I say,
And be judged for every tone.

Water glad, go running bravely,
Since no heart in thee is waking;
If one were, thou'd'st move more gravely,
Or that heart might then be breaking.

For they tell me he is going
Far away, across the ocean;
'Tis, I know, to hide from showing,
And put down his heart's commotion.

Little river,
Flowing ever,
Clearly, truly,
Even if sometimes unduly,

Tell me which would be most true
For me to do,—

To save him from the restless tide?
Or, for want of one word spoken,
Let both hearts, perhaps, be broken,
Broken on the rock of pride?

I am going, little river,—
Tell me, dost thou, in thy flowing,
Ever tremble, shrink, and quiver?
Ah, no matter, I am going!

III.

THE REVERSAL.

Then she passed out through the gate,
And went up the scented lane,
Wondering, "Can it be too late?
Is our pain forever pain?
Will he think me over bold?
Light to have, is light to hold;
Better far for him and me
To be sundered by the sea."

So her love and maidenhood
Strove within her heart to speak,
And the warfare drove the blood
In and out her spotless cheek;
But when she came near the brook,
All her heart itself forsook;
All the purpose fled her soul,
At the gleam of that bright goal.

Yet the brook's sweet treble voice,
Singing down below the weir,
Clearly sang : " Take heart ! rejoice !
He is waiting, he is near ! " —
And a faltering step or so
Showed him sitting down below,
Leaning heavy on his hand,
Waiting aimless on the sand.

Faint with new, bewildering shame,
Moveless, had not sheer despair
Drawn her on, she saw her name
O'er and o'er was written there.
Then, " O Ralph ! " she softly said,
Still he did not lift his head, —
Should she speak again, or no ?
To her doubt came answer low.

" Once before I heard thee call,
And I followed to my cost ;
Thou'st a voice and that is all,
But who hears, — his heart is lost.
Why to haunt me dost thou choose ?
Think'st thou I've two hearts to lose ? "
Then once more : " O Ralph ! " she said ;
Light her hand upon him laid.

At that touch he sprang and turned,
Showed a face deep-lined and white,

Searched her eyes with eyes that burned,
Till she, drooping in their light,
Whispered, trembling, " Is my love
Worth the asking for once more ?
Ask, oh ask me, then, and prove
If I answer as before. "

Then he clasped her to his heart ;
Cried, " I will not ask again,
But will hold thee where thou art,
Lest thou prove a shadow vain.
O blest vision of my love,
Did an angel out of heaven
E'er before drop from above,
Asking, dear, to be forgiven ? "

Through the lane that day's fair night,
Two — not one — went wandering ;
Underneath trees whispering light,
Lovers two were whispering ;
And the little river flowing,
In the moonlight dreamy growing,
Slipped down softly to the sea,
Murmuring low, " I come to thee ;
But for him thou need'st not look ;
He will tarry by the brook ;
There, herself to him she gave,
Coming, as I come, proud wave. "

THE MOTHER OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

THOUSANDS upon thousands of tourists, both Germans and foreigners, visit Charlottenburg every year in order to pay to the tutelary saint of Prussian greatness and German unity slumbering there, their tribute of admiration and sympathy. A profound and solemn silence reigns around that sarcophagus over which her holy spirit seems to hover ; and when we look upon the imposing monument, chiseled by the master-hand of Rauch, we involuntarily feel that the peace, the tranquillity of soul, and the pious resignation beaming from those classic features enter our own hearts, and we consent only with regret to trace our steps backward towards the noise and bustle of the brilliant capital of the German Empire.

Louisa was the daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and was born on the 10th of March, 1776, at Hanover, where her father was in command of an army at the time of her birth. Having lost her mother at an

early age, she was placed under the care of her grandmother, the Margravine of Hesse-Darmstadt, who intrusted her education to a Swiss governess. Goethe, who saw her when she was seventeen, said afterwards that he had never seen a more charming and beautiful creature. It was about the same time, during a trip to the Rhine, that she met the Crown-prince Frederick William of Prussia at Frankfort on the Main, and made such an impression upon him that the Prince asked for her hand, and was accepted. This was early in the spring of 1793, but, owing to the war between the French Republic and the Germanic Empire, the wedding did not take place until the 24th of December of the same year.

When Louisa married the Crown-prince Frederick William, Prussia was one of the great powers of Europe. The glory of Frederick the Great, and the victories which his genius had won over the united armies of

the continent, still surrounded the Prussian eagles with a radiance which was hardly clouded by the defeat of the Duke of Brunswick, in the campaign of 1792 ; and the modern Cæsar himself might well hesitate, as long as Austria and Prussia were openly hostile to France, to declare war against the North German monarchy. Already during Napoleon's campaign of 1805 against Austria, Prussia had made a threatening move, and looked with growing alarm on the aggrandizement of France. At that time already the patriotic young queen, whose heart throbbed warmly for the whole German people, had advocated an alliance with Austria, but the faint-heartedness of the king had obstinately opposed such counsels. Only when Napoleon, after having made peace with Austria, made new demands upon Prussia, and invaded Prussian territory, Frederick William III. declared war against France. The results of this campaign—which was but a military promenade from Paris to Berlin for Napoleon—were disastrous to Prussia. While Napoleon made his triumphant entry into Berlin, the royal couple of Prussia fled in terror to Königsberg, the ancient capital of their monarchy.

It is said that at this hour of unparalleled calamities the queen caused her two eldest sons, Frederick and William, to kneel down and swear to avenge the ruin of their house, of Prussia, nay, of all Germany, on the French invaders, just as their illustrious ancestor, Frederick the Great, had but half a century before taken bloody revenge for the treachery of the house of Hapsburg by his immortal victories on the battle-fields of Silesia and Bohemia. It was for her energy



QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

and hatred of the French invaders that Napoleon hated her, and stooped to publish the most scandalous imputations against her spotless character. Because Frederick William had invoked the assistance of Russia against the common enemy of all sovereign princes, Napoleon had an anonymous article, inspired by him, published in a Berlin newspaper, in which the queen was charged with a criminal liaison with the Czar Alexander. But the character of the queen was so far above reproach that this miserable invention fell to the ground amidst the general indignation and contempt of the people.

Soon, however, the victorious legions of Napoleon approached Königsberg, where the queen had for many weeks nursed her son Charles, who had been ill with typhoid fever. Her son was saved ; but the anxiety, the grief, and the sleeplessness had exhausted the queen to such a degree that she was herself attacked with the same disease, and her life despaired of. But fate had reserved for her still more cruel trials !

Declaring that she would rather perish than fall into the hands of the French, the queen, on the morning of the eighth of January, was lifted from her bed and borne to her carriage, which was to convey her to Memel, near the Russian frontier. It was a terrible day. A violent storm was raging and the snow fell dense and fast. The old servants who carried their pale and beautiful young queen down to the carriage wept with grief, for no one believed that she would survive the journey. Now the road was blocked up by snow, and then again they had to cross the sea in an open boat. The first night the queen passed in a miserable log-house, without doors and windows, and dense snowflakes were falling upon her couch. No food of any kind could be procured. Never before had a queen undergone such hardships.

When at last, after so many trials and sufferings, a treaty of peace was concluded between Napoleon and Prussia, at Tilsit, the terms were so rigorous that it was a death-blow to the hopes of all patriots. At this supreme hour, the king, her husband, and the Czar Alexander, prevailed upon Louisa to appeal personally to the mercy of Napoleon. Forgetting the cruel wrongs which the conqueror had inflicted upon her, she consented, and had with Napoleon that celebrated interview, in which she defended so eloquently, but alas! in vain, the cause of her country, her husband, and her children. Her loveliness and sadness charmed and moved Napoleon to pity, but his iron will did not yield to her entreaties, and Prussia was deprived of more than one-half of her territory. Berlin was permanently occupied by a French garrison, and the royal couple took their residence in Königsberg. Here the queen and some of her most devoted friends secretly initiated those measures of civil and military organization which, a few years afterwards, delivered the continent from the iron rule of Napoleon. But those political cares did not prevent her from fulfilling her duties as a wife and mother in the most exemplary way.

The letters which the queen wrote during those dark days breathe the spirit of love and resignation, but, at the same time, of a glowing patriotism which prophetically

foresees better times and a resurrection of her country from this grave of disgrace. But it is not *Prussia* alone she wants to see free, it is all Germany; for the Queen of Prussia is not a Prussian, she is a *German*, and her noble heart responds to all the patriotic cries of woe from the Alps to the Baltic, and from the Niemen to the Rhine. But alas! she was not to see the noble resurrection of Germany and the downfall of the Corsican Colossus. In the fall of 1809 the royal couple returned to Berlin, amidst the rejoicing and rapturous enthusiasm of the whole population. It was but natural that the queen, who had been so long an exile from her own capital, wished to pay a flying visit to Mecklenburg, the duchy of her father, whom she had not seen since the terrible events of 1806. In May, 1810, both the Queen and the King of Prussia went to Mecklenburg with the hope of enjoying there a few days of happiness with the father and the grandmother of Louisa. But almost immediately after their arrival at Hohenzieritz, a beautiful château of the Duke, Louisa was attacked by an illness which proved to be an organic disease of the heart. On the 19th of July, 1810, she expired, after terrible sufferings, in the arms of her husband,—surrounded by her father, her grandmother, her sons Frederick and William, and her faithful friend Mme. de Berg. She was thirty-four years old, and William, her second son, the present Emperor, only thirteen.

Frederick William III., who had adored his wife, was almost frantic with despair. He sent her remains to Berlin, and erected to her at Charlottenburg the celebrated Mausoleum which Rauch, the Prussian Phidias, adorned with a monument upon which he has reproduced a marvelous likeness of the purest, the most beautiful, and the most patriotic princess who has ever graced a German throne.—It was a proud and solemn moment for the Emperor William when, immediately upon his return from the glorious war with France, he laid upon the sarcophagus of his mother a laurel wreath, not for his own brow, but a tribute of Germany to her who immortal spirit had hovered over the banner of United Germany and had led them onward from victory to victory.

LEIPSIK AND ITS FAIR.



LEIPSIK MARKET-PLACE DURING THE FAIR.

LEIPSIK, although only a second-rate German city, commercially considered, will fairly vie with the large capitals of the Confederation. It monopolizes two distinct branches of trade: it is the seat of the fur trade for the world, and of the book publishing for the whole of Germany, and at stated periods it is the resort of merchants, manufacturers, and traders from almost every country in the world. Arts and sciences flourish here, nurtured by the maternal care of the University, and here also the profundity of German thought in music finds a retreat for its labors in the justly celebrated Conservatorium. Thus Leipzig presents to the stranger the gratifying prospect of combining in the most happy state of efficiency and development the laborious pursuits of manufacturing industry, with the gentler but more influential enterprises of the mind.

And what a contrast is suggested if we go back fifty years; the scene of Napoleon's defeat is now partially covered with the magnificent establishments of the publishers. Then war

reigned supreme with its blighting and demoralizing influences, where (until lately) peace, with its twin attendants of happiness and prosperity, developed the literary culture of a thoughtful people.

Leipzig Fair has existed for 400 years; it perhaps owes its origin to the old Saxon custom of country people bringing to the nearest and most central market their productions for sale, whether textile or agricultural, and exposing them in the streets, under certain regulations imposed by the authorities; and thus, owing to its situation in the very middle of Germany, and being easy of access on account of the immense flat districts by which it is surrounded, the institution has grown year by year until it has reached its present stage, and has acquired an European reputation. What a clamor and hubbub must the old mediæval town have been in before the age of railways, with thousands of vehicles from the States and German Provinces approaching its various gates, where octroi duty was demanded! What a jabbering from so

WOODEN BOOTHS FOR SALE OF LINEN, IN THE PROMENADE, LEIPSI^C.

many Teuton throats—not one by one, but all speaking together, as is their custom—and what a merry, quiet, good-natured humor pervades the whole, even to the latest arrivals, who find every available and unavailable lodging in the possession of more fortunate comers, and who make the best of their position by sleeping and eating in their wagons.

Fairs held for purposes of commerce have become in process of time quite an institution peculiar to Germany. That of which we now write is by far the most important, and is held three times in the year;—the Spring and the Autumn fairs each lasting about six weeks, and a minor one lasting for only a fortnight after Christmas.

It is quite clear that in a town not very large, but very densely populated, accommodation sufficiently convenient for the various businesses of many hundreds of manufacturers and traders can exist only on a limited scale; for the trade is not carried on by merely patterns and samples, but the merchandise in bulk is exposed for sale. To remedy this deficiency, a system of erecting wooden booths in the streets and open places of the town is

resorted to. The booths, numbering some thousands, are the property of the town, and good strong, substantial fixtures they are,—fitted complete with bolts, bars, and shutters, to enable the occupier to lock up his wares at night and leave them in perfect safety. The whole system is under the direct control of the police. During the night before the fairs commence hundreds of workmen are employed in their erection; every booth is numbered, and the fitting parts are numbered to correspond; they rise like magic; the unlucky stranger cannot sleep that night for the din of hammers, and when he issues into the streets in the morning, heigh, presto! he finds the empty spaces converted into a wooden town, and the hitherto quiet and dreamy footways blocked up by an army of retail traders unpacking their stores and taking possession of their temporary occupations. The larger spaces are divided into rows, the fronts of the booths facing each other as in a street; every row is numbered, and the trader advertises in the newspapers, calling public attention to the class of goods he offers, and to the locality. Much valuable time is spared to the intended

ing purchaser by the classification of the various trades ; one or two rows will be devoted to ironmongery, another to glass, a third to baskets and brushes, a fourth to boots and shoes, and so on. The variety of goods is endless ; it appears as though the shopkeepers of Germany had emptied their stores to supply the contents of these wooden constructions ; every necessary and every luxury can be had here, not of a flimsy or trifling nature, but of a solid and substantial character.

The wholesale trade is conducted wherever the manufacturer can find house-room. He, great and pompous individual, ignores the humble booth, requires a regular shop or extensive rooms, and is prepared to pay rent accordingly. Shopkeepers turn out of their premises, taking their business to the garret or some other obscure locality ; private people take to the attics, sleeping, cooking, living—no, not living—existing for the time with their families in one little cock-loft ; every room and even landing in the house being let out for the purposes of the fair ; every bedroom in every hotel, every passage, gateway, or court-yard turned for the nonce into a store. Hotel-keepers stow the furniture of

their parlors somewhere or other to make more room ; windows are even taken out that goods may be packed on the sills, and doorways are so blocked up that only one person can go in or come out at a time. Many of the shops are let to two tenants, the regular inhabitants tenanting them out of fair-time, and the manufacturers during the fair. The same shops have thus been occupied for forty years by some of the old frequenters.

Rents are enormous, and hotel-keepers charge double prices for everything ; many of them refuse to sell beer at this time, the guests being compelled, perhaps against their will, to drink the light wines of France and the Rhine. It is now harvest-time for restaurants, and all places of amusements. Leipsic only contains about 70,000 inhabitants, including the old town and the suburbs, and as the fair is confined to the limits of the old town, it is here that the restaurants abound. There are about four hundred and eighty in a very little area ; sign-boards spring up like mushrooms, covering the house-fronts from doors to nearly the attics. These are either brought into the town, or left in some garret from year to year by the proprietors, and



Altenburgers.

Polish Jew.

Armenian.

VISITORS AT THE LEIPSIK FAIR.



AUERBACH'S KELLER.—SCENE OF FAUST'S ADVENTURE.

when the fair is over, the very next day will find Leipzig in its usual quiet state; not a booth or extra sign-board is to be seen, the myrmidons of the police have removed everything during the night; the streets have been cleanly swept; the citizen now counts his gains, puts his house in order, takes things easy once more, and retires to his constant pipe, his metaphysics, and his beer; as they say in Leipzig, "*he has come down out of his blanket.*" This saying arose from the fact of a humorous print that was published depicting the domestic miseries of the burgher. He was represented sleeping with his wife and five children in a blanket suspended from the ceiling, every other part of the house being occupied by traders.

The merchandise exhibited by the wholesale dealers is of the most costly description; the celebrated French firms bring their choicest productions in silks, printed fabrics, velvets, and ribbons; Switzerland sends her costly and elaborate muslin work, and German Switzerland also contributes her share. This district is better known as the Saxon Swiss, a most romantic and mountainous district, eight miles from Dresden. The wedding

dress of the Princess of Wales was manufactured in these mountains; it was a most costly production, amounting to several hundred pounds sterling. It requires no very great strain upon our confidence to believe this, judging from the fabulously expensive work which the manufacturers bring to Leipzig for sale in the ordinary course of trade.

Prussia and Saxony contribute woven woolen and cotton fabrics, but the principal branch from these kingdoms is the cloth trade; entire streets are devoted to the sale of it. Vienna and Nuremberg send their knick-knacks, consisting of pipes, purses, fancy jewelry, etc. Russia finds a market here for her malachite ware, and for her precious stones. The Dutchman sends his cut diamonds, and the Greek and the Turk bring their gems. The trade in gems, etc., forms a very considerable item during fair-time, and is chiefly monopolized by the Jewish fraternity, who faithful to their Israelitish habits, congregated in one locality; the far-famed street of Brühl is their home. Here, redolent of filth and dirt but rolling in wealth, the Polish Jew is to be seen all day long; at one time sitting in his door-way, basking like a lizard in the sun

smoking with half-closed eyes his Turkish pipe, but keenly alive to each fine impulse which leads to money-making; now he is sauntering along the street in close communion with three or four of his brethren, or he quietly takes his stand at his accustomed corner, on the lookout for customers. He is known all over Europe by his garb. The late Emperor Nicholas, in his energetic efforts to destroy Polish nationality, forbade the Jews to wear their national costume, but they clung to it with the tenacity peculiar to the people, and with that reverence for Jewish customs which so pre-eminently distinguishes them. See him now in his long and greasy caftan, reaching to the ankles of his top boots, his head covered with a large round cap,—a splendid specimen of the great unwashed; his beard venerable as a goat's, and his side-locks hanging from under his cap twisted and curled like pendent corkscrews, he looks a fit object for charity, yet he carries somewhere about him, in the deep and hidden recesses of his dirty clothing, diamonds worthy of a king's ransom. A wily Greek approaches him, an Armenian we see by his costume; they chaffer and haggle, each afraid of the acute powers of the other, until their bargain is complete. The Armenians attend the fair to barter their gems for turquoise stones. It is reported that a Russian merchant lately sold to an Armenian turquoise stones to the value of £12,000 sterling for the Oriental market. The stone is held in great repute in Egypt, Turkey, and Persia as a charm against the evil eye, consequently it enters very largely into the construction of their dagger-hilts, sword-handles, pipes, pistols, and ornaments. The use of the stone was not unknown to Shakespeare; when Shylock is mad with grief and rage at the loss of his ducats and his daughter, he has not one bitter pill to swallow; Tubal, his servant, brings him information of the runaway in these words:—"One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey;" Shylock answers, "Out upon her! thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my turquoise. I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys." How profoundly and how forcibly does Shakespeare, in these

few lines, impart a value to the stone; and what a proof of his great knowledge of the undercurrents of life does he here exhibit. In those days of Jewish oppression, when the Jew was an alien and proscribed, and not allowed the privileges of citizenship; when he was forbidden to own land or houses, it was but natural for him to trade in and accumulate such wealth as he could conveniently take away in case of banishment, or secrete in case of spoliation; hence the fondness, even to the present day, of the race for the possession of valuable gems: and as at the time of Shakespeare's play, the wealth of the Jews must of necessity have consisted of such articles, it is but fair to infer that Leah, in the exchange of lovers' presents, would give to Shylock a jewel not only worthy his acceptance, but one which would, in her imagination, act as a talisman and shield him from harm, so that in presenting the gift a touch of womanly tact and sentiment accompanied it. The same masterly manner is manifested in his forcible expression of a "wilderness of monkeys." Ordinary writers would have given a definite idea of quantity. Some would have said a hundred monkeys, others a menagerie full of monkeys, but Shakespeare by one word takes you into the very abode of monkeys. The reader may think a monkey a very poor exchange for a valuable ring, but then it must be borne in mind monkeys were not so common in Venice then as with us now, and the animal was considered a necessary appendage of the wealthy, like a costly lap-dog is with ladies of the present day. Paul Veronese shows us this quite plainly in his gorgeous pictures of State occasions—he introduces the monkey in most of them, and he was an artist who painted his accessories from life and not from imagination. But we are leaving Leipsic; let us look at the trade proper of the town apart from the influences of the fair.

Thousands of persons in Germany are employed in the fur trade, which has its center in Leipsic; here is the emporium of the world. Furs are brought here from North America, Central Europe, Russia, and Asia. Every known fur, of the most costly description, can be had here, and it is calculated that the fur sales bring 2,500 dealers together from all

parts of the world ; the sales take place during fair-time, and then the streets present a very animated and interesting, but very strange appearance. Americans, English, French, Italians, Russians, Swiss, Swedes, Dutch, Tartars, Greeks, Turks, Albanians, Poles, Wallachians, and others, dressed in their national garbs, and jabbering in their mother tongue, all crowd on the view together.

The publishers have their Exchange in the old town. The large room is very fine indeed, and tastefully decorated ; here the booksellers from all parts of Germany assemble once a year to compare and balance accounts with each other, to leave orders with the publishers, and transact business generally. In a smaller room in the Exchange they exhibit their latest and choicest productions in books, prints, photographs, &c., for scholastic and ornamental purposes. The celebrated Berlin firms display the most artistic and elegant specimens of bookbinding it is possible to conceive, and the collection of photographs, enriched by the principal subjects from the Royal European galleries, tend to make the exhibition—showing as it does at one view the present state of German art in the ornamentation of books, in engraving, and other modes of illustration—a sight pleasing to the eye and gratifying to the mind. Amidst this whirl of commercial excitement the amusements of a fair, according to our ideas, are not forgotten. In an open space allotted for the purpose, swings, roundabouts, wild beast shows, and acrobats are in full activity, flanked by peep-shows, the everlasting fat lady, and the fat pig. None of the usual noise and dissipation attending fairs are to be met with here ; everything wears a quiet and orderly aspect ; the musicians belonging to the various shows play inside their respective establishments and play really well, for before a band is allowed in the streets or in a booth during fair-time, it must first pass muster before the critical ear of a musical commissioner. The result is, that the best music from the best masters is rendered in masterly style. Music is the happy gift of the German people, and Leipzig is its great center ; a student or professor with a diploma from the Conservatorium ranks at once with the greatest performers in any country in the world. The

winter concerts, in which the great virtuosi appear, are a treat never to be forgotten, and in the grand music halls which shine in all their glory during the fair, strangers may listen to music of the most classical or the most fascinating description for the small sum of twelve cents, performed by masters of celebrity ; the tables are decked out in the most tasty manner (it is astonishing what the Germans can do with a few pots and a few pieces of different colored papers), obsequious waiters are ready to attend to orders, and thus the visitors literally enjoy a musical banquet. The same music performed in London by similarly talented players would cost at least five shillings to listen to. The Germans well understand the art of catering for public taste and amusement at very little expense.

Students from all parts of the country enter the Conservatorium. Americans, English, Russian, and French come here to study the science and learn their particular instrument under some of the great masters. The organ seems to be the most popular instrument, and Leipzig has ever boasted, from the days of the great Sebastian Bach, of some celebrity in church music ; it is the cradle for the deep diapasons which surge through the profundity of German thought, and which find their due expression in the lofty flights, and in the softest pathos of a rich and fertile imagination. Well may the great master-pieces of his countrymen exercise an influence on the soul of every German.

The country around Leipzig is flat and uninteresting ; the fields range for miles over the plain without a hedge to intersect them ; the roads are cut through them in straight lines, which seem interminable, and are only relieved by trees planted at intervals on each side. It is just the country for great armies to contend in. When a stranger asks a Leipsiger where the great battle was fought, the native, pointing with a proud gesture, and with as little enthusiasm as his cold nature will allow, answers, "All round the old town." For three days the great struggle for national existence raged in a circle of four miles diameter, the center being the middle of the town. Cannon balls are still imbedded in some of the suburban houses, and they are always carefully pre-

served, though they interfere with necessary alterations. Martin Luther addressed the people from a window of a house which still remains in the market-place, at a time of great religious excitement. Castellated and palatial-looking dwellings arrest the eye in many places, carrying their date back four or five hundred years ; the many-storied houses, with their many windows in the roofs, impart an ancient and romantic appearance to the town. The old and heavy fashioned churches, without any architectural design or ornament, and consequently without relief, but imposing-looking in the interior from the grandly carved ceilings, arching over like a dome and covering a large unbroken space, built probably for acoustic effects ; the many gable-ended houses with their quaint old carvings in wood and stone, and the numerous cellars supported on heavy stone pillars and arched over like Gothic crypts, all tell their mediæval history, and speak with the eloquent silence of years gone by of Germany of the middle ages.

Among these cellars is the famous one known as Auerbach's Keller, the scene of one of Dr. Faust's exploits ; it is now a very good restaurant, and one of the places every stranger goes to see. If he expects anything very grand he will be disappointed ; there is nothing particular to be seen except a dark room underground, lighted by the windows from the street. The proprietor shows the visitor a large, ponderous tome of Faust's writings, dated 1525, which he has rigidly preserved under lock, key, and chain, and passes over to the succeeding proprietor as one of the " fixtures " of the establishment. If the visitor is exceedingly gracious the worthy man will perhaps present him with a small book, containing an account in German of Faust's doings in Leipsic, and that part which refers to Auerbach's Keller he has had translated into broken English. It would be very amusing to read our mutilated mother tongue, but the sense of it simply amounts to this : Faust, and some Polish students, entered Leipsic during fair-time to replenish their purses,—Faust trusting to his necromantic devices, and the students to meeting some of their countrymen. Passing Auerbach's Keller, which was

then a wine-cellar, they noticed the awkward attempts of the porters to hoist a cask of wine into the street. "What clumsy knaves," said Faust ; "one man alone could hoist the cask if he went the right way to work." This remark drew forth insolent replies from the porters, and the master, coming out to see what was the matter, learnt the true state of the case. In a great passion he told Faust if he could do it himself, he should have the cask of wine for his trouble. Faust descended into the cellar, got strideways across the cask, and immediately the cask of its own accord mounted up into the street. The master declared the bargain off because it was done by necromancy, and Faust as resolutely held him to his promise ; for very shame he was compelled to give up the cask to Faust and his friends, and they took it to their hotel and made merry over it as long as it lasted. That *rara avis* to be seen in *propria persona*, the German student, abounds in Leipsic. He is not, however, the dreamy individual we read of in ghost stories and incantation scenes ; this practical age has knocked all that nonsense out of him. We are apt from old associations of the memory to connect him with fanciful ideas, studying some abstruse chimera of the brain, living on the contemplation of the past and neglecting the practical future. What a mistake ! He is as lively as his compeer of Oxford, Cambridge, or Harvard, but he does not show it in such a boisterous manner ; he bears a bold, open, and independent carriage, as though he were inwardly conscious that he had successfully performed his allotted duties, and felt fully equal to the performance of more difficult ones it might be his yet to encounter. His college, or Bund, is denoted by the jaunty cap he wears, which requires but an elegant tassel hanging over the shoulders to make it a fancy smoking-cap for a fast man. The stupid and senseless system of dueling with sharp foils still prevails amongst them ; the slightest offense, perhaps unwittingly committed, or caused by accident, can only be atoned for by the duel, so strictly and so foolishly do they preserve their ancient but mistaken code of honor. A day is set apart every month for these affairs to be settled : each duel is to last for fifteen minutes,

when the combatants are separated ; they are guarded with pads over the breast, and the eyes with strong spectacles ; the face is the only mark presented to the foil. Out of every ten students you meet, two or three of them carry the indelible scars of this horrid system : one has the tip of his ear cut away, a second a bit chopped out of his nose, and a third an ugly seam down the cheek. A fair bout at fisticuffs, which would only cause some harmless contusion, is not understood by them, but is voted low and ruffianly ; so they satisfy their honor by carrying to their graves the wounds received under the most trifling circumstances.

Leipsic is essentially a town for the scholar, the artist, and the antiquary ; the greatest linguists in the world reside here ; it is a city of bookworms. A great intellectual feast is provided for those whose artistic tastes incline to the contemplation of engravings ; the collection in the Museum is most unique of its kind : it embraces every specimen of the art from every school, and from the earliest known date, and is exceedingly rich in the etchings of the seventeenth century. The best judges in the world of old engravings, perhaps, are to be found in Leipsic ; let any rare old work be sought for by the collector, the commission will eventually find its way, through the ramifications of trade, to Leipsic.

The modern collection of paintings, although not large, will bear comparison with any other of its kind in Europe, for every work is a masterpiece, and the majority are rendered familiar and popular by the engravings to be seen throughout Germany. Here are four of the great works of Calamé, who died a few months ago at Mentone. They arrest the attention and claim the admiration of even the meanest judgment. So true are they to nature, and so grand and so noble in their conception that the beholder regrets that talents so great should have existed but for a season. He died quite young ; consumption, often the attendant of bright intelligence, claimed him for a victim, just as he had worked himself up from an obscure position and from indigent circumstances, by untiring industry and the full development of the path he trod and made peculiarly his own. Who, so faithfully as he, could transmit to

canvas the picturesque and sublime scenery of Switzerland ?

Verboeckhoven's greatest work is here : the shepherds and their dogs driving a flock of sheep to shelter before a fast approaching hurricane ; the sheep in their eager hurry are crushing over one another, and rushing pell-mell across the rocky plain ; the dust in ominous clouds is gathering in their rear ; the voices of the men appear lost in the storm, while the black hurricane seems near enough to overwhelm them all. Truly this is a pastoral tragedy told with all the painter's art.

Delaroche, the greatest of the French painters, is represented by three of his best figure portraits : "Cromwell Viewing the Body of Charles in his Coffin," "Frederick the Great Bivouacking," and "The Return of Napoleon after Waterloo." This last picture is very striking and in the very best manner of the artist ; it is entitled "Fontainebleau ;" there he sits, the abjectly defeated one, his uniform dirty with hard riding, and in neglected *deshabillé* ; he has evidently just arrived and thrown himself into the chair ; you may speak to him, but he has no ears for any one ; his agonized and abject countenance speaks but too plainly the terrors of his mind. This picture always attracts a crowd, the best proof of merit, and the greatest compliment an artist can receive. Tiedeman's "Children's Dance" is another very popular picture. An old man is playing his violin, whilst twenty or thirty children, boys and girls of all ages, from four to twelve, are dancing round him ; every child is a complete study, and full of animation, and so heartily do they enjoy their innocent amusement, that even the little baby crowing in the nurse's arms longs to join the scene. How much one successful figure contributes to a picture ; this action of the infant is the keynote to the whole.

This is a faithful outline of Leipsic and its fair. That the German people, and the Saxons in particular, are a saving, industrious, and intelligent class, and can readily adapt themselves to circumstances, has been clearly shown. They seem content to live under despotical rule, without political privileges or a free press ; trusting, since the revolution of 1848, to becoming more independent in

course of time by quiet inaction ; developing in the meanwhile the arts, sciences, and manufactures. They enjoy a splendid literature, boast a glorious history ; and if the traveler notices a deficiency of public works and a lack of progress in all that relates to practical and daily life, he must recollect that it is the

nature of despotism to deaden the life-blood of its subjects ; that the country must be viewed in this light ; that the blame must not be cast upon a quiet and inoffensive race, but must fall upon those whose repressive rule suggests such striking comparisons with free and liberal constitutions.

NORAH: THE STORY OF A WILD IRISH GIRL.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

AUTHOR OF "MISS MARJORIBANKS," "JOHN," ETC.

(Continued from page 61.)

CHAPTER III, (*Continued.*)

"WELL, find the men, me dear child," said Lady Louisa. "There's some at the Lodge with old Sir Thomas, and there's that nephew of the Admiral's—and your friend Everard Stoke. They're great friends, Mrs. Mulgrave, though you'll be shocked to hear me say it. I don't interfere with me girls when they're but amusing themselves. Norah knows it's a thing can go no further. He has good connections and knows the world, but I don't suppose he's got a penny. I know me girls' principles, Mrs. Mulgrave, and how far I can trust them ; and why shouldn't they amuse themselves, poor things, so long as they know how far to go ?"

"Yes," said I with a little eagerness, while Norah watched me, growing pale ; "but though it may be safe enough for them, it may be hard upon—the young men." Heaven knows I did not care in this case for the young men—but what was one to say ?

"Ah then, he'll take care of himself," said Lady Louisa lightly. "He's no fool, me dear ma'am, and you may be sure he'd never believe I'd throw away one of me girls on a well-bred beggar, for sure that's what it comes to. When people have lived in the world all their lives they understand each other.—Norah, go and tell the boy.—Me dear, I wouldn't speak before the child, but ye may make your mind easy. If it was a young curate or any of the school-boy sort, I'd put a stop to it—but they're both well born, and they're both beggars as ye may say, and better

brought up than to think of any nonsense, except amusing themselves,—there's no harm in that."

"But, mamma, I do think," said Priscilla, coming up to us hastily, "since Norah is not here—"

"Me child, ye were born a little old woman, and ye don't understand," said Lady Louisa. "Let her alone. I've got me eye on them. He's very pleasant, I don't deny, and if he had a good income, and his character more settled—"

"But, indeed, I fear it is not at all settled," said I. "Dear Lady Louisa, I have no confidence in his principles—I don't know if you will let me say so."

"My dear lady, men are but men," said Lady Louisa, turning her back on her elder daughter, and giving me a series of little comical nods. "We don't talk of such things before the girls, but ye can't mend the creatures, and ye must just swallow them as they are. Sure, when I can't answer for me own boys, I've nothing to do with casting stones at Everard Stoke. Hush ! Mrs. Mulgrave and I are consulting about cups and saucers, me dear," she added in a louder tone, turning again to the table. I dare say all the same Priscilla heard ; and Norah too, for that matter, who came in after doing her errand to the stable-boy, with a preoccupation such as had never been seen before in her sunset eyes.

"Are you gossiping about our neighbors ?" said Norah, with a kind of sneer which did not become her, except, indeed, that it qui-

vered on her lip as if that soft Cupid's bow had been too tightly strung.

"Ah, then, and shouldn't we like it above everything?" said Lady Louisa; "but you see Mrs. Mulgrave's going, me dears—and not vexed at all your nonsense, I hope. What are they but children, me dear lady, and their poor mother's companions, and always brought up to speak out their mind."

"And Irish!" cried Norah, as she went with me to the door. "Does not that mean everything that is indiscreet?" But the girl did not leave me when she had opened the door for me. She snatched up her hat as she passed, and followed me out, calling my attention, in the candid way which belonged to the family, to the state of the lawn, as long as we were within hearing of the open windows. "I own!" she said, "if it were a haymaking mamma meant to give, it would be more suitable, and greater fun too." Then Norah lowered her voice, and approached me closely, with an anxious glance. "Did you tell mamma about him," she said, "when I was gone? I know you told mamma."

I did not make her any answer. I looked her very closely in the face and shook my head. "Oh Norah—" I began.

"Nothing more—don't say anything more," cried the girl. "I know what you mean when you say 'Oh Norah!' Is it so bad as that? you mean to say; and I tell you it is not bad at all, Mrs. Mulgrave. I know *all*—he has told me all, poor fellow, and I am so sorry for him. It does not matter to me—or rather, he is my friend and it does matter—but not in the way you think. Only because people are so queer and so prejudiced, I would not have you tell mamma."

"Then you ought to save him from what may be coming upon him," said I. "If Lady Louisa is going to have a number of people from town, how can you insure that there will not be somebody who knows all—better than you do—somebody who might expose him, which is what I don't want to do—for everybody knew," I said.

It seemed incomprehensible that on this spot, where the very earth seemed to have thrilled with the story of Everard Stoke's ill-doings, an innocent young creature like this

should be standing all flushed and eager to defend him. And knowing all, as she said.

She had grown very pale as I spoke. "Expose him?" she said, in a tremulous, almost whispering voice, and then shook her head as if with an effort to shake off the effect of my words. "I don't understand what you mean,—but I will ask nobody but himself," she cried—"nobody but himself. He must answer for himself."

I do not know how much longer Norah would have held me there talking about it, but I saw how vain it was. And Patrick made his appearance from the stable-yard with a big scythe, bigger than himself, over his shoulder. Mowing-machines were not so common then as they are now, and even had they been more general, I don't think anything but the primitive method of getting rid of the grass would have been adopted at the Mansion. The impatient girl saw the approach of the man of all work with an irritation which almost looked like temper. "I did not say you were to begin this very minute, when there are people here," she cried, and caught at my hand to stop me. "Wait, Mrs. Mulgrave; I am going with you a little way."

I do not know what I could have done to free myself of her if she had persevered, and it may be supposed that I had little desire to receive any confidences from Norah, or to argue with her in her present state of mind. It was the stable-boy who came to my assistance—a novel, unexpected auxiliary. "Sure, Miss Norah, and it's them as will be tired waiting for you at the gate."

Norah gave me a terrified glance and grew scarlet, and then she turned upon the lad with a kind of fury. "Them? Who? and who gave you leave to speak?" she cried, wild with vexation. Perhaps there was enough in that glance to give the lad his instructions, or perhaps his ready wit suggested the explanation.

"I ask your pardon, Miss Norah. Sure it's the young ladies from the Cottage—who else?"

The blush was still burning on her face when Norah turned and left me. She gave me a little nervous nod, and muttered some-

thing, I do not know what, and I know she turned round when she had gone a little way, to see if I was looking after her. Poor child! Because I objected to Everard I had become her enemy. She feared me and distrusted me, though I was, as I believed, the only one who tried to save her. Could his sisters be aiding Everard in this piece of selfish villainy? The question had scarcely risen in my mind when I saw Lottie Stoke coming to meet me. Then it became evident that it must be a lie—and Patrick could not have had his story so ready had it been the first time that any one had waited for Norah at the other gate.

I had no heart to speak to Lottie when she came up. All I could say to myself was that I wished I could glide through the world taking interest in nobody, letting people look after their own affairs, and minding my own business. But then my own business is so very trifling in this world, and one can't help loving people—no, nor even disliking people, though that perhaps is wrong—I will not go so far as to say hating, for that would not be true.

"Now you have been seeing Norah," said Lottie Stoke, "and I hope you have been more successful on that side."

"I have nothing to do with Norah," I said a little sharply. "I am neither her mother nor her keeper. She—and others—so far as I can see, must please themselves."

"Ah, that's what Everard is doing," said Lottie, "what he always did all his life. Of *course* he can't marry—even if she were rich I don't believe he would ever think of marrying. He is only amusing himself. There are times when I could shoot him, though he is my brother—or kick him, which is worse," cried Lottie, with sharp contempt.

"She is amusing herself too," said I. "Never mind; she knows she must marry money, and she knows her mother would never look at such a man. Why should we vex ourselves that have nothing to do with it? Let them amuse themselves. They ought to know their own meaning best."

"But it will make people talk, as you said, and we shall hear that dreadful story all raked up again," said Lottie, with sudden tears.

"Oh, I can't help it—I am out of my senses, and they only encourage him in all his doings at home."

And I had to take her in with me, and comfort her, and show her that I could do nothing—which was very poor comfort, either to her or to me.

CHAPTER IV.

THIS tragical undercurrent which ran on all through Lady Louisa's preparations for her parties made the fun of them less enjoyable, to me at least, though the Green in general made mighty merry over the series of tays. When the lawn was mowed by Patrick it looked so much like a hayfield from which the crop had just been removed that a glance of dismay had momentarily overwhelmed Lady Louisa's delightful confidence. But she soon recovered. "Sure it's in the country," she said. "It's Nature—what can ye expect? Young Everton, my Cousin Fascally's eldest son, a charming, handsome young fellow and the best of sons, was in raptures with it. He'd have Norah take him to see the moon. 'Nonsense, my young friend,' said I 'it's rheumatism will go with you, and not Norah.' For, me dear ma'am, the family's poor, and the boy must marry money like the rest of them. It's not I would be such a bad friend to him as to throw me pretty daughter in his way."

"Indeed, when nothing can come of it, I think it is wrong, very wrong," said I, with emphasis which made Lady Louisa stare.

"And that is true," she said, with vague surprise. "It is one of the things I will never allow. When a young man owes it to his family to make a marriage of a certain kind, it's cruel, it's downright barbarity, me dear ma'am, to go poking your pretty girls into the poor boy's way. There was Lord Muddleton's boy that went all wrong—there's been some intermarriages between his family and ours, but I own I can't tell ye the connection—I would not have let that boy so much as see me child; it would have gone against me conscience, but if you'll believe me, there was a woman, an aunt of his own, the fool, left him with one of the Dermotts, a pretty creature without a penny, and the

next thing his poor parents heard of it he was engaged. And sure they married and came to a bad end. I have my ambition for me children, Mrs. Mulgrave. Not under a hundred thousand for me boys, and for me poor girls, ye know, what Heaven may send them. Isn't it all the business that's left me in life?"

And yet next minute she was chatting with Everard Stoke, who came with the pretense of some message from his sisters. He had taken to calling at the Mansion for some days past, since the day when Patrick betrayed his presence at the other gate. Probably Norah had been alarmed in spite of herself by that strange sensation of discovery, and the tingle of shame which had scorched her cheeks, and had put a stop to those half clandestine, half accidental meetings. And accordingly he took to calling openly, and amused Lady Louisa and told her bits of scandal. "The men fish up everything at their clubs, ye know," she said; and none of us had the courage to tell her that Everard Stoke, in spite of his good connections, had managed to banish himself forever from that condition in which clubs are possible.

There was a good deal of excitement on the Green about the first of the series of tays, and Heaven knows some of us had good occasion to remember the day. The only sensible one of the Stokes did not take as she should have done my suggestion on the subject. I advised her with all my might to persuade Everard not to go. "There are people coming from the town," I said, "and how can he tell whom he may meet? Anybody from his old office—any of his old friends. You know how disagreeable it would be." "Men are not brutes," said Lottie, indignantly, "at least not young men in society. Even if there did happen to be some one there, they would not have the heart to make any scene. And beside, people forget, when they don't happen to be friends and take an interest in one," poor Lottie said, with a little bitter meaning. I took no notice of her unkindness, poor child. It is very true that people forget when you don't much care for their recollection, but a secret rarely dies out, especially if there is shame in it. It hangs

about in the general memory—a sort of shadow—and with one individual here and there always lives keen enough and sharp enough to defy oblivion. This has always been my experience, at least.

I dressed to go to Lady Louisa's on that particular evening with a thrill of presentiment. I knew something was going to happen. Whether it might take the special form I feared, of course no one could say, but I felt that somehow a storm was coming. And I don't think I was alone in thinking so. There was a flush on Norah's face, which, as a rule, was almost too pale, and a tremulous expression about her nostril and movement of her lip, which showed me that she, too, was full of the excitement of a crisis. Lottie Stoke, on the other hand, had lost all her color. The soft English rose on her cheeks had fled before the breath of this emotion; her eyes looked out of her face large and anxious, with a certain dilatation about them like stars in a summer night, when they seem positively projecting out of the sky. Not a soul entered the room who was not noted from head to foot by Lottie. She had been angry with me for warning her, but yet my warning had not been in vain. Everard, on the contrary, was perfectly charming—I never saw him look so well, nor talk so well, nor make himself so agreeable. We ladies on the Green, *who knew all about it*, absolved him, I am sure, finally that night. "You can't imagine, you know, that he ever did anything dishonorable. It's not in nature," said Mrs. Damerel, who had never been one of his friends, to me. As for the party, it was just like other parties, I am sorry to say. There was really nothing original about it, except that it was the first of a series of tays. If it had been called an evening party, like other people's, we should all have yawned in corners behind our fans, as one generally does. There were a few men down from town, but they had come to dinner, and were still sitting over their wine when we all assembled. I suppose they did not think us worth their while. We had all got shaker together, and the music and the talk had begun to get lively, and our usual groups were forming—for of course, being all so intimate

with each other, we naturally fell into groups—when at last they began to come in. I don't know whether Everard was at all nervous himself, but at all events he kept away behind the old grand piano in a corner, turning over the music, and whispering to Martha Foster in a way which I could see Norah did not at all like. She was quite flushed and excited, poor child. Though I watched her so closely, I did not know half of what had occurred to excite her. But as soon as Colonel Fitzgerald came in, I saw one thing—that it was Norah at whom he had thrown his handkerchief. Priscilla, more like a little hen than ever, was at the other end of the room trying to amuse the dull people, who generally fall into a heap together at such gatherings, but it was to Norah's side that the Colonel betook himself. He bent over her, being a very tall man, and talked, and evidently did his very best to entertain her. He even placed himself so, standing before her, that nobody else could get near the girl. It might be because they had all claimed him as a relative, which gives a man courage, or perhaps because he had a contempt for us mere country people, but certain it was that he monopolized Norah in a very significant way—too significant for a party. Poor Norah received these attentions with anything but satisfaction. Her color came and went, her natural fun and nonsense seemed all at an end. When she answered him it was only with a word or two. Sometimes she would give a frightened glance towards Lady Louisa, sometimes to where Everard stood by the piano, now with one girl, now with another. It was evident to me that she was afraid of them both—afraid of exciting Everard to jealousy, afraid of alarming her mother, vexed and annoyed at the ostentatious attentions of the man by her side. She gave even me an appealing glance, as if praying me to come and help her; but I could not take that upon me in Lady Louisa's house, and knowing what her wishes were. Old Fems, the butler, and Patrick, the wonderful stable-boy, in a livery coat too long for him, were handing round the tea while this little scene was going on. Colonel Fitzgerald was the first of the gentlemen to leave the dining-room;

the others were just beginning to straggle in.

"Give me your arm, Mr. Stoke," said Lady Louisa all at once; and notwithstanding the hum of talk, and all the murmur of the room, Norah heard it and so did I. "Give me your arm; I want to introduce you to me cousin, Lady Fascally. I want ye to tell her about the Dorchesters. She's been spending the winter in Naples and knows them well."

Lady Louisa ran on, but I did not make out what she was saying more. Everard coming towards her turned his face full upon all the assembly, including the gentlemen who were coming in at the door. I don't know if he had already seen that he had something to dread, or if a mere vague fear, communicated somehow in the atmosphere from us women who were afraid, had crept over him. He was very pale and very grave, like a man turning his face towards visible danger. I cannot say that he was a handsome man, but there was something about him of that charm which is more attractive than beauty.

As Norah turned towards her mother, Colonel Fitzgerald naturally turned too; and started, to my dismay, with a muttered exclamation, "By Jove!" Everard came in with Lady Louisa on his arm, passing close by them. He had swept the whole room with his eyes, and it was evident that he had collected himself for the encounter. "Ah, Fitzgerald, how d'ye do?" he said lightly as he passed. Colonel Fitzgerald did not answer a word; he stood like a man scared, biting his moustache with a kind of convulsive energy. It was he who was silenced and put down, and not Everard. He collapsed altogether, and stood staring before him, and did not seem to have another word to say.

Then Norah turned to me over the arm of her sofa—turned right round, and gave me a triumphant look. "Do you see?" her eyes said; "Which is the victor now?" But at this moment something else occurred. A sudden hush fell on the room, nobody knew why; and then there came a voice quite distinct above everything else, as if it were the only voice in the room. "Good God!" it said, "That fellow here!" Not much certainly to make such a commotion, but it froze

Norah into ice as she sat with her head turned round to look at me. I turned too, and so did everybody. It was a fat little man in a white waistcoat who had uttered that exclamation. He was standing direct in Everard's way, stopping him. Lady Louisa had dropped his arm and was begging the gentlemen not to quarrel, and inquiring what was the matter,—while young Everton stepped forward and stood before Lady Fascally, who had been frozen into ice too, with the smile which she had put on to receive Everard petrifying on her lips.

"Don't quarrel, me friends," said Lady Louisa, in her perturbation. "Sir Charles, me dear man, sit down and be quiet, for Heaven's sake. Sure and nobody wants to know what it's about. Mr. Stoke, he's an old man and no credit to fight. Go and sit down by Norah yonder, and talk to the child, and for goodness' sake let us have no more."

"I will obey you, Lady Louisa," said Everard; his eyes gave one flash and he made the short stranger a bow, and turned and came straight up to Norah. "Come into the conservatory and look at the flowers," he said, offering her his arm; "It is your mother who sends me." It all passed with such rapidity that no one could interfere. Norah turned to him as if by compulsion, not as if she had any will of her own. She rose up to her feet trembling, and grew deadly pale, as if she were going to faint—but made a clutch at his arm and saved herself. Colonel Fitzgerald for his part made a movement in a confused, heavy-dragon way, having only half recovered his senses, as if to interfere between them. "Pardon me, it is Lady Louisa who sent me," said Everard. He was a little pale, but quite calm, and knew what he was about, which no one else in the room did. There was even a touch of scorn in his voice as he passed the heavy, astonished soldier. "By Jove!" was all Colonel Fitzgerald could say. And Everard led the poor child away, as white as her dress, through the people at the other end of the room, who had not heard much of the disturbance (if it could be called a disturbance). His mother called to him softly as they passed, "What is it, Everard? for God's sake," she cried, poor woman. I shall

never forget his answer: "Nothing, mother," he said, with the quietest voice, "except that Lady Louisa has sent me to take Norah out for a breath of fresh air. It is so hot—that is all."

I had risen, I could not tell why, and was following them with a vague terror I could not express, when Mrs. Stoke grasped my dress, all trembling, and drew me to a chair beside her. "What has happened? Tell me, for God's sake," she said. What could I do? Lady Louisa had authorized him to go to her daughter. Norah had trusted herself with him. How was I to interfere? I sat down beside his mother, watching the door of the tiny conservatory which had closed upon them. All this passed in about five minutes from the instant when Lady Louisa took Everard's arm. I told his mother all I knew, which was nothing, and then I rose, being too nervous to keep still. I would have gone after them into the conservatory at all hazards, but that I saw some others of the young people going. And what could I do? I returned to my old seat, which was near Lady Louisa. I found her in an unmistakable flutter. Colonel Fitzgerald and the little man in the white waistcoat were standing by her, and the group was made up by Mr. Beresford and Lady Fascally, who still sat petrified in the background, with her son in front of her in defence.

"No better than a swindler," said the fat man. "Took the money, Lady Louisa, ay, and spent it, too, and disappeared, as they mostly do. If I had been told that I should meet that fellow in your house, giving you his arm, I should have sworn that it was impossible. On my honor, I could not believe my eyes."

"And driven out of the regiment, by Jove," said Colonel Fitzgerald, into his moustache. "Sent to Coventry."

"God bless me, don't make such a fuss about it, me dear friends," said Lady Louisa, fanning herself violently. "Sure I thought he'd been wild, like the rest of the young men. It's a mistake, that's all, and if me Lady Denzil received the poor boy, why shouldn't I? Don't go make a fuss and upset me party. I'll have nothing more to say to him, I promise

ye. Ah, now, Mr. Beresford, can't ye go and look after your guests? What a thing to have happen to me, me dear," Lady Louisa said, with a half sob, as she dropped into a chair beside her cousin. She was a woman who was always very audible at all times, and it had not occurred to her to lower her voice.

"What an awkward, disagreeable thing to have happened to me."

"More than awkward, Louisa," said Lady Fascally, who was a sly woman of quality; "I should ask these ladies what they mean by it, if I were you."

"Me dear," said Lady Louisa, "it's clear enough what they mean by it. The boy's reformed, and is young, with good connections, and he's amusing, the poor young creature. I feel for them, poor things. And sure our own boys, me dear, they're not saints. As for spending money, there's me second—and not so particular where he'd get it neither. Me heart aches for the poor boy."

"You had all but presented him to me," said Lady Fascally, with her petrified air.

"Ah, then, me dear, and what harm could he have done ye?" said the softer woman. "After all, it's not Don Juan he is," Lady Louisa added, with a low mellow laugh; the shock had not fallen very severely on her, and the success of her "tay" was more important than Everard. Then her eye fell on me, and she seized upon me on the spot to amuse her difficult relation.

"Talk it all over, me dear ma'am, and tear the boy to pieces, and I'll be everlastingly obliged to you;" but still the mother said not a word about Norah, whom she had trusted to him—not a look of anxiety, or even of discomposure, was on her face, and I tried to speak, but she was gone, leaving me to amuse her friends.

It was a very hard business; and as Lady Fascally, being a great lady, kept solemn possession of her chair, I had to await the arrival of another victim before I could get free. The night went on, to me at least, like a feverish dream; there was music, there was laughter, and the everlasting sound of Lady Fascally's *finé* talk, and yet she and all the rest looked like so many ghosts. I never saw Norah return out of that conservatory; she

might have done so, perhaps, when my back was turned, or she might have come into the house another way; she might have gone upstairs to her room with a headache, as Norah sometimes did, I knew, or she might—could she? was it possible?—be wandering about the garden with Everard, listening to what wild talk the excitement of the moment might have put into his selfish mind. With such a generous, undisciplined, impulsive creature the one thing was as likely as the other, and what was certain was, that I saw her no more that night. "She has got into a row with her mamma," I heard Susy Stoke whisper to another, "and gone off to bed."

But I had no confidence in Susy Stoke. And it was with a most miserable mind, not knowing what to think, that I got up to follow Lady Denzil when she and Sir Thomas said good night. Priscilla was standing near her mother, white as a ghost. "Are you very tired?" I said to her, longing to say something more. "Tired to death," the poor little woman answered, looking piteously up in my face, as if asking *me* the question I longed to ask her. But Lady Louisa was just as cheerful as ever. "Thank you, me dear ma'am," she said, as she bade me good-night, with a comic glance at her grand relation, such as Irish eyes know so well how to give. And when the child's mother was so perfectly composed, what right had any one else to be anxious? That is what I said to myself as I went, miserable, home.

CHAPTER V.

It was still early when I got home—not more than half-past eleven; for the party had been disturbed, and everybody was glad to get away. I went upstairs and put on my dressing-gown, and came down again, not feeling ready for bed. A summer night is a cheerless thing at such a moment. When one feels wakeful in winter one comes down to the fire, and that is always company. But the lamp is not sufficient lustre to a room when there is nobody in it but one. And shadows seem to get into the corners—shadows that look as if they might take form sometimes and come and sit by one's side. I came into the dim room feeling very unhappy.

It was dimmer than usual that night ; my maid had placed a shade over the lamp, so that there was but one brilliant spot on the table, and all the rest was in darkness. Outside it was a lovely moonlight night ; but when one is alone, and past the age for that, the lamplight comes more natural than the moonlight. One goes in and sits down—and one sighs. It is as natural as smiling is at a different time.

But I had scarcely sat down and taken up a book, the first which came to hand, when I heard some one knock at the door and the footsteps of two people outside. My heart leaped to my mouth, and I sat listening with the intensity which one only feels when something very serious is happening. Could it be Norah, come to take refuge with me ? But it was not Norah. A minute after, her sister Priscilla came trembling like a little ghost into the room. She was muffled in a great cloak, with the hood over her head, but had not changed her white evening dress, and her face was whiter than her gown. She came in, shutting the door and sending away my maid with a little trembling voice.

"That will do, thank you ; don't trouble any more. Your mistress knows it is me, and the boy will wait in the hall," she said, and then came to me and knelt down by my side and looked piteously in my face.

"What is it ?" I said, taking her hands into mine. They were very cold, and she was shivering with a nervous chill, though it was so warm a night.

"She has gone away with him," said Priscilla—like myself, too much overcome to waste her words. "I cannot find her anywhere. Oh ! Mrs. Mulgrave, what am I to do ?"

"Gone with him ?" I said, in my horror. And yet I did not feel surprised. I seemed to have known all along that it must be so.

"I hoped she had gone to bed," moaned Priscilla. "I told mamma so. Mamma has gone to her room quite easy in her mind, thinking so. But she is not there. Where is she ? Oh, where is she ? And what must we do ?"

Just at that moment there came an impa-

tient knocking at the window which opened to the garden. It was very soft yet very hasty—like one who came by stealth and yet had not a moment to spare. Priscilla sprang to her feet, and so did I. The shutters were all shut close ; for it was on the ground floor, and easily accessible from the road. Once more I thought it was Norah, and so did her sister at my side. I don't know which of us it was that got the window open, we were both trembling so much, and obstructing each other in our eagerness. When we threw it open, a whole flood of moonlight and soft-scented night air came pouring in ; but nothing else. We stood straining our eyes out, filled with I don't know what superstitious terror. Priscilla clutched at me with her little icy hand. Nothing we could have seen would have appalled us like that beautiful, awful vacancy, after the human sounds of appeal for admittance. I was so terrified at last by the rigid grasp of the white creature beside me, and the moon gleaming upon her staring eyes and pallid, ghostly little figure, that I turned round to support her. And then it was, I suppose, that Lottie Stoke ventured to come forward out of the shadow. Priscilla gave a terrible scream and fell down at my feet. I cannot deny but I had almost fainted too, when the other figure suddenly appeared behind me, and helped to lift her up. What saved me was that Lottie grasped my arm with a kind of violence. "It is me," she said, "Lottie," almost shaking me in her impatience. She had been afraid to come in, seeing two of us, and thus we lost ten precious minutes, as she said afterwards ; for we had to bring Priscilla to her senses before we could hear each other speak.

"He has carried her off !" said Lottie, who had all the appearance of breathless haste. She had run all the way from the cottage, but had taken time to change her dress, and was evidently ready for action. "And I think I know where, Mrs. Mulgrave, if you have the courage to come. Have you the courage to come ? Priscilla, be still, and don't pay any attention ; you are just coming out of a faint. Mrs. Mulgrave, if you will come we may save them yet."

I cannot give any idea of the breathless

way in which Lottie spoke. She could not stand still. She kept sprinkling the *eau-de-cologne* over Priscilla, though she had come to by this time. And then she went and shut the windows, putting the shutters close with vigorous, trembling hands, and talking all the time. Priscilla, more dead than alive, sat up on the sofa where we had placed her.

"You will go, Mrs. Mulgrave?" she said. "Oh, go—for God's sake! before mamma knows."

"Where is it? What can we do? Children, you are driving me stupid," I cried. "Where can we go in the middle of the night?"

Then they both huddled close to me, and Lottie told her story. She had feared something from the moment they had disappeared into the conservatory; and Everard was not to be found. When they got home they found he had been there and had sent to the Barley-Mow for the gig. He told the servants he had been sent for to town, and that one of his sisters was going to see him off, and took a cloak of Lottie's and a hat. He was to leave the gig at a little inn near the Brentworth station, which was where the night express stopped. The maid, who had been curious, reported that the gig took him up with his companion under the shade of the lodge trees, so that she could not see which of the young ladies it was.

"Brentworth is six miles off," Lottie said, as she ended her tale. "Your pony would do it if you would come. When she said Brentworth, I knew where he must have gone. I will tell you on the road, Mrs. Mulgrave; only come."

"Oh, Mrs. Mulgrave, darling, go!" cried Priscilla, clasping her cold arms 'round me. My mind went slower than theirs—being older, I suppose.

"What good could we do?" said I. "There is not another train to-night. I would go if it would do any good. Lottie, my dear, think a moment; there is no train, and it is the middle of the night."

"He has not gone by the train," said Lottie; "I know where he has gone. I am sure I know. It is full moon, and the roads are light as day. I am not afraid to go anywhere,

if you will come. Oh! Mrs. Mulgrave, after all we have suffered, for my poor mother's sake."

"For my Norah's sake!" cried Priscilla, joining her two hands.

"I can put in the pony, myself!" Lottie cried, springing to her feet. "After all, we have not lost much time. I will tell Mary to bring you a glass of wine, and give me a light, and your big cloak. I have done it before. I shall be ready in ten minutes."

The emergency had brought out all the energy in her, while I, though I am not generally timid, sat trembling, not seeing my way. Two women alone driving across the country, in the middle of the night, through all that bright, prying, ghastly moonlight. We might meet tramps, or something worse, on the way. We might fall into evil hands. We might be murdered, for anything I could tell. And there was no trace to follow the fugitives to town by. Though they hurried me on with their impetuosity, I was afraid.

"It is not safe, it is not possible!" I cried. "We must wait till the morning. Two ladies alone! Lottie, you do not think what you say."

"Patrick came with me," said Priscilla, "he is as faithful as one of ourselves. He would go through fire and water for her. Oh, my Norah! I feel as if I dare not name her. Take Patrick, Mrs. Mulgrave, and for God's sake go!"

In ten minutes I found myself sitting wrapped up, and ready, waiting for the pony-carriage to come round. I could not resist them, though I could see no object in it.

"If mamma finds out, I will say she has come here in one of her tempers," said Priscilla. "I will say she has gone to you. If mamma knew—and oh! she was so aggravating to-day, and made Norah wild. I don't wonder at anything she did."

"Was it about him?" said Lottie, for I would not speak.

"Oh, no! it was about the other," said Priscilla. "He preferred her, as he was sure to do. The men all prefer Norah, she is so pretty and so lively; and sometimes the women too."

"Because you never let us see how good

you are!" cried Lottie, starting up, as we heard the sound of wheels. And for my part, all trembling and excited as I was, I took Priscilla into my arms and kissed her. Her tears came on my face warmer than her cheek was. We watched her make a tremulous rush down through the moonlight, and get safely within her own gate; and then Lottie and I, with Patrick behind us, turned off across the Green.

I have made many strange journeys in my life, and mostly on account of other people, having little enough to do for myself, but I don't recollect anything like that drive in the moonlight with the Irish stable-boy and Lottie Stoke. How still it was; how the moon shone and shone, growing bigger and fuller every moment, and wrapping us round and round in light. Every house on the road was fast asleep. The lights all out. The windows all covered, and the moonlight climbing in at them, an unsuspected thief, and whitening walls and roofs, and throwing awful ghastly shadows on everything in its way. There was scarcely a breath of air stirring. The roads were hard and dry, echoing under the pony's feet. Sometimes we thought we heard sounds of somebody before us. Sometimes of somebody pursuing, and would stop and hold our breath. It was the silence, I suppose, and the strange feeling of being all alone, awake and alive as it were, in the midst of this dead, motionless, sleeping world. And yet, Patrick the stable-boy was a kind of comfort too. Lottie told me where we were going as we went. An old servant of the Stokes, an old nurse, had a little farm near Brentworth. Lottie thought he would not take Norah to London, but there; and that what he said about the train was only to delude us. She thought he would stay there till the first noise of the discovery was over. And then she burst forth all at once with a passion of indignation, and rage, and scorn that bewildered me. "He is my brother!" she cried. "Oh, that one should have to despise one's brother! I seem to hate him when I think of it. He has done it for revenge, because he was disgraced there to-night. She is poor; she has nothing. He never wanted to marry her, Mrs. Mulgrave. He will keep her there till everybody knows

she has gone away with him, and then he will not marry her. I know him. Sometimes he is like the Devil himself!" cried Lottie, "and that is why I would not lose a moment. I will bring her home if I should die!"

"Lottie!" I cried, "he could not be such a villain. Men are bad enough, but not so bad as that."

"I do not mean he will do her any harm," said Lottie, with a violent crimson blush, which I could see, even in the moonlight; and her whip rose, and my poor pony started forward on the silent, silent road. The girl was excited and did not know what she was doing. I made her no answer, feeling sure that her indignation and agitation had carried her away, and warped her judgment even. Men are bad enough, but nowadays they don't do such things as that.

The nearer we came to our destination, the more silent we grew, and the faster went the pony, urged on by Lottie, who did not know what she was doing. When we passed Brentworth station, some one looked out from the little house by the railway, evidently startled by the noise we made, and threw up a window to watch us two ladies and the boy behind. He must have thought us ghosts, or mad-women. Then we turned down a long narrow country lane, all shaded with trees, and dark, which was still more terrifying than the light; and at last came to the farmhouse gate. Patrick jumped down to open it. We had never said a word to the lad of what our mission was; but he came up to the side of the carriage with a whisper, "Sure it's the gate is open, Miss. I'll go bail somebody's been here before us," he said. The chase had roused him, and so indeed, to some extent, it had me; hopeless though I was.

We drove up to the door—never was a house, to all appearance, more completely asleep. Perfect silence, darkness, windows closed, not so much as a creature stirring in the barnyard, or a dog to bark. "It is nonsense, Lottie," I said, thinking how we should possibly be able to explain to any innocent, unconscious people our object in this extraordinary visit; but Lottie was now too much excited to think of anything. When Patrick, by her orders, went and thundered at the door,

the sound seemed to wake up the whole country. A dog in the farmyard behind bayed deep and loud, and simultaneously, from a distance of miles all round, as one would have thought, other dogs replied to him. There was a universal stir in the air, in the trees, in the whole neighborhood. Night was surprised, and echoed and thrilled all over, but not a sound woke in the house. While we waited for an answer, the noise extinguished itself, as it were, and dead silence fell all around us again—dead silence, not a movement or breath in the Castle of Dreams we were assailing. Then the boy came round once more to the side of the carriage. "Sure they're a deal too quiet," he said; "if they didn't hear they'd be stirring. Will I knock again?" "Louder!" cried Lottie, in her impatience; and this time the summons was hideous. The first indication of response was the opening of a window in the other side of the house, and then Lottie called out loudly: "Mrs. Drayton, open the door," she said, "you are wanted. I know you hear me. Mrs. Stoke has sent for you; open the door!"

Patrick renewed his summons. This time it was successful. A gradual movement began inside. Some one came down stairs, and at last a bolt was withdrawn, but doubtfully. "It is me," cried Lottie, springing out of the carriage, "Lottie Stoke; don't you know my voice? Open the door, Mrs. Drayton; not one of us will ever speak to you again if you don't open the door."

"Coming, coming, Miss," said a frightened voice, and then the door opened, and a woman with dazzled, blinking eyes, and a candle in her hand, made her appearance reluctantly.

"Lord bless us, Miss Lottie! I thought it was robbers. What's brought you here in the middle of the night?"

"Where is my brother?" cried Lottie. "Don't try to deceive me. I know he is here."

"Your brother! Mr. Everard!"

Lottie put her hand on the woman's shoulder and shook her in her excitement.

"Don't tell me any lies," she cried. "I know he has been here and some one with him. Where is he? If you try to shield him this time you will ruin him, Drayton. I must see

him this instant—this instant! Do you hear?"

The woman began to cry and put down her candle on the door-step—where it flickered wildly—and wrung her hands. "Oh! what am I to do! what am I to do!" she cried.

"Let me see my brother at once," Lottie repeated, clutching her by the shoulders, while for my part I cried out, "The young lady—the young lady! Bring her to us and let him alone!"

"Miss Lottie, if you will take my word, if you will believe me on my Bible oath," she cried, "as sure as you are sitting there, he went up to town by the express train." I could not restrain the groan that came from my lips. I had known it would come to nothing, and yet for a minute I had actually begun to hope. It was my groan that saved us. The woman stopped in her crying to give a curious glance at me. She must have seen, by the outline of my figure in the moonlight, that I was not young. I think she supposed me to be Norah's mother. She made a step forward and looked at me anxiously. What a strange, wild scene it was! and all the while that lovely moon, that cared nothing for us, shining, and the little flickering candle blazing away at her feet.

"Oh, what is he up to this time!" she cried; "Miss Lottie, tell me! He's my boy, and I'll stand up for him through thick and thin, but I've always been respectable, I told him so. I won't do nothing but what's right."

"Oh, good woman," I cried out of my shawls, "kind woman! Nothing shall be done to him if you will tell us where she is."

A little flicker of hope began to rise in me again. The woman stood irresolute, wringing her hands, and Lottie clutched at her, drew her aside, and began to talk eagerly, urging something upon her. I tried to listen, but they were too far off, and then another faint, indistinct sound caught my ear. What was it? It was like the creaking of a wooden stair, and some one stealing down one step at a time. Then I fancied I heard the sound of hurried, stealthy breathing. I did not scream out, though I was half dead with fright. If Everard Stoke were to spring out upon us, desperate, what should we do? Two wildered

women and Patrick, the stable-boy, against a cruel, strong man who would stick at nothing. I kept still and listened, though I was sick with terror, but some unconscious movement I made startled the pony, who took a sudden step forward as if we were starting to go away. Then I heard a short, sharp cry. I echoed it myself in my excitement, and out into the moonlight, overturning the candle, came rushing another figure all white, like a ghost.

"I am coming—I am coming," she cried, and seized the pony's reins. Oh, was it possible! I knew then I had never believed it, never hoped for it. Was it possible! "Norah! Norah! can it be you?"

She made a pause. She turned for a moment, as if she would go back. "Ah, then who would it be but me," she sighed. I threw my shawls off and laid my hands on her, and held her fast. Only then could I convince myself that it was true.

"Oh, Norah, come with me! come with me! We have come all this way to fetch you, Norah! Nobody will cross you or scold you—only come back!"

She resisted my arms for I don't know how long, resisted and held herself away like a naughty child; and then all at once, in her sudden, impulsive way, turned and threw herself on my breast.

"Is it you? I thought it could only be you—and did you come to fetch me, you darling woman? Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do? When he comes back for me to-morrow he will break his heart."

God forgive me—was it not best to humor her and save her? "He knows where to come for you," I said. "He can come to me. I will leave a message. Norah, come for his sake! Oh, dear child—listen to me! even a man loves his wife best when he takes her out of another woman's arms."

She gave a sudden cry and buried her head on my shoulder. I felt her tremble in my arms. I knew if I could have seen it that her young face pressed against me was crimsoned with shame. But the shame woke resistance in her.

"I have done no harm," she said, turning her face from me. "He left me here till everything was ready. We are to be married

to-morrow. Oh, I cannot go back from my word. In the morning he is to come!"

"Norah," I said in my desperation, "I will give you to him—he can come to me."

I cannot tell how long this discussion went on. I became aware somehow that Lottie and the woman of the house were both standing by, spectators of the struggle. I held the girl fast. I never let her hand or her dress escape from me. I promised every wild impossibility that came into my head. I grew hoarse and faint with talking. But whether I should have succeeded, Heaven knows. It was not I who did it at last. Patrick, the stable-boy, had stolen round to the side where Norah stood. All at once he put his hand out and touched her. The lad was crying.

"Miss Norah," he sobbed out, "sure if you don't come home your darlint sister, your own sister, will break her heart and die."

Norah said not a word more. She broke out into sudden weeping, hysterical and loud, and then shivered so that I thought she would have fallen out of my hold. She was still in her ball dress, with the little white cloak about her which she had worn when she went into the conservatory with that villain. I put one of my shawls round her and she was grateful for it, and then we half lifted, half forced her into the pony carriage. All this time no one said a word; we scarcely ventured to breathe. When she was safe in the back seat, and I beside her with my arms around her; I gave the woman of the house some ridiculous message. Heaven knows what I said. "Tell him to come to me for her; I will give her to him, I pledge my word." Something like this I said in my folly. I felt Lottie's breath on my cheek and heard her whisper something which in my excitement I did not understand. And then—I could not believe it, it seemed to be a dream—we were driving back again, with Norah saved!

I thought of nothing as we drove back. The moonlight and the solitude were nothing to me. It was Patrick who drove, and we flew over the echoing roads, running a race with the dawn, and we won it, though I scarcely hoped we could. It was still only twilight when I opened my door like a thief,

and stole up to my room with the girl we had snatched out of the jaws of destruction. All this had been like a dream to Norah. She kissed me, and looked piteously in my face, and said, "When he comes to-morrow, you will give me to him," as I laid her in my own bed. I trembled to think what I was doing, but I promised once again—better come than the other, however bad it might be.

It was only when I stole down stairs again after this, that Lottie and I had time to look each other in the face in the faint light of the morning. "Do not vex yourself, dear Mrs. Mulgrave," she said, "he will never come back."

"It is not possible, Lottie!" "He will never, never come back. He would have left her there—Oh, do you think I don't know him—to bring shame on the house where he was shamed. You will have no trouble; he will never come near her or think of her again!"

I thought she judged him hardly. I did not believe any man could be capable of such villainy. For my own part, I believed I should have a great deal to go through. I lay down on the sofa in my dressing-gown (which I had worn all this time), and tried to sleep, but could not sleep for thinking what trouble I might have brought upon myself!—and what would her friends say to me! But in the mean time she was safe; nothing had happened; at least there was reason to be glad for that.

But oh how strange it was when Lady Louisa came to me in the morning as cheerful and mellow as ever, knowing nothing, Heaven be praised! of the kind of night we had passed. "I hear you have me runaway child harbored in your house," she said, "and it's whipped she ought to be for her saucy ways. But Norah always had a spirit of her own; she takes after me family, not after the Beresfords. Did they tell ye how we quarreled, me dear ma'am?" continued the cheerful mother; and I, a miserable deceiver, did not dare to meet her eye.

"No, mamma, unless Norah did," said poor little Priscilla, who was as pallid as a ghost. "It was this," said Lady Louisa; "and me child, you can go and tell your sister I forgive her. Sure we'll beat her when we get

home," she added with a twinkle in her eye,—"don't look like a specter, me dear. Bless the man," Lady Louisa continued, with her hateful candor, "I wish he'd been a thousand miles off. It was me Norah that took his eye, and I don't blame him, though Prissy was the one for him, me dear lady, and would have made him a darling of a wife. But the men are all fools, and never know what's good for them. So, as I was saying, it was Norah that took his eyes, and what do you think she came and told me just before dinner, to spoil me appetite: 'He may have sixty thousand a year if he likes,' she says, 'or the queen's crown, but I won't have him.' Think of that, me dear ma'am, for a mother that thinks of nothing but her children! But she takes it of me own family," said Lady Louisa, with a curious self-consolation. "I was a fool meself in me young days, and downright uncivil to the men. So we had some words, I won't deny, and what with that, and what with the poor boy Stoke, me tay was a failure. Ah, you're very polite: but it was a failure, me dear lady, and broke me heart. Please Heaven we'll do better another time; sure I'll have the boys down, and it will be different altogether. And as for the Colonel, it's hard to let ten thousand a year slip through one's fingers; but do you think even for that I'd be cruel to me own child!"

I begged Lady Louisa, with a troubled heart, to leave Norah with me for a day or two.

If he comes back to claim her, then, I thought, it would be time enough to tell her parents why. But my request was granted with the most cheerful readiness and without a fear. I cannot tell how the day passed. My head spun round and round, and the hours and the world seemed to spin with me. Norah was very grave, and I think a terrible doubt had risen in her mind. She remained in my room all day waiting for Everard. When the afternoon came I sent a messenger to Brentworth. *He had not been there.* He neither came nor wrote, nor took any further notice. I could not believe it. The second day I drove over myself and made sure. No, he had not come back. And if she had been left there—if no good angel had put the

thought in Lottie Stoke's mind to go and seek her, what would Norah have done? Her folly would have cost her her reputation and probably her life.

It did all but cost her her life as it was. Not immediately, for the child could not dispossess herself of the idea that somebody was to blame, and that Miss Stoke or Priscilla (she did not suspect me) were scheming to keep him away. For months she went about with eyes that seemed to question all the roads for miles off, spying everybody that passed. And then the poor child had a fever, and raved about it, asking of all why we did not let him come. But when she recovered, her delusions departed with the fever. A girl's painful first love, thank Heaven, seldom stands a great shock, and never surely such a shock as that.

Not very long after this the Beresfords left

the mansion, to the great affliction of all Dinglefield. They have been living in Italy since, and all over the world; and the last news we heard was, that the ten thousand a year was, after all, likely to come into the family, but not through Norah. Her dear little sister Priscilla, who had no objections to Colonel Fitzgerald, having, it would seem, caught his heart (if heavy dragoons have hearts) in the rebound. There is a rumor that Norah is after all going to marry young Everton, her cousin, Lady Fascally's son, notwithstanding the precautions taken by both families, and that everybody is distracted, and they are all very happy. However, I do not vouch for that. But this I am sure, that we would all put up triumphal arches and receive them with open arms if any good fortune should send Lady Louisa back again to complete her sadly interrupted series of tays.

THE ILLINOIS AND ST. LOUIS BRIDGE.

THE feeling of admiration with which one surveys the rapidly advancing work of bridging the Mississippi at St. Louis, is blended with a certain poetic sadness—a sentiment excited by the contrast between the present and the past.

Twenty years ago this mighty river was mistress of the West; her levees were crowded with merchandise seeking transportation, and eager throngs, hurrying up and down the land, depended upon her aid in reaching their destination. A queenly superiority seemed to be the natural right of this noble river, and, with her importance to the commerce of the country constantly increasing, it was supposed that no rival could possibly appear.

But there was something of the usurper in the Mississippi, even from the first. People said her very name was stolen, and that her magnificent claims were all a pretence. They declared that the Missouri had the prior right to the homage paid the Mississippi, because it furnished the greater volume of water pouring through this channel to the Gulf, and also gave its own color, its mud, and its fertilizing properties to the majestic stream.

To all this the river in possession has never deigned to give an answer, but superbly rolling on her way, has exulted until now in her undisturbed supremacy. Sometimes, to show her power, she wrested a forest or a hamlet from its hold upon her banks; or, turning uneasily in her bed, swept new channels for her course, regardless whether the beings who made unrequited use of her energies, survived her pleasantries or perished in her remorseless arms.

This queenly river, however, happens to flow southward. Had her direction been east or west, her sway might have continued for a longer time; but Providence, by cutting out her course, cut short the term of her supremacy. Westward flows the stream of human life upon this continent. No highways leading north or south can possibly compete in the race for fortune with those tending towards the setting sun.

When, then, the Railroad appeared, running wherever it would, and able to overcome on land the resistance of gravity,—not so easily mastered on the water,—it at once became the autocrat of western transportation, overthrow

ing all rivalry, distancing all competition, and making the water-courses tributary to its advancing domination.

It is this power that to-day flings chains about the captive queen of rivers, and, like Augustus, hopes to lead the Cleopatra of the West in triumph. Ten lines of railroad converging at this point, could not long brook the obstruction which the river offered to their perfect conquest, and so this enterprise of an immense bridge is the result. Even the Mississippi seems to realize that her rule is over, and resists with might and main this attempt to destroy her old prestige. Sometimes, in furious headway, she rushes upon the flotilla moored against her sides, as if to tear asunder the chains they are riveting about her. Again she dives below the heavy weights laid athwart her path, and scours away the sand on which they rest. In winter she drives vast masses of ice against the works of the invaders, and grimly smiles as, now and then, a temporary breach is made.

But these gigantic struggles against destiny are of no avail. Opposed to them are the resources of an imperial treasury, the necessities of a continent, and the might of science. Within a year the Mississippi will be at the mercy of her conquerors. She may grind her sands in rage, and lash her sides in wrath, but never again can she be called, in the old sense, the autocrat of western prosperity. The spirit of Stephenson, rather than of Fulton, must hereafter guide that vast empire to its destiny of wealth and power.

It was early seen that the struggle would be a stern one, and that the river would yield only to the prowess of a master-mind. To find the man able and willing to cope with such an adversary, on the gigantic scale needed for the consummation of a permanent success, was no easy task. At last, fortunately, the choice was made of Chief Engineer James B. Eads.

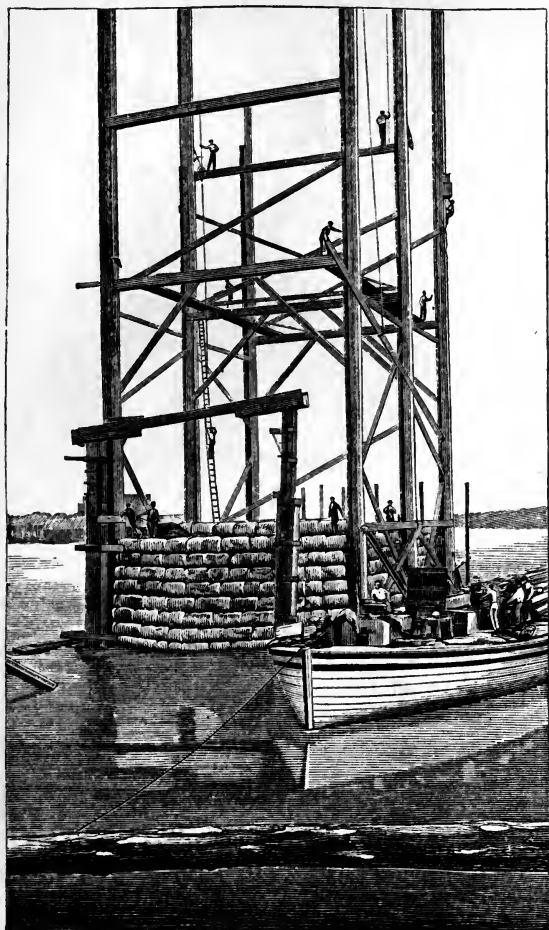
The country is already indebted to his skill and perseverance for many important works. He built the vessels "Benton," "Baron de Kalb," "Cincinnati," and others, used so effectively by Admiral Foote before the fight of the Monitor and Merrimac. Afterwards he constructed fourteen iron-clads



CAPTAIN JAMES B. EADS.

for the United States, and has invented various improvements in naval and military defenses. He was the first man in Europe or America to devise successful means for operating heavy ordnance by steam. Mr. Stevens of Hoboken devised a means, never since used, for sponging and loading the gun by steam, the muzzle being turned down to a hood on the deck, thus bringing the bore in line with a steam cylinder beneath the deck, the piston of which carried the sponge or the shot into the bore of the gun. Mr. Ericsson, by the rotating turret, trained the guns by steam; but in the turrets designed by Captain Eads, not only was this done, but the guns were lowered below deck for loading, raised again for firing, run into the ports, and the recoil checked, all by steam, and so rapidly that two eleven-inch guns were each loaded and fired every forty seconds in each turret. The government is to-day making trial of a gun-carriage, of novel construction, invented by Captain Eads, generously allowing him to pay the cost of the carriage if it fails, with nothing but reputation as a reward if it succeeds.

When Capt. Eads visited Europe after the war, with a Government Commission to examine naval constructions, he was most cordially received by Count Bismarck and General von Roon, the Prussian Minister of War, and com-



WEST PIER.

missions of officers visited his apartments to examine his models. Many of these officers have distinguished themselves in the late war. To show the difference between French and Prussian military management, it may be mentioned that when the Captain was at Paris, although Mr. Dayton, our minister to France, informed the Imperial authorities of the arrival of plans and models of such importance, they merely replied that if the inventor would carry them to a certain office a report would be made upon them. Of course no notice whatever was taken of this ungracious answer to a most generous offer on the part of the owner of the inventions, who had no idea of acting the part of a vender of patent rights.

Some who read this article will remember the visit of the Russian squadron, in 1863, to

this country, under the gallant Admiral Lessoffsky; and they may also remember a banquet given to the officers of the fleet, in New York, at which Admiral Farragut and other distinguished Americans were present. Our Captain Eads was the liberal host on that occasion. Admiral Lessoffsky having been for many years his intimate friend and constant correspondent.

Having, then, introduced our readers to the Chief Engineer, to whom they will be mainly indebted for the pleasure and information given in the remainder of this article, let us step aboard a tug with the Captain, and steam out from the west shore of the Mississippi, and see what has thus far been done in the great work we are considering.

Three problems are to be solved in carrying out the gigantic scheme. The first is a question of engineering skill: How can the bridge be constructed, so as to overcome the obstacles presented by the width, depth, and shifting sands of the great river? The second is a question of commercial importance: How can the bridge be made to accommodate the greatest amount of transit, at the same time obstructing navigation as little as possible? The third question is financial: How can this bridge be built so as to pay the largest dividends to stockholders?

As we are not, however, to attempt a problem in Euclid, but only to take a pleasure excursion of an hour, picking up such information as we can by the way, we will answer the above questions by looking at, rather than by computing the scientific data of the structure, taking as a sample of the whole, the pier on which the little tug now lands the party, ladies and all.

This pier (of which you have a view in the accompanying picture, from a photograph taken Sept. 20, 1870) looks modest enough as it rises out of the river, now as placid as a lake. But let us see what it costs of brain and courage and life to achieve this work.

There are to be two piers in the stream, and two abutments. The height of the eastern

pier, when completed ten feet above low-water mark, will be 97 feet, and that of the other, 69 feet above the rock. About 78 feet in depth of sand will be encountered in sinking the one, and 50 feet in the other, with about 20 feet of water on the site of each pier. The base of each pier is 82 feet long—the eastern one being 60 feet wide, and the other 48 feet wide. The larger one will cover an area of 4,020 square feet, and the other 3,360 square feet.

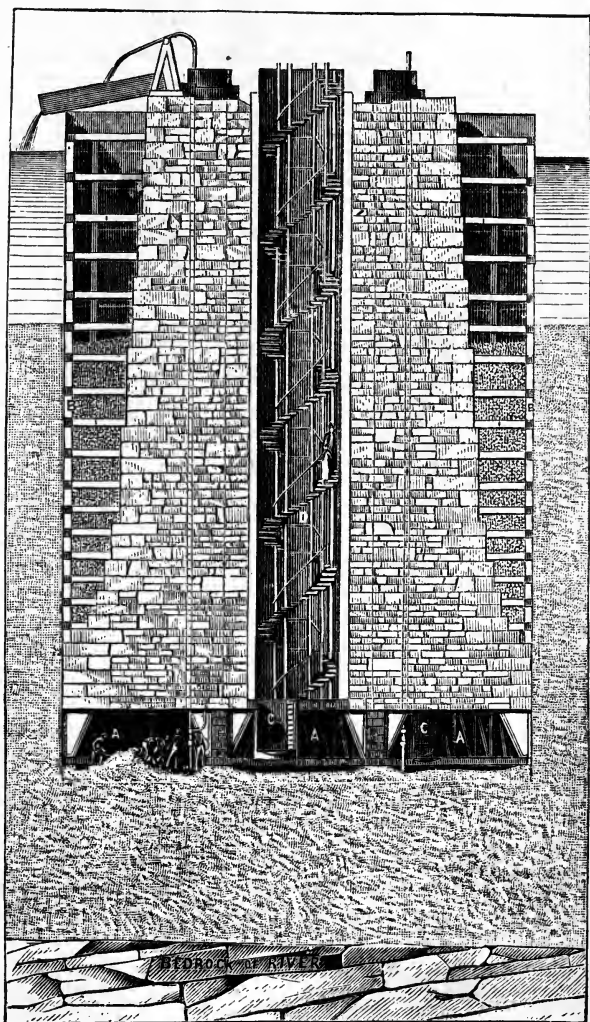
Glancing at the drawing of the "Section of east pier and caisson," the reader will be able to follow a brief explanation of the magnitude of the enterprise.

A coffer-dam, or diving bell (A), is constructed and floated to the place where the pier is to be built. This coffer-dam is to be loaded above water with the masonry of the pier, and is to be allowed gradually to descend to the bottom of the river, carrying with it the superstructure which is to form the pier. In this way all the stone for the structure is laid in cement above the water, and is kept from the water, till the pier is finished, by iron water tight sides (B), extended above the water as the floating pier sinks deeper and deeper, with its increasing burden of stone and cement. The gradual descent of the pier is managed by screws, supported on false works, erected around and over the site of the pier. (See cut of "West Pier.")

It is intended that the pier shall sink clear through the sand, to the rock bed of the river. When then the sides of the caisson touch the sand, that sand must be removed, in order to let down the pier. This is done by sand-pumps, which carry off the sand as fast as men in the air-chamber can shovel it to the mouths of the tubes. For these operations, as well as for others of which we shall soon speak, it is necessary to provide tubes through the masonry, leading down into the air-chamber, for the

passage of the workmen; through which also air may be forced to expel the water from the chamber, and by which the sand may be pumped out. These tubes must have airlocks or valves (C) in them, to be closed behind the workmen and materials in their passage, to prevent the escape of the compressed air in the chamber.

With these explanations given you by Captain Eads, as you stand on the pier, you are prepared to descend the "Main Entrance Shaft." You go down by a winding stairway (D), and experience little inconvenience until you enter the air-valve, where, if the compressed air from the air-chamber is let on ra-



SECTION OF EAST PIER AND CAISSON.

pidly, you will feel a painful pressure in one ear or both. If this is your first visit, it may be fifteen minutes before it will be safe to let you pass into the air-chamber where the men are at work ; but by gradually admitting the compressed air, no permanent ill effect will be received.

If the painful pressure continues more than an instant after entering the valve, you will be told to close the nostrils between the thumb and finger, shutting the lips tightly, and inflating the cheeks, thus opening the Eustachian tubes and equalizing the pressure on the inner and outer surfaces of the tympanum. These tubes are a provision of nature to relieve the ears of such barometric changes as occur in the atmosphere in which we live, but are too minute to meet an unusual outer pressure of air with a counter-current of air from the lungs. But passing through the air-lock you can remain safely in the air-chamber for a considerable length of time. These air-chambers, even after they had reached the bed-rock, sixty to eighty feet below the surface, were visited by thousands of persons, including many delicate ladies, without any of them experiencing the slightest ill effects from the pressure.

It is, however, somewhat startling to find one's self so far under ground, in a dim light, with the consciousness that too long a visit would turn this chamber into a tomb. About thirty workmen, out of three hundred and fifty-two, employed in a single air-chamber, were affected with more or less muscular paralysis, and twelve cases out of the thirty proved fatal. Nearly or quite all of these deaths happened to men unaccustomed to the work ; several of them to men who had worked but one watch of two hours.

Down in this dungeon, nine feet high, and which, filled with concrete, by and by is to be the base of the solid pier, you will see some very startling phenomena. Blow out the flame of a candle and it immediately returns to the wick. At the depth of one hundred feet, candles are consumed in about three-fifths of the time required in the open air. Large quantities of smoke are emitted from the flames, and the air is filled with particles of floating carbon, which can only be thoroughly

removed by placing a rose-jet on the nozzle of a water-hose in the chamber, and discharging the spray in every direction.

There is great difficulty in extinguishing fire in an atmosphere of such density, and the clothing of one of the men, although of a woolen fabric, having on one occasion taken fire, it was exceedingly difficult to quench the flame. A kind of globe has therefore been invented, by which a candle will burn under the normal pressure of the atmosphere. Another curious phenomenon, observed at a hundred and eight feet below the surface, is the reappearance of flame, by placing the unquenched sparks of two wicks in contact, when, separately, each fails to possess sufficient heat to restore the flame. One is pleased to hear, in the midst of these unusual appearances, the familiar click of the telegraph, putting the solitary band of men, working far under the bed of a mighty river, in connection with the outer world. The wires communicate with the derrick-boat and the central office in St. Louis, so that directions can be given to the workmen, and progress reported by them at any instant.

But retreating from this sombre visit to the lower depths, somewhat after the fashion of the ascent one makes in crawling up into the ball of St. Peter's at Rome, and feeling a little exhausted as the passage through the air-valve is made, we climb the stairway, glad to know that a "lift" is to be put into the east abutment pier, to avoid the labor of walking up a circular stair of one hundred and twenty feet in height. This, it is believed, will greatly relieve the workmen from the exhaustion consequent upon the change from a pressure of air of forty-five or fifty pounds extra, to that of the natural atmosphere.

We now stand under the open sky, resume our ordinary self-assurance, and, considerably elated (especially the ladies) with our experience underground, listen submissively as Captain Eads explains the derrick-boats, and the operation of their immense traveling gear stretching high above our heads. This is tame business compared with the descent into the shades below, and yet the machinery for this part of the enterprise is as wonderful in its complications and adaptations as that

of any other portion of the work. The accompanying representation of the construction works and machinery for sinking the caisson and laying the masonry of the East Pier, will give an idea of the process.

Here you see the caisson in position (A); the guide piles (B) driven into the sand to steady in its descent; derrick-boats (C) moored on either side, having engines for working the machinery and driving the air and sand-pumps, while outside these derrick-boats barges (D) are lying with the stone on board.

Frameworks fifty feet high support, as you observe, strong wire cables, along which "travelers" with wheels are arranged to run for hoisting and transporting the stone. In the picture, the "traveler" on the right is just lifting a block of granite; the one on the left is depositing a block on the roof of the caisson; and the beauty of the thing is, that a single man, stationed in one of those small cabins above the derrick-boats, controls the "traveling" process by which twelve stones, each of seven tons weight, can be raised and placed in position at one and the same time. An average of ten thousand cubic feet of masonry can be laid in a day; three minutes only are required to make fast to the largest stone on a barge, and to place it in the hands of the mason, over the spot which it is to occupy in the pier. Fourteen thousand seven

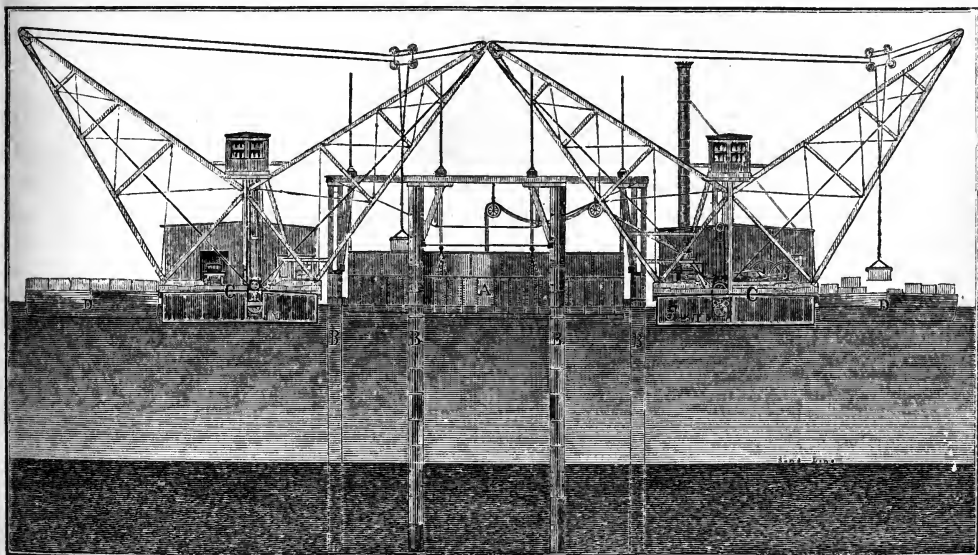
hundred and eighty feet of wire rope are used for the twenty-four "travelers" employed in this work.

A complete picture of this machinery is given in the annexed view of the construction works of the East Pier, from a photograph taken in August of last year.

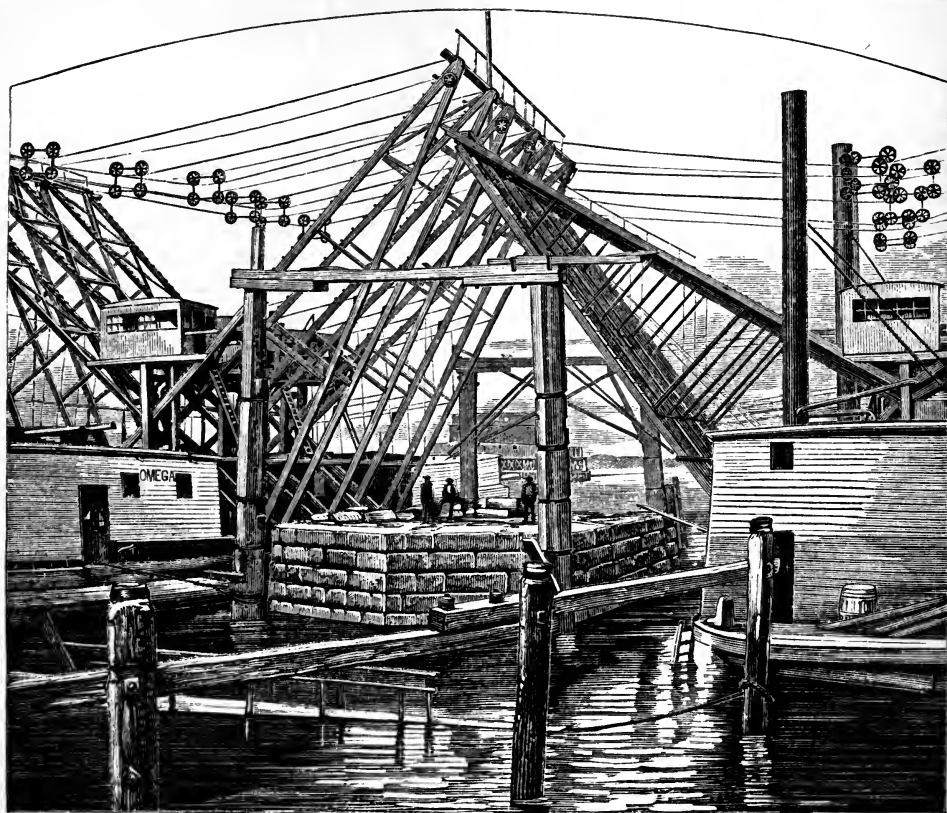
The sand-pumps, used for removing the sand from the caissons as the piers descend, must not be forgotten. They are of a simple but novel and ingenious construction, never having been in use before.

One of these, of three-inch bore, discharges ten cubic yards of sand in an hour, and gravel stones two and a quarter inches in diameter are discharged by it with as much facility as sand. A stream of water is forced down through one pipe, and caused to discharge near the sand into another pipe in an annular jet, and in an upward direction. The jet creates a vacuum below it, by which the sand is drawn into the second pipe or pump, the lower end of which is in the sand. The force of the jet drives the sand up to the surface as fast as it enters the second pipe.

The superiority of this pump consists in the fact that the requisite supply of water for keeping the sand in a fluid condition is constant, while the suction-pipe is inserted directly in the sand. It is scarcely possible for the pump to become clogged, and it works admir-



FLOATING CAISSON AND MACHINERY.



CONSTRUCTION WORKS OF EAST PIER.

ably, even with the end of the pipe nineteen feet deep in the sand.

After witnessing the satisfactory operation of the derrick-boats and the sand-pumps, the only item left about which to ask for information, is the method of filling up the air-chamber after the structure has reached the rock-bed. The whole pier must be solid, and the method of making it so is simple enough to be readily explained. Of course it is understood that the air-chamber is of immense strength, braced and girded in every part, with a roof of iron plates half an inch thick, and strong timber-girders, intended to rest upon the sand or rock, to support the roof from below.

As soon, then, as the iron edge of the caisson (projecting downwards a little below its wooden interior walls) has struck the rock, the space remaining between these wooden walls and the rock is thoroughly concreted. The chamber is then ready to be filled up. In the channel piers the rock was cleared of

sand, and layers of concrete nine or ten inches in thickness were placed directly upon it. The closing courses under the roof of the chamber were stoutly rammed in place, and then the air-locks and finally the shafts were filled with the same material.

But for the east abutment pier, the necessity of this very tedious process was obviated, by using sand instead of concrete for filling the air-chamber. The wooden walls of this chamber are strong enough to resist the pressure of the sand with which it is to be filled, even should the iron used in its construction corrode entirely away. The sand upon the outside also exerts a counterbalancing pressure, it being scarcely possible that the sand surrounding this pier should ever be scoured away by the action of the stream.

To make the filling of sand compact, the air in the chamber is allowed to escape and water is introduced, after which sand is shoveled down through the vertical shafts or pipes ;

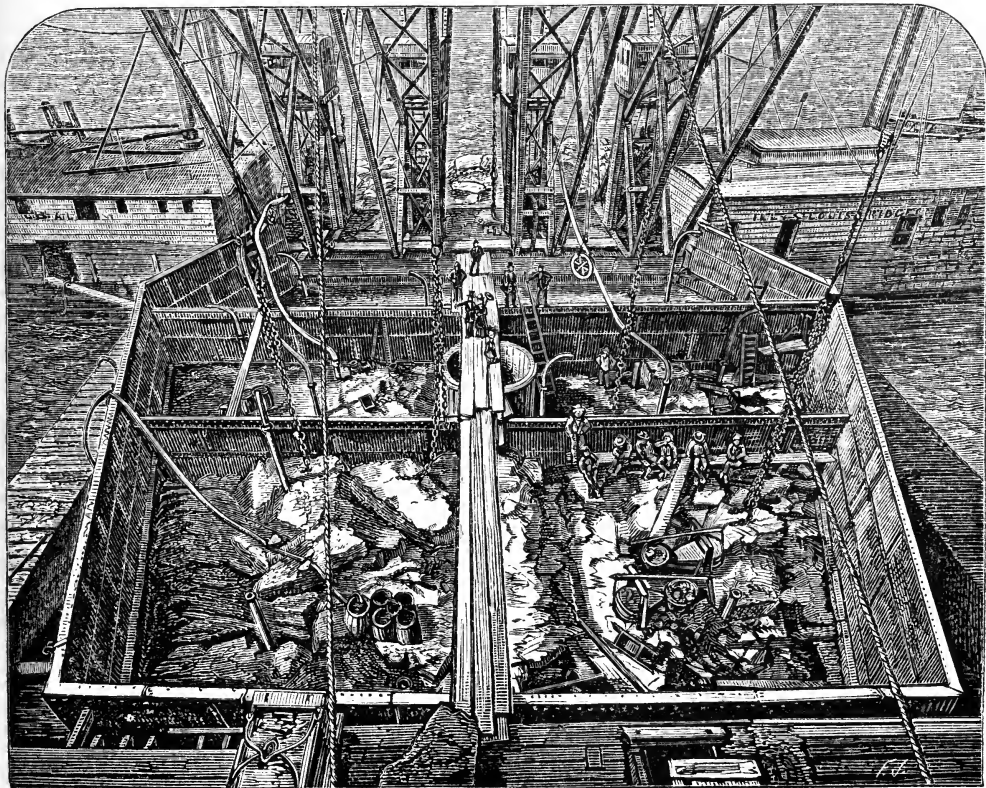
when the chamber is nearly full of sand and water, the air is again forced in, expelling the water and enabling the workmen to go down and fill the remaining space with concrete, ramming it under the roof of the chamber. When this is done and the shafts and pipes filled up, the whole thing is as solid and substantial as if built of granite from the top to the bottom. Nothing but an earthquake will be able to dislodge the massive structure from the rock on which it rests.

Just at this point the younger members of the party descry the camera of a photographer, at work sixty feet above water, from a frame-work on the shore. They immediately climb the frame-work and get a bird's-eye view of the caisson of the east abutment, on which our party is assembled.

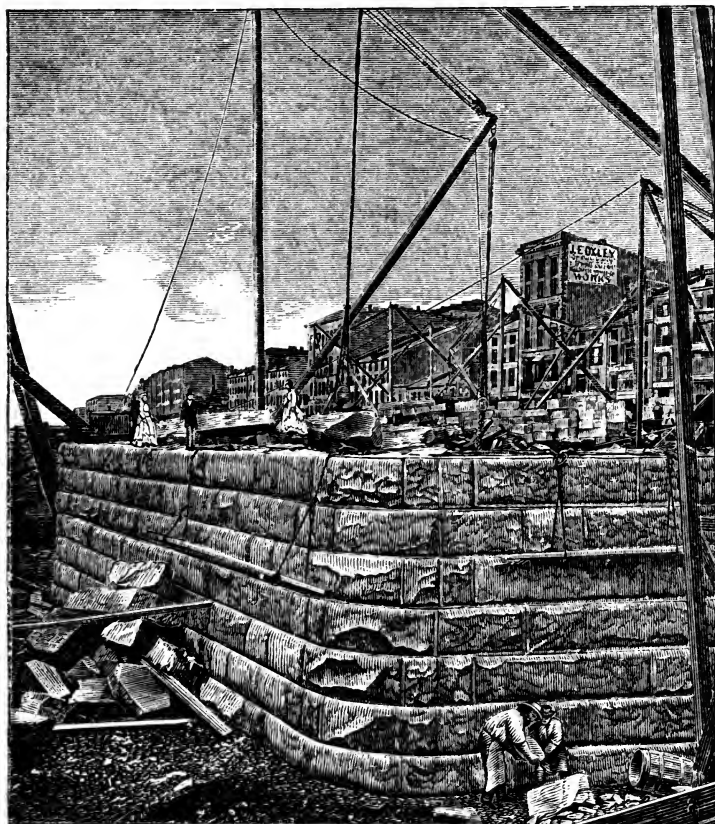
We give the result of the photographer's skill in the accompanying cut. It allows you to look down upon the top of the pier in process of construction. You see the iron plated walls of the caisson, the large round

entrance of the main shaft, the projecting ends of the tubes for the sand pumps, and the india-rubber hose and wire tubing, conducted over several wheels, conveying the compressed air from the air-pumps on the derrick boats to the air-chamber of the caisson. You will also observe several blocks of stone just lowered into place at the end of iron chains. The workmen, seated on a long board, having come up to lunch in the open air, do not look as if they have suffered very severely from their subterranean (or rather "subfluvial") exploits. But lest it should be supposed that these operations, described so easily on paper, are as easy in practical performance, let Captain Eads give a brief chapter of his experience, before we leave the piers to speak of the other parts of the work on the bridge.

"This is a very fickle and unstable stream," said he. "I had occasion to examine the bottom of the Mississippi below Cairo, during the flood of 1851, and at sixty-five feet below



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAISSON OF EAST ABUTMENT.



WESTERN ABUTMENT.

the surface, I found the bed of the river, for at least three feet in depth, a moving mass, and so unstable, that in endeavoring to find footing on it beneath my diving bell, my feet penetrated through it until I could feel the sand rushing past my hands, although I was standing erect at the time." "About thirty-three years ago," he added, "a steamboat, the 'America,' was sunk one hundred miles below the mouth of the Ohio; an island was formed on it by the deposits of the river, and a farm established on the island. Cotton-wood trees grew there, and became large enough to be cut down and sold for fuel to the passing steamers. But two floods removed every vestige of the island, uncovering the wreck of the 'America,' and leaving it forty feet below low-water mark. When the wreck was recovered, about thirteen years ago, the main channel of the Mississippi was over it, and the shore had receded from it, by the abrasion of the stream, nearly half a mile."

To deal with such a fickle, headstrong antagonist is no child's play, as the bridge company found out to their cost in two instances. In one case the sand was scoured away outside the caisson, causing the sand inside (put there to equalize the pressure), to burst the walls; and in the other case, the strength of the current forcing out some bolts, the friction of the sand prevented the dam, with the pier, from settling properly in its place.

These disturbances, which were disastrous, owing to the failure of a contracting party to deliver granite in time, were indulged in by the river, at a cost to the company of not less than \$50,000.

Another habit of the river, of impinging upon any disagreeable obstructions

with a battering-ram of ice, extending up stream a good many miles towards the Arctic regions, has proved a source of inconvenience to the company. This way the river has, of trying when chilled through to get to a warmer climate, has made it necessary to construct enormous breakwaters, having ice-aprons of strong oak timber to protect the work, at the channel piers.

Even at the banks, difficulties of a tedious and perplexing sort were encountered, especially at the site of the west abutment. This site had been for over sixty years a part of the steamboat wharf of the city, and all sorts of useless material had been thrown from the boats, forming a deposit averaging twelve feet in depth over the rock. Old sheet iron, grate-bars, parts of smoke-stacks, stone-coal, cinders and clinkers, formed the mass at the bottom, over which the hulls and machinery of two steamers, burnt in 1849, lay imbedded in the stones and rubbish from the city, with

which a few years ago, the authorities had widened the wharf at this place.

The coffer-dam, constructed to enclose this site, had to be put down through these obstructions; oak beams armed with huge steel chisels were forced down by a steam pile-driver, and then withdrawn to allow sheet-piles to be driven down permanently.

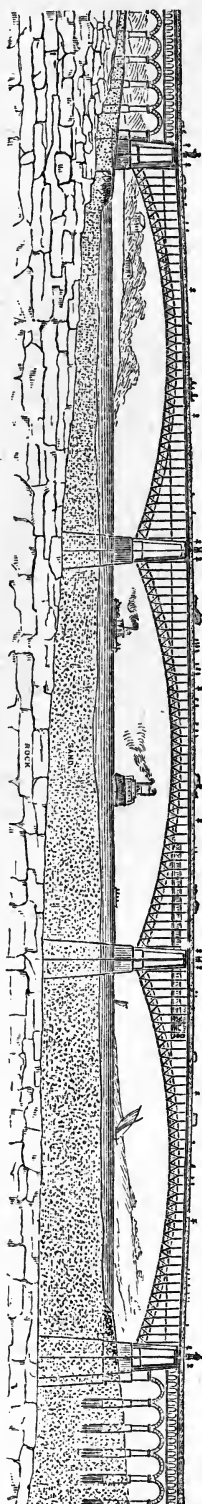
The first attempt only served to make a good inclosure for the water to enter, and a double course of sheet-piles was needed to make the dam at last water-tight. Even then the structure proved to have its foundation on a water-wheel of one of the wrecks (the crank of an engine, attached to the head of the shaft of the wheel, being just within the inclosure), as if the old forces, fast losing ground before the swifter mode of railway transportation, were making a last attempt to hinder the triumph of the rival power. The excavation, as it progressed, unearthed wrecks of barges of a kind in use before steam was employed, which thus joined in the efforts of the submerged machinery to delay the work.

But resistance was in vain, and now underneath that mass of masonry (of which you have a view in the picture of the western abutment), lies the iron driving-beam of the last steamboat that will ever dare to contend for the inland supremacy of the paddle-wheel over the iron track.

We now turn to an imaginary sketch of the completed structure. In the drawing, stretching up and down the page, you have a general view of the great work as it will be, it is hoped, within a year.

The bridge as you perceive, will have three spans, each formed with four ribbed arches made of cast steel. The center span will be 515 feet, and the side ones 497 feet each, in the clear. The form adopted for the spans, is what is usually termed the *ribbed arch*. You observe two curved members or ribs, to each arch, extending from pier to pier. This double rib arrangement enables the arch to preserve its shape, under all circumstances of unequal pressure upon its parts, while obviating the necessity of a spandrel bracing. A moving load has no effect on the curve of this double arch, however unequally distributed its weight may be.

ST. LOUIS BRIDGE, COMPLETED SECTION.



The upper roadway (as seen in the engraving), is for carriages, horse-cars if desired, and foot passengers. It is fifty feet wide between the railings, the roadway being thirty-four feet wide and the foot-walks each eight feet wide.

The railway passages below the carriage-way, will be each thirteen feet six inches in the clear, and eighteen feet high, and will extend through arched openings of equal size in the abutments and piers. The railways will be carried over the wharves on each side of the river on five stone arches, each twenty feet wide, and will be inclosed throughout this distance by a cut-stone arcade of twenty arches, supporting the upper roadway.

After passing over those stone arches, the railways will be carried through the blocks between the wharf and the third street parallel to it, on brick arches, into a tunnel. The city of St. Louis rises from the river to a considerable elevation, affording an excellent opportunity to tunnel under that portion of the city which fronts on the levee, to a more central part where, in a depres-

sion, will be built an immense Union Depot.

On the Illinois shore the railways will curve off to the north and south, immediately after crossing the last one of the stone arches; and with a descending grade of one foot in a hundred, extending about 3,000 feet and supported on trestle-work a part of the way, they will reach the grade of the railways on the Illinois side. The carriage-road will begin to descend with a grade of five feet in a hundred, at the eastern end of the bridge, immediately after the railway tracks curve away from the latter; and on the Missouri side, the carriage-way will be continued on a level grade over the railway tracks from the bridge to the third street of the city parallel with the river.

These details are necessary to give our readers an idea of the completed work; and here we finish our answer to the engineering problem:—"How can the bridge be constructed so as to overcome the obstacles of the breadth, depth, and shifting sands of the mighty river?"

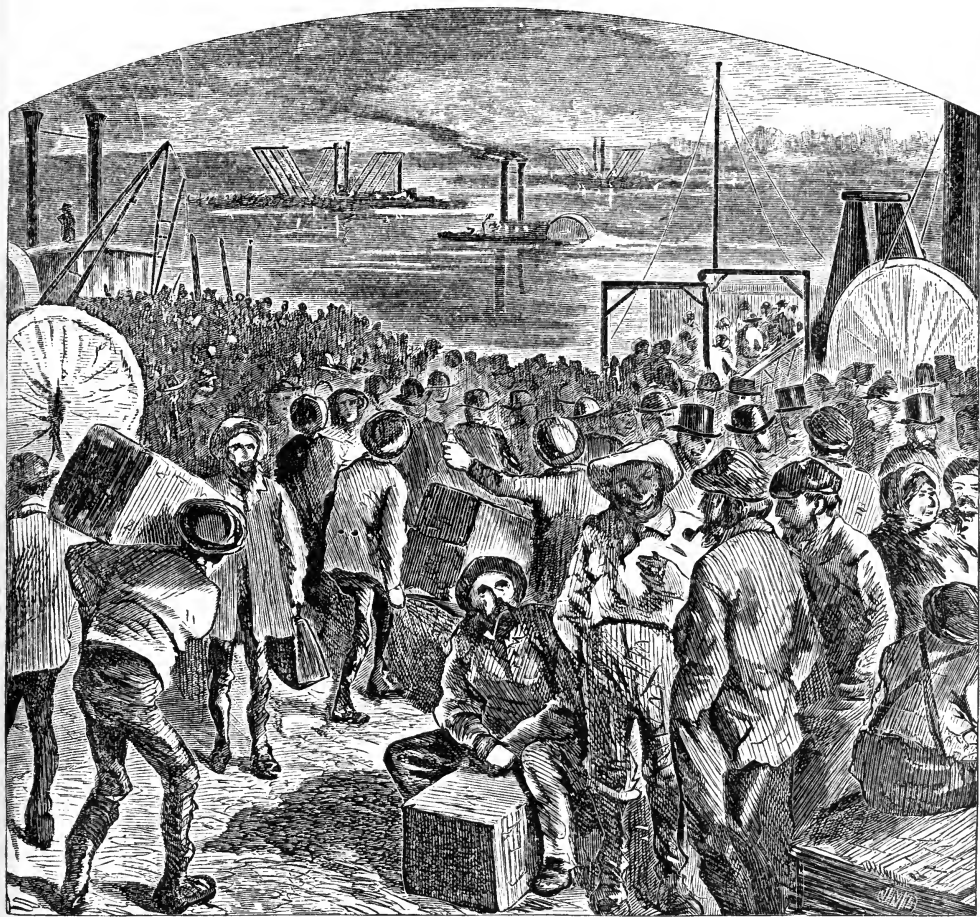
The remaining commercial and financial problems are more easily disposed of, at least on paper, and not having any stock invested in the enterprise ourselves, we go gayly back to the engineer's office to look over some statements and figures, that we may give our readers the results in a brief and compendious form.

Let us stand, however, for a few moments, on the wharf of the western shore of the Mississippi and take a general survey of the work. Our readers can follow our description by the aid of the picture. On the opposite Illinois shore are seen the depots of several railways, a couple of hotels, and the woody landscape beyond. In the stream are the derrick-boats, machines, and breakwaters, marking the positions of the piers. On this shore, that which seems to an Eastern eye a beach, with gangways resting upon it near the water's edge, is the St. Louis wharf, or levee. On a busy afternoon, at any other season but winter, across these gangways porters may be seen carrying boxes and bales, while passengers are embarking on the scores of steamers advertised to sail promptly for every landing on the river, but seldom getting off within a day or two of the appointed time.

This levee is a great institution in its way. It is paved with huge stones, varying in diameter with the inequalities of the apertures between the stones; but it has the advantage of being always ready to meet the river half-way, whether the water be high or low; and, considering the fact that the Mississippi rises and falls some forty feet, this advantage is by no means inconsiderable.

It is pretty hard, however, on horses and mules; and here, you will observe, we are approaching an element in our second problem, viz., the commercial importance of a bridge at this point. Take your stand on a busy October day near one of the ferry-boats plying across the river from West to East St. Louis. It is estimated that ten millions of bushels of coal cross the river in wagons by these ferries every year. Cattle by tens of thousands, hogs and sheep by hundreds of thousands, and railroad passengers, half a million annually by actual count, are transported by this clumsy contrivance. Of farmers' teams forty thousand, bringing wheat, corn, and flour, crossed in the year 1867, while the railroad tonnage, exclusive of coal, exceeded 750,000 tons the same year. Add now to these estimates, omnibuses, express wagons, and pleasure carriages, of which no less than a hundred a day cross the river at the present time, and you have but a limited idea of the amount of transportation at this place, to and from the city of 312,000 inhabitants, which will constantly demand increased facilities. As you stand by, while a ferry-boat is taking on its load, you think there is no end to the boat's capacity, or to the caravan of wagons hurrying to obtain room on board.

Huge coal vans, with four mules attached, come jolting down the slope, sometimes with the animals on the run, their driver shouting the magical word "*git*," and plying his heavy whip-lash about their sides. Immense omnibuses (free from the hotels to the railroad depots of East St. Louis), come lumbering along, and are driven on the deck of the ferry-boat one after another, until there seems no room to jam another in; yet still they come, until we actually count four omnibuses with four horses each, fifteen great coal vans, five other wagons, and a couple of "ships of the desert,"



THE ST. LOUIS LEVEE

all on the same boat, which carries them safely over, for the tug up the steep levee on the other side. The poor little children, peeping out from under the canvas of a "ship of the desert," or emigrant cart, seem thoroughly frightened, wedged in as their wagon is, among the motley crowd of heavy trucks and drays.

When the river is low, the pull up the bank is mercilessly severe, and though the prevention of cruelty to animals and of profane swearing might not have been contemplated in the projection of the bridge enterprise, this result of the completed structure, will be no mean gain to the world, considered from a Scriptural stand-point.

Commercially considered, it is seen at a glance that these immense loads of merchandise and crowds of people, must be taken

across the river in some other way, than by a ferrriage allowing so many wagons only, to so many square feet of standing room. The mass must be kept moving, for it is half a continent that is tramping westward.

More important too is it, that the transit *across* be unimpeded than that the navigation up and down the stream meet no obstruction. Without doubt two piers, containing thirteen or fourteen thousand cubic yards of masonry, and measuring thirty or forty feet across at the water-line, will have a tendency, being near the middle of the stream, to hinder free and agreeable navigation of the river at all times. We do not deny that the establishment of such things in the channel, must facilitate the formation of an ice-gorge in winter, with various other irregularities of a character not altogether pleasant.

But whatever the obstruction, commerce demands the bridge; for the transportation across the river is vastly greater and more important to the country than navigation up and down the stream. The location of the bridge, however, obviates much of the difficulty, dividing the levee as it does into nearly equal parts above and below, thus making it unnecessary for steamers trading on the upper rivers to pass under the structure, while those engaged on the Ohio and lower rivers will seldom be required to pass above it.

The main trouble will always be to keep clear of the piers, for the Federal law requires the lowest part of the bridge measured at the center of the span, to be 50 feet in the clear, above ordinary high water; this gives ample room for the passage underneath, of the tallest smoke-stack, so that the proudest river-craft may steam under either of the arches, puffing its impotent defiance in the face of its majestic rival towering above.

We do not predict the drying up of the river out of spite, but it does seem as if a few more railroads along its banks would seriously diminish its prestige; while disasters by fire and snags, which are of late so common, must tend to leave it in a good, quiet condition for duck-shooting, but nothing to speak of, as a route for pleasure-seekers, or for those in a hurry to get their goods into market in advance of competitors.

The people are in no mood in these days, to imitate the man who waited for the river to run by, that he might cross over it dry shod; but impatient, and hard pressed by the multitudes coming from other lands, they determine to obey the command of Providence, and by the miracle of genius to go over to the other side. To a migratory and commercial people like ours, this bridge is a necessity. It is the demand of an age which cuts the ligaments of continents in the interests of trade, bores for a railway miles on miles through a mountain range, and stoops to mend a broken cable at the bottom of the ocean, lest the intercourse of hemispheres should be an instant interrupted. It is one more exit for the enterprise and industry of this land to flow towards the unsettled territories, and when the railroads now in process of construc-

tion are finished, and can roll their wealth of cereals and minerals over this broad river without obstruction, fresh impulses will move the land, while the "West," still more emphatically "beyond," will beckon the world to come over the unbroken highway which touches both oceans, and with the oceanic cables belts the globe.

We suppose our readers to have been standing with us all this time on the levee, listening breathlessly to the above sentiments, delivered in a somewhat oracular style. We think we have made a profound impression; when suddenly a voice is heard asking in a sharp key, "But will the bridge pay good dividends to the stockholders?"

We turn to frown down the unhappy mortal, who has dared to harbor a suspicion of the financial success of this gigantic scheme; but seeing in the interlocutor a man from Boston, who may take some stock in the bridge, we at once enter into conversation with him, and finally, in the superintendent's office, prove to him by figures, that in this respect as in others, the bridge will pay.

The entire cost of the structure, land approaches, interest, and other charges, will be about five millions of dollars; and estimating the revenue from statistical tables, official data, and the actual amount of commerce and travel across the Mississippi at this point, there is an expected annual income of more than a million of dollars; and should the receipts of the bridge not exceed this for the next thirty years, the bonds will all be paid, and the bridge be free from debt at the expiration of that time. If the initiatory financial movements of the enterprise at all foreshadow its future prosperity, we may indulge the most hopeful anticipations concerning it.

Notwithstanding the organization of two companies about the same time for the purpose of bridging the Mississippi at St. Louis, and the rivalry existing between them for twelve months, a consolidation was effected on most amicable terms, and large amounts were subscribed by the citizens of St. Louis. Subscriptions to the stock were also obtained by a single firm in New York City, Jameson, Smith & Cotting, to the amount of a million of dollars, and the same firm effected the sale

in London, to J. S. Morgan & Co., of four million first mortgage bonds, admitted by every one interested, to be one of the quickest and best sales ever made.

Thus the company, by the shrewd business management of its agents, based upon the almost certain profits of the enterprise, was saved from many embarrassments, which would not only have crippled the progress of construction, but also have been an omen of evil to come. Up to this time, there has scarcely been a drawback in the financial conduct of affairs; and while to Captain Eads, and his scientific associates, Col. Henry Flad, Mr. Charles Pfeifer, and Mr. Wm. Rehberg is accorded the highest credit for the engineering skill and courage exhibited in the undertaking, great credit is also due to those who have had the strongest faith in the enterprise from the beginning, and by whose financial address it has been made a triumphant work from the start.

It may not be uninteresting to our readers to close this sketch with a brief comparison of the St. Louis bridge with the equally marvelous structure, now in process of construction over the East River, connecting New York City and Brooklyn. The bridge at St. Louis is to be formed of arches resting on piers, about 500 feet span. The East River bridge is to be a suspension bridge, with a central span of 1,600 feet, and two half-spans, each 940 feet long. The area of the caissons of the East River bridge is 17,000 square feet, while that of the St. Louis bridge is 4,000 square feet. The floor of the East River bridge is to be 118 feet above high water; that of the St. Louis bridge about 50 feet. The towers of the one, which support the suspended structure, will be 270 feet above high water; the piers of the other only about one-quarter as high. The one will be faced with granite; the other with granite two feet above high-water line,—and over the granite, sandstone of a warm yellowish tint. The Hon. B. Gratz Brown has a contract to deliver some of the granite for the St. Louis bridge, but we have not heard what politician is even thus remotely connected with the bridge over the East River. One bridge is to cost from seven to eight millions of dollars; the other about five.

But the main point of difference between these wonderful structures consists in the fact, that the bridge over the Mississippi must be firmly planted on the rock-bed of the river, while the other finds a firm foothold without going so far down. The material encountered in the East River is compact sand and gravel, mixed with clay and interspersed with boulders, and there is no evidence that the bottom of the river is ever much affected by tidal currents. The Mississippi River, on the contrary, as we have seen, has a bed of shifting sand; and in reaching down to the rock-bed, in spite of all the impediments, by the *plenum pneumatic* process, the great triumph in the construction of the St. Louis bridge has been achieved. We have not time to show why an arch was deemed the most economical, safe, and durable for the latter. It is sufficient to observe that both gigantic structures, when finished, will be monuments of American enterprise and skill of which the country may well be proud, and by which the names of Eads and Roebling will be placed in the same roll of honor with Telford and Brunel. The importance of the two bridges is also equal, although for different reasons; while the proposed bridge over the East River will facilitate the growth of the great metropolis of the continent, thus advancing the interests of the whole land, the bridge at St. Louis will be the natural means of communication uniting the eastern and western portions of this continent, for the good of all. New York itself will indirectly reap the advantage of this new opening between the Atlantic and Pacific Shores.

The local advantages of this uninterrupted highway over the Mississippi are also great. For when the Southwest Pacific and the Iron Mountain railroads are finished, the one through the fertile prairies of southwest Missouri to the rich lead mines of Granby and on to the Gulf of Mexico; the other through the Iron Mountain, Pilot Knob, Washington, and St. Francis mines, to connect with the southern systems of railroads opposite Columbus and Memphis; when the Northern Missouri, now within a few miles of the State-line, shall enjoy unbroken communication with St. Paul, its western branch connecting with the

Union Pacific ; when these great roads, with the others now completed and centering in St. Louis, shall freely move the countless stores of metals, coal, lumber, cereals, hemp, tobacco, and droves of cattle over this mighty river, which then will be constrained to fling the treasures of her valley also into the accumulating tide of commerce, it is difficult to estimate what that city will become whose right arm this bridge will be.

The Capital of this republic may not be removed from the Potomac to the Mississippi, to crown the triumphal future of St. Louis ; New York may ever stand the international Emporium of America ; but placed as St. Louis will be, at the center and intersection of a most magnificent system of internal highways, its destiny can hardly be over-estimated.

We already enter in imagination "*La Belle Ville*" of the future, when, emanci-

pated from her semi-annual imprisonment by ice and flood, she has with her iron arm gathered together the spoils of the land.

Safely the bridge lifts and carries us over the stream : turbulent or placid, it is now all the same to us. On the other shore we glide into a well-lighted, well-ventilated tunnel, a mile long, beneath the throbbing city ; we emerge to find ourselves in the center of a vast metropolis, amid lofty warehouses and splendid dwellings ; and Chouteau pond, where boys are now paddling their rafts, is changed by the magic of commercial genius into a grand *entrepôt* of the productions and riches of the West.

Let us not, then, bid adieu in our thoughts to the St. Louis Bridge, which is destined to be the chief cause of this wonderful transformation, until these predictions shall be fulfilled.

MAKING PORT.

ALL day long till the west was red,
Over and under the white-flecked blue :
"Now lay her into the wind," he said ;
And south the harbor drew.

And tacking west and tacking east,
Spray-showers upward going,
Her wake one zigzag trail of yeast,
Her gunwale fairly flowing ;

All flutterous clamor overhead,
Lee scuppers white and spouting,
Upon the deck a stamping tread,
And windy voices shouting ;

Her weather shrouds as viol-strings,
And leeward all a-clatter,—
The long, lithe schooner dips and springs ;
The waters cleave and scatter.

Shoulder to shoulder, breast to breast,
Arms locked, hand over hand :
Bracing to leeward, lips compressed,
Eyes forward to the land ;

Driving the wheel to wind, to lee,
The two men work as one ;
Out of the south-west sweeps the sea ;
Low slants the summer sun.

The harbor opens wide and wide,
Draws up on either quarter ;
The Vineyard's low hills backward slide ;
The keel finds smoother water.

And tacking starboard, tacking port,
Bows hissing, heeled to leeward,
Through craft of many a size and sort,
She trails the long bay seaward.

Half way, she jibes to come about,—
The hurling wind drives at her ;
The loud sails flap and flutter out,
The sheet-blocks rasp and clatter.

A lumberman lies full abeam,—
The flow sets squarely toward her ;
We lose our headway in the stream
And drift broadside aboard her.

A sudden flurry fore and aft,
Shout, trample, strain, wind howling ;
A ponderous jar of craft on craft,
A boom that threatens fouling ;

A jarring slide of hull on hull,—
Her bowsprit sweeps our quarter ;
Clang go the sheets ; the jib draws full ;
Once more we cleave the water.

The anchor rattles from the bow,
The jib comes wrapping downward ;
And quiet rides the dripping prow,
Wave-lapped and pointing townward.

Oh, gracious is the arching sky,
The south-wind blowing blandly ;
The rippling white-caps fleck and fly ;
The sunset flushes grandly.

And all the grace of sea and land,
And splendor of the painted skies,
And more I'd give to hold her hand,
And look into her eyes !

THE SHADOW THAT CAME BETWEEN.

It is morning at Lucerne. Breathless under the scorching rays of a summer sun lies the fair lake—pride of four cantons. From its shores begins the procession of the hills; dripping, new-born, they spring from the water; higher and higher, peak on peak they rise, dim, shadowy, unreal, until at last—oh, heavenly hills!—cleansed from all stain of earth, clothed each in spotless white, they gain the skies. The wide quay is almost deserted at this early hour. A few tourists, about to take the first boat, stroll along beneath the trees, or, leaning over the low parapet, throw bits of stick or stones, or it may be stray crumbs, into the water, where it is alive and dark with tiny darting fishes.

A straggling company of women winds slowly down from early mass at the two-spired church above. They bear dull, hard faces under the scant locks of faded hair in which cotton strings are braided. Their coarse woollen petticoats show the shapeless, clattering shoes beneath; the short sleeves of the cotton chemise—kept in place by the high laced bodice—display bare arms that have no trace of beauty, and bring no thought of womanly charms. Last in the procession creeps an old woman, mumbling to herself. The others were coarsely clad; she is barely covered. They were ugly enough, without a suggestion of grace; she is hideous. Bent nearly double, she sees only the rough pavings under the stumbling feet. Dear heart! she would not know were a golden crown held just before her eyes, so dim they seem to be. Nothing could be more wrinkled and fleshless than her skin, as though it had crawled in horror some day and forgotten to grow smooth again. Did a woman's heart beat somewhere in this withered frame? And had she prayed?

At the end of the promenade the little pleasure-boats, with their gay striped awnings, are moored—a flock of sea-birds, with fluttering, outspread wings. One, the last, comes slowly in now. As the boatman lays down his oars and makes it fast, two women step out. Their faces are veiled; but one, at

least, has the air of a lady, as they quickly cross the promenade and the street, and disappear at the entrance of the —hof.

This —hof is one of the grandest of all the grand hotels that line the quay. Hardly wider than a crack in the masonry is the street upon one side leading back into the town. In the second story of the hotel, and overlooking this street so completely that nothing below can be seen, is a barber's shop. Here is a great chair facing the large French window, and in this chair, at the moment when the two women disappear into the house, is a young man. His name is Carrington, and he is an American.

Across from this window are other windows, roughly set into a house partly completed—an incipient hotel. They open to the idle gaze of the young man only the length of an empty room, with corresponding windows at its farther end. All at once, in its depth, there is visible motion; faint shadows, growing more distinct, resolve themselves into figures—or is there but one that seems to float in mid-air, to bend over—what? Surely there is a struggle! Ghostly arms are thrown into the air; the shadowy form bends lower and lower, until it is lost to sight! Carrington sprang to his feet, narrowly escaping the razor which the curvetting French barber flourished in his face.

"*M'sieur?*" exclaimed the barber interrogatively.

"What was it?"

"*Plait-il?*"

"There!" Carrington pointed across the street. "I saw figures—people, you know."

The man shook his head.

Again that figure, like a clear-cut silhouette, stood out from the dim grayness of the vacant room. Its arms were thrown above its head in an odd gesture, as though it wrung its hands.

"Ah *Oui! Oui!*" the face of the barber brightened. He pointed to the ceiling overhead, then across the way, uttering rapid words of explanation.

"Yes, I see;" Carrington replied slowly.

"It was a reflection from the hotel windows above." Children at play, possibly—he thought on his way down the stairs, and yet—

In the hall below he met a party of friends; the gentlemen strapping on knapsacks; the ladies smiling from under wide-brimmed mountain hats trimmed with ferns and grasses, and tied down with bright-hued ribbons.

"Come with us," they said. "We climb the Righi to-day." In an hour he was on the way, all puzzling thoughts as effectually swept from his mind as the mists from the brow of Pilatus.

He returned the next morning. The whole town seemed intoxicated with some new and strange excitement, but hunger and weariness curbed his rising curiosity. He pushed through the crowd that surrounded the entrance to the hotel, sprang up the stairs, seized the key from the hook where he had hung it the day before, threw open the door of his room and rang for his breakfast.

"M'sieur has heard?" questioned the waiter excitedly, as he lifted the tray from his head.

"I have heard nothing," replied Carrington, composedly pouring out his coffee.

"Can it be that M'sieur has heard nothing of the murder?"

"What do you mean? where?"

"Here, M'sieur; in this house, and yesterday, the seventeenth day of the month."

"Oh, a plague on the day of the month! who was killed?"

"The Marquis de Croisy. Perhaps M'sieur has seen Madame la Marquise? No? She was young and beautiful; but he was old and like the picture in the cloister up at the church. M'sieur has seen the picture? of the wicked one and——"

"Yes, Yes!"

"Well, he was like that—was M'sieur le Marquis. He said dreadful words to Madame. Antoinette heard him often when she was sweeping the hall."

"And so he killed her at last!"

"Ah no; no. It was M'sieur le Marquis himself who was killed. There were ugly blue marks of fingers, they say, on his old throat. Ugh!"

"So she revenged herself at last."

"The Saints defend us!" cried the man in horror. "M'sieur could never have seen Madame la Marquise! She is most good, most beautiful and religious. She is having masses said for his soul at this moment, and has offered twenty thousand francs to any one who will discover the murderer! will they find him, does M'sieur think?"

"Possibly; do they suspect any one?"

"Suspect? It was Henri, the valet; a low fellow who came with them from Paris. Did I not say to Antoinette, that night when he got down from the carriage——"

"And he disappeared, of course," interrupted Carrington.

"Yes, M'sieur, at once. But where?" The man looked fearfully over his shoulder and lowered his voice. "Antoinette, thinks it was the evil one himself!"

"But how could that be?" responded Carrington. "I thought this Marquis de Croisy represented that personage?"

This was quite too much for the waiter, who could only shake his head as he busied himself about the room.

"There, that will do," said Carrington at length, rising from the table.

"Shall I not unpack M'sieur's knapsack? Will he shave this morning?"

"No; no; take away these things. I will go to the barber in the house, as I did yesterday." But with these words there flashed upon Carrington's mind a vision, a suspicion all at once.

"In which room did this take place?" he asked, with sudden interest.

"No. 47, across the hall. The windows look out upon the narrow street."

"And do you know what room is under that?"

"Yes, M'sieur; it is the barber's shop."

So he had been an unconscious witness of the tragedy, if one can be called a witness who sees only the reflection of what is taking place. It gave him an uncomfortable sensation of having participated in the deed—an accomplice dragged in against his will. What should he do? Turn state's evidence, to liberate his own conscience? Tell his story to the authorities? He could prove nothing, swear

to nothing. Why then involve himself in the affair?

Of the facts learned later, these were the principal:—Upon the morning of the tragedy Madame la Marquise, attended by her maid, went out for an early row upon the lake. She returned to find her husband murdered, Henri the valet gone, and money and valuables to a large amount missing.

Of course this affair stirred the length and breadth of the Four Cantons. More than one unfortunate who chanced to resemble the valet was seized and forwarded to Lucerne, only, however, to be set at liberty again. After a time, since no facts came to light, curiosity died of starvation. The excitement ebbed with the tide of summer visitors, and gradually the whole affair was forgotten. Until now, if you were to ask any one connected with the —hof concerning the murder committed there five years ago, he would only stare and reply:—

“Murder? There was none.”

II.

A YEAR later, Carrington was at Baden-Baden. From his window, one night at dusk, he looked down into the square behind the hotel. All around the solemn gray houses rose one above another, until the old Schloss crowned the hill. A motley assembly was gathered here around the worn basin of the stone fountain—chattering maids, pitchers in hand, coquetting with the somberly dressed waiters from the hotel who had come out to fill the *carafes* for the *table d'hôte*; bare-legged hostlers dragging after them tired horses slowly lifting heavy feet; wrinkled old women bending under heavy burdens, and even a little child, who had pulled a dusty flower from where it grew between the stones, and, reaching up, strove to wash it in the stream that flowed so far above its head. Over all the blessed Lady of the Fountain smiled down, stretching out benignant hands.

He turned away. He had parted with friends that day, and this little scene of homely life brought a dragging pain akin to homesickness. “Even the clown clinging to that horse’s mane has had a friendly word,” he thought bitterly. Within the room all was

still. The tall gray houses shut out the sky; the waning light shut in the gloom—the silence and darkness that oppressed him to-night—that clung about his neck with heavy arms and weighed him down.

Suddenly—with the faint warning of a sweeping robe, a light foot-fall—a ripple of music came from the next room as a hand swept the keys of a piano, and then a voice—or was it his own heart that seemed to throb in the air! Did that cry—passionate, thrilling—come from the depths of his own soul?

It ceased. He sprang up. The echo lingered like the scent of lost flowers. His hand was upon the door. Only that panel of wood; what—who—was beyond? Then he remembered himself, and turned away; but the room was dark and silent no longer. He scanned every face as he passed down the length of the *salle à manger*, when the hour for *table d'hôte* arrived. He was late. There was but one empty chair besides his own, across from his seat, and partly hidden by the high pot of artificial flowers that adorned the table. With a quick, silent motion a woman came down the room and filled the vacant place, and as quickly the man who followed stood behind her chair. The face was brown, too brown for a woman; the hair—a heavy mass, half hiding the forehead—was brown also, and lusterless. A certain squareness of the chin and lower jaw—oddly contradicted the full lips, upon which was laid the one bit of color in the whole face. The eyes—full and slightly oblique—were lowered. Whatever charm they held was theirs by right; there was no trickery of heavy, sweeping lashes. She raised them suddenly. The woman was a beauty! There was no self-consciousness in the glance, though it had drawn blood. Carrington’s face was scarlet when he dropped his eyes. She was the possessor of the voice; she was strangely beautiful, and she was young. He pondered these three facts while he idled over his soup. He might have added another—that life possessed a new flavor since yesterday. Sweet? hardly that; say rather strong and mingled with spices. He lingered over the almonds.

“I beg your pardon,” said a voice in his ear, “but did we not meet last year at—owly.

There was a faint rustle of silken drapery. The chair was vacant. He cursed the officiousness of his new-found acquaintance, answered sharply in the negative, and hastened out, only to catch a glimpse of a trailing gown, the gleam of a hand upon the crimson-colored railing of the stairs.

He shut himself into his room; but there was no song to-night—no sound, though he held his breath to listen. He lingered in the hall, about the *salon* the next morning, and even peered into the breakfast-room, where family groups were taking their chocolate; all without a sight of the face that had so vexed his dreams.

He was the first to seat himself at the *table d'hôte* at night. Alas! a new face met his own when the places were filled, and though he looked all adown the nodding heads, the brown hair was gone, as was the silent servant who had stood behind the chair. The Alpine strawberries could not tempt to-night. He quitted the table, intercepted a waiter, pressed a piece of money into his hand, and asked a question. The man left him, returning in a moment.

"Madame and her suite went away early this morning."

"But where have they gone?"

"I do not know."

And that was all. He did not ask her name. Why should I? he thought—a fatalist all at once. We shall meet.

He had been an idler until now, drifting, blown about. We come here to see the world, he had reasoned. Why seek it, since it lies around us, whether we go east or west, north or south—whether we go at all? So he remained or went, as fancy dictated, without plan or purpose. He grew restless now. The world—if that was what he sought with ever-watchful, eager eyes—might indeed lie all around him, but more especially just beyond. He seemed ever urged on, and on—called possibly by a voice—beckoned, it may be, by a hand, however frail, and bound with rings. It was not love in which he found himself suddenly straying—entangled, lost—but that debatable land that lies before it, the paths blue which lie either way; a hilly country to-throat the side where love is, so that one must

needs climb, with tantalizing hope of what is spread out beyond the highest peak. The path, too, is tangled with briars, that while they pierce give out yet a pleasant odor, and they look like flowers. There are no streams—they flow beyond—but one has thirst. and the ways deceive. Some wind mysteriously, others lead quickly to the mountain-tops, and so into the pleasant valley beyond. For true love is a valley, I am sure, shut in, secure and still.

It was here Carrington wandered, though he called the places where his feet strayed or lingered by other and familiar names.

He was crossing the Wengern Alp one day alone. It had not been a weary climb, with all the narrow earth around so beautiful, and the wide heavens so near! He had risen early and walked since break of day, with only a short rest at noon, and now the night was closing in. The path had widened. From jagged rocks cut into rough steps, the level land spread out here, a plain of brightest green. On either side a chasm, and beyond, the domes and pinnacles and towers of the eternal hills, upon which the drifting clouds had caught. O glorious mountains, that stand with white, awe-struck faces before the Infinite! How, in your presence, all earthly passions, earthly longings, die!

The path descending slowly, turned sharply, breaking again into rocky steps. Here was a little patch of green, a garden, rudely fenced in, a chalet, a browsing goat or two, and close beside the path three little children (God's own, hid in the clefts of the rocks), who, with downcast eyes, and in timid, trembling tones, chanted the Hundredth Psalm as Carrington drew near. It came to him like drops of rain in torrid heat—like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Long after he had gone his way, leaving the children wondering over the gift of gold they held, did the psalm echo through his heart.

Line after line of tourists had wound down the path before him. He had scanned every face, listened with hungry ears to every voice as it floated back through the still air. He reached one of the narrow ways that abound in these passes, where the rock—to which the path clings—rises a precipice above, and falls

sheer, unbroken, into the valley. Villages nestled below, and across, where the rent rock rose again, lay the zig-zag road upon its face—a slackened thread—over which horses and mules like flies were crawling now. Suddenly a faint cry came from the other side of the rock around which he had just passed. He sprang back, seized the bridle of the solitary mule walking composedly upon the very edge of the precipice, and pulled it into the path. He did not need to look into the frightened face of the woman bending down from the saddle now—even as his hand touched the bridle he had marked the brown braids of heavy hair under the wide-rimmed hat. To his mind there had been no danger; these mules are sure-footed. He had used little strength. Perhaps it was the long day's climb that brought now a sudden weakness. He leaned against the rock. What was she saying?

"The guide and my servant have strolled on. I prefer to be alone often, and did not feel at all afraid until I felt the saddle beginning to turn under me. Thanks, monsieur; I will dismount. Ah! here they are now."

A man-servant and the guide came running back up the steep path, with profuse apologies and excuses. Having adjusted the saddle and lifted their mistress again into her place, the party moved on. Carrington, lifting his hat, waited for them to pass; but the lady begged him to join them, if indeed their ways were the same.

"Monsieur must remember that I have not as yet expressed my gratitude."

"It was nothing; pray do not speak of it."

"Pardon, but it was much to me. I might have fallen." She shuddered as her eye swept the valley so far below.

Carrington, stepping back as the path narrowed, again marked the lithe figure in its belted blouse, swaying gently in the saddle as they climbed or descended; the scarlet shawl thrown over one shoulder; the wide, low-crowned hat caught up at one side and tied under the heavy braids with a scarlet ribbon. They went on silently down the rocky slope, across the slippery stones of a stream that a month later would rush and roar, a mighty foaming river; then:—

"Monsieur is an American."

"Yes; how did madame discover the fact?"

"I cannot tell; I knew."

Trees sprang up now on every side; they seemed all at once to have left the heights and come into a wide valley, green and blossoming with flowers. Only the scarred, seamed rocks lying helpless all around told of the mighty warfare that had once been waged even here. The guide reached up and cut a branch from one of the trees, which he gave into the hands of the lady. She pulled at the green leaves idly, or swept away the flies that swarmed about the head of the beast she rode.

"Monsieur travels for pleasure, perhaps."

"Yes, and to see the world. Madame has possibly the same object."

She shook her head. "I—I seek to forget."

"To forget! Madame is too young—too—too—" he blushed like a woman, and left the sentence unfinished.

"I have known great trouble," she said, her eyes far away upon the distant mountains; but with the words a look more of terror than of sorrow came over her face. She turned away her head.

"You need not hold the bridle now, guide; the path is wide; there is no precipice."

"It will soon narrow again," interposed Carrington, "and these mules are hard-mouthed. You may have another fright."

"Oh no, no; it was only the saddle; but for that, I could have turned him easily. I am so strong," she added.

Carrington smiled, glancing at the slight hand resting upon the rail of the Spanish saddle. Her eyes followed his. "See!" she exclaimed. She seized the branch she held in both hands, the green wood snapped, broke in two. She laughed. "Monsieur is surprised? but it is only for a moment." She held out the helpless-appearing little hands, they trembled visibly.

"It is soon gone," she said; "that is like a woman. It must be fine to be a man; always strong and to choose one's life."

"No one does that."

"Oh, yes; even the women in your land. With us it is so different." Again she shook her head and seemed lost in thought. "Why

they married me when I was only a child!" she went on suddenly, almost fiercely. The drooping, languid eyes opened wide and full, the brown cheeks warmed, and the red lips for an instant were a single scarlet line over the close-shut teeth. She drew a long breath like a sigh.

"But I forget; pardon, monsieur."

"Madame is afraid to trust a stranger." The woman turned and looked down upon him.

"Monsieur has a good face," she said, quite simply.

"And do you think"—Carrington grew suddenly bold—"that two people must know each other years before they dare be friends?"

"Oh, no, no. They made the Marquis de Croisy and me the greatest friends; they gave me to be his wife, and I had never seen him until that day!" A shiver passed over her.

"The Marquis de Croisy!" Carrington heard only that name.

"Yes, monsieur—my husband."

"And you were his wife?"

"There—monsieur knows?"

"I was at Lucerne a year ago."

"Monsieur does not wonder that I desire to forget?"

"No, no." And such a child, he thought, a flood of pity, of tenderness, sweeping over him. He had passed the debatable land. He stood in the valley now.

"Pardon, madame, the subject must be a painful one," but he drew nearer. He laid his hand upon the bridle, the feeling that he must take care of her—which all men know—strong in him now.

"It is indeed a pain—a terror," she answered. "But one forgets after a time, they say. To live and always remember would kill, would it not, monsieur?"

"Ah yes, it would indeed," Carrington replied gently. "And you have heard nothing more?"

"Of Henri? No; never anything more." Again the look of terror stole over her face, and again she wrapped the shawl more closely around her, as though she were cold.

They reached Lauterbrunnen. The Marquis de Croisy's carriage and a female servant

awaited them. She offered Carrington a seat, and they returned to Interlaken together.

"How strange," exclaimed he, when they separated at the door of the hotel, "that we should have been stopping in the same hotel, when I have searched the continent half over for you!"

"For me?" The brown eyes opened wide.

"Yes, for you," and he turned quickly away.

There followed winged days. Perhaps Madame la Marquise found the river of Lethe to flow here. Certainly it was a pleasant valley to Carrington.

He sat by the open window one morning, sipping his scalding chocolate. It was yet an hour to the time when he was to meet Madame in the *salon*. There was a charming ruin just out of the village, where they were to spend the day. His guide-book and straw hat, wreathed with a veil, were thrown upon a chair near by. He looked at his watch. There are hours with rusty, broken locks which refuse to open to the crowding joys that wait beyond. This was one. He sipped his chocolate, yawned, looked again at his watch, read the opening sentence descriptive of the charming ruin in his guide-book. It seemed to have been written in a lost language. He threw the book down, and stretched himself out upon the wide windowsill. Down below was the carriage-drive to the side-door of the hotel; over the way the blank eyes of another house, taking in everything and giving out nothing in return, save the dim length of a vacant room. A vague recollection of something seen, something felt before like this, struggled in his mind. Was it a dream? As if to make the dream more real, slowly out of the curdling shadows gathered a form, clear-cut, for one instant distinct in outline. Its arms were thrown above its head. It seemed to mutely wring its hands!

It vanished. Again——

Carrington rang the bell furiously.

"Who has the room over mine?"

"Madame la Marquise de Croisy."

"It is a lie! It cannot be."

"It is quite true, sir. But are you ill?"

"No, no. When does the next omnibus leave?"

"It should be at the door in fifteen minutes, sir."

"Then pack these things. No; bring me my bill at once."

He made his preparations for departure with hands that seemed to bear a weight—so heavy, so powerless they were. Then he wrote a note to the Marquise de Croisy, to be left upon his table. And this is what it said:—

"I know your dreadful secret—I alone. I start for America to-day. God have mercy upon you—and upon me!"

"CARRINGTON."

Madame la Marquise did not visit the charming ruin—neither that day nor any of the days that followed. She was taken suddenly ill. When sufficiently recovered, she left Interlaken. Perhaps the waters of Lethe

did not flow there! She was seen a month later at Homburg. Then she disappeared; but the following winter all St. Petersburg went into raptures over the lovely new wife of the Count Potowski, just presented at court. She was said to have been a French marquise of great wealth, in the story of whose past had been a sad chapter. Very brown she was said to be; but strangely beautiful, and not at all to be envied, if the whispered stories concerning the unhappy life of the former countess were to be believed. And Carrington?

There are set in the hearts of those who escape as by fire, deep burns which in some become festering sores. In other healthier natures they heal to ugly scars, tender for a long time to the touch. Even these wear away, until at last one seeks in vain for the spot.

He was married the other day.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PULPIT.

WITH the first number of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY the facts (and fancies) of an article on the "Bondage of the Pulpit" were sowed broadcast over the land. With Number Four we read the sequel of the story. It seems time to inquire if the cloud has no silver lining. The sage of the North River has descended upon us, "a John the Baptist crying, 'Repent!'" The loud-mouthed pack, ever ready to open on the trail of an unfortunate parson, have been in full course running down their game. One is tempted to ask, with the Mississippi voyager, "Stranger, is this here a free fight?" and, like him, to take a hand on the smallest possible encouragement.

In fact, this is a very desirable discussion. Let everything come to the boil which will throw the scum to the surface! If the ministry are missing in the world's battle they ought to be rushed to the front, even under the guard of such bare-headed Essenes as go back to fetch them. By all means let us bring up the stragglers, and, if religion lags, let it be pricked forward.

After all said and done, however, a good many of us feel like George McDonald's

Cosmo Cupples. "I doobt ye're no convertit yet," says Robert Bruce.

"Na," retorts Cupples. "I'm *no* convertit yet. What wad ye convert me *till*?"

It is hard to find out what Mr. Wilkinson would convert *us* to. Would he have every preacher thunder and foam forever? Would he inveigle the unsuspecting millionaire into spots where there is a theological pin under the cushions, and where he must sit, red-faced and wriggling, until service be through? Would he capture the guileless lawyer between the four walls of his sanctified box-trap, and then make him dance on the hot floor of damnation? Would he speak flaming Anglo-Saxon, mixed with a few technical terms to show his learning, in proving the physician a panderer to all that is secret in vice? Or would he make a general practice of strewing caltrops under the feet of his pew-holders, whereof none shall know until he treadeth upon them? Will he emulate Dan, and be a biter of horses' heels until the rider falls backward? For the sake of such relief as it may bring to distressed clergymen, we should really like to know.

This is a gloomy picture—if it be true. Like Hamilton's marines, its atmosphere is principally gray and its tone remarkably lugubrious. If there be no arousing of the jagged lightning of sacred wrath, these pulpits of our times will be no more pinnacles to tear the storm asunder and reveal the sun beyond. Mute, motionless, with their heads in the clouds, uttering inarticulate murmurs and crepitating so as to scare no one, they will remain, after the fashion of Lot's wife, a desolation to all succeeding ages. If they are dumb dogs who dare not bark—if they are indirectly or directly venal—if, as a class, the American ministry have fallen from their high estate—the end cannot be far off. We have been taken to see ruins. They may appear to stand, but they stand not. The fenced city is about to become a heap, sure enough. Only a little while is needed, and then the hollowness and sham of these preachers will accomplish their destruction. Verily, a comfortable and consoling thought!

But we remember the story of the Ugly Duckling, and are cheered when we recall the speech of the duck to her brood. To them the world was large indeed. To her it extended still farther on "across the field to the pastor's garden, but there she had never been." We recover our equanimity in thinking that, perhaps, the world may be wider than even our instructor has seen, himself. There may, in spite of him, be a greater freedom than he supposed possible. To demonstrate this the statement, like his own, must be general. And if the pulpit does not, after the exhibition, go about clanking its chains, no one ought to be better pleased than the denouncer of its bondage.

The American pulpit is certainly strong, healthy, active. There is enough which is loose and sensational, and, possibly, which is rigid and dull, to provoke any writer whose pen moves easily. But one looks not at the rough bark or the gnarled branches, nor at the delicate leafage and tender and graceful twigs, for the strength and nature of the tree. The trunk tells that. The solid, glorious column within is the tree. So neither is the eccentric pyrotechnic orator our typical preacher, nor is the staid and sombre prosier our typi-

cal clergyman. From all sects, avowedly Christian, we must secure an average man who shall represent the spirit of his time and the spirit of his particular faith. No one else will answer the description. Exceptions are not in point. Average men must show us the average method—and then the method will be that of a freeman or a bond-man—in a pulpit free as the winds of heaven or grated like a prison-cell.

In fairness it must be said that much contained in the brace of articles is only too true. These glaring faults stick out frequently, but to chip them off and display them as an illustration of what the building is, cannot be called just to the building. Our hearts within us revive still more when we think of this. It is hard to believe that we have been sitting so long trustfully supposing that our pulpit has been telling us the truth, fearless of the face of man, and then to find that we are wrong at last. It causes a squirm and writhe of pain to swallow such an indigestible lump. And yet, we have all said, if our statue is to be of gold only as to its head, and is to have feet of commingled iron and clay, let us hear and know the worst. And the worst came, and now it seems as if it were right to suffer the other side to plead.

The very first thing which arises is a question as to the standard of true preaching. How shall we estimate it, and by what? But we have the answer of the former articles in an appeal to Scripture designed to prove that *rebuke* is the beginning, middle, and end of pulpit oratory. To fail of freedom in rebuke is to be in bondage. Now *is* rebuke the only, or even the main, purpose of the ministerial office? And if a man fails perpetually to denounce, is he therefore muzzled, and a demonstration of inefficiency?

The best of preachers was Jesus Christ. And His method was not that of continuous rebuke, by any means. When He found it necessary He reproveth His host for remissness, or called Herod "that fox," or styled the Scribes and Pharisees "hypocrites," pronouncing woe upon them. But this was not always—not even often. Its infrequency made it terribly effective when it came. Was not this a reason why it was infrequent?

On the other hand, "the common people heard Him gladly" because He exposed formalism and hypocrisy, because He was tender and patient with them, and more especially because He *taught* them. They styled him "Rabbi," and were themselves pupils. So it is very clear that whoever takes Christ for his model must not be a "Hebrew prophet," but a preacher of the gospel. The two ideas differ decidedly. One was for an old, harsh, coarse-grained age—the other for men to whom all things were made new. No wonder that if the wrong idea be taken at the start the whole clerical fraternity is awry in the jaundiced vision of the critic.

We charge, then, that legalism in the pulpit has had its day—a day which was born of darkness and the shadow of death—a day which ought never to have been. If the 'generality of American preachers are in bondage because they are in the wilderness and not in Egypt, then the matter in debate ends here. But if the present sermon be the offspring of a better light, as the sermon of the past to some degree reflected *its* era—the whole subject spreads vastly further than appeared. Granting all that was said from the former standpoint, does not the very admission furnish a basis for the present article?

And now, of course, we must give our own standard. The true preacher, according to us, must not merely remember to "reprove, rebuke, and exhort," but he must do it "*with all long-suffering*," and after that we don't care about the small or large capitals. We add other words to these. The angels who released Peter and John from prison, bade them "stand and speak in the temple to the people, *all the words of this life*." Paul "*commended* himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God," and says, "Knowing the terror of the Lord we *persuade* men," and "as though God did *entreat* you by us we *pray* you, in *Christ's stead*, Be ye reconciled to God."

Judged by this standard (and is it not the fittest and best?) the American pulpit has not gone into bondage, but rather come forth into liberty. The "word preached," which we poor miserable sinners listen to generally, is far more powerful because it takes us as we

are, and while it does not palliate our sins it secures *our* acquiescence in condemning them. And here the very words of the "Bondage of the Pulpit" need quotation. "It is not decay, it is deficiency, of severity and earnestness, that we deplore. Our preachers' failure is not comparative failure, it is positive failure. The failure falls at the point where no doubt it has always fallen. It touches the most distinctive, most vital, and most arduous function of the prophetic office—the vigor of protest, the energy of rebuke."

What a sad and sour ministry would this course produce! Spiritual dyspepsia would conquer the priest and the people. Exhortation and rebuke would rule in the discourse. Like the Elderly Naval Man, the religious person behind the desk might exclaim, quite correctly:

"I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark or play,
But I sit and croak."

How different this idea is from that of wise, gentle George Herbert—and opening his "Priest to the Temple," we take his genial words almost at random:—

"The Country Parson is full of all knowledge. They say it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone; and there is no knowledge, but in a skillful hand serves either positively as it is or else to illustrate some other knowledge. He condescends even to the knowledge of tillage and pasturage, and makes great use of them in teaching, because people by what they understand are best led to what they understand not." And again, he advises the Parson to "dip and season all his words and sentences in his heart." And still again, "He condescends to human frailties both in himself and others, and intermingles some mirth in his discourses occasionally, according to the pulse of his hearer."

In other words, modern American preaching is working up to an ideal different altogether from our critic's conception of what should be its aim. Nothing is so unwise as to force a theory against the grain of fact. And it is a fact that the present generation requires several things, which make the severity of the past entirely useless, if not absolutely wrong. One is the demand for the concrete

in place of the abstract. Men, to-day, would sooner have results than processes. They exact of their religious teacher that he shall know what he teaches, and be in earnest. They also insist on illustrations of the subject in hand. And if, in following out this method, the preacher adorn his discourse with *cuts*, it does not provoke the mulishness of human nature to resist the truth as under the other plan.

We say distinctly that just because the life and work of Christ are among the most prominent topics of the day, and just because *His* method as a preacher is so well understood, the great mass of all our clergymen are abandoning John for Jesus. The object of the preaching of to-day is to get men into church to hear what is said. And men will not go where they are to be scolded and abused.

It is this new and better style of preaching which makes our second point as against pulpit bondage. New York City and its surroundings do not represent the whole nation in respect to the average American sermon. And this average American sermon is breaking loose from the fetters of theological training, and is being rapidly transformed into a homily wherein instruction pleasantly and earnestly given, one thing at one time, sends men away refreshed and uplifted. Never has there been so deep a devotion to the pure essentials of salvation as now. Never has there been such studying of humanity to see how it shall best be reached. Never have our preachers been so free from preachiness and cant and formalism as now. And yet we are told that they are in bondage still!

A third matter of great moment—*wisdom* in reproof or appeal—comes into the question at this place. The handling of men is an art in itself, an art understood better, until very recently, by every trade and profession than by the clergy, who certainly ought to have understood it best. To-day this reproach of being "out of season" is less a truth than ever. A certain prominent clergyman not many days ago told this story, which is precisely in point here. He had been trying to impress on a wealthy church member the duty of benevolence, and had failed. One day he drove out with him behind a splendid pair

of horses, and discovered that all which interfered with the man's happiness was a lop-ear on the near mare. At another time, not long after, they drove out again and the parson was asked "if he saw a difference?" And then it was revealed that the fastidious owner had exchanged the mare for a horse whose ears were straight, but which was hardly as good as the rejected animal; and fifty dollars had been the exact cost of that drooping ear. "Now," said the parson, slapping him on the knee, "I've got you. Any man who can afford to give so much as that for such a trifle, can afford to give a good deal more to the cause of Christ." He added, "I never failed with that man afterwards. I always made him laugh. He always saw the point. And I always got the money in a handsome sum."

It is perfectly clear that if Moses lost his heritage in Canaan by losing his temper and crying, "Hear now, ye rebels!" the unwise bullying style too often adopted in the past, and occasionally chosen in the present, is not scriptural or likely to be fortunate. And as to the Hugh Latimer personality in discourse, it is certainly far from effectual as a means of converting sinners. One is only entitled to say, "Thou art the man!" when his hearer has passed swift judgment on himself. No person was ever cursed into the Kingdom, and very few have been scolded away from any sin. It is a notorious fact that to preach *against* any debatable topic is a false and unsuccessful plan. The true way (and that now adopted generally) is to bring the church up to a tone where the question is beneath debate. Reformation, the American pulpit concedes, begins at the root, and not at the branches—and there it begins itself to reform the people.

The fourth particular which we urge is that the American ministry are, as a class, remarkably self-devoted and progressive men. They lead rather than follow. Their "specialists" have used these specialties to help their fellow-laborers and to advance true religion. And to judge of the class by the drift-wood floating in the eddies of large cities is futile and foolish. These are rarely in the same pulpit for consecutive Sundays. They lose steadiness of purpose (if they ever had it), but are more

ministerial in dress and speech than the real workers. Most of them came mistakenly into the ranks. Others are place-hunters, discontented and hard to suit. Others, again, use the profession as a stepping-stone to something beyond. Teachers, life-insurance agents, idle men who, because of physical or mental unfitness, fail to do first-rate work of its kind—these are the rubbish of many ecclesiastical lists. Over the majority of them, after their first efforts and subsequent failure, might be written the baby's epitaph,

"If so quickly I was done for,
I wonder what I was begun for!"

Theological Seminaries, Conferences, Classes, Presbyteries, Associations—must answer the question.

And now a word as to the points of the "Bondage of the Pulpit," judged by a new standpoint and in another *mode*. The present article, not being designed as a controversial answer, will only hold them up and turn them about a little.

The "lack of moral courage" is only seemingly a lack. When it is needful to rebuke sin, *it is* rebuked. But when an individual sinner is to be dealt with, it is no way to bring him to repentance to publish him and his crime in the face of the congregation—except it be to enforce a church censure regularly given. The more quietly the preacher works the more successful he is. A word in private is more apt to be kindly received than an oblique sermon slanting at the offender—or a full rebuke flung in his teeth. Personality degrades the pulpit, and it is no bondage which restricts one to the politeness of the gospel.

"Intellectual independence" is the last thing chargeable as a failure on the present style of preaching. More regard is paid to Christ than to Calvin, Arminius, or even Turretin. Ministerial libraries are seldom without Bushnell, Robertson, MacDonald, and Renan. *Ecce Homo* and *Ecce Deus* show their familiar faces. Heretical or heterodox, liberal or lax—however men regard them—the writings of those whose words weigh with the world rest side by side with sparkling Hall, powerful South, earnest Spurgeon, brilliant Beecher, and the mighty host of the heart-

compellers of all ages. No better proof of the freedom of the pulpit could be given.

The "pecuniary reason," too, is evaporating before the blast of secular horror when it discovers to what rigid economy many a clergyman is reduced. Enlightened ideas have set the matter in such a train that few pastors hesitate any longer to preach boldly. There is more room "upstairs" for brains and brave men in this than in any other profession, if hearers may be judges—and probably they have that right under the voluntary system.

"Social life" is no objection when wisely understood and used. The brotherliness produced by it will, it is true, prevent open pulpit denunciation—but then it *should*. And to know a man socially is to be entitled to meet him and talk religiously with him. Any sanctimonious Esau who sells his birthright for the pottage of presents, and considers every gift a bribe, is unworthy of fellowship with decent men—not to say ministers. We expect our pastors to deal with us honestly, and we comprehend their calling, often, as well as they do themselves. Their visits at our houses end usually in our being drawn through the manhood of the man to his office, and through that office to his Master. Unministerial attire does not repel us, as does its opposite of precise religious dandyism. Too much of either style of dress is bad for the influence of the pulpit, and the pulpit sees the point and acts accordingly, freeing itself from the bondage even of a uniform garb.

"Personality" we have already dealt with. "Lax discipline" can be met by an indignant denial. Have we not evidence enough of the evil use of church authority in the cases of Mr. Cheney, of Chicago, and Mr. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia? Because one would not say "regenerate" in the office of baptism and the other would sing hymns and other matters of human composition, they are assailed by their bigoted brethren and cast out of the synagogue—and the whole country protests against the "discipline" employed. But it is a well-known fact that true and careful church government is *not* obsolete or languishing.

And then follow other and less potent reasons for bondage. Fear of losing influence

appreciation of responsibility, abdication of authority, affectation of contempt for creeds, and, generally, the rest of the tail to the kite, are here. They may steady the thing in the air, but tumble finally into a lamentable incoherence which flaps around in the breeze. It is the same old story. "Desinit in piscem, mulier formosa superne."

We end where we began. Manhood in the ministry is more evident now than ever, save in the times of the glorious ones from whose rough eloquence Spurgeon, and others we wot

of, draw to-day. And because of this the American pulpit is a free pulpit. And what seem signs of its bondage are the follies and wickednesses of men who have never known, or else have forgotten, that they are "bought with a price" and should have no joy, duty, or responsibility beside the preaching of Christ and the imitation of His life. It is because their profession, to the vast majority of them, is a hearty undertaking, a thing of happiness even in hardship, that we hold the reproach of bondage to be undeserved.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 93.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

I TRUST it will not be regarded as a sign of shallowness of nature that I rose in the morning comparatively calm. Clara was to me as yet only the type of general womanhood, around which the amorphous loves of my manhood had begun to gather—not the one woman whom the individual man in me had chosen and loved. How could I *love* that which I did not yet know: she was but the heroine of my objective life, as projected from me by my imagination—not the love of my being. Therefore, when the wings of sleep had fanned the motes from my brain, I was cool enough, notwithstanding an occasional tongue of indignant flame from the ashes of last night's fire, to sit down to my books, and read with tolerable attention my morning portion of Plato. But when I turned to my novel, I found I was not master of the situation. My hero too was in love and in trouble; and after I had written a sentence and a half, I found myself experiencing the fate of Heine when he roused the Sphinx of past love by reading his own old verses:—

Lebendig ward das Marmorbild,
"Der Steia begann zu ächzen."

In a few moments I was pacing up and down the room, eager to burn my moth-wings yet

again in the old fire. And, by the way, I cannot help thinking that the moths enjoy their fate, and die in ecstasies. I was however too shy to venture on a call that very morning: I should both feel and look foolish. But there was no more work to be done then. I hurried to the stable, saddled my mare, and set out for a gallop across the farm, but towards the high road leading to Minstercombe, in the opposite direction, that is, from the Hall, which I flattered myself was to act in a strong-minded manner. There were several fences and hedges between, but I cleared them all without discomfiture. The last jump was into a lane. We, that is my mare and I, had scarcely alighted, when my ears were invaded by a shout. The voice was the least welcome I could have heard, that of Brotherton. I turned and saw him riding up the hill, with a lady by his side.

"Hillo!" he cried, almost angrily, "you don't deserve to have such a cob." (He *would* call her a cob.) "You don't know how to use her. To jump her on the hard like that!"

It was Clara with him!—on the steady stiff old brown horse! My first impulse was to jump my mare over the opposite fence, and take no heed of them, but clearly it was not to be attempted, for the ground fell considerably on the other side. My next thought

was to ride away and leave them. My third was one which some of my readers will judge Quixotic, but I have a profound reverence for the Don—and that not merely because I have so often acted as foolishly as he. This last I proceeded to carry out, and lifting my hat, rode to meet them. Taking no notice whatever of Brotherton, I addressed Clara—in what I fancied a distant and dignified manner, which she might, if she pleased, attribute to the presence of her companion.

"Miss Coningham," I said, "will you allow me the honor of offering you my mare? She will carry you better."

"You are very kind, Mr. Cumbermede," she returned, in a similar tone, but with a sparkle in her eyes. "I am greatly obliged to you. I cannot pretend to prefer old cross-bones to the beautiful creature which gave me so much pleasure yesterday."

I was off and by her side in a moment, helping her to dismount. I did not even look at Brotherton, though I felt he was staring like an equestrian statue. While I shifted the saddles, Clara broke the silence which I was in too great an inward commotion to heed, by asking,

"What is the name of your beauty, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"Lilith," I answered.

"What a pretty name! I never heard it before. Is it after any one—any public character, I mean?"

"Quite a public character," I returned—"Adam's first wife."

"I never heard he had two," she rejoined, laughing.

"The Jews say he had. She is a demon now, and the pest of married women and their babies."

"What a horrible name to give your mare!"

"The name is pretty enough. And what does it matter what the woman was, so long as she was beautiful."

"I don't quite agree with you there," she returned, with what I chose to consider a forced laugh.

By this time her saddle was firm on Lilith, and in an instant she was mounted. Brotherton moved to ride on, and the mare followed him. Clara looked back.

"You will catch us up in a moment," she said, possibly a little puzzled between us.

I was busy tightening my girths, and fumbled over the job more than was necessary. Brotherton was several yards ahead, and she was walking the mare slowly after him. I made her no answer, but mounted, and rode in the opposite direction. It was rude, of course, but I did it. I could not have gone with them, and was afraid if I told her so she would dismount, and refuse the mare.

In a tumult of feeling I rode on without looking behind me, careless whither—how long I cannot tell, before I woke up to find that I did not know where I was. I must ride on till I came to some place I knew, or met some one who could tell me. Lane led into lane, buried betwixt deep banks and lofty hedges, or passing through small woods, until I ascended a rising ground, whence I got a view of the country. At once its features began to dawn upon me: I was close to the village of Aldwick, where I had been at school, and in a few minutes I rode into its wide straggling street. Not a mark of change had passed upon it. There were the same dogs about the doors, and the same cats in the windows. The very ferns in the chinks of the old draw well appeared the same; and the children had not grown an inch since first I drove into the place marveling at its wondrous activity.

The sun was hot, and my horse seemed rather tired. I was in no mood to see any one, and besides had no pleasant recollections of my last visit to Mr. Elder, so I drew up at the door of the little inn, and having sent my horse to the stable for an hour's rest and a feed of oats, went into the sanded parlor, ordered a glass of ale, and sat staring at the china shepherdesses on the chimney-piece. I see them now, the ugly things, as plainly as if that had been an hour of the happiest reflections. I thought I was miserable, but I know now that although I was much disappointed, and everything looked dreary and uninteresting about me, I was a long way off misery. Indeed the passing vision of a neat unbonneted village-girl on her way to the well, was attractive enough still to make me rise and go to the window. While watching

as she wound up the long chain for the appearance of the familiar mossy bucket, dripping diamonds, as it gleamed out of the dark well into the sudden sunlight, I heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and turned to see what kind of apparition would come. Presently it appeared, and made straight for the inn. The rider was Mr. Coningham! I drew back to escape his notice, but his quick eye had caught sight of me, for he came into the room with outstretched hand.

"We are fated to meet, Mr. Cumbermede," he said. "I only stopped to give my horse some meal and water, and had no intention of dismounting. Ale? I'll have a glass of ale too," he added, ringing the bell. "I think I'll let him have a feed, and have a mouthful of bread and cheese myself."

He went out, and had, I supposed, gone to see that his horse had his proper allowance of oats, for when he returned he said merrily:

"What have you done with my daughter, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"Why should you think me responsible for her, Mr. Coningham?" I asked, attempting a smile.

No doubt he detected the attempt in the smile, for he looked at me with a sharpened expression of the eyes, as he answered—still in a merry tone—

"When I saw her last she was mounted on your horse, and you were on my father's. I find you still on my father's horse, and your own—with the lady—nowhere. Have I made out a case of suspicion?"

"It is I who have cause of complaint," I returned—"who have neither lady nor mare—except indeed you imagine I have in the case of the latter made a good exchange."

"Hardly that, I imagine, if yours is half so good as she looks. But, seriously, have you seen Clara to-day?"

I told him the facts as lightly as I could. When I had finished, he stared at me with an expression which for the moment I avoided attempting to interpret.

"On horseback with Mr. Brotherton?" he said, uttering the words as if every syllable had been separately italicized.

"You will find it as I say," I replied, feeling offended.

"My dear boy—excuse my freedom," he returned—"I am nearly three times your age—you do not imagine I doubt a hair's breadth of your statement! But—the giddy goose!—How could you be so silly? Pardon me again. Your unselfishness is positively amusing! To hand over your horse to her, and then ride away all by yourself on that—respectable stager!"

"Don't abuse the old horse," I returned. "He *is*, respectable, and has been more in his day."

"Yes, yes. But for the life of me I cannot understand it. Mr. Cumbermede, I am sorry for you. I should *not* advise you to choose the law for a profession. The man who does not regard his own rights, will hardly do for an adviser in the affairs of others."

"You were not going to consult me, Mr. Coningham, were you?" I said, now able at length to laugh without effort.

"Not quite that," he returned, also laughing. "But a right, you know, is one of the most serious things in the world."

It seemed irrelevant to the trifling character of the case. I could not understand why he should regard the affair as of such importance.

"I have been in the way of thinking," I said, "that one of the advantages of having rights was, that you could part with them when you pleased. You're not bound to insist on your rights, are you?"

"Certainly you would not subject yourself to a criminal action by foregoing them, but you might suggest to your friends a commission of lunacy. I see how it is. That is your uncle all over! *He* was never a man of the world."

"You are right there, Mr. Coningham. It is the last epithet any one would give my uncle."

"And the first any one would give *me*, you imply, Mr. Cumbermede."

"I had no such intention," I answered. "That would have been rude."

"Not in the least. I should have taken it as a compliment. The man who does not care about his rights, depend upon it, will be made a tool of by those that do. If he is not a spoon already, he will become one. I

shouldn't have *iffed* it at all if I hadn't known you."

"And you don't want to be rude to me."

"I don't. A little experience will set *you* all right; and that you are in a fair chance of getting if you push your fortune as a literary man. But I must be off. I hope we may have another chat before long."

He finished his ale, rose, bade me good-bye, and went to the stable. As soon as he was out of sight, I also mounted and rode homewards.

By the time I reached the gate of the park, my depression had nearly vanished. The comforting powers of sun and shadow, of sky and field, of wind and motion, had restored me to myself. With a side glance at the windows of the cottage as I passed, and the glimpse of a bright figure seated in the drawing-room window, I made for the stable, and found my Lilith waiting me. Once more I shifted my saddle, and rode home, without even another glance at the window as I passed.

A day or two after, I received from Mr. Coningham a ticket for the county ball, accompanied by a kind note. I returned it at once, with the excuse that I feared incapacitating myself for work by dissipation.

Henceforward I avoided the park, and did not again see Clara before leaving for London. I had a note from her, thanking me for Lilith, and reproaching me for having left her to the company of Mr. Brotherton, which I thought cool enough, seeing they had set out together without the slightest expectation of meeting me. I returned a civil answer, and there was an end of it.

I must again say for myself, that it was not mere jealousy of Brotherton that led me to act as I did. I could not and would not get over the contradiction between the way in which she had spoken of him, and the way in which she spoke to him, followed by her accompanying him in the long ride to which the state of my mare bore witness. I concluded that, although she might mean no harm, she was not truthful. To talk of a man with such contempt, and then behave to him with such frankness, appeared to me altogether unjustifiable. At the same time their mutual familiarity pointed to some foregone intimacy, in

which, had I been so inclined, I might have found some excuse for her, seeing she might have altered her opinion of him, and might yet find it very difficult to alter the tone of their intercourse.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN LONDON.

My real object being my personal history in relation to certain facts and events, I must, in order to restrain myself from that discursiveness the impulse to which is an urging of the historical as well as the artistic Satan, even run the risk of appearing to have been blind to many things going on around me which must have claimed a large place had I been writing on autobiography instead of a distinct portion of one.

I set out with my manuscript in my portmanteau, and a few pounds in my pocket, determined to cost my uncle as little as I could.

I well remember the dreariness of London, as I entered it on the top of a coach, in the closing darkness of a late autumn afternoon. The shops were not all yet lighted, and a drizzly rain was falling. But these outer influences hardly got beyond my mental skin, for I had written to Charley, and hoped to find him waiting for me at the coach office. Nor was I disappointed, and in a moment all discomfort was forgotten. He took me to his chambers in the New Inn.

I found him looking better, and apparently, for him, in good spirits. It was soon arranged, at his entreaty, that for the present I should share his sitting-room, and have a bed put up for me in a closet he did not want. The next day I called upon certain publishers and left with them my manuscript. Its fate is of no consequence here, and I did not then wait to know it, but at once began to fly my feather at lower game, writing short papers and tales for the magazines. I had a little success from the first; and although the surroundings of my new abode were dreary enough, although, now and then, especially when the winter sun shone bright into the court, I longed for one peep into space across the field that now itself lay far in the distance, I soon settled to my work, and found the life an enjoyable one.

To work beside Charley the most of the day, and go with him in the evening to some place of amusement, or to visit some of the men in the chambers about us, was for the time a satisfactory mode of existence.

I soon told him the story of my little passage with Clara. During the narrative he looked uncomfortable and indeed troubled, but as soon as he found I had given up the affair, his countenance brightened.

"I'm very glad you've got over it so well," he said.

"I think I've had a good deliverance," I returned.

He made no reply. Neither did his face reveal his thoughts, for I could not read the confused expression it bore.

That he should not fall in with my judgment would never have surprised me, for he always hung back from condemnation, partly, I presume, from being even morbidly conscious of his own imperfections, and partly that his prolific suggestion supplied endless possibilities to explain or else perplex everything. I had been often even annoyed by his use of the most refined invention to excuse, as I thought, behavior the most palpably wrong. I believe now it was rather to account for it than to excuse it.

"Well, Charley," I would say in such case, "I am sure *you* would never have done such a thing."

"I cannot guarantee my own conduct for a moment," he would answer—or, taking the other tack, would reply: "Just for that reason I cannot believe the man would have done it."

But the oddity of the present case was that he said nothing. I should however have forgotten all about it, but that after some time I began to observe that as often as I alluded to Clara—which was not often—he contrived to turn the remark aside, and always without saying a syllable about her. The conclusion I came to was that, while he shrunk from condemnation, he was at the same time unwilling to disturb the present serenity of my mind by defending her conduct.

Early in the spring, an unpleasant event occurred of which I might have foreseen the possibility. One morning I was alone, working busily, when the door opened.

"Why, Charley—back already!" I exclaimed, going on to finish my sentence.

Receiving no answer, I looked up from my paper, and started to my feet. Mr. Osborne stood before me, scrutinizing me with severe gray eyes. I think he knew me from the first, but I was sufficiently altered to make it doubtful.

"I beg your pardon," he said coldly—"I thought these were Charles Osborne's chambers." And he turned to leave the room.

"They *are* his chambers, Mr. Osborne," I replied, recovering myself with an effort, and looking him in the face.

"My son had not informed me that he shared them with another."

"We are very old friends, Mr. Osborne."

He made no answer, but stood regarding me fixedly.

"You do not remember me, sir," I said. "I am Wilfrid Cumbermede."

"I have cause to remember you."

"Will you not sit down, sir? Charley will be home in less than an hour—I quite expect."

Again he turned his back as if about to leave me.

"If my presence is disagreeable to you," I said, annoyed at his rudeness, "I will go."

"As you please," he answered.

I left my papers, caught up my hat, and went out of the room and the house. I said "Good morning," but he made no return.

Not until nearly eight o'clock did I re-enter. I had of course made up my mind that Charley and I must part. When I opened the door, I thought at first there was no one there: there were no lights, and the fire had burned low.

"Is that you, Wilfrid?" said Charley.

He was lying on the sofa.

"Yes, Charley," I returned.

"Come in, old fellow. The avenger of blood is not behind me," he said, in a mocking tone, as he rose and came to meet me. "I've been having such a dose of damnation—all for your sake!"

"I'm very sorry, Charley. But I think we are both to blame. Your father ought to have been told. You see day after day went by, and—somehow—"

"Tut, tut! never mind. What *does* it

matter—except that it's a disgrace to be dependent on such a man? I wish I had the courage to starve."

"He's your father, Charley. Nothing can alter that."

"That's the misery of it. And then to tell people God is their father! If he's like mine, he's done us a mighty favor in creating us! I can't say I feel grateful for it. I must turn out to-morrow."

"No, Charley. The place has no attraction for me without you, and it was yours first. Besides I can't afford to pay so much. I will find another to-morrow. But we shall see each other often, and perhaps get through more work apart. I hope he didn't insist on your never seeing me."

"He did try it on; but there I stuck fast, threatening to vanish, and scramble for my living as I best might. I told him you were a far better man than me, and did me nothing but good. But that only made the matter worse, proving your influence over me. Let's drop it. It's no use. Let's go to the Olympic."

The next day, I looked for a lodging in Camden Town, attracted by the probable cheapness, and by the grass of the Regent's Park; and having found a decent place, took my things away while Charley was out. I had not got them, few as they were, in order in my new quarters before he made his appearance; and as long as I was there few days passed on which we did not meet.

One evening he walked in, accompanied by a fine-looking young fellow whom I thought I must know, and presently recognized as Home, our old school-fellow, with whom I had fought in Switzerland. We had become good friends before we parted, and Charley and he had met repeatedly since.

"What are you doing now, Home?" I asked him.

"I've just taken deacon's orders," he answered. "A friend of my father's has promised me a living. I've been hanging about quite long enough now. A fellow ought to do something for his existence."

"I can't think how a strong fellow like you can take to mumbling prayers and reading sermons," said Charley.

"It ain't nice," said Home, "but it's a very respectable profession. There are viscounts in it, and lots of honorables."

"I daresay," returned Charley, with drought. "But a nerveless creature like me, who can't even hit straight from the shoulder, would be good enough for that. A giant like you, Home!"

"Ah! by the bye, Osborne," said Home, not in love with the prospect, and willing to turn the conversation, "I thought you were a church-calf yourself."

"Honestly, Home, I don't know whether it isn't the biggest of all big humbugs."

"Oh, but—Osborne!—it ain't the thing, you know, to talk like that of a profession adopted by so many great men fit to honor any profession," returned Home, who was not one of the brightest of mortals, and was jealous for the profession just inasmuch as it was destined for his own.

"Either the profession honors the men, or the men dishonor themselves," said Charley. "I believe it claims to have been founded by a man called Jesus Christ, if such a man ever existed except in the fancy of his priesthood."

"Well, really," expostulated Home, looking, I must say, considerably shocked, "I shouldn't have expected that from the son of a clergyman!"

"I couldn't help my father. I wasn't consulted," said Charley, with an uncomfortable grin. "But, at any rate, my father fancies he believes all the story. I fancy I don't."

"Then you're an infidel, Osborne."

"Perhaps. Do you think that so very horrible?"

"Yes, I do. Tom Paine, and all the rest of them, you know!"

"Well, Home, I'll tell you one thing I think worse than being an infidel."

"What is that?"

"Taking to the church for a living."

"I don't see that."

"Either the so-called truths it advocates are things to live and die for, or they are the veriest oldwives' fables going. Do you know who was the first to do what you are about now?"

"No. I can't say. I'm not up in church history yet."

"It was Judas."

I am not sure that Charley was right, but that is what he said. I was taking no part in the conversation, but listening eagerly, with a strong suspicion that Charley had been leading Home to this very point.

"A man must live," said Home.

"That's precisely what I take it Judas said: for my part, I don't see it."

"Don't see what?"

"That a man must live. It would be a far more incontrovertible assertion that a man must die—and a more comfortable one too."

"Upon my word, I don't understand you, Osborne! You make a fellow feel deuced queer with your remarks."

"At all events, you will allow that the first of them—they call them apostles, don't they?—didn't take to preaching the gospel for the sake of a living. What a satire on the whole kit of them that word *living*, so constantly in all their mouths, is! It seems to me that Messrs. Peter and Paul and Matthew, and all the rest of them, forsook their livings for a good chance of something rather the contrary."

"Then it *was* true—what they said about you at Forest's?"

"I don't know what they said," returned Charley; "but before I would pretend to believe what I didn't——"

"But I *do* believe it, Osborne."

"May I ask on what grounds?"

"Why—everybody does."

"That would be no reason, even if it were a fact, which it is not. You believe it, or, rather, choose to think you believe it, because you've been told it. Sooner than pretend to teach what I had never learned, and be looked up to as a pattern of godliness, I would 'list in the ranks. There, at least, a man might earn an honest living."

"By Jove! You do make a fellow feel uncomfortable!" repeated Home: "You've got such a—such an uncompromising way of saying things—to use a mild expression!"

"I think it's a sneaking thing to do, and unworthy of a gentleman."

"I don't see what right you've got to bully me in that way," said Home, getting angry.

It was time to interfere.

"Charley is so afraid of being dishonest, Home," I said, "that he is rude.—You are rude now, Charley."

"I beg your pardon, Home," exclaimed Charley at once.

"Oh, never mind!" returned Home with gloomy good-nature.

"You ought to make allowance, Charley," I pursued. "When a man has been accustomed all his life to hear things spoken of in a certain way, he cannot help having certain notions to start with."

"If I thought as Osborne does," said Home, "I *would* sooner 'list than go into the church."

"I confess," I rejoined, "I do not see how any one can take orders, except he not only loves God with all his heart, but receives the story of the New Testament as a revelation of Him, precious beyond utterance. To the man who accepts it so, the calling is the noblest in the world."

The others were silent, and the conversation turned away. From whatever cause, Home did not go into the church, but died fighting in India.

He soon left us—Charley remaining behind.

"What a hypocrite I am!" he exclaimed;—"following a profession in which I must often, if I have any practice at all, defend what I know to be wrong, and seek to turn justice from its natural course."

"But you can't always know that your judgment is right, even if it should be against your client. I heard an eminent barrister say once, that he had come out of the court convinced by the arguments of the opposite counsel."

"And having gained the case?"

"That I don't know."

"He went in believing his own side, any how, and that made it all right for him."

"I don't know that, either. His private judgment was altered, but whether it was for or against his client, I do not remember. The fact however shows that one might do a great wrong by refusing a client whom he judged in the wrong."

"On the contrary, to refuse a brief on such grounds would be best for all concerned.

Not believing in it, you could not do your best, and might be preventing one who would believe in it from taking it up."

"The man might not get anybody to take it up."

"Then there would be little reason to expect that a jury charged under ordinary circumstances would give a verdict in his favor."

"But it would be for the barristers to constitute themselves the judges."

"Yes—of their own conduct—only that. There I am again! The finest ideas about the right thing, and going on all the same, with open eyes running my head straight into the noose! Wilfrid, I'm one of the weakest animals in creation. What if you found at last that I had been deceiving *you*? What would you say?"

"Nothing, Charley—to any one else."

"What would you say to yourself, then?"

"I don't know. I know what I should do."

"What?"

"Try to account for it, and find as many reasons as I could to justify you. That is, I would do just as you do for every one but yourself."

He was silent—plainly from emotion, which I attributed to his pleasure at the assurance of the strength of my friendship.

"Suppose you could find none?" he said, recovering himself a little.

"I should still believe there *were* such. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*, you know."

He brightened at this.

"You *are* a friend, Wilfrid! What a strange condition mine is!—forever feeling I could do this and that difficult thing, were it to fall in my way, and yet constantly failing in the simplest duties—even to that of common politeness. I behaved like a brute to Home. He's a fine fellow, and only wants to see a thing to do it. *I* see it well enough, and don't do it. Wilfrid, I shall come to a bad end. When it comes, mind I told you so, and blame nobody but myself. I mean what I say."

"Nonsense, Charley! It's only that you haven't active work enough, and get morbid with brooding over the germs of things."

"Oh, Wilfrid, how beautiful a life might be! Just look at that one in the New Testament! Why shouldn't *I* be like that? *I* don't know why. I feel as if I could. But I'm not, as you see—and never shall be. I'm selfish, and ill-tempered, and——"

"Charley! Charley! There never was a less selfish or better tempered fellow in the world."

"Don't make me believe that, Wilfrid, or I shall hate the world as well as myself. It's all my hypocrisy makes you think so. Because I am ashamed of what I am, and manage to hide it pretty well, you think me a saint. That is heaping damnation on me."

"Take a pipe, Charley, and shut up. That's rubbish!" I said. I doubt much if it was what I ought to have said, but I was alarmed for the consequences of such brooding. "I wonder what the world would be like if every one considered himself acting up to his own idea!"

"If he was acting so, then it would do the world no harm that he knew it."

"But his ideal must then be a low one, and that would do himself and everybody the worst kind of harm. The greatest men have always thought the least of themselves."

"Yes, but that was because they *were* the greatest. A man may think little of himself just for the reason that he *is* little, and can't help knowing it."

"Then it's a mercy he does know it! for most small people think much of themselves."

"But to know it—and to feel all the time you ought to be and could be something very different, and yet never get a step nearer it! That is to be miserable. Still it is a mercy to know it. There is always a last help."

I mistook what he meant, and thought it well to say no more. After smoking a pipe or two he was quieter, and left me with a merry remark.

One lovely evening in spring, I looked from my bed-room window, and saw the red sunset burning in the thin branches of the solitary poplar that graced the few feet of garden behind the house. It drew me out to the park, where the trees were all in young leaf, each with its shadow stretching away

from its foot, like its longing to reach its kind across dividing space. The grass was like my own grass at home, and I went wandering over it in all the joy of the new spring, which comes every year to our hearts as well as to their picture outside. The workmen were at that time busy about the unfinished botanical gardens, and I wandered thitherward, lingering about, and pondering and inventing, until the sun was long withdrawn, and the shades of night had grown very brown. I was at length sauntering slowly home to put a few finishing touches to a paper I had been at work upon all day, when something about a young couple in front of me attracted my attention. They were walking arm in arm, talking eagerly, but so low that I heard only a murmur. I did not quicken my pace, yet was gradually gaining upon them, when suddenly the conviction started up in my mind that the gentleman was Charley. I could not mistake his back, or the stoop of his shoulders as he bent towards his companion. I was so certain of him that I turned at once from the road, and wandered away across the grass: if he did not choose to tell me about the lady, I had no right to know. But I confess to a strange trouble that he had left me out. I comforted myself however with the thought that perhaps when we next met he would explain, or at least break, the silence.

After about an hour, he entered in an excited mood, merry but uncomfortable. I tried to behave as if I knew nothing, but could not help feeling much disappointed when he left me without a word of his having had a second reason for being in the neighborhood.

What effect the occurrence might have had, whether the cobweb veil of which I was now aware between us would have thickened to opacity or not, I cannot tell. I dare not imagine that it might. I rather hope that by degrees my love would have got the victory, and melted it away. But now came a cloud which swallowed every other in my firmament. The next morning brought a letter from my aunt, telling me that my uncle had had a stroke, as she called it, and at that moment was lying insensible. I put my

affairs in order at once, and Charley saw me away by the afternoon coach.

It was a dreary journey. I loved my uncle with perfect confidence and profound veneration, a result of the faithful and open simplicity with which he had always behaved towards me. If he were taken away, and already he might be gone, I should be lonely indeed, for on whom besides could I depend with anything like the trust which I had reposed in him? For, conceitedly or not, I had always felt that Charley rather depended on me—that I had rather to take care of him, than to look for counsel from him.

The weary miles rolled away. Early in the morning we reached Ministercombe. There I got a carriage, and at once continued my journey.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHANGES.

I MET no one at the house-door, or in the kitchen, and walked straight up the stair to my uncle's room. The blinds were down, and the curtains were drawn, and I could but just see the figure of my aunt seated beside the bed. She rose, and without a word of greeting, made way for me to approach the form which lay upon it, stretched out straight and motionless. The conviction that I was in the presence of death seized me; but instead of the wretchedness of heart and soul which I had expected to follow the loss of my uncle, a something deeper than any will of my own asserted itself, and as it were took the matter from me. It was as if my soul avoided the sorrow of separation by breaking with the world of material things, asserting the shadowy nature of all the visible, and choosing its part with the something which had passed away. It was as if my deeper self said to my outer consciousness: "I too am of the dead—one with them, whether they live or are no more. For a little while I am shut out from them, and surrounded with things that seem: let me gaze on the picture while it lasts; dream or no dream, let me live in it according to its laws, and await what will come next; if an awaking, it is well; if only a perfect because dreamless sleep, I shall not be able to lament the end-

less separation—but while I know myself, I will hope for something better.” Like this at least was the blossom into which, under my after brooding, the bud of that feeling broke.

I laid my hand upon my uncle’s forehead. It was icy cold, just like my grannie’s when my aunt had made me touch it. And I knew that my uncle was gone, that the slow tide of the eternal ocean had risen while he lay motionless within the wash of its waves, and had floated him away from the shore of our world. I took the hand of my aunt, who stood like a statue behind me, and led her from the room.

“He is gone, aunt,” I said, as calmly as I could.

She made no reply, but gently withdrew her hand from mine, and returned into the chamber. I stood a few moments irresolute, but reverence for her sorrow prevailed, and I went down the stair, and seated myself by the fire. There the servant told me that my uncle had never moved since they laid him in his bed. Soon after, the doctor arrived, and went up stairs; but returned in a few minutes, only to affirm the fact. I went again to the room, and found my aunt lying with her face on the bosom of the dead man. She allowed me to draw her away, but when I would have led her down, she turned aside, and sought her own chamber, where she remained for the rest of the day.

I will not linger over that miserable time. Greatly as I revered my uncle, I was not prepared to find how much he had been respected, and was astonished at the number of faces I had never seen which followed to the churchyard. Amongst them were the Coninghams, father and son; but except by a friendly grasp of the hand, and a few words of condolence, neither interrupted the calm depression rather than grief in which I found myself. When I returned home, there was with my aunt a married sister, whom I had never seen before. Up to this time, she had shown an arid despair, and been regardless of everything about her; but now she was in tears. I left them together, and wandered for hours up and down the lonely playground of my childhood, thinking of many things—most of

all, how strange it was that, if there were a *hereafter* for us, we should know positively nothing concerning it; that not a whisper should cross the invisible line; that the something which had looked from its windows so lovingly, should have in a moment withdrawn, by some back way unknown either to itself or us, into a region of which all we can tell is that thence no prayers and no tears will entice it to lift for an instant again the fallen curtain, and look out once more. Why should not God, I thought, if a God there be, permit one single return to each, that so the friends left behind in the dark might be sure that death was not the end, and so live in the world as not of the world?

When I re-entered, I found my aunt looking a little cheerful. She was even having something to eat with her sister—an elderly country-looking woman, the wife of a farmer in a distant shire. Their talk had led them back to old times, to their parents and the friends of their childhood; and the memory of the long dead had comforted her a little over the recent loss: for all true hearts death is a uniting, not a dividing power.

“I suppose you will be going back to London, Wilfrid?” said my aunt, who had already been persuaded to pay her sister a visit.

“I think I had better,” I answered. “When I have a chance of publishing a book, I should like to come and write it, or at least finish it here, if you will let me.”

“The place is your own, Wilfrid. Of course I shall be very glad to have you here.”

“The place is yours as much as mine, aunt,” I replied. “I can’t bear to think that my uncle has no right over it still. I believe he has, and therefore it is yours just the same—not to mention my own wishes in the matter.”

She made no reply, and I saw that both she and her sister were shocked either at my mentioning the dead man, or at my supposing he had any earthly rights left. The next day they set out together, leaving in the house the wife of the head man at the farm to attend to me until I should return to town. I had intended to set out the following morning, but I found myself enjoying so much the undisturbed possession of the place, that I re-

mained there for ten days; and when I went, it was with the intention of making it my home as soon as I might: I had grown enamored of the solitude so congenial to labor. Before I left I arranged my uncle's papers, and in doing so found several early sketches, which satisfied me that he might have distinguished himself in literature if his fate had led him thitherward.

Having given the house in charge to my aunt's deputy, Mrs. Herbert, I at length returned to my lodging in Camden Town. There I found two letters waiting me, the one announcing the serious illness of my aunt, and the other her death. The latter was two days old. I wrote to express my sorrow, and excuse my apparent neglect, and having made a long journey to see her also laid in the earth, I returned to my old home in order to make fresh arrangements.

CHAPTER XXX.

PROPOSALS.

MRS. HERBERT attended me during the forenoon, but left me after my early dinner. I made my tea for myself, and a tankard filled from a barrel of ale of my uncle's brewing, with a piece of bread and cheese, was my unvarying supper. The first night I felt very lonely, almost indeed what the Scotch call *eerie*. The place, although inseparably interwoven with my earliest recollections, drew back and stood apart from me—a thing to be thought about; and, in the ancient house, amidst the lonely field, I felt like a ghost condemned to return and live the vanished time over again. I had had a fire lighted in my own room; for, although the air was warm outside, the thick stone walls seemed to retain the chilly breath of last winter. The silent rooms that filled the house forced the sense of their presence upon me. I seemed to see the forsaken things in them staring at each other, hopeless and useless, across the dividing space, as if saying to themselves, "We belong to the dead, are mouldering to the dust after them, and in the dust alone we meet." From the vacant rooms my soul seemed to float out beyond, searching still—to find nothing but loneliness and emptiness betwixt me and the stars; and beyond

the stars more loneliness and more emptiness still—no rest for the sole of the foot of the wandering Psyche—save—one mighty saving—an exception which if true must be the one all-absorbing rule. "But," I was saying to myself, "love unknown is not even equal to love lost," when my revery was broken by the dull noise of a horse's hoofs upon the sward. I rose and went to the window. As I crossed the room, my brain rather than myself suddenly recalled the night when my pendulum drew from the churning trees the unwelcome genius of the storm. The moment I reached the window—there through the dim summer twilight, once more from the trees, now as still as sleep, came the same figure.

Mr. Coningham saw me at the fire-lighted window, and halted.

"May I be admitted?" he asked, ceremoniously.

I made a sign to him to ride round to the door, for I could not speak aloud: it would have been rude to the memories that haunted the silent house.

"May I come in for a few minutes, Mr. Cumbermede?" he asked again, already at the door by the time I had opened it.

"By all means, Mr. Coningham," I replied. "Only you must tie your horse to this ring, for we—I—have no stable here."

"I've done this before," he answered, as he made the animal fast. "I know the ways of the place well enough. But surely you're not here in absolute solitude?"

"Yes, I am. I prefer being alone at present."

"Very unhealthy, I must say! You will grow hypochondriacal if you mope in this fashion," he returned, following me up the stairs to my room.

"A day or two of solitude now and then would, I suspect, do most people more good than harm," I answered. "But you must not think I intend leading a hermit's life. Have you heard that my aunt——?"

"Yes, yes.—You are left alone in the world. But relations are not a man's only friends—and certainly not always his best friends."

I made no reply, thinking of my uncle.

"I did not know you were down," he resumed. "I was calling at my father's, and



WILFRID AND CLARA.

seeing your light across the park, thought it possible you might be here, and rode over to see.—May I take the liberty of asking what your plans are?" he added, seating himself by the fire.

"I have hardly had time to form new ones; but I mean to stick to my work, anyhow."

"You mean your profession?"

"Yes, if you will allow me to call it such. I have had success enough already to justify me in going on."

"I am more pleased than surprised to hear it," he answered. "But what will you do with the old nest?"

"Let the old nest wait for the old bird, Mr. Coningham—keep it to die in."

"I don't like to hear a young fellow talking that way," he remonstrated. "You've got a long life to live yet—at least I hope so. But if you leave the house untenanted till the period to which you allude, it will be quite unfit by that time even for the small service you propose to require of it. Why not let it

—for a term of years? I could find you a tenant, I make no doubt."

"I won't let it. I shall meet the world all the better if I have a place of my own to take refuge in."

"Well, I can't say but there's good in that fancy. To have any spot of your own, however small—freehold, I mean—must be a comfort. At the same time, what's the world for, if you're to meet it in that half-hearted way? I don't mean that every young man—there are exceptions—must sow just so many bushels of *avena fatua*. There are plenty of enjoyments to be got without leading a wild life—which I should be the last to recommend to any young man of principle. Take my advice and let the place. But pray don't do me the injustice to fancy I came to look after a job. I shall be most happy to serve you."

"I am exceedingly obliged to you," I answered. "If you could let the farm for me for the rest of the lease, of which there are but a few years to run, that would be of great

consequence to me. Herbert, my uncle's foreman, who has the management now, is a very good fellow, but I doubt if he will do more than make both ends meet without my aunt, and the accounts would bother me endlessly."

"I shall find out whether Lord Inglewold be inclined to resume the fag-end. In such case, as the lease has been a long one, and land has risen much, he would doubtless pay a part of the difference. Then there's the stock—worth a good deal, I should think. I'll see what can be done. And then there's the stray bit of park?"

"What do you mean by that?" I asked. "We have been in the way of calling it the *park*, though why, I never could tell. I confess it does look like a bit of Sir Giles's that had wandered beyond the gates."

"There *is* some old story or other about it, I believe. The possessors of the Moldwarp estate have, from time immemorial, regarded it as properly theirs. I know that."

"I am much obliged to them, certainly. I have been in the habit of thinking differently."

"Of course, of course," he rejoined, laughing. "But there may have been some—mistake somewhere. I know Sir Giles would give five times its value for it."

"He should not have it if he offered the Moldwarp estate in exchange," I cried indignantly; and the thought flashed across me that this temptation was what my uncle had feared from the acquaintance of Mr. Coningham.

"Your sincerity will not be put to so great a test as that," he returned, laughing quite merrily. "But I am glad you have such a respect for real property. At the same time—how many acres are there of it?"

"I don't know," I answered curtly and truly.

"It's of no consequence. Only if you don't want to be tempted, don't let Sir Giles or my father broach the subject. You needn't look at me. I am not Sir Giles's agent. Neither do my father and I run in double harness. He hinted, however, this very day, that he believed the old fool wouldn't stick at £500 an acre for this bit of grass—if he couldn't get it for less."

"If that is what you come about, Mr. Coningham," I rejoined, haughtily I dare say, for something I could not well define made me feel as if the dignity of a thousand ancestors were periled in my own, "I beg you will not say another word on the subject, for sell this land I *will not*."

He was looking at me strangely: his eye glittered with what, under other circumstances, I might have taken for satisfaction; but he turned his face away and rose, saying, with a curiously altered tone, as he took up his hat,

"I'm very sorry to have offended you, Mr. Cumbermede. I sincerely beg your pardon. I thought our old—friendship may I not call it?—would have justified me in merely reporting what I had heard. I see now that I was wrong. I ought to have shown more regard for your feelings at this trying time. But again I assure you I was only reporting, and had not the slightest intention of making myself a go-between in the matter. One word more: I have no doubt I could *let* the field for you—at good grazing rental. That I think you could hardly object to."

"I should be much obliged to you," I replied—"for a term of not more than seven years—but without the house, and with the stipulation expressly made that I have right of way in every direction through it."

"Reasonable enough," he answered.

"One more thing," I said: "all these affairs must be pure matters of business between us."

"As you please," he returned, with, I fancied, a shadow of disappointment if not of displeasure on his countenance. "I should have been more gratified if you had accepted a friendly office; but I will do my best for you, notwithstanding."

"I had no intention of being unfriendly, Mr. Coningham," I said. "But when I think of it, I fear I may have been rude, for the bare proposal of selling this Naboth's vineyard of mine would go far to make me rude to any man alive. It sounds like an invitation to dishonor myself in the eyes of my ancestors."

"Ah! you do care about your ancestors?" he said, half musingly, and looking into his hat.

"Of course I do! Who is there does not?"

"Only some ninety-nine hundredths of the English nation."

"I cannot well forget," I returned, "what my ancestors have done for me."

"Whereas most people only remember that their ancestors can do no more for them. I declare I am almost glad I offended you. It does one good to hear a young man speak like that in these degenerate days, when a buck would rather be the son of a rich brewer than a decayed gentleman. I will call again about the end of the week—that is if you will be here—and report progress."

His manner, as he took his leave, was at once more friendly and more respectful than it had yet been—a change which I attributed to his having discovered in me more firmness than he had expected, in regard, if not of my rights, at least of my social position.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ARRANGEMENTS.

My custom at this time, and for long after I had finally settled down in the country, was to rise early in the morning—often, as I used when a child, before sunrise, in order to see the first burst of the sun upon the new-born world. I believed then, as I believe still, that, lovely as the sunset is, the sunrise is more full of mystery, poetry, and even, I had almost said, pathos. But often ere he was well up I had begun to imagine what the evening would be like, and with what softly mingled, all but imperceptible gradations it would steal into night. Then when the night came, I would wander about my little field, vainly endeavoring to picture the glory with which the next day's sun would rise upon me. Hence the morning and evening became well known to me; and yet I shrink from saying it, for each is endless in the variety of its change. And the longer I was alone, I became the more enamored of solitude, with the labor to which, in my case, it was so helpful; and began indeed to be in some danger of losing sight of my relation to "a world of men," for with that world my imagination and my love for Charley were now my sole recognizable links.

In the fore-part of the day, I read and wrote; and in the after-part found both employment and pleasure in arranging my uncle's books, amongst which I came upon a good many treasures whereof I was now able in some measure to appreciate the value—thinking often, amidst their ancient dust and odors with something like indignant pity, of the splendid collection, as I was sure it must be, mouldering away in utter neglect at the neighboring Hall.

I was on my knees in the midst of a pile which I had drawn from a cupboard under the shelves, when Mrs. Herbert showed Mr. Coningham in. I was annoyed, for my uncle's room was sacred; but as I was about to take him to my own, I saw such a look of interest upon his face that it turned me aside, and I asked him to take a seat.

"If you do not mind the dust," I added.

"Mind the dust!" he exclaimed,—"*of old books!* I count it almost sacred. I am glad you know how to value them."

What right had he to be glad? How did he know I valued them? How could I but value them? I rebuked my offense, however, and after a little talk about them, in which he revealed much more knowledge than I should have expected, it vanished. He then informed me of an arrangement he and Lord Inglewold's factor had been talking over in respect of the farm; also of an offer he had had for my field. I considered both sufficiently advantageous in my circumstances, and the result was that I closed with both.

A few days after this arrangement I returned to London, intending to remain for some time. I had a warm welcome from Charley, but could not help fancying an unacknowledged something dividing us. He appeared, notwithstanding, less oppressed, and, in a word, more like other people. I proceeded at once to finish two or three papers and stories, which late events had interrupted. But within a week London had grown to me stifling and unendurable, and I longed unspeakably for the free air of my field, and the loneliness of my small castle. If my reader regard me as already a hypochondriac, the sole disproof I have to offer is, that I was then diligently writing what some years afterward

obtained a hearty reception from the better class of the reading public. Whether my habits were healthy or not, whether my love of solitude was natural or not, I cannot but hope from this that my modes of thinking were. The end was, that after finishing the work I had on hand, I collected my few belongings, gave up my lodging, bade Charley good-by, receiving from him a promise to visit me at my own house if possible, and took my farewell of London for a season, determined not to return until I had produced a work which my now more enlarged judgment might consider fit to see the light. I had laid out all my spare money upon books, with which in a few heavy trunks I now went back to my solitary dwelling. I had no care upon my mind, for my small fortune along with the rent of my field was more than sufficient for my maintenance in the almost anchoretic seclusion in which I intended to live, and hence I had every advantage for the more definite projection and prosecution of a work which had been gradually shaping itself in my mind for months past.

Before leaving for London, I had already spoken to a handy lad employed upon the farm, and he had kept himself free to enter my service when I should require him. He was the more necessary to me that I still had my mare Lilith, from which nothing but fate should ever part me. I had no difficulty in arranging with the new tenant for her continued accommodation at the farm; while, as Herbert still managed its affairs, the services of his wife were available as often as I required them. But my man soon made himself capable of doing everything for me, and proved himself perfectly trustworthy.

I must find a name for my place—for its own I will not write: let me call it The Moat; there were signs, plain enough to me after my return from Oxford, that there had once been a moat about it, of which the hollow I have mentioned as the spot where I used to lie and watch for the sun's first rays had evidently been a part. But the remains of the moat lay a considerable distance from the house, suggesting a large area of building at some

former period, proof of which, however, had entirely vanished, the house bearing every sign of a narrow completeness.

The work I had undertaken required a constantly recurring reference to books of the sixteenth century; and although I had provided as many as I thought I should need, I soon found them insufficient. My uncle's library was very large for a man in his position, but it was not by any means equally developed; and my necessities made me think often of the old library at the Hall, which might contain somewhere in its ruins every book I wanted. Not only, however, would it have been useless to go searching in the formless mass for this or that volume, but, unable to grant Sir Giles the desire of his heart in respect of my poor field, I did not care to ask of him the comparatively small favor of being allowed to burrow in his dust-heap of literature.

I was sitting, one hot noon, almost in despair over a certain little point concerning which I could find no definite information, when Mr. Coningham called. After some business matters had been discussed, I mentioned, merely for the sake of talk, the difficulty I was in—the sole disadvantage of a residence in the country as compared with London, where the British Museum was the unfailing resort of all who required such aid as I was in want of.

"But there is the library at Moldwarp Hall," he said.

"Yes, *there* it is; but there is not *here*."

"I have no doubt Sir Giles would make you welcome to borrow what books you wanted. He is a good-natured man, Sir Giles."

I explained my reason for not troubling him.

"Besides," I added, "the library is in such absolute chaos, that I might with less loss of time run up to London, and find any volume I happened to want among the old book-shops. You have no idea what a mess Sir Giles's books are in—scarcely two volumes of the same book to be found even in proximity. It is one of the most painful sights I ever saw."

THE CLOTHES OF A GHOST.

(THE SPIRIT OF A BEAUTIFUL AND VAIN WOMAN SPEAKS.)

THEY were shut from me in a costly chest,
 Though I, in a woman's slight, sad way,
 Of the lovely things that I loved the best
 Held none, I fear me, so sweet as they—
 For I was daintily dress'd !

A precious glimmer of gold was mine,
 To coil and charm on my bosom then ;
 And two great jewels whose restless shine
 Troubled the foolish hearts of men,
 Who fancied their light divine.

These thin hands wore on their tremulous grace
 Such fair little gloves as white as snows ;
 And softly laid on my dim, fixed face
 Were calm, clear colors of white and rose,
 In another time and place.

There's a withering, weird half-picture of Me—
 No, of my Clothes—on a shadowy wall :
 A wonderful painter, they said, was he
 Who studied my drapery, that was all,
 Not guessing what I might be.

Yet he raved of me in my far, flush'd day,
 And thought he knew me, and held me dear ;
 And now, should I waver across his way,
 He would grow as ghastly as I am, with fear,
 Though he is so wise and gray !

But my beautiful Clothes were his despair—
 They were so well-cut, so charmingly made.
 It is best that they were not worn threadbare ;
 It is best that I did not feel them fade ;
 It is best—did *he* ever care ?

I, a thing too fearfully fine to show,
 Or stain the starlight wherein I pass,
 Must still have the old, fierce vanity grow,
 Must yearn by the water, as by a glass,
 For a glimpse of—Nothing, I know !

Oh, my lovely Clothes that I still admire !
 They were only fashion'd for moth and rust ;
 Yet I, their wearer, though scarr'd by fire,
 Shall sit with the gentle ghosts, I trust,
 Who once wore meaner attire !

For had I been less like the lilies array'd,
 They of the field that toil not nor spin,
 I had thought of my Father's work, nor strayed
 In empty glory, in shining sin,
 Far into the final shade.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

LIVING WITH WINDOWS OPEN.

MORE than any other people in the world, Americans live with their windows open. Less than any people who have homes do they regard their homes as sacredly private. Every family knows its neighbor's affairs; and nothing transpires concerning the most private relations that is not immediately noised abroad, discussed, and judged by meddling and gossiping communities. Homes that should be guarded with the most jealous care are of easy access to strangers, who come with the flimsiest credentials, or with none at all; and every year produces its crop of personal and social disasters which this unwise exposure of the soil gives to reckless or villainous sowing. If a man should wish to see how Americans differ in this thing from other nations, let him try to get into a German or an English family, or even into a French family, abroad. He will at once discover that he has undertaken to do a very difficult thing. No man can obtain an inside view of the economies and habits of a foreign home, and share in its communion, who does not enter it with a record or an introduction and indorsement which place him above suspicion. Students who go to continental Europe to study language, with the natural expectation to accomplish their purpose by entering a French or a German family, find, to their surprise, that nothing but necessity will induce any family to open its sanctities to them.

It will naturally be said that old or mature communities are conservative in this, as in other matters; but we do not see that, as America grows older, it mends in this respect. Indeed, it is certainly and swiftly growing worse. The greed for personalities—the taste for everything relating to the life of individuals—and the base desire to be talked about, were never more prevalent than now. We have only to take up a fashionable paper to learn who has had parties, who attended the parties, who were the belles of the parties, and how they were dressed; and we know while we read that the ladies who gave the parties gave also the information concerning them, and were glad to see the reports in print. Weddings, which should be sacred to kindred and closest friends, are turned into public shows; and trousseaus are inventoried by the daily prints and spread before the country. It is not enough that one's marriage be published when it takes place, but the engagement must be bruited in *Jenkins's Journal*, Jenkins having previously been assured that the announcement would not be offensive, and subsequently repaid by an order

for extra papers. The inanities of the Court Journal, over which Americans were in the habit of laughing a dozen years ago, are more than matched by the daily report of the movements of every man of title, or place, or notoriety. When a woman lectures, the reporters understand that the first thing people wish to learn about her relates to her face, figure, and dress; and that is the first thing they write about. The women of the platform—being all very sensible women, and too wise to be vain—are of course offended by this treatment; but it somehow happens that the reports are generally of a flattering character.

It would be possible to get along with all this. A man may become used to smothering his sense of humiliation and disgust when reading the public record of private life, so long as that record is made with the consent, or at the wish, of those to whom it relates; but it happens that we have in America now a prowling, prying, far-seeing, vivacious, loquacious, voracious being known as the Local Editor, who must get a living, and who lives only upon items. If a man sneeze twice in his presence, the local column of the morning paper will contain the announcement that "our esteemed fellow-citizen" is suffering from a severe cold. If a man lose his hat in a high wind, it excites the mirth of the local editor to the extent of a dozen lines. He amplifies an accident that kills, or a scandal that ruins, with marvelous minuteness of detail. His eye is at every man's back door, to see and report who and what go and come. There is nothing safe from his pen. All the private affairs of the community for which he writes are published to that community every day. If a man shoots a dog, or catches a string of trout, or rides out for his health, or is seen mysteriously leaving town on an evening train, or sells a horse, or buys a cow, or gives a dinner-party, or looks sallow, or grows fat, or smiles upon a widow, or renews the wall-paper of his house, he gives the local editor an item. The local editor turns the houses of the community inside out every day, and keeps the windows open by which the secrets and sanctities of every home are exposed to public view.

The local editor is, we regret to say, not without excuse. Occasionally some indignant victim of his prying and publishing propensities scourges or scolds him; but it must be confessed, with sorrow and shame, that his local column finds a greedy market. Instead of frowning upon the liberty he takes with persons and homes, and the details of individual private life, the multitude read his column first of all. That its results

are mischievous and demoralizing in their ministry to neighborhood gossip and scandal, there is no doubt. Among its worst results is the destruction of all reverence for the right of every private man to live privately, and of every home to live with its windows closed. There is unquestionably a desire in a certain sort of private life to get into the papers—a desire to spread all the details of its doings before the world. This life may be “high” or low, fashionable or unfashionable, but it is irredeemably vulgar, and can only disgust every self-respectful and dignified man and woman. Let us protest on behalf of decency against the familiar treatment which the retiring and the unwilling receive in the local column, and in the more ambitious performances of the omnipresent Jenkins. Let us at least have the privilege of repeating the cry of Betsy Trotwood, when her little patch of green was invaded, “Janet! donkeys!”

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

WE have not, from the beginning, entertained an expectation that the French Republic would be permanent, or in any degree harmonious and prosperous. The love of license without law, and not the love of liberty within the bounds of law—law self-appointed, self-respected, and self-sustained—is the animating principle of the French people. Philosophical and impracticable theorists in society and politics, and ambitious demagogues, are the leaders of public opinion and action. They work without harmony of head, or heart, or hand—united only in the attempt to shake off the power that has held them in healthy check and order. The masses of the people, especially in the provinces, follow as they are led. There is no great, overwhelming public opinion which pushes from behind, as in this country. It is entirely a matter of leaders and followers—a few heads leading Paris, and Paris pretty uniformly leading the nation. If the United States were made up of the same materials, in the same proportions, that now constitute the city of New York, they would be in the present condition of France. There is no overwhelming public opinion in New York city that controls its governing politicians. Those politicians lead the masses of the city whithersoever they will; and if the same fact obtained throughout the country, the Republic would be a wreck within twelve months.

There can be no republic where there is faith neither in God nor man. The leaders of the French people are almost uniformly infidels and atheists, who recognize only a single omnipresent, omnipotent fact, namely, universal selfishness. On this they rely; in this they thoroughly believe; by this they direct their action. They believe that every man would gladly stand upon his brother's neck to reach to power. They have no more faith in women than in men, and this fact is recognized and pronounced throughout the structure and machinery of their social life. One of the most striking comments upon their character is their rebellion, upon the first opportunity that presents

itself, against all the restraints, appointments, and officers of religion. Witness the recent imprisonment of “servants of a person called God!” They violate churches, desecrate altars, imprison priests, invade and disperse religious houses, and do it all in the sacred name of liberty. That the form of religion which they thus insult has had much to do in making them what they are, there can be no question; but the fact shows that they not only have no faith in the Roman Catholic representation of Christianity, but they have no faith in any Christianity, and no faith in God himself. Contrast the action and feeling of these men with that of the American people during the late civil war in this country. The moment the two sections found themselves engaged in a struggle, both became intensely religious. There were more prayers than oaths on camp and battle-field; and all over the discordant States there was a fresh interest in Christian truth and in Christian institutions. The difference in material for a republic offered respectively by France and America can be seen in nothing more plainly than in this, that when the former is in trouble she rebels madly against every religious restraint, and everything associated with religious restraint; and that when the latter comes to trial her first thought is to fall upon her knees, or devote herself with fresh consecration to religious duty.

The ignorance and superstition of the masses of France have already been sufficiently spoken of in these columns, and, indeed, are taken for granted when we assert that they are the blind followers of powerful leaders, of various aims and names. Since the German evacuation of Paris we have had an exhibition of French republicanism, pure and simple. We have seen a mass of active and leading minds in a huge quarrel for power and the spoils of office. There is no possible reconciliation of these men to one another. There is no spirit of self-sacrifice and self-subordination for the public good. All is discord, anarchy, and blood. What will be the end? A despotism, and nothing but a despotism. The French people are fit for nothing else; and they can live under nothing else. Apparently the most fortunate thing that could happen to them would be a restoration of the empire. Napoleon is quite good enough for them; though why he should desire to return to them is more than we can guess, for he has found empires to be quite as ungrateful as republics proverbially are. We are not among those who sneer at Louis Napoleon. He understands the French people better than any other man living, and, with all his sins, is so much wiser than the majority of the public men of the country, that he is quite worthy to stand at their head. We believe he has a sincere love of France, and a desire for her progress and true glory. We have seen no evidence that he desired the war which has wrought such woe to his people and to him; and we are quite prepared, if his life be continued, to see him recalled to his old home in the Tuileries. Nay, we should greet such a return with gladness, for he has proved himself to be better capa-

ble of taking care of France than she is of taking care of herself. It will be a glad day when France has

popular culture and faith enough to maintain a republic ; but that day is very far in the future.

THE OLD CABINET.

DEAR OLD CABINET:—You have often kindly chided me for a lack of self-assertion, and I know that by repute I am a man of unusual self-depreciation and modesty.

Well, it always has been so—a bow and an “After you, sir !” I remember, when I was a little fellow, it needed no drilling in courtesy to make me take the scrawniest apple, the littlest stick of candy, the bottom buckwheat cake—nor did I account this any virtue. The big apple, the topmost cake, always belonged, I thought, to my neighbor—who ever manifested a similar conviction.

I will not concede any lack of pluck, however. I was ready, at all times, to fight for my rights ; but these rights, it seemed to me, were always those of B, No. 2.

Now that I have grown to manhood it is just the same. It is as natural for me to shrink from stepping up anywhere as No. 1, as it is for the other fellow to step up. Deference always deposes me to the latter end of the cue. The odds in making change—even with a millionaire—are always against me. No one knows with what a pang I present my restaurant check at the cashier's desk when a light appetite has made a little bill. How is the man to live, and support his family, I ask myself, if all his guests are such scrimsy eaters ! Ah, I envy the chap who can hector it over the waiter on the strength of a bill of 15 cents ; who can insist, in a loud and lordly way, upon bread—

“With one fish-ball !”

I tell you this, dear O. C., that you may be able to account for what you must think perversity on the part of your friend : to show you how against the grain it goes—trying to avail myself of your advice.

And now I am led to a further confession, which, after what has gone before, will probably surprise you:—I strongly suspect that I am one of the most conceited men on the face of the earth ! Of course there are times when the best satisfied person will have a very poor opinion of himself. But if I should frankly tell you the average height of my self-esteem, I think you would open your eyes. I will not enter upon the subject of personal appearance. I doubt if anybody ever stated the exact truth as to his own opinion of his looks, and I am not willing to make myself ridiculous by the attempt. I will only say—and you may draw what inference you please—I am fully convinced that my good Aunt Rebekah Pesimmons herself, who has the most unbecoming face of any member of our family, cherishes a secret, stable belief that there is that in the expression of her countenance which redeems to some extent the obvious faults of feature and complexion ; the funniest—unless you call it the saddest—part of it being that Aunt Rebekah P. might perhaps be con-

sidered, at times, almost good-looking, were it not for her expression.

I might mention a thousand little instances of self-consciousness and conceit on the part of your very modest friend : parades of exceptional knowledge—treasured compliments. I am seldom, I assure you, out of my mind's eye ; and I am very free with mental comparisons greatly to my own advantage. I told you I did not think much of those verses I let you see the other day. But if you had not praised them, I am sure I should have had small opinion of your critical acumen. You would be amused if you knew how much I think about what people will say of me when I am dead. I have been actually tempted to try the experiment of the man who managed to attend his own funeral (although he did have some of the conceit knocked out of him), and I very much covet the experience of those distinguished persons who, having been reported killed by accidents or bears in out-of-the-way places, afterward sit by their cozy firesides and read long and flattering obituary notices of themselves. I confess it has quite troubled me when I have thought how probable it is that in my own “obituary” certain circumstances, in which I take especial pride, will, through ignorance or inadvertence, be omitted. Will my village newspaper biographer, I say to myself, remember that it was I who first drew attention to the importance of securing the Hill Top for the erection of our beautiful town-hall ? Will he forget that I have been Vice-President of the Demosthenian Phalanx during two administrations ? Will he remember that it was I who was the founder of the State branch of the National Society for the Suppression of Orange-Peels ?

I know not why I make this confession, unless it be that I want to tell you how lenient the sense of my own self-esteem makes me with persons whose conceit outblossoms into vanity and positive egotism. I think, when I see an egotist, of good John Newton when he met the fellow going out to be hung, and remembered that by grace alone he had escaped that fate. Yes, we all are conceited enough, and prone to egotism as the sparks fly upward. But a man may accomplish almost every crime in the calendar—in a jaunty, gentlemanly sort of way—and still shine in “good society.” Yet if men discover the conceit that is in him, then he has committed the unpardonable social sin. He is a bore, a nuisance, and charity has, in all her wardrobe, no mantle broad enough to cover his offense.

And that is all from

Yours,

A. C. M.

A LITTLE flush of pride passed over our souls when the big, square envelope came to hand, with its elegant inclosures, showing that our old and prosperous ac-

quaintance had weighed us in the social balance, and not found us wanting. Let us haste to the wedding! we said to Theodosia on the eventful day; and being divided like sheep from the vulgar goats who swarmed and stared upon the sidewalk, we passed up stately, between star-blazoned policemen, under the bright canopy, into the great, packed, rustling, whispering, gaudy church—a very seventh heaven of fashion, with sweet-scented welcoming cherubs in kid gloves and swallow-tails.

O Deary! We can't begin to tell how fine it was; how beautiful the bride looked in her pearls and diamonds and long train, and veil reaching to the ground, and the three blushing brides-maids! We can't begin to describe the gorgeous floral hangings, the wealth of bouquets, wreaths, emblems, sprigs, sprays, and what not; and the ceremony, so impressive; with everything, indeed, so *couleur de rose* and appropriate and touching,—everybody standing, all of a tremor, on tip-toe, to catch a glimpse of the happy couple as they step briskly down the aisle,—the organ roaring and raging, and squawking and squealing, and whistling and cooing, like a well-assorted un-happy family of wild beasts.

And if the Scene at the sanctuary is indescribable, what can be said of the Reception at the house! For were there not nineteen hundred invitations out, and were there not present the Pickanninies and the Garulys, yes, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at the top? And was not Mrs. A.'s elegant "point" actually torn from her back by the crowd; and was not the table a marvel of costliness and delicacy, and all mysterious daintinesses! Then to see us all march around in procession, to view the cor—we mean to congratulate the bride, and the man who had won her; then to behold us pushed and jerked and squeezed out into the hall, and up the wide stairway, and into the room where the presents were arrayed on green shelves, and two detectives stood on guard. And such presents—such beautiful, dazzling, unheard-of things—it was enough to make one dizzy.

And what if the bride did look dolefully fagged as she stood there, in her glory, under the bridal bell, and what if Miss B. went away sour and severe, because Miss C., the vain thing, had worn great deal more expensive lace than that Miss B. had ordered months ago for this very affair; and what if the flowers had wire stems; and what if there were more ice-pitchers and cuckoo clocks on the green shelves than any young couple could find use for; and what if a great many

people were very mad because they were not invited: and a great many other people, who were invited, spent a great deal more money than they could afford in new dresses and supererogatory presents; what if the bride's father turned pale, next day, when he footed up the cost of the happy occasion; and what if (although the deeper meaning and the human grace could not be altogether furbelowed from sight) it did seem so much like a hollow show and a mournful mockery of sacred things;—was it not a grand affair—a nine-days' wonder—and did not the *Town Titillator* (which, if you were at the wedding, you bought on the sly to see if your name was mentioned) pronounce it, with conscientious discrimination, "*the event of the season*," "McFlimsey Place having seldom beheld its equal in all that goes to make up a brilliant and imposing effect."

Yes, it was a grand wedding. We have attended another one since—a small affair; not to be mentioned on the same day with the McFlimsey Place sensation, except to show by comparison what a surpassing success was the former.—A little way out in the country—rather a rural arrangement altogether; no style at all; very few there beside the family. Bless you! the bride and groom to be were both down at the front door to welcome us when we got in from the train; and we had lots of fun before her brother Bob came to the door,—with a strained, moist brightness in his eye,—and beckoned to her to go up stairs and put on her bonnet—no, it wasn't a bonnet either, just a pretty little traveling hat, trimmed with—something or other, to match the sweetest, neatest, most common sense Quaker-colored suit that ever you saw.

The little church was quite crowded with the villagers, even the tiny, odd choir-loft was full to overflowing, and somebody had built a flowery arbor, odorous of apple-blossoms, just in front of the altar. There they were married; and, as they turned to go, a little girl, all dressed in white and carrying a basket, sprang up like a fairy, no one knew whence, and flitted along the aisle, and down the stone steps in front of them, sprinkling flowers in their path.

Then there was another jolly time at the house, and after much kissing and a few tears, a carriage drove away from the door, followed in mid-air by an old shoe, flung with a will. And so—out under the showery, sunshiny April sky—

"Across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

THE ETHICS OF DRESS.

There are hill-slopes and mountain-tops in New England which glitter just now in a Spring-time broiery of flowers. With every season the flowers vary—now arbutus, now buttercups, now clover; but no change comes to the solid granite which underlies

them. Through all seasons and all years it remains the same.

Even so, certain immutable laws underlie all human fashions, changing not with the perpetual flux and sheen of outward life. These laws, of grace, of symmetry, of propriety, are the oracles of our highest cul-

ture and our finest instincts. They are natural laws as well, and the things of Nature conform to them. Willows droop, elm boughs curve accordantly—no humblest flower that blows but recognizes their behest in the shaping and the painting of its cup.

But we are not obedient as the flowers. Acknowledging the law, we forget it. Especially is this true in matters of dress. Fashion twitches this way and that, pulls lines out of their rightful sweep and meaning, overloads, deforms, disguises, and our eyes become demoralized. Hardly do we endure before we embrace; we become a part of all which at first we hated, and the higher law is forgotten.

Wherefore it is to be wished that as, each season, our journals record the caprices of Dame Fashion, some cooler voice in the background might be provided, which should repeat and re-repeat the old code—so easily laid aside, so important to remember. Or, to use another figure, that amid the arbitrary changes and glitter of society, a wise hand should be found to seize and hold up the standard—as valid now as in the days of classic Greece, the standard of correct taste—if haply a few here and there might behold and follow.

This code, worthy to be engraved on tables of brass, runs somewhat after this wise:—

Imprimis. The first instinct about a new fashion is the true one. Don't wait till your eye has lost its accuracy and your judgment its edge. Subject the thing at once to the general rule, and bow to the decision.

2d. What suits one person does not suit another. Know thyself.

3d. Dress should supplement good points and correct bad ones. Thick and thin, long and short, are not all to be subjected to one Procrustean style.

4th. Colors should be harmonious, should be *massed*—should be becoming. *Id est*, many little points or blotches of color sprinkled over a costume produce a disagreeably pied and speckled effect, as of a monstrous robin's egg, or a plum-pudding. One tint should prevail, relieved by a contrasting tint. No amount of fashionable *prestige* can make an unbecoming color becoming. "Nile green" will turn some people into oranges, though twenty empresses ordain its adoption.

5th. Lines should be continuous, graceful, and feminine. It is better to look like a woman (if you happen to be one) than like anything else—even a fashion-plate!

6th. Ornament must be subordinate. Nature, with all her profusion, never forgets this fundamental law.

7th. Above all things, be neat. Dainty precision and freshness is essential to a woman as a flower.

8th. Individuality is the rarest and the cheapest thing in the world.

9th, and lastly, "Stylish" is of all the words in the English language the most deadly. It has slain its thousands.

And now, dear audience—such of you as have been listening—our message is delivered. We have said our

little say into ears more or less deaf; and, proceeding after the usual manner of sages, to fly in the face of our own philosophy, are ready to turn with you for a consideration of that congenial theme,

THE SPRING FASHIONS,

In beginning the account of which we are tempted to exclaim with the "Needy Knife-Grinder,"

"Story! Lord bless you! I have none to tell, sir."

Paris, the seat of the oracles, is intent on sterner matters, and the fashionable trumpet so far sends forth but an uncertain blast. Bonnets and round hats have indeed "suffered a sea change," but everything else worn last year can, almost without exception, be worn with equal propriety now.

A certain solid and practical quality to which we alluded a while ago, still characterizes dress in all its departments. Germany takes precedence here as in graver fields. We miss the airiness, the ingenuity, the thousand pretty frivolities of the fallen empire. Everything is rich, heavy, durable. *Ex pede Herculem.*

Skirts are a little longer. They are now expected to remove orange-peel from the sidewalks, whereas in the winter their mission went no farther than straws, sticks, and such trifles. Over-skirts are cut excessively long, and are *bouffant* to an extent undreamed of before. To support the mass and produce a proper quantity of what boys call "stick out," substructures of hair-cloth and steel springs are necessary; we even hear—but tell it not in Gath—elastic sponge mentioned as used for this purpose.

Jackets are a trifle deeper. They still boast those perpendicular slashes, which, on a fat figure, produce the charming effect of the preliminary cuts which release an orange from its imprisoning rind. Bodices are pointed in front and lengthened into postillion basques behind.

Sleeves are wider, fuller: and, which is an improvement, the pretty old fashion of frilled hanging undersleeves of lace and muslin is revived. Black lace is sometimes used with black silks, and for persons in mourning, fluted ruffles of French organdy edged with footing.

Arm in arm with the wide sleeves, collarettes and capes very naturally have come again into view. These are graceful and becoming to many people, and admit of much variety of form and material. Lace, however, is the favorite wear. Small round capes and jackets of chantilly and fine llama are in use for the street. Dresses and fichus of soft muslin and embroidery trimmed with Valenciennes are much in vogue for demi-toilettes, and, with under-dress of silk, for balls and dinners. Very beautiful and fine over-dresses in black and white llama are also to be had.

For summer mornings there is an infinite variety of pretty things:—percales, lawns, nainsooks, piqués, crisply ruffled, stitched into dainty plaits, embroidered, frilled. Freshness is the essential quality of a June

toilette, and we are disposed to agree with the great man (Lord Chatham was it?) who said there was nothing more delightful in nature than a woman dressed in white sitting under a green tree. Linen suits for traveling are as much in vogue as ever, and can be had in all colors, nut-brown, écri, primrose, pearl-gray, steel, pale-green. For cool afternoons there are innumerable and extremely pretty summer silks of all delicate shades, in hair stripes and "pin-head" cheeks. Embroidered jackets of black cashmere, and grenadine lined with colored silks, are worn *en promenade*.

A strong tendency exists toward the re-introduction of crapes, so fashionable years ago. The Canton crapes are thus far expensive and hard to come by, but stimulated by the demand will undoubtedly make their way to us a little later *via* California. Knots and scarfs of this beautiful stuff are already plentiful, and several of the leading houses exhibit a light glossy material known as "China crape," which is popular for bonnets, over-dresses, and hat-trimmings.

BONNETS.

Bonnets deserve a paragraph to themselves,—if, indeed, they can be said to exist now-a-days,—the thing so called being a compromise between a bonnet and a hat, so nicely drawn that it is hard to say where one leaves off and the other begins. The Gypsy shape prevails, and is extremely becoming to such arch and youthful faces as would accord with the rest of the Gypsy costume and its surroundings. But as there are plain and dignified and elderly persons who would look entirely out of place beside a camp-fire "crossing palms" and telling fortunes, this jaunty, saucy head-dress is ill adapted for universal wear.

Straws—Leghorn, Dunstable, Chip, are the novelties of the season. Round hats are somewhat less worn on account of their close analogy to the bonnet. They are lower and broader brimmed—a scarf of grenadine, silk, or China crape twisted about the crown being a favorite trimming.

SUMMER IN A CORNER.

Dear, generous summer is at hand, of all seasons most lavish and loving. Her full lap holds the blossoms of a world; her prodigal fingers scatter flowers on every side, by dusty highways, on mountain tops, in deep, secluded glens. The daisy's snow she piles in the meadows, and tinges a million fields at once with gold of buttercup and red of clover.

But none the less does she find time for humble nooks, unnoticed spots of earth. And to us who have but a tiny corner, a narrow back yard in which to do her homage, she comes as truly and as affluently as to palace garden or wide savanna.

Do we drop a few seeds, insert a twig? Immediately her warm hands descend in blessing. Flowers have no airs, no pride of rank or place to keep up. Mignon-

ette will bloom and violets nestle, roses open their perfumed hearts, morning-glories climb and twine, and lilies rear their stately heads as gladly in one place as another. Give them but earth, sun, and their beautiful opportunity, and nothing will they care that the family wash flaps on the lines over their heads, or that but a poor board fence separates them from the next door ash-heap.

So let us take courage—we who, pent in cities and narrow lives, feel sometimes that the summer is not for us. The universal Mother knows no distinctions. We are all alike hers, and for every smallest aid to her loving mission she is ready to give tenfold recompense, and

"Make the world more sweet."

A "MODERN IMPROVEMENT."

Here is something from London interesting to those of us who are in perplexity on the subject of choosing husbands and wives!

"THE MATRIMONIAL NEWS, a Weekly Journal devoted to the Promotion of Marriage and Conjugal Felicity."

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

"Marriage is such an ancient institution, and has in all ages excited such universal interest among the human family, that in offering to the public a journal specially devoted to the promotion of marital felicity, we feel sure we are only supplying a *national want*."

"Civilization, combined with the cold formalities of society and the rules of etiquette, imposes such restrictions upon the sexes, that there are thousands of marriageable men and women of all ages, capable of making each other happy, who never have a chance of meeting either in town or country; therefore the desirability of having some organ through which ladies and gentlemen aspiring to marriage can be honorably brought into communication is too obvious to need demonstration."

Let us pause for breath.—A glance at the advertisements (some 2,000 in number during nine months' circulation!) reveals curious things. Here is a bachelor of fortune, aged 85, who asks to correspond with a young lady! Here is a Mahometan General, with a yearning for an English wife. There is even a youthful nobleman with immense rent-roll, going, as it were, begging. All the gentlemen seem to be handsome and of commanding stature. Most of the ladies own to thirty summers, but (almost without exception) they are reported as looking remarkably young, and having the hearts and manners of eighteen.

When shall we share in this modern improvement? Matrimony Made Easy—or The Old Maids' Appeal—a thousand good names suggest themselves for the paper. Surely somebody will take advantage of so excellent an idea! Who bids?

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

THE DEATH RECORD for the past month among prominent *littérateurs*, artists, and publicists, has been singularly marked. A half a score might deserve our attention, but we have only space to notice a leading case. The Prince Pückler Muskau, whose long life has been devoted to literary labors and practical work in the line of landscape gardening, died at a ripe old age, occupied to the very last with the thoughts that had controlled his life. Some of the most beautiful rural parks in Germany owe their existence to his fidelity to his favorite art; and his ever-repeated cry of "Woodman, spare that tree," has saved many a primeval forest from the murderous axe, and caused the sandy plain or sterile rock to leave the realm of death, and bloom with vernal or perennial beauty. The Poet Holtei has just published a most pathetic "In Memoriam" to the deceased Prince.

"LA GRANDE NATION" is an expression so frequently used of late, that it is interesting to know that it has been traced up to its paternity. General Bonaparte first used it in Italy in a proclamation regarding the care that the great nation would take of Italy in the future. He repeated the expression in the same year in reply to an address of Talleyrand in the Luxembourg Palace, as follows: "The Directory has succeeded in organizing the 'Grande Nation,' whose territory will hereafter only be limited by the boundaries set by nature itself." In 1805 Napoleon announced to the French Senate the war against Austria, declaring that the nation in this most significant position "would continue to deserve the appellation of 'La Grande Nation;'" and when he crossed the Rhine, he exclaimed to his troops: "You are only the vanguard of the 'Grande Nation.'" At St. Helena the Emperor declared to Las Casas, his biographer, that he was the author of this famous term; and Napoleon the Third, on the occasion of the celebration of the Centennial of his uncle, called the attention of the old invalids to this fact in a proclamation increasing their pension.

HUNGARY is just now favored with a musical court at Pesth, sustained by the greatest living monarch of music, the noted Abbé Liszt. He holds a grand *matinée* every Sunday immediately after mass, which he conscientiously attends, and there receives the most beautiful ladies from the first families of the land, as well as artists of both sexes, singers and virtuosos. But the faithful must be punctual to the hour, or they receive a severe reproof that he does not hesitate to administer publicly. Louis the Fourteenth scarcely observed more etiquette at his famous court, and, like him, Liszt is surrounded by courtiers, who bow and smile with a view to securing attention from majesty. When the company is assembled Liszt passes with stately gait through his salons, dispensing here a greeting and there a shake of the hand, with an occasional embrace and rarely a kiss on the cheek. This last favor is accorded to those only who deign to kiss his

hand. His caprices are sometimes tyrannical, but those who are permitted to listen to his matchless play, feel amply repaid for all the whims of the great artist.

CONSTANTINOPLE has been the scene of a rare literary festival, at which the triumphant victor was no less a personage than the most learned lady Madame Dora d'Istria. At a session of the Hellenic Philological Society, this lady delivered a lecture in modern Greek concerning the Indian Epic, and the labors of Corresto in Turin in the field of Sanscrit literature. This is the first time in the City of the Sultan that a lady has been the prominent figure on a literary occasion.

RUSSIAN ROMANCE is beginning to receive marked attention in Russia, and is pushing its way to the publishers and readers of the Continent. Its subjects are largely taken from the realistic field, and often prove a photographic presentation of the evils of Russian society. Alexander von Fall has just given to the world some of these pictures from Russian life, in which he depicts a scene with the St. Petersburg police, and a dinner with the Governor-General of Moscow. This sphere of literary labor is being cultivated by some of the liveliest and most vigorous pens of Russia as a means of attractively presenting the various social evils of the great realm, and thus gaining a hearing. Turgeneff has made himself heard far beyond the limits of his own country, and the day is not far distant when Russian romances will become the common literary property of the world.

AN Irish celebrity has been revenging the disparagement of his native land in the court circles of London in a manner which must be highly flattering to the Fenian exiles. Being invited to visit the queen, "Master McGrath," accompanied by Lord Lurgan O'Spooner, proceeded to Windsor, and so intense was the curiosity manifested to get a peep at the distinguished individual that a large crowd escorted the party from the station to Windsor Castle, where the spacious entrance hall had been arranged for his presentation to the queen. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Princess Louise and Prince Leopold, exhibited the warmest interest in Master McGrath. On Thursday the celebrity had another busy day, commencing with a private entertainment of his own, after which he was photographed. Lady Dartrey and the Countess of Waldegrave each held morning receptions in his honor, which were largely attended, and among the visitors were the Prussian Ambassador and the Countess Bernstorff. In the afternoon Master McGrath went to Marlborough House at the express desire of the Prince of Wales, who, together with the Princess and the children, seemed to enjoy the visit intensely.

One might imagine that Master McGrath was a distinguished savant or a benefactor of the human race—at least a humble hero who had saved the life of somebody worth saving.

He was, in fact, a greyhound who had won two or three races !

THAT England is, in spite of bad laws and bad example, progressing, will be shown by two incidents which have both come in the life and memory of one person now living. In the early part of this century the father of a family, being caught by a press-gang and carried off to sea, left his wife, the mother of several children, in absolute destitution. To relieve the hunger of her children she broke the window of a baker's shop and stole a loaf of bread. She was arrested and put on trial for her life, the law making a forcible entry into a house accompanied by theft, punishable by hanging. The unfortunate wife and mother, besides being of singular personal beauty, enlisted all the sympathy the circumstances entitled her to, but the shopkeepers *en masse* rallied to the prosecution and insisted on an example being made, as such robberies were very frequent and they had hitherto been unable to detect any offender. She was accordingly convicted and hanged. Perhaps Napoleon had heard of this case when he characterized the English as a nation of shopkeepers.

Very recently a woman was put on her trial in London for having, in co-operation with her husband, committed the most daring and considerable robbery of the day. They had taken lodgings in a respectable quarter of the city, to which a clerk brought a quantity of diamonds, when the woman applied chloroform, and having made him insensible, the husband took the goods and they left the clerk master of the premises, the husband escaping to the continent, the wife, after some days, being arrested. The offence was clearly proven, but as by English law the wife lives under the compulsion and on the suffrage of the husband, she is not responsible for what she does while under his influence, and the jury, listening to the sympathies so fruitlessly appealed to in the case of the poor sailor's wife, acquitted her altogether of every offence, and the spectators, the children of those who saw the former hanged and doubtless applauded the hangman, applauded heartily the criminal's release.

It certainly marks a revolution in the sentiments of a nation, and though the conservative element of English society is horror-struck with the prospect of irresponsible crime thus opened to it, what can be more logical than such a verdict ! If the woman has no legal standing, no right to her earnings (or her stealings), if she has no right to repel the authority of her husband, and has no escape from it, save by his or her other crime, if even he may use to a certain extent physical violence to compel her to obey him, obedience being her duty, and determining between just and unjust obedience not her privilege, how can she be made justly punishable for her acts when, if she refused compliance, she could be punished by him without recourse to the law, so long as his punishment did not come in a form which gave her a claim to a separation ? It is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the legal position of the sex in England.

And both these cases, monstrous in themselves, are strictly according to the law of England regulating woman's position. To complete the exposition of its absurdity we may instance the Mordaunt divorce case now pending in London. A woman whose conduct as a wife had been notoriously flagitious, is the subject of an application for divorce. As a certain eminent and necessarily-to-be-revered personage is mixed up in the affair, the suit is stopped under a flimsily made out plea of the lady's insanity, which, by the decision of the judge, estopped the pursuit of a divorce on account of acts committed when there was no insanity ; it being patent to the whole world that this is a mere pretext to protect the distinguished personage from the consequences of a more profound investigation.

A TERRIBLE item in the statistics of the British empire is the account of the pauperage of the year just finished. The number of paupers, in-door and out-door recipients of charity, exclusive of pauper lunatics and those who make their living by begging, was not less than 998,010, within a trifle of one million souls recognized paupers on the hands of the guardians of the poor. Add to these the beggars with whom all the considerable cities swarm, the thieves by profession, and then consider the wretched lives of a much larger proportion who maintain independence just free from starvation and the alms-giving community, and we have an idea of the social condition of England sufficiently appalling.

And but for emigration this condition must have been infinitely worse. In some districts, societies for the encouragement of emigration are formed as the sole refuge from starvation or the support by charity of large numbers of the country people who are willing to work, but can find no work to do. The social organization of England, and the accumulation of enormous estates, crowds down from the upper classes a large proportion of their junior scions, who push on those below them, until the organization of the whole is like that of a glacier of which the lower end is pushed down into a perpetual melting and wasting away into death and misery.

AMONGST the curious illustrations of London life is one which may be called the romance of degradation. An inquest held in London on the body of a woman of 63, showed that she was the widow of a crossing sweeper, who, from his fine, soldierly bearing and the vicinity of his crossing to the fashionable quarter of Belgrave Square, made an income of nearly £5 week, all of which he and his wife spent in drink. They lived in the perpetual enjoyment of the felicity of drunkenness, doubtless finding it the chief good of life. The husband died in its pursuit with the devotion of an enthusiast, and the wife, at the inquest, was so drunk as to be unable to give her testimony. The following day she had her modicum of gin and died. United in life by a sympathy as rare as it was wretched they were not divided in death, and point the moral of injudicious almsgiving, one of the most prolific and

invincible causes of the degradation and misery of the poor of London.

THE new romantic school of poetry of which Rossetti is father, and Morris the most widely known apostle, has received three new accessions in O'Shaughnessy, Payne, whose works have been some months before the public, and a third, Philip Bourke Marston, who will soon issue a volume of sonnets. He is still a very young man, and, what gives his development a peculiar interest, he is blind from birth. Some of his poems are most touching in their allusion to his condition, as especially a prelude to the collection of sonnets which makes the bulk of the book; but others seem curiously gifted with a mental vision of external objects. The following sonnets will scarcely be credited to a man who never saw sea or sun:—

"I strain my wornout sight across the sea,
I hear the wan waves sobbing on the strand,
My eyes grow weary of the sea and land,
Of the wide deep and the forsaken sea:
Ah love, return, ah! Love, come back to me!
As well these ebbing waves I might command
To turn and kiss the moist deserted sand,
The joy that was, is not, and cannot be.
The salt shore furrowed by the foam smells sweet.
Oh! blest for me if it were now my lot
To make this shore my rest and hear all strife
Die out like yon tide's faint receding beat:
If he forgot so easily in life,
I may in death forget that he forgot."

"Would God that I were dead and no more known,
Forgotten underneath the deep cold main,
Freed from the thrill of joy and sting of pain;
Then I should be with silence all alone
To weep no more for any sweet day flown;
I should not see the shining summer wane,
Nor feel the blasting winter come again,
Nor hear the autumn winds grow strong and moan.
But time, like sea mist screening the far deep,
Should make each hated and loved object dim,
And I should gaze on both with hazy sight.
God granting this I should no longer weep,
But wearied, rest beneath the clear green light,
And surely lose in sleep all thoughts of him."

But a phenomenon of another kind, perhaps equally remarkable, is the advent of a poet who has grown in complete ignorance of the whole hodiernal poetry, whose familiar friends are no younger than Pope, Dryden, Milton, and who, coming from his retirement out into the world to publish his poems, finds it filled with new names and thoughts. Dr. Hake, author of *Madeline and other Poems*, a book which has not been without success in England, is a retired physician, who, having lived in secluded competence, and written some curious psychological stories, published some years ago, came to London to publish his new book. By a curious chain of circumstances he was led to Rossetti for advice and countenance, and the young man, mentor to the white hairs, with the catholic appreciation of excellence characteristic of him, after befriending the literary stranger as he best could, has introduced "Madeline" to the public in a review in the Academy.

Hake's poems are not of the clear inspirations—power they have and poetic intensity, but made what they

are by study and the contagion of enthusiasm for great thought. "Madeline" reminds one of the "Masque of Comus," with its abundance of *Dii ex machina*, but not in the happiness of the plot, which is forced and unnatural, with a tinge of the medico-psychological. Yet there is occasionally a passage of real poetical fire, and some examples of diction of a high order. The following are very happy:—

"Consenting rhymes shall touch the brink of bliss,
And end each fairy couplet with a kiss."

* * * *

"The shade of sleep is followed by a beam,
The shade of dream."

Dr. Hake has a most genuine appreciation of nature, and some of his descriptions have a peculiar power and intensity.

In some of his minor pieces there is a tinge of the "Emblems." One called "Old Souls" represents Christ as a tinker, going through the street calling, as is the manner of the trade, "Old souls to mend," and the poet follows him through the windings and high-ways of human nature with a homeliness and directness of imagery which is most effective. There is, through all of the poem, a deep religious feeling and reverence which reminds one of Herbert, and doubtless readers of the old English poets will find suggestions of all their favorites.

We quote a single other passage from "The World's Epitaph," called the "struggle for immortality:—"

"Perturbed, storm-ridden Uranus! how far
Art thou from those who look to thee for rest,
And in the track of elemental war
Would trench the heavens thy stronghold to invest!

Though many try, not facile is the task,
Slow the progression to the good they ask.

* * * *

To spirits orbit-bound hard is the way
Through gusty shadows to the unknown day."

AMONGST the curiosities of the war literature of England of to-day, is a pamphlet called *The Fight at Dame Europa's School*, an allegorical résumé of the Franco-Prussian war, a very weak and absurd production on the whole, but very denunciatory of England's course in the war in not having helped France. It has, nevertheless, run through a sale of 184,000 copies, and at least a dozen replies, pro and con, have sold in thousands. On the whole, the English literature of the day is intensely anti-Prussian, and very outspoken. A great deal is honest sympathy for France as the beaten party and the weaker, but the sting of misfortune, the poignancy of regret, lies in the fact that England has lost the only ally on whose strength she could have counted, if not always on her good faith, and the wail for the friend has a tone of proper alarm for the future. There is, no doubt, at this moment a very healthy dread of Russia in all English minds, and an apprehension of a future collision with Prussia in very many, but there is no knuckling down, no deprecation of hostility, and it must be said that England has not shown the white feather before her formidable foes when they were most formidable.

The journals denounce Prussia, and the comic papers caricature the new Emperor with a vigor and gusto that shows either that the people are ignorant of the effect of such irritatives, or indifferent to it. It seems hardly possible that they can comprehend what this constant stinging of opprobrium and insult can lead to with a sensitive and irascible people—it seems more likely that, being thick-skinned to jokes, they don't see why other nations should take practical offense at what they only laugh at, and therefore take the angry feeling which the Prussians now show, and which the Americans have been showing for some time, as the proof of an original hostility.

AMONGST new art publications in London is a portfolio of 16 etchings of our countryman, James Whistler, which will be brought out by Ellis. The artist is recognized in England as a man of singular and great ability, and his etchings represent the best of his powers. They are of views on the Thames, and are peculiarly fortunate in catching the picturesque character of the queen of English rivers on her muddy throne; barges and barques; smoke-vomiting, pigmy steamers; muddy flats at low tide, and picturesque bridges and warehouses—Wapping and Westminster. The etching is such as perhaps no man since Rembrandt has done, and some picked plates are worthy to be placed with the best works of all periods. They are published at twelve guineas (\$60, gold) the set of 16 etchings, only one hundred sets being printed.

THERE are very few questions of psychology that can be referred to scientific experiment. One of these was broached by Sir William Hamilton, and has lately been subjected to experiment by W. S. Jevons. The question is, How many separate objects can the mind grasp at once, so as to apprehend their number without counting them? Sir William Hamilton says that if marbles are grouped together on the floor, one can at the first glance, correctly estimate their number up to six or seven. A Mr. Jevons, wishing to test this conclusion, spent a day or two tossing a handful of beans into a small and very shallow box. The instant they came to rest he estimated the number that had happened to fall into the box, and then deliberately counted them. With the numbers three and four he made no mistakes; but of 107 cases in which five had fallen in the box, 5 were estimated too high. Of the cases in which six had fallen in, 18 per cent. were wrong; of seven, 44 per cent., and so on with a steadily increasing error until the number thirteen was reached, when more than half of the throws were wrongly estimated. It seems, then, that the number five is beyond the limit of perfect discrimination, and this is curiously confirmed by the fact that the mind refuses in music to accept as rhythm a division of the bar into more than four equal parts. Music has been written in quintuple time, but no musicians have been found able to perform it. In sextuple time there are simply two groups of three beats each.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

WAGNER IN THE BOWERY.

ONE morning about the beginning of April, a civil and well-dressed gentleman ushered us through a swing-door, and up a steep, dark staircase, and so into the auditorium of that most mournful of all places on earth, a theatre by daylight. A few rays of sunshine struggled through an opening in the roof, and came down, freighted with dust, upon the dingy benches. Over the orchestra two great temporary iron branches stretched their black arms, upon each of which blazed a row of gas-burners. Two shabby women chatted together on one of the back benches. A party of musicians sat in a private box, with chairs tilted back and open books. A stray critic wandered about the pit and lobby. The place was the Stadt Theatre, in the Bowery. The occasion was a rehearsal of Wagner's "Lohengrin," which, on the following Monday evening, was to be performed for the first time in America. The curtain was up, and the company were at their task. The wicked Ortrud, Countess of Brabant in the tenth century, was busy with her needle at a little table on the left of the stage. She wore a plain street dress and a blue bonnet, and a good, comfortable, honest soul she seemed to be. The acting manager, conspicuous in a glossy hat, darted hither and thither, directing a procession of ill-dressed men and women how to circle properly around the stage.

The prompter's hood was removed, and the prompter's head and shoulders, with a candle and a book before them, stuck out comically from the hole in the floor. Parts of three different scenes—a river, a forest, and the inside of a Gothic palace—had been pushed hap-hazard into the grooves, and joined each other in the most amazing manner. Hideous forms of canvas devils, all ready for the evening performance of "Der Freischütz," leaned against the wings. A brick-red witch, riding a gray broomstick, and a pink pig, with his mouth full of fireworks, reposed by Ortrud's little table. The property-man had a hammer and was making a swan. The carpenter was constructing a river. The Knight of the Holy Grail, with handkerchief around his throat, a short, jaunty coat and a new silk hat, practised a tender duet with the Princess Elsa, that noble lady wearing a dark silk dress and an ermine cape, with the sort of hat which we believe is called pork-pie. As often as she got chance she turned away from the song of love, and gave up her mind to three or four patterns of sil trimmings which her maid had just brought in from Bowery milliner's.

Meanwhile Mr. Neuendorff, by dint of much shouting and many gestures, kept his orchestra up to the work and drilled the singers in their parts, and, as the morning wore away, evolved order and harmony out of

chaos of discordant sounds. The wicked Count, to be sure, had to be killed three times, and Elsa was much interrupted in the discussion of her patterns, and long and weary was the march of the maids and nobles of Brabant; but it all came right at last. Mr. Neuendorff shouts to the Princess, "Well done, Madame; I make you a bow," and the manager says, "*Das ist gut*;" and we grope our way out again to the street. We spend the next two days trying to understand the English translation of the libretto, and Monday evening we go back to the Bowery, and find the dingy theatre crowded with hot, talkative, eager Germans, and nearly all the notable musicians of the city—except the Italians, who will not hear German music if they can help it.

At a quarter past eight the lights were turned up, motherly dames put their half-sucked oranges away, a glow of pleasure suffused the faces of the shining, red-handed damsels, and a great crowd of men, smelling of tobacco, came in from the lobby. Then there climbed quickly into the conductor's chair the slim and restless young Neuendorff, who, before he was fairly in his place, gave an impetuous jerk of his head, rapped on the desk, threw his arms right and left over the orchestra, and so set the performance at once a-going.

You could hardly hear the first measures of the overture. Two violins began it in unison—very high, very soft, and, as it might seem, a long way off. The others came in, one by one; and when the band had gathered up its forces there was a mighty rush of harmonies, and clashing of brass and drums, and uproar of the elements, and then it all died away again, receding into the dim distance, and ending with a single high note on the violin. The curtain rose at once on a fine picture of the river Scheldt, tall reeds and marsh-flowers waving by its banks, and the lazy current stretching off to the remote background. Here stood the German Emperor in the midst of his army, and what a shouting and clapping there came up from the audience when the monarch and his Saxons and Thuringians cried out together, "*Mit Gott wohl auf für deutschen Reiches Ehr!*" Even the singularly inconsequential language of the Emperor, who (if the libretto can be trusted) suddenly injected into his address the following amazing couplet, which had no grammatical connection with anything before or after it, but was a complete and independent sentence by itself—

"The time is at an end, refused the tribute,
And with defiance arms the enemy;"—

even this sort of language, we say, could not repress the enthusiasm of the Teutonic spectators. But we are not going to analyze either the plot or the music. Let us only mention that into the Imperial presence come the wicked Count von Telramund and his wife Ortrud to accuse Elsa of the murder of her brother, and that Elsa, wearing white muslin after the manner of all maligned heroines since the beginning of the world, "turns her head skyly," and calls upon an unknown knight, whom she has seen in a vision, to ap-

pear and fight her battle. He obeys the summons. The exquisite music of the introduction breaks upon us again, and as the silvery song grows by degrees more loud and full, the good knight Lohengrin, in a bark drawn by a swan, floats down the sluggish current and leaps upon the shore. He is one of the chosen mortals to whom, in the heavenly city of Montsalvat, has been committed the custody of the cup from which the Saviour drank at the last supper. He may leave his sacred charge and revisit mortal scenes for the succor of oppressed innocence; but if his name and character become known his supernatural powers are at an end, and he must return at once to the city of the Holy Grail. The victory of Lohengrin in the wager of battle, his marriage with Elsa, and the wiles by which Von Telramund and Ortrud induce the wife to break her solemn pledge and call upon her champion to divulge his secret, are the incidents of this splendid drama, which Wagner has interwoven with the most poetical and delicious of all his music, and embroidered with the most brilliant and fanciful orchestration.

It is the fashion to say that the obstinate prophet of the new musical revelation has no perception of beauty, and there are cultivated people who make believe they do not like even such musical splendors as the overture to "*Tannhäuser*." But they must be dull and perverse spirits who cannot feel in this exquisite romance of the Holy Grail the true flavor of poetry, the rare gifts of a great intellect and fine sensibilities. The delicious verses in which Tennyson tells of the famous quest by Sir Percivale and his companions, are not so nearly perfect in their way as the closing scene of this opera, when the Knight, in presence of the Emperor, the court, the army, and the beloved wife from whom he must be separated forever, repeats the legend of the Blessed Cup, and declares his name and rank. With mingled awe, and rapture, and sadness, he begins the mysterious narration in a low voice, half monologue, half song. The wonderful orchestral accompaniment grows more and more eloquent; the declamation becomes impassioned; and the climax of the mysterious announcement is reached in a splendid passage—

"*Vom Gral ward ich zu euch daher gesandt:
Mein Vater Parzival trägt seine Krone,
Sein Ritter ich—bin Lohengrin genannt!*"

—whereat the chorus (to quote once more the fine language of the English version) exclaims—

"Hear I his highest kind thus proud,
Must I shed tears of holy pleasures,"

—which anybody has our full permission to interpret who feels equal to the task.

But now the song of the swan, little fragments of which have run like silver threads through the rich texture of the whole opera, and touched the more brilliant portions with a certain delicate and mournful coloring, is heard again in the dim distance.

"O never harp nor horn,
Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with hand,
Was like that music as it came."

The sound approaches; the boat appears upon the

stream ; one tender embrace, and as the song dies away the Knight is borne back to the city beyond the skies, where the Holy Grail is watched by the pure of heart,

"All pall'd in crimson samite, and around
Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes."

We do not envy the man who can hear and see this closing scene unmoved.

And what shall we say of American enthusiasm for art, and enterprise in its cultivation, when a work like this has had to wait twenty years to be heard at all on this side of the Atlantic, and at last is only heard in the Bowery ?

THE KINDERGARTEN.

THERE are few children who do not give early promise of becoming worthy members of the class that Carlyle worships—the men and women who Do Things. They fall short of the promise in most cases, because their natural propensity is systematically repressed. Every healthy child is by nature a Doer. Activity is at once the effect and the cause of his development. Everything about him is a challenge to his spirit of investigation. Long before he can translate his feelings into words he approaches every object with a question : What are you ? What can I do to you ? What can you do to me ? He pushes and pulls, upsets and sets up—the very incarnation of change ; for it is only by changing things that he can find out what they are, what they can do to each other, and what they can do to him. This process of personal investigation continues until the time arrives for his transfer to the primary school. Immediately the course of his development is reversed. Heretofore he has delighted in action ; now he must keep still. His life has been in nature, his thoughts employed on men and things. Now his attention is riveted to the most abstract and artificial of human inventions,—the "Art preservative of all arts." Heretofore he has been a creature of sense ; light and color have charmed his eyes and inspired his awakening mind ; with eager senses he has smelt and tasted, felt and heard, suffered and enjoyed all that his little world has had to offer. Now every sense must be kept in abeyance save sight and hearing, and the activity of these is restricted to the dulllest and dreariest exercise. Heretofore pleasure has been the aim of his life ; now pleasure is interdicted. He was social by instinct, and talkative by habit ; now he is set by himself and forbidden to speak ; spontaneity gives place to methodical drill. His tastes and desires are disregarded. The laws of his physical, mental, and moral development are studiously violated—and this is called systematic education. It would be hard to contrive anything more ingeniously perverse.

But custom blinds us to the enormity of such a system. It is only when contrasted with something better, something more in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, that men see how absurd it is. And even then the majority plod along in the old way because they are used to it, and look askance at the innovation, until some one of commanding influence

pronounces in its favor. Thus Froebel's grand adaptation of culture to the nature and requirements of young humanity has been regarded with indifference or suspicion by German pedagogues of the stricter sort, and left to outsiders to try, until Fichte the younger rises and proclaims that no man ever read the human soul more clearly, or better comprehended its primary requirements, than the despised Froebel ; and then all is changed. Froebel becomes the leader of the pedagogical profession, and the Kindergarten is a national institution. As yet but little of Kindergarten literature, and less of its spirit, has filtered into English. Mr. Steiger's list shows only four American and English publications against more than a hundred in German ; but these four are recent, and, like straws, show how the wind is setting. The latest is Dr. Douai's little manual for the introduction of Froebel's system into public schools. It is rather suggestive than usable. The real Kindergarten is all life and action. When put into print it is as like itself as a *hortus siccus* is like a flower-garden. Dr. Douai's book, however, is needlessly dry and wooden, that is, the English part. The first section contains some two dozen Kindergarten games, with verses and music—the verses in parallel lines of German and English. Then follow as many "Child-like Songs ;" about the same number of pieces of poetry without music ; and then a dozen or more little fables. The translations are all rudely done into English, with little charm of rhythm or rhyme. We are thankful to Dr. Douai for his good intentions, but fear that his work will retard rather than hasten the development of the true Kindergarten spirit and practice among us. What is most needed is some thorough-going American, thoroughly in sympathy with the life and spirit of American children, who shall become imbued with the spirit of Froebel through elaborate training in genuine Kindergarten work, and then adapt Froebel's games and working "plays" to the tastes and instincts and spirit of our children. Mechanical copying of methods will not do.

"THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE."

No one who has once heard, can ever forget the sound of the words "Child Lost ! Child Lost !" cried through city streets. The most hardened men and women thrill with horror ; are, for the moment, fathers, mothers ! But what shall we say of the cry which comes down to us, six centuries old, of the loss of nearly a hundred thousand children in one short eight months ? This story, as told in *The Children's Crusade, an Episode of the Thirteenth Century*, by George Zabriskie Gray—Hurd & Houghton—is certainly one of the most marvelous and stirring narratives which the world's history affords. It seems incredible that it has lain so long untold ; still more, that it has gone so long unsung. Not Chaucer, not Morris has had so sweet, so sad, so rare a tale in all his verse. How can we believe,—and yet we must, for the historic records, though very meagre, are clear

and genuine,—that in the Summer of 1212 three armies of children, each more than thirty thousand strong, set out from France and Germany, to walk to Jerusalem and rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels ! The leaders were children, boys only twelve or thirteen years old : they preached in churches, at shrines, on highways ; they sent other children through villages, through towns, bearing a yellow oriflamme and burning candles, and calling on all children to follow. Some of these “minor prophets” were only eight and ten years old ; the greater part of the army was under fifteen : in vain parents, friends implored ; if the children were kept back by force, they pined and fell ill ; the whole movement was like the blaze of a swift spreading fire. It was early in June that Stephen of Cloyes, the leader of the French band, first preached at St. Denys, and before September ended the tragedy was over ; hundreds of dead children lay unburied in the Pass of St. Gothard, and along the waysides in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy ; hundreds more had entered on sad lives among strangers in Genoa, Pisa, and Brundisium ; some thousands had returned to their homes, disheartened, demoralized, enfeebled ; and the rest had set sail from Marseilles or Pisa for the Holy Land. The most pathetic moment in the whole history is when these weary infants reached the Mediterranean Sea ; the Germans at Genoa, and the French at Marseilles. They had been told, and they devoutly believed that the Lord would open a path for them through the sea, as he did for the Israelites of old. Day after day they waited on the shore for the waves to part and let them go on their journey. Day after day, as the glittering blue sea lay unchanged, they lost faith and hope. The German band pushed on undaunted from Genoa to Pisa, and so on, down to the very extremity of the Italian peninsula ; at Pisa two shiploads set sail for Palestine, but were never heard from again. At Marseilles, two merchants named Porcus and Ferreus came forward with great show of liberality and Christian enthusiasm, and offered to provide ships for all who would go. This revived the drooping faith of the little crusaders, and was claimed to be the fulfillment of their leaders’ promise that the Lord would open a path for them across the sea. Five thousand children went on board the seven ships of the merchants Porcus and Ferreus ; they weighed anchor and slowly sailed out of the harbor ; the priests on the deck sang “Veni Creator Spiritus ;” vessel after vessel took up the chant ; the gay banners waved in the wind ; the cliffs were crowded with the citizens of Marseilles, and with thousands of the children who had lost confidence in the enterprise, and were unwilling to trust themselves in the ships. It was a wise instinct. For eighteen years no tidings came back of the children who sailed away from Marseilles on that day. Then an aged priest returned and told the tale. Two of the ships had been wrecked on the island of San Pietro, and every soul on board lost. The other five had escaped the storm, only to bear the helpless children to a more cruel fate. Por-

cus and Ferreus were the blackest of traitors. The children were all sold as slaves to the Mohammedans ; some were carried to Alexandria ; some to Bujehia ; some to Bagdad ; in Bagdad eighteen of them were put to death because they would not abjure the Christian faith. The only memorial left of this army of infant martyrs is an old ruin on the island of San Pietro. It is the ruin of a church built by Gregory IX. on the spot where the little shipwrecked ones were buried. It was called the Church of the New Innocents, and for three centuries was a favorite shrine ; finally it fell out of favor ; the monks left the island, and when in 1737 a party of Christian captives, escaping from Africa, landed there they found no trace of human habitation excepting this old ruin.

This is the barest outline of a story whose simple truth is more wonderful than any myth or dream has ever dared to be. When the poet comes who is sufficiently in possession of the atmosphere of that olden time to write out in detail the journey of these little crusaders, and who is sufficiently tender and loving to grasp the full significance of their infant courage and devotion, we shall see a poem which will be immortal.

Mr. Gray’s narrative does not do justice to the material. It lacks clearness of arrangement, and effectiveness of grouping. But the story has, in itself, such infinite pathos and power, that it can triumph without any adventitious aid from the telling.

NEW NOVELS.

MISS PHELPS’S writings belong to what may be called the mono-chromatic school. We find startling effects in this class of pictures ; neither are they without their fascinations ; but they are never accurate reproductions of nature ; they have no neutral tints ; no soft shadings ; they wrench all things into their sharp black and white ; therefore they are essentially untrue, however faithfully real shapes may be portrayed. All through life, the difference between truth and lie is quite as much a thing of color as of shape ; in pictures of life it is the same ; and just here is the subtle, not easily definable, but immortal difference between him who paints with God’s colors and him who paints with his own. Just here is the great artistic failure of this age ; just here the temptation to facile shows, attractive semblances, stimulating dreams, touches men and women of imagination, and makes them, partly through greed of effect, partly by reason of overwrought nerves and brains, write, paint, sing unnatural things.

Miss Phelps’s new story (*The Silent Partner*, James R. Osgood & Co., Boston) has less of this fault of atmosphere than some of her preceding stories. But the same tone is there. There is certainly nothing startling or improbable in the plot. A rich young lady finds herself, on the death of her father, heiress to a large interest in a cotton-mill. She rouses suddenly to a realization of the sufferings of the operatives, endeavors, in vain, to become an active partner in the firm, and is obliged to content herself with being a “silent” one. She breaks off her engagement to her

lover because she finds him worldly, and unsympathizing in her new interests. She devotes herself in great measure to works of benevolence among the employes of the mill, and finds herself, as might be expected, very busy and very happy; too much so even to fall in love with the only man within her reach who seems to have the heart of a man in him. The pictures of life among the mill people are of the dark and harrowing order; every one, no doubt, justified by extracts from "testimony," and "reports," and every one fit material for a story intended solely as a satire or an appeal. But if the story is to be judged as an artistic creation, or as a study of real life, we say that neither Sip Garth nor Nynee Mell will answer for a typical factory girl, any more than Fly Silver for an average young lady of Massachusetts; also, that while salient points of catastrophe and horror do occur in life, and must be seized upon, and wrought into any work which is to be truly dramatic, yet prolonged catastrophe, unintermitted horror, and perpetual salient point, do not characterize life,—and spoil the dramatic effect of any narrative.

When the monochromatic style is applied to descriptions of scenery, or mention of unimportant incidents, its peculiarities are more easily seen to be bad. When we are told that Miss Kelso, sitting in her library, was "swathed to the brain in folds of heat and color," and that she "rose with a little crouch like a beautiful leopardess," we smile. But when we come, in an account, which is on the whole strongly written, of a freshet, to the statements that "an avalanche of dead white spray chewed the malachite and umber," and that "on the beautiful madness of the river, up where the baby souls of the cascades had transmigrated into camels, a long, low, brown streak appeared," we smile no longer.

It is all the harder to be patient with writers of this school, because they have really so much power. A truer and more healthful coloring would place them among masters. Their keen perceptions of wrong, their exquisite sensitiveness to pain or pleasure, their earnest endeavor to teach the right, would then become the swift, sure weapons of good work.

ONE of the most incomprehensible things which have been done in literature for many a day, is the selection of the nursery rhyme about the little pigs that "went to market," etc., as the opening motto for the story of *Reginald Archer* (by Mrs. Anne M. Crane Seemuller, James R. Osgood & Co., Boston). "Humpty Dumpty," as motto for a history of the Great Plague in London, or "Little Bo Peep," as introduction to the most tragic chapter of the French Revolution, would seem equally pertinent and becoming.

If this novel had been called "The Sad Life and Untimely End of Mr. Lecherous, with some Account of his most Distinguished Mistresses," its sale would have been diminished probably, or at any rate directed into its legitimate channels, but there would at least have been the merit of honesty in the title.

It is not possible to protest too strongly against the book. Strip the story of all its drapery—and there is, forsooth, but very little drapery to be stripped—there remains simply the history of a handsome, healthy, heartless, systematic, notorious libertine, who spends his whole time and energy in seducing women in all grades of society, to all grades of wickedness. He lives for a time on money earned by his elder brother. He then marries a pure, unsuspecting little girl, who is rich; marries her solely and avowedly for the sake of her fortune; changes instantly and adroitly "from the lover he had necessarily appeared, to the cool, courteous, and unrestrained husband he intended to be," and resumes his barely interrupted career as a —, there is no masculine correlative to the word courtesan; therefore we leave the sentence unfinished! The scene of Mr. Archer's operations is, we are told, one "of the great cities of the Atlantic Coast," "one of the centers of American civilization, in which the national character is fully exhibited."

On the occasion of Mr. Archer's marriage (in church), we are told that "many beating hearts under dumb lips throbbed fearful protest," and "asserted their claim upon this man to be stronger and truer in the sight of God and nature than that of the woman at his side," and that "smile, sneer, sorrow, and savage anger passed like a wave over that sea of countenance"!

On the occasion of Mr. Archer's introduction in a ball-room (in this center of American civilization) to Mrs. Van Arsdale, the last of his mistresses, we are told that "as he raised his head their eyes met, and that strange slight look of mutual recognition and understanding which always flashes between such a man and woman flashed swiftly between them, and the beginning of the end had come!" also, that as Mrs. Van Arsdale happened to be a fool, and Mr. Archer a clever man, he would have tired of her instantly, except that "he had openly entered the lists, and his reputation did not suffer him to leave, or to remain, except as winner. Incapable of love at any time, coolly critical of the woman before him, and conscious of her absolute worthlessness, except as a fine animal, he and his intimates well knew the work for the next few months which this night was carving out."

Sentences like these are unfit to quote, except as justification of the severity of our condemnation. It sounds almost trivial to add, that they seem nearly as bad artistically as they are morally; and that in fact a great part of the book is not one whit above the cheap melodramatic style which characterizes the lowest order of novels.

It may be also superfluous to complain that the evident teaching of the story is that women, average women in society, are no better at heart than the hero of this narrative, and are unkindly treated in being held to any stricter standard of behavior than men.

Mr. Archer is at last shot dead by the husband of Mrs. Van Arsdale. This kind of retribution having become so common in real life as to be no longer a

very effective moral agent even there, it is hardly possible to suppose that a writer of such cleverness as Mrs. Seemüller could expect to point any lesson of holy horror in so cheap a way. But as this is the only moment in which Mr. Reginald Archer is not described as having a much better time than anybody about him, the moral of the history must be found here, if at all. That such a book as this should be "dedicated to a beloved husband," and introduced by a doggerel from Mother Goose, can only be accounted for on the supposition that the author has been in some inexplicable way, and to a wholly inexplicable degree, blinded to its nature and bearing.

Sixty-six years are a great many to crowd into four hundred and sixteen pages. And nobody can live sixty-six years without meeting a great many people not worth mentioning; therefore it must be said that if Mrs. Jewett's book (*From Fourteen to Four-score*, Hurd & Houghton, New York) had set out on life under a lighter numerator, one would open it with more courage. But it is something to be able to say of the book that it has only one villain in it, and he is not the hero, and does not enjoy himself; that its lesson is of gentle, steady well-doing; and that the religious spirit of some of its characters is portrayed with genuine fidelity and skill.

It is always a pleasure to see Miss Alcott's name on the title-page of a story. She is coming at last into fair recognition as a writer of good, wholesome, brisk, every-day little stories, with "no nonsense in them," as boys say of girls they like. She does not aim to be artistic, or finished, or eloquent; and yet she is sometimes all three. Her *Three Proverb Stories*, just reprinted by Loring, Boston, are capital illustrations of her peculiar style. "Kitty's Class Day" is as perfect a little picture as any French painter in "genre" ever painted. Not a New England girl to-day in a college town but has had just such "times" over a gown for "commencement."

The Hollands, by Virginia T. Townsend, is another reprint by Loring of an old story which is by no means without merit. Miss Townsend's stories have suffered in public esteem from the company they have kept. One looks for no good thing out of the novelette class of newspapers and fourth-rate magazines. But Miss Townsend certainly writes better than many women who have much more reputation than she; the atmosphere of her stories is simple and wholesome, and that is, in these days, cause of gratitude.

MORALS, MIND, AND MATTER.

Herbert Spencer says, "Morality is essentially one with physical truth; it is a kind of transcendental physiology." Dr. Holmes says (*Mechanism in Thought and Morals*, J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston): "The moral universe includes nothing but the exercise of choice: all else is machinery." But as Dr. Holmes, in the earlier pages of his essay, distinctly asserts that this very exercise of choice, *i. e.*, willing, depends upon "sound brains" being "supplied with fresh blood," it is probable

that there would be no antagonism between him and Spencer on the question of moral accountability. Few men can handle this endlessly interesting problem with a finer touch than Dr. Holmes; and this fascinating little book is an excellent witness to his skill. It aims at nothing beyond suggestions; he wittily compares it to the hammer-taps given by the railway men, during pauses of the trains, to the car-wheels, "to try if they are sound," and modestly adds, "that his light blows may at least call the attention of able and better equipped inspectors." Narrow minds have been alarmed at Dr. Holmes's method of treating this class of subjects. They show a total want of comprehension of its real atmosphere. One is tempted to recall to such minds that even the Lord himself is said to pity us, because he "remembereth our frame;" not wholly because we repent, and "believe in" any one creed; but because we "are dust." If that passage of Scripture does not as clearly as anything of Spencer's, Holmes's, or Huxley's, imply that there is a connection between physical and moral health, and "mechanism of thought and morals," it does not mean anything. No doubt the idle and unfaithful can find in this truth, as they can in any other, if they choose to pervert it, soothing rather than stimulus, hindrance to well-doing rather than help; it would be a very comfortable thing to ascribe all our sins, big and little, to a sudden shifting of molecules in our left leg, and our great-grandfather responsible for it, at that! But earnest souls find in it no justification of moral inertia, but a tremendous incentive to a religious care of the bodies which may perchance drive them to commit sin; no increase of charity for their immoralities, but rather a sterner severity of self-reproach for them, since each one is seen to have its physical coefficient of almost equal guilt. Whoever does not learn from Dr. Holmes's writings a lesson of new conscientiousness, new fear of physical as well as moral ill-doing, has read them to little purpose.

What Dr. Holmes treats lightly and glancingly for a popular audience, Dr. Maudsley discusses systematically and with professional thoroughness, in three lectures delivered last year before the Royal College of Physicians, London. The first is devoted to an exposition of the physical conditions of mental function in health. The second studies certain forms of degeneracy of mind, their causes, and their relations to other disorders of the nervous system. The third treats of the relations of morbid bodily states to disordered mental functions. These inquiries into the connection and mutual dependence of mind and body, with an appendix containing a sharp review of a lecture by the Archbishop of York on the "Limits of Philosophical Enquiry," and a pretty long essay on the Theory of Vitality, make up a compact and valuable book entitled *Body and Mind* (D. Appleton & Co.). Even more forcibly than Dr. Holmes, Dr. Maudsley urges the duty of observing faithfully all the instances which mental phenomena offer for inductive inquiry, and of striving to realize the entirely new aspect which an ex-

act study of the nervous system gives to many problems of mental science. No attempt is made in the lectures to discuss the bearings of the views broached on any system of philosophy.

POETRY.

A GOBLET richly fashioned and daintily chased, and brimful of the true wine of poesy, is *Old Song and New*, by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston; by which we mean, not that the neat volume, which comes from the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co., is remarkable for the elegance of its externals, but, that the form of Mrs. Preston's poems is in the highest degree artistic, while the thoughts they embody are deep and tender. *Old Song and New* is, indeed, "of imagination all compact," and the structure of the verse is always happily adapted to the theme, be this scriptural or pagan. Nine of the pieces of the earlier part of the volume are drawn from Hebrew story, and five from the mythology of ancient Greece, while the other contents are made up of ballads, sonnets, and religious lyrics. It will thus be seen that the topics are varied, and we can add that but little examination is required to see that the manner of treatment accords with this variety. A profound sentiment of religious faith permeates and vitalizes all that Mrs. Preston has written, but her music is not a monotone, and is at times as jocund, sportive, and capricious, as at others it is grave, earnest, and elevated. Of the poems in classical metres, it is not extravagant to declare that they are inferior to none that have been written in our day. "The Quenched Brand" is the longest, and, perhaps, the best of these, and tells the story of Meleagros, Althea's son, whose death had been decreed by the fates, but was averted by the woman's tact of his mother. It presents the only blemish we have detected in the five Grecian experiments, the employment of "Mandragora" with the accent on the penultimate. Many passages there are which we would gladly quote to justify the high praise we have given these poems, such as the fine descriptive passage of the return of Jephthah in "The Daughter of the Gileadite," and the concluding stanzas of "Rabboni," which represent Mary at the tomb of Our Lord. "Equipoise," from the sonnets, might also be profitably given, to show how ingeniously and gracefully Mrs. Preston writes in the *terza rima*.

The Two Brothers, and Other Poems, by Edward Henry Bickersteth, M.A., is the title of a volume of verse lately published by Robert Carter & Brothers. The high reputation won by Mr. Bickersteth in his *Yesterday, To-day, and Forever*, will secure for this collection a very wide acceptance, and yet we cannot but think its publication unwise. Many of the poems contained in it are the immature productions of college days, and in the first two—that which gives the name to the volume, and that entitled "The Things That Are"—he appears to the greatest disadvantage. The rapt, devotional spirit of Mr. Bickersteth, the ease of his versification, and the tenderness with which it is burdened at times, are remarkable; but he wants the

vis viva, the undefinable something, the light, the gleam, the consecration of the inspired singer; at least this gift does not appear in the poems, beautiful as many of these are, that make up the present collection. There is a dreamy spell in some of the stanzas, wherein he seeks to interpret the music of Beethoven, but we like best the hymns, which are the simplest and least imaginative of all his pieces. The book is very handsomely printed, and will be prized by the many friends of Mr. Bickersteth in the United States for the fine portrait of him in steel engraving which forms the frontispiece.

THE same excellences that characterized the first volume of Mr. Bayard Taylor's translation of *Faust* are to be found in the second: an intelligent comprehension of the purpose of the great work, a conscientious painstaking in the performance of his task, and a rare felicity of versification in reproducing in English metrical forms the rhythm and movement of the original. As a mere question of popularity, Mr. Taylor might well have contented himself with having given us the First Part of *Faust*, since the interest of the poem ends therewith for the great multitude of readers; but his literary *amour-propre* would not have been satisfied had he left the Second Part untranslated. The Germans themselves are but little acquainted with this Second Part, and it is wholly unknown to the English mind, or only so far known as the translation of one act may make it. Passages of it are so obscure that it has been suggested that Goethe himself did not know what he meant by them; and for general reading, as a source of entertainment, the whole Second Part is but little better adapted than tables of logarithms. Mr. Taylor does not pretend to have reached a perfectly clear understanding of these involved and enigmatical passages, but he supplies the text with very copious notes, by which the student will be greatly assisted in solving the puzzle for himself. Taking the two volumes together, we may regard them as a contribution to English literature of which America may be proud, and as having secured for their author a lasting fame.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

We have some charming books for the children on our list this month, among which we place first and foremost *Max Kromer: a Story of the Siege of Strasburg*, 1870 (New York: Dodd & Mead). It is written by an Englishwoman, Hesba Stretton, and gives a vivid and fearfully interesting sketch of the horrors of the siege, combined with a pleasant story of family life. *Opportunities*, by the author of *The Wide, Wide World*, is a sequel to *What She Could*, which we had occasion to notice in February as one of Miss Warner's best books. The continuation of the story is still better than its beginning, and we can only repeat our conviction that in writing for children Miss Warner has found her most appropriate work. *The Woodruff Stories*, by Rev. F. R. Goulding (Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger), are just the thing to

attract boy-readers. The set of three volumes, called respectively, *Nacouchee*, *Sapelo*, and *Sal-o-quah*, come in a neat case, and would make a charming birthday present. They are stories of life in camp among the Cherokees. *Emma Parker*; or, *Scenes in the Homes of the City Poor*, by the author of *Witnessing for Jesus* (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), is a discussion, under cover of a story, of the ways by which the poor of our cities may be reached most effectively—the author's main thought, put into the mouth of one of the personages of the story, being: "Give our houses Christian landlords, and all the rest will come right." Edward Eggleston's *Book of Queer Stories and Stories Told on a Cellar Door*, and *Mr. Blake's Walking-Stick* (Chicago: Adams, Blackmer & Lyon Publishing Co.), are as quaint as their titles,—crisp in style and wonderfully suggestive. Mr. Eggleston is a "born story-writer," for big as well as little folks, and, what is better still, his stories never lack point and purpose.

FROUDE'S "CALVINISM," ETC.

"CALVINISM was the spirit which rises in revolt against untruth; the spirit which has appeared, and reappeared, and in due time will appear again, unless God be a delusion, and man be as the beasts that perish." This is the key-note of the address delivered by Mr. J. A. Froude, at the university of St. Andrew's, on the 17th of last month, and just published by Charles Scribner & Co. It is a brilliant little essay, full of paradoxes and surprising statements, but abounding in food for serious thought, as well as in the graphic and picturesque literary art for which the author is distinguished. His theory is, that at intervals from the beginning of time, when the world has grown corrupt, and religion, ceasing to be a sense of moral duty, has become a system of outward ceremonies and observances, there has arisen "a spirit of revolt against untruth," sweeping corruption before it and bringing back mankind to a nobler life. We trace this spirit in the departure of the Chosen People from the land of Egypt, the rise of the Persian reform under Zoroaster, the stoicism of the Romans, the spread of Christianity, the crusade of Mahomet against the wickedness of the Eastern churches, and, finally, the Calvinistic spirit of the Reformation. Calvinism, however, according to Mr. Froude, is already going the way of the movements which preceded it. The power which animated our fathers has waned. What shall next arise? This question is not for us to answer; but we are sure that a new reform must come, for the perpetual protest against wrong is nothing but "the inflashing upon the conscience of the nature and origin of the laws by which mankind are governed."

The Struggle for Neutrality in America (Charles Scribner & Co.) is the title of Mr. Charles Francis Adams's address, delivered before the New York Historical Society last December, and now printed in pamphlet form. One does not often read so sound and valuable a discourse, which is at the same time, in the

popular sense of the word, so interesting. Mr. Adams has the rare faculty of concealing the laborious process by which he has mastered his subject, and yet presenting it with such judicious detail, lucid statement, and logical arrangement, that the reasoning is perfectly clear without fatiguing the listener. The right of a nation to be neutral in times of war is now so generally admitted, that Mr. Wheaton declares it "an incontestable attribute of sovereignty;" but it was not always so, and Mr. Adams shows in this lecture that the recognition of the principle is one of the benefits for which the world is indebted to the United States of America. At the beginning of our career we laid it down as a cardinal maxim of our policy; we supported it through many dangers, and it was at last established at the cost of war. We cannot undertake to follow Mr. Adams in his masterly exposition of the successive crises to which the neutrality doctrine was exposed, the perils which assailed it abroad and at home, from the time of Washington and Citizen Genet to the time of William H. Seward and Mason and Slidell, or the diplomacy by which we finally carried our point and incorporated this great principle with the international code. It is a comprehensive and philosophical review of a long and important contest, and its interest is heightened by vivid portraits of the statesmen who exerted the most influence upon the question—portraits in which Mr. Adams displays keen analytical power, wise judgment, and great felicity of expression.

THERE is nothing like a little human interest to attract the popular mind. The ordinary reader cares, for example, very little about the planet Mars as a planet; but let it be treated as a possible world, more or less fit for human habitation, and it becomes an object of interest at once. The ultra-scientific may look upon such a treatment of the subject as altogether incompatible with a proper regard for science, and perhaps be right—from their point of view. The multitude, however, are not scientific; they make no direct assaults upon the citadel of knowledge. The results of scientific research must come to them indirectly. For this reason we believe that books like *Other Worlds than Ours* (D. Appleton & Co.) are of very great utility. Their speculations may be fanciful, their logic not always immaculate, but they will be read by a large class to whom a systematic treatise would be offered in vain. Mr. Proctor is a practical astronomer of considerable merit, well up in the science, an independent thinker, and a very entertaining writer. His book is well worth reading.

HOLDING the encouraging theory that the history of the human race has been on the whole a history of development and progress, not of fall and degradation, Sir John Lubbock has brought together, in his *Origin of Civilization* (D. Appleton & Co.), a wonderful variety of testimony bearing upon barbaric art and ornaments, marriage and relationship, religion, character and morals, language, law, &c., illustrative of the primitive condition of man and the progress of development. From the facts and arguments produced

he deduces the conclusions:—That existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors; that the primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism; and that from this condition several races have raised themselves. Sir John sweeps a wide field for facts, quoting from some two thousand original observers of savage life and character. Whatever opinion may be had of his belief that the characteristics of primitive man are to be discovered in existing savages, the book is valuable as a condensed account of the manners and customs of our "poor relations."

"The Wonder Library" (Charles Scribner & Co.) has just been enriched by a volume on *The Wonders of the Heavens*, translated by Mrs. Norman Lockyer from the French of Camille Flammarion. An excellent work is being accomplished, by means of this Library, in the dissemination of scientific truths in a popular form. No volume in the entire series is better calculated to this end than the present; at once interesting in subject, graphic in treatment, and replete with pictorial illustration.

All who did not have the good fortune to hear Mr. Dickens read will find a rare compensation in the *Pen Photographs* of his readings, "taken from life," by Kate Field, and just brought out by James R. Osgood & Co. There is something quite uncommon in the loyalty and devotion of Miss Field; she attaches an interest to all the belongings, sayings, doings, looks, gestures of Mr. Dickens; every utterance of his is a more exquisite song than the others, and from the moment he steps upon the platform until he leaves it, nothing escapes her keen recognition. Thus, with the help of a drawing, she minutely describes the odd-shaped reading-desk Mr. Dickens brought with him to America, and she makes the reader apprehend the peculiar inflections of his elocution by tricks with the types, after the manner of Mr. Charles Reade. It may be said, indeed, that her pen pictures of the readings could not properly be called photographic if they omitted any fact of the evening, however trivial, and her particularity is, therefore, to be taken for high art. Excepting this, and with allowance for the enthusiasm of a devotee, we may commend the little book as bright and lively, and well calculated to entertain all classes of readers.

Ghardaia, or Ninety Days Among the B'ni Mosaab, by G. Naphegyi, M.D. (G. P. Putnam & Sons), is a narrative of adventure among the tribes of the Sahara. The first question that most readers will ask themselves about it is: How much of the story is true? For our part we are puzzled to answer. Dr. Naphegyi professes to have journeyed some thirty years ago from Tlemcen, across the Atlas range, into the great desert, as far as the Mozabite city of Ghardaia, situated in an oasis more than three hundred miles south of Algiers. He traveled under the protection of an Arab chieftain conducting to his desert home a young and beautiful sister who had been brought up under the care of Abd-el-Kader. The romantic maid and the young Christian doctor fell in

love with each other, and who knows what might have happened had not our author wandered away from the caravan, fallen into the hands of a hostile tribe, and suffered horrible tortures before he regained his liberty? He escapes. He wanders alone among the Atlas Mountains. He has a terrible fall. He is tenderly cared for by a little Arab community. He falls in with a renegade from Lyons, whose history is equivalent to a condensed French novel. He reaches Ghardaia at last; and when the curtain falls we see him on his knees at the grave of the chieftain's sister. Probably the fiction—if it is a fiction—is founded upon an actual experience of the author's life; but its ambiguous character is a serious defect. The pictures of life in the desert are pretty well drawn, though Dr. Naphegyi makes no pretense to a literary style.

THERE is something wonderfully fit in Hans Christian Andersen's writing his own life (*The Story of My Life*: Hurd & Houghton); for who else will ever have the opportunity? Is not Andersen the very genius of Fairy Tale consigned to perpetual youth? It seems to us that our grandfather must have read "The Ugly Duckling" in his childhood, just as our grandchildren are now reading it. There is a word which we think likely our readers applied very promptly to the portrait of Andersen which we published in connection with "Lucky Peer," and now fronts this handsome volume; we are not afraid to repeat it—*homely*, and if ever there was a life which was homely in the best sense of that word, a word that will keep its color however often washed, it is Andersen. From his childhood in the little house in Odense, through all the queer experience of his boyhood to the present time, when he is perpetually flitting from one household to another, royal, ducal, or plain citizen, he keeps that homely soul of his which treats all the world as sitting at his fireside. That Andersen is egotistic is plain enough, but it is not the egotism which is born of selfish conceit, but the egotism of a child that has never learned to say *I* but keeps on saying *me*, or speaking of himself in the third person, as somebody whom he is earnestly interested in. The autobiography shows Andersen so frankly that there is really little left to find out about him, one would think, for we not only know what Andersen thinks of himself but what others think of him, and what he thinks of what others think of him! We are struck with this fact, that in his immediate surroundings Andersen, in the course of his life, has passed through one period when he was petted as an amusing original; through another when he was disliked by many who had at first amused themselves with him, and that now, where he is known most intimately he is esteemed most highly. We think this will be found to be the effect upon the reader of this singular autobiography. He will begin by sympathizing with the struggling lad; he will become impatient of his excessive unbosoming of himself; but at last will lay down the book with a hearty respect for him, and a conviction that there is sterling worth in the man, and that he is worthy of the love which has been given

him. The book could not be Andersen's without being enlivened by humor and gayety; the reader will also be brought into speaking acquaintance with almost every eminent name in European literature and art.

THE Rev. Dr. Burr, of Lyme, Connecticut, has made a sudden reputation of late by two attractive—perhaps we might even say brilliant—books on the evidences of Christianity. He has just published a third, through the press of Noyes, Holmes & Co., Boston. *Ad Fidem* is a rapid, popular, and eloquent summary of the arguments for the inspiration and importance of the Bible. It is not written for the scientific student; it consists, in fact, substantially of a series of parish lectures, with quite as much exhortation as argument; but it is founded upon careful research, and is believed to represent the latest developments of Biblical scholarship. Dr. Burr's opening chapters are devoted to what he calls a preparation of the ground,—an effort to bring his readers to that state of mind in which evidences can be fairly weighed and truths duly appreciated; and then he proceeds to set forth and illustrate, not the whole argument in support of the Bible, but a few of the strong points which he has found effective in his own pulpit ministrations. Here is no pretense of originality or appearance of scholastic learning; but Dr. Burr has what is much better for his purpose, a forcible style, a dexterity in the use of striking figures and examples, and a remarkable gift of seizing and retaining the interest of his readers. He is not exactly a polished writer; but he is clear, earnest, rapid, vigorous, and, above all, entertaining.

WHOEVER has walked through the picture galleries of Italy and Germany with only guide-books in his hands, and small memory of legend and history in his brain—sighing, perhaps, at thought of Mrs. Jameson's many-paged volumes left at home—will welcome the *Hand-book of Legendary and Mythological Art*, by Clara Erskine Clement (Hurd & Houghton). Compact, clear, systematic, full, the book exactly meets and exactly fills a real need. It is all the better in its place, for making no more aim at style than a dictionary does. In fact, it might almost have been called a dictionary, as it is sensibly arranged in an alphabetical order. It has four divisions: "Symbolism in Art," "Legends and Stories illustrated in Art," "Legends of Place," and "Ancient Myths Illustrated in Art." The second one is the most valuable (and the greater) part of the book. Not a saint is left out, from A to Z; from Abbondio to Zenobia. May both their souls rest in peace. The work is fully and finely illustrated, and is truly one of the most useful and valuable books of the year. No one should go abroad without it.

A VERY entertaining little satire is *Ginx's Baby*, which has run through several editions in England, and has been brought out for the American reader by George Routledge & Co. It is intended to enforce attention to the dangers and evils produced by the masses of English pauperism. Ginx is a "navvy," or out-door laborer, who, being unable to provide for his thirteenth child, sets out to drown it, but eventually

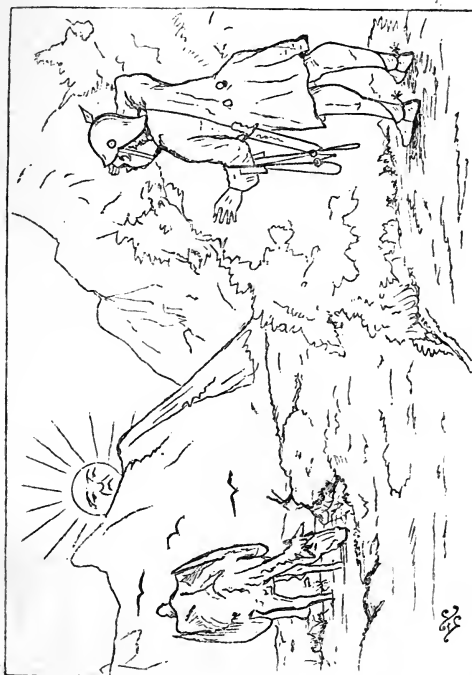
hands it over to a Roman Catholic Sister of Mercy. "Ginx's Baby" thereafter becomes a bone of contention between Romanists and Protestants, between neighboring parishes, and between political clubs, until at last the child, grown to manhood, throws himself into the Thames, and by suicide meets the fate Ginx had originally designed for him. The story is highly dramatic, and the discussions of the Evangelical Committee, the parish boards, and the gentlemen at the Club are full of humor. The fault of the book is that it leads no whither, suggests no remedy for the ills it points out, and avows no policy beyond a vague anti-Malthusian idea that the State must take care of all its people, and that every pair of impecunious Ginxes in England is justified in bringing thirteen Ginxes into the world, without knowing or caring what is to become of them. Happily for us in America, the problem of "Ginx's Baby" has as yet no more than a speculative interest for our statesmen.

It is difficult to say in what department of letters Professor James Russell Lowell has been most successful. To many he is most delightful as an essayist, and he has never appeared to better advantage in this character than in *My Study Windows*, lately published by James R. Osgood & Co. The subjects of the thirteen essays contained in this volume are various, social, æsthetic, biographical, but all are treated with a firm and cunning hand, and with that certain dogmatism of the Professor which lends piquancy to our interest by inspiring us with a perpetual protest against his assumptions. Even in those passages where we are in perfect accord with him, we involuntarily except to the oracular manner in which he enounces the law, and this feeling keeps the mind constantly excited; whereas, with a less stimulating exercise, it might become weary or indifferent. There is great robustness in Professor Lowell as a writer, and his thoughts are commonly as healthful as his style. But now and then, in the opulence of his fancy, a passage occurs in his prose which should have been in his poems, as where he so beautifully puts in the mouth of Cowley the phrase that after a snow-storm "what was unsightly" in the landscape "has been covered gently with a soft splendor, as if Nature had cleverly let fall her handkerchief to hide it."

PENTELEICAN marble flowed at Landor's touch, and, as of its own accord, ran into faultless forms when he wrote his *Pericles and Aspasia* (Roberts Brothers). We know of nothing in literature more ideally perfect than this Greek poem in English. Landor's Atticism in diction, style, and thought is matchless—is a miracle. No writing in our language, or in any language, if we except the Greek itself, which this book almost is, were better worth study as a model in expression. It is a volume to read piecemeal. Its point, its wit, its bloom of fancy and of phrase, its tireless thought, its exquisite finish in form, make it necessary that you should read slowly and at intervals, if you would keep your sense and relish of them vivid. We must not let such classics as these die.



2. The Pursuit.



1. The Discovery.



SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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PHILADELPHIA.



CHESTNUT STREET BRIDGE, OVER THE SCHUYLKILL, PHILADELPHIA.

To a traveler nothing is more interesting than the varied aspects and characters of the different cities of the world. Tastes in architecture, ideas of comfort and luxury, contrast as strangely as costumes and complexion. The cities of Asia and Europe, of South America and the United States, are not only constructed on entirely different plans, but present entirely different modes of life. Different nations, though bordering on each other, exhibit almost equal dissimilarities. Paris and London, Hamburg and Petersburg, are totally unlike. We expect to find these contrasts; and they form one great excitement of travel. Although we are not surprised to see dissimilarities even in cities of the same nation, if located in opposite climates, as Boston and New Orleans, yet it seems strange that those within a few hours' travel of each other should often present the

contrasts they do. Rome and Naples, almost on the same isothermal line, bordering on the same sea, and inhabited by the same people, are totally unlike, both in aspect and character. The whole appearance of the former is sombre and sad, and the inhabitants, walking constantly under the shadow of its ancient ruins, seem to have caught their influence, and wear a serious, grave look. Naples, on the other hand, with its cheerful palaces and sunny clime, is bubbling over with fun and life, that become contagious, till one is ready to echo the saying, "*Vedi Napoli e poi muori.*"

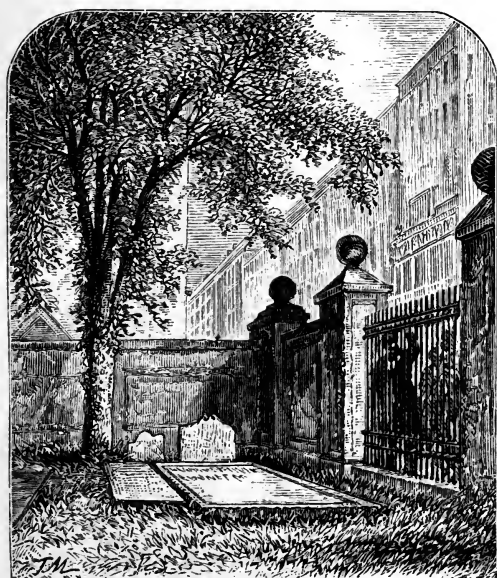
Similar though not so striking contrasts are exhibited in our own land. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, though within a few miles of each other, connected by commerce and trade and blood, each has its own peculiar and marked characteristics. Differing in

the plan on which they are laid out, they differ also in their architecture, tastes, and mode of living. There must be some powerful cause which makes cities bordering on each other, and composed, as they are, of men of all kinds of character and tastes, appear as if each was run in a separate mould. Some of the causes that have given Philadelphia its peculiar features are very apparent. A city founded by William Penn, the Quaker, and his associates, could hardly be laid out otherwise than methodically; while its industries, so different from those of New York, would naturally affect the character of its inhabitants. But, in one respect, our Northern Atlantic cities are all alike. The inhabitants began to build as if they were cramped for room. Though sterile farms stretched away miles beyond where any one dreamed the city would ever extend, yet the streets were made narrow and confined. In the lower part of New York to-day, there is not room for the vehicles that traverse them. So in some of the older portions of Philadelphia you will find similar evidence that the inhabitants seemed to think it was necessary to economize space.

Every city has something which is its peculiar boast and pride. Boston has its Bunker Hill, and Faneuil Hall, and Common; New

York its Fifth Avenue, and palatial residences, and Park; and Philadelphia its Independence Hall. In this respect, Philadelphia outranks all other cities of the continent. Faneuil Hall is called the cradle of liberty, but Independence Hall gave birth to the great charter of human rights. Until 1776, the fundamental principle of all governments was either divine right or force. Savages and barbarians ruled by force, civilized nations by divine right. Monarchs stamped on their very coins "*Gratia Dei*." But Independence Hall promulgated a new political gospel: "The just powers of rulers are derived from the governed." This was something more than a declaration of national independence; it was the utterance of a great principle, that in a few years sent revolution rolling the length of the South American continent and convulsed Europe. Never did the walls of human structure witness a scene of such thrilling interest—a scene destined to have such an effect upon the human race—as did this old hall, when it was debated whether there should be launched forth on the world the great doctrine of "government by consent." It was a simple truth, apparently harmless, yet at this day Europe heaves to it as to the throbs of an earthquake. It will engulf kings and dynasties, and sweep away in time the last vestige of feudalism. Not the old Roman Forum nor the Palace of the Cæsars, "where the barbarian has long since stabled his steed" nor the Parthenon, nor any other structure fraught with glorious memories and thrilling associations, deserves to be held in such sacred, reverential remembrance as old Independence Hall.

In the Hall proper, the very room in which the Declaration was signed, the venerable cracked "liberty-bell" is kept as a sacred relic. Here also is the old high-backed pew from Christ Church, in which Washington, Lafayette, and Franklin used to sit. As a companion-piece to these is a curious bit of marquetry in the form of a chair, which was composed of a portion of a mahogany beam taken from the house of Columbus, near the City of St. Domingo; fragments of the famous Treaty-Tree of Penn; pieces of his cottage, and of the old frigate Constitution and



FRANKLIN'S GRAVE.

ship of the line Pennsylvania, together with a portion of a chair used by Penn and a lock of Chief Justice Marshall's hair. A valuable collection of national portraits adorns the apartment.

Of the other old buildings in Philadelphia, two are worthy of special note. One of these is Christ Church, not far distant from this venerable old Hall. The original building was erected in 1695, when the city contained but four or five thousand inhabitants. But the city increasing, it was found necessary to erect a larger edifice, and in 1727 the first stone of the present church was laid. The bells were cast in England, and brought over free of charge by Captain Budden, in his ship *Myrtilla*. In acknowledgment of this generosity, ever after, when his ship, returning from her voyage, was seen coming up the river, these bells were set ringing a glad welcome. The workman who hung them also refused all remuneration, requesting only that at his death they should be muffled and tolled free of charge.

The old church is a fine piece of architecture. The interior has been partially modernized, but it is now to be restored as nearly as possible to its condition at the time of the Revolution. In the graveyard adjoining, Bishop White and Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, rested until recently in the same vault. A few months ago the remains of the Bishop were taken up and placed beneath the chancel. The principal graveyard of the church is situated, however, at some distance from it, on the south-east corner of Fifth and Arch Streets; and there may be seen the unpretending tomb of Benjamin Franklin.

The other old building is Carpenter's Hall, distinguished as being the place in which the first Congress assembled. They are both much visited by strangers.

Philadelphia has several fine modern public buildings. The U. S. Mint is of the Ionic order, copied from a Grecian temple at Athens. It has a very valuable collection of coins, embracing those of almost every period of the world and every nation, from Solomon down to Pilate. This is free to visitors. The Custom House is an imitation of the Parthenon at Athens. Girard College is, however,



NEW MASONIC TEMPLE, ON BROAD STREET.

by far the most impressive building in the city. Like those last mentioned, it is modeled after a Greek temple. This splendid edifice, as is well known, was founded by Stephen Girard, a native of France, who bequeathed \$2,000,000 to carry out his plan for erecting an institution for the education of orphan children, with further provision for the maintenance of the college. The main building stands in a lot of 45 acres, and is surrounded by thirty-eight marble columns, fifty-five feet high and six feet in diameter. It is 218 feet long, 160 feet wide, and 97 feet high. There are six side-buildings, also of marble. Some four or five hundred orphan children are assembled here, the number being increased according to the means at the disposal of the institution. The branches taught are the same as those pursued in our best schools, except that the study of foreign languages is limited to the French and Spanish. Mr. Girard, in his will, provided that orphans might be admitted between six and ten years of age, and the meritorious ones remain till between fourteen and eighteen, when they were to be bound out to some useful occupation. By the same will, clergymen of all denominations are forbidden even to visit the college, in order that the "tender minds of the orphans" may be kept "free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce." At the same time the



UNION LEAGUE BUILDING.

teachers are enjoined to "take pains to instill into the minds of the scholars the purest principles of morality, so that, on their entrance into active life, they may, from inclination and habit, evince benevolence towards their fellow-creatures, and a love of truth, sobriety, and industry; adopting at the same time such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer." Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of the excluding clause, it is gratifying to know that, owing to the solicitude of Christian officers, the children have not been deprived of thorough religious instruction and training. The institution does a vast amount of good. It not only educates a great number of poor unprotected children, but gives them honest employment, and thus relieves society not only from a dangerous element, but also from a heavy burden.

Totally different from this in style and effect is the new Masonic Temple on Broad street, which is yet unfinished. The old hall not being capacious enough to accommodate the order, it has commenced the present splendid structure. The workmen have been engaged on it for more than two years, and we believe it is not expected to be completed till 1873. It occupies a lot 250 by 150 feet, and is of solid granite. From the large portion already completed one can get a very

good idea of the massive character of the structure. It is in the Norman style, and will require very skillful treatment in the way of towers, balconies, pinnacles, &c., to keep it from having too heavy an appearance. The Norman style is not fitted for city building; it requires elevated ground, and scenery to correspond. It is to cost \$750,000. The Methodist Church adjacent,—on the south-east corner of Broad and Arch—is built of white marble, and is celebrated for its stateliness and grace. There are several interesting public edifices in this section of the city, near Penn Squares,—which have themselves been stripped of trees, and lie barren and forlorn, pending a final de-

cision as to their occupancy by the new municipal buildings.

The Union League Club House is near by, a fine building in the French style. Its parlors, reading-room, restaurant, and sitting rooms, etc., are finely arranged, and some of them elegantly furnished. It has an especial interest now, as being the temporary depository of valuable works of art belonging to the old Academy of Fine Arts. Paintings by Stuart, Peal, Sully and others adorn the walls while busts, statues, etc., are scattered in profusion around. The League was not formed for political, but patriotic purposes, having equipped and sent several regiments into the field during the war; nor does it now consider itself a party organization. Its library is select, though not large, and the Club has become one of the distinguishing features of the city.

The mention of the Academy reminds us that Philadelphia has been distinguished for its great artists, from Benjamin West down to the present. Among those living, Sully, Rothermel, the Moran brothers, W. T. Richards, Hamilton Schussele, Waugh, and E. D. Lewis have a wide reputation.

Close to the League is a building which would hardly arrest the attention of the passer-by, but is, nevertheless, one of the most interesting in the city—the Academy of Natural

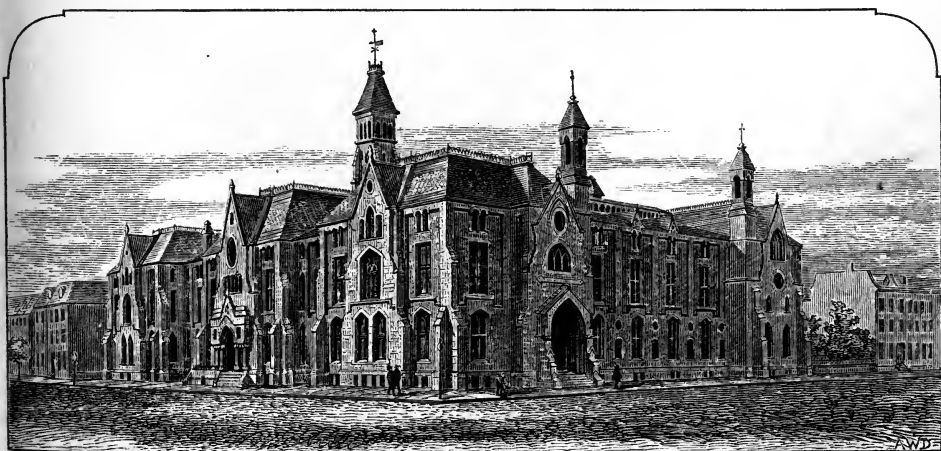
Sciences. One could spend days here without becoming weary. It is the largest museum of its kind in the United States, and is said to have the largest and most nearly perfect collection of shells in the world, while it ranks third in that of birds.

The varieties of human skulls, gathered from every corner of the earth and every tribe of man, are ranged in ghastly rows on the shelves. They were purchased from the executors of Dr. S. G. Morton, and now reach the enormous number of 1,300, and are the finest collection in the world. There is also a perfect skeleton of a whale. There is one saurian or lizard here complete, twenty-five feet long, with hind legs, we should judge, eight or ten feet in length. The fore legs are short, showing that he must have moved by leaps, like a kangaroo, while, supported by his strong tail, he could stand up and pull boughs or fruit, or whatever he fed on, from shrubs and low trees. Near him are the remains of a second lizard, that was carnivorous. We will not attempt to give the dimensions of this monster reptile, but one can imagine his size when informed that, according to Prof. Cope's theory, he fed on the twenty-five feet lizard. A reptile whose ordinary breakfast was a lizard twenty-five feet long and nearly half as high is quite worthy to live in the same country as the mastodon.

The third reptile is what might be considered the veritable sea-serpent. It is, at least, serpent-like, and the preserved skeleton is

about fifty feet long. Its neck is twenty feet in length, from which the body suddenly swells out, crowned by a dorsal fin. A portion of the end of the tail is missing, and if it kept on elongating in the same extraordinary manner as the neck, there is no telling how long the animal might have been. Prof. Cope told us that this great length of neck was doubtless to enable him to lie on the surface and fish in deep water, or *vice versa*, and that he found some fossil fish between his ribs, showing what his diet was. But it would be impossible, even in a separate article, to notice a tithe of the interesting objects in this invaluable collection. We had only one regret in walking through it, and that was, that it was not placed in a better building. The space is too limited and the rooms are too dark. Everything is crowded, and much imperfectly seen. A new building is in contemplation, and it is to be hoped that it will not be delayed. The liberal Philadelphians should put their hands into their pockets at once, and erect the proposed edifice; for this splendid collection is not merely an ornament to the city, but an honor to the country.

The Franklin Institute is another valuable institution of the city. This is devoted to science and the mechanic arts. It has a library of 15,000 volumes, all on scientific subjects, and among them an entire collection of British patents. These, we believe, with the exception of the Congressional library,



PROPOSED NEW ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.



THE LEDGER BUILDING.

nearly 500. The internal arrangements are complete in every respect. A large debt has been accumulated in putting this library on such a splendid footing; but we hope its own increased receipts and the liberality of the people will soon liquidate it.

The Philadelphia Library, on Sixth street, is known as the oldest public library in America, having been founded in 1731. It is the largest in the city and one of the largest in the country—being par-

can be found in only one other library in the country. Drawing is taught here, and a regular course of lectures delivered the most of the year. Both the design and actual working of this institution are admirable. It increases vastly the amount of skilled mechanical labor, and thus elevates the workingman. It issues, also, a regular monthly journal, edited by Prof. Henry Morton and Dr. William H. Wahl, so that all the newest discoveries and inventions are at once available to the members.

Philadelphia abounds in good libraries. Mercantile libraries, both from their design and scope, always possess a peculiar interest in our great cities. Embracing in their membership clerks, mechanics, and that whole class which is to constitute the business, active men of the city, they assume a more popular character than those that are chiefly for reference. Besides, they are circulating libraries, sending their volumes broadcast through the city. The Mercantile Library of Philadelphia, until two or three years ago, had a wandering existence; but it has now a grand edifice, its first floor having an area of over 24,000 square feet—larger than any other library building in America. It contains over 50,000 volumes, exclusive of three hundred and forty-five periodicals and papers. Sometimes over a thousand books are loaned out in a single day, while the daily average is

particularly rich in old books. The Loganium (a library of reference, free to all) is held in trust by the Directors of the Philadelphia Library, and abounds in classical works. The Apprentices' is the only free lending library in the city. There are, besides, the libraries of the American Philosophical and the State Historical Societies, the Athenæum, two excellent libraries belonging to the Friends &c., &c.

The new University of Pennsylvania, to be located in West Philadelphia, if finished on the plan projected, will be one of the finest college buildings in the country.

The Lincoln Institute, on South Eleventh street, has been founded since the war. Its object is to maintain and educate the orphaned soldiers who fell during the recent war, and afterwards provide them with employment, a trade that will enable them to support themselves. Though other States have done the same thing, Philadelphia has the honor of taking the lead in this noble charity. The Academy of Music is an elegant structure capable of seating 2,900 people, and is probably not surpassed by any building of the kind in the country. Its first story is of brown stone; the second, of pressed brick with brown-stone dressings, the whole presenting an imposing appearance, with its front of over a hundred and forty feet and depth of over a hundred and thirty-eight.

The Merchants' Exchange is another handsome building; indeed, Philadelphia has many fine public edifices, which simply to name, without having space to notice in detail, would be tedious and useless. But if there be one that is more particularly identified with the city, in the view of strangers, it is that of the *Public Ledger*, on the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets. This splendid building has been so often described that it is familiar to the reader. From the boilers and presses in the basement, to the business rooms on the first floor, and editors' rooms above, and on to the designer's, engraver's, and type-setting rooms, it is complete in all its details. Nor does the attraction stop here; from the lofty roof a splendid panoramic view is obtained of the city, enclosed in its vast extent by the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, that throw their arms around it in a bright embrace, and meeting at Point Breeze, join hands and move off together to the distant sea.

The Continental Hotel is another fine building, and has a sort of national reputation for the lavishness of its table, and the many luxuries and comforts it affords to the traveler. The Girard House, near it, is on the same general plan of magnificence. Philadelphia abounds in fine churches, but as a piece of architecture the Roman Catholic Cathedral surpasses them all, in the grandeur of its proportions and imposing effect. It is built of red sandstone, the floor being laid in white Italian marble. The dome swells two hundred and ten feet into air, reposing grandly over the structure below.

Philadelphia is noted for its multiplied benevolent institutions, which deserve a separate notice, and indeed cannot be treated properly in any other way. But there are two that are so identified with the history of the city from its foundation, that they cannot well be omitted—Christ Church Hospital and the Pennsylvania Hospital. The first was founded by Dr. Kearsley, who died in 1762, bequeathing a certain building to be appropriated to an infirmary, to be called Christ Church Hospital. He was a remarkable man, and was the chief architect of Christ Church and the old State House. This first hospital could accommodate only eight persons. In 1785 it

was necessary to build a larger one. The growth of the city necessitating increased facilities, it was enlarged from time to time, until in 1856 the corner-stone of the present structure, in West Philadelphia, was laid. It occupies two squares, and is capable of accommodating one hundred persons. It is an asylum for poor aged widows, and designed especially for those of the Episcopal church.

The movement for the establishment of the Pennsylvania Hospital was set afoot by Dr. Thomas Bond, in 1750, who undertook to raise funds by private subscription, and brought to his aid Benjamin Franklin. But not succeeding in this, a petition for help was made to the Provincial Assembly, and two thousand pounds currency, after much debate, was appropriated to the undertaking, provided an equal sum were raised by private contributions. At first, a private house was hired for a temporary hospital, but in 1755 the corner-stone of the present structure was laid. A few years ago it became necessary, in making some repairs, to dig an area in front of the east wing, in doing which this corner-stone was uncovered, and on it was found the following inscription, prepared by Franklin:—

“In the Year of CHRIST
MDCCLV.,

GEORGE the Second happily reigning

(for he sought the happiness of his people)—

Philadelphia flourishing

(for its inhabitants were public-spirited)—

This Building,

By the Bounty of the Government,

And of many private persons,

Was piously founded

For the Relief of the Sick and Miserable.

May the God of Mercies

Bless the undertaking!”

Ten years later, Franklin would, doubtless, have left out the first parenthesis; but there it stood, the old patriot's endorsement of George the Second.

Among the curious things connected with its history, it originated the great painting of “Christ Healing the Sick,” by West. Its managers, while soliciting private subscriptions, thought of West, then in England, and



LESLIE'S ROW.

asked him to contribute a picture towards its fund. Christ healing the sick at once suggested itself to him as a proper subject for this humane institution, and the painting was finished. The English, however, would not let it go out of the country, and he was compelled to paint a copy, which was sent to the hospital. It was put on exhibition, at twenty-five cents admittance, and netted, over all expenses, \$15,000 to the hospital—a handsome contribution from the artist.

We cannot follow its interesting history; but, in process of time, the crowded state of the institution rendered it impossible to care for the insane patients properly, and in 1836 a hundred acres of land, some two or three miles from the city, having been purchased, the present Insane Asylum was built, the first, we believe, ever established in this country. There is a building at each extremity of the lot of 100 acres, one for males and the other for females. Cultivated grounds, workshops, green-house, museums, gymnastic hall, reading-rooms, billiard-rooms, bowling-alleys, rooms devoted to music, and every device that ingenuity or long experience could suggest, are here found to soothe, amuse, and restore those from whom the light of reason has fled.

When first opened, only 140 patients

could be received; now 470 can be accommodated; and from 97 patients it has gone up to 340, the present number. From a single piano—probably the first ever used in a hospital for the insane in this country—it has made additions, till now it has twenty-three pianos, three cottage organs, six melodeons, and various other musical instruments.

The Episcopal Hospital, in the northeastern part of the city, is one of the handsomest and best arranged hospital buildings anywhere to be found. There are also Catholic and Jewish hospitals; a Children's Hospital, Will's Hospital for the Blind, an Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, &c., while still another hospital is about to be established under Presbyterian auspices.

There is one other charity in the city we should like to say a good deal about, if we had space—the "Society for Relieving the Miseries of Public Prisons." There should be one in every city. This society has an agent, Mr. Mullen, whose duty it is to visit daily every prison cell, and ascertain the condition and needs of the inmates. The innocent find in him a friend and deliverer, and the helpless and ignorant an advocate.

Philadelphia has long been recognized as a center of medical learning, and her medical

schools have been attended by foreign as well as American students. The medical department of the University of Pennsylvania is the oldest medical college in the country, having been established in 1765, and until some years ago was the only one whose diplomas were recognized by the medical colleges of Europe. It has graduated in all, up to 1870, eight thousand. The Jefferson Medical College divides the honors with the University; there is a Female Medical College, which has sent out a number of graduates; the Homeopathsists have an excellent institution, and there is a College of Pharmacy.

The prison and penitentiary system of Philadelphia cannot be entered upon at present. The city can boast several fine bridges; the one over the Schuylkill at Chestnut street—of iron and stone—being a beautiful as well as solid structure.

Statistics show on what the wealth and prosperity of the city rest. Last year, manufactures of all kinds amounted to \$251,663,217, while her exports, all told, were estimated to be only \$16,640,478. Her iron foundries alone produced more than a third of this amount. But that the commerce of the city

will increase with its natural growth and the tapping of the West with railroads, there is no doubt—at least this is the faith of the enterprising gentlemen who have boldly projected a line of steamers to Liverpool.

The Port Richmond Iron Works, fronting on Richmond street, of the firm of G. P. Morris & Co., cover, with their various buildings, five acres of ground, making the place a little world of activity in itself.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works on Broad street have a national reputation. Founded in 1831, they have grown to colossal proportions, and

employ eighteen hundred men. It takes eighteen hundred men one day to complete, set up, and make ready for service a single locomotive. Thus, these works could turn out three hundred engines a year; in fact, in twelve months, ending last October, they actually sent off two hundred and sixty-seven, which, one after another, went dashing over the country. Although Mr. Baldwin, the founder, is dead, the works still bear his name, for they are the creation of his inventive genius and indomitable perseverance. Previous to the spring of 1831, only two locomotives had been built in this country, and those at the national foundry of West Point. In that spring Mr. Baldwin made a miniature engine, with two cars, capable of seating four persons, and placed it on a track laid in Peale's Museum, where it was surrounded by curious crowds. The next year he received an order from the Germantown Railroad Company for the construction of a locomotive for their road. Although but a single American mechanic had succeeded in building one of any use, he boldly undertook it. At the time there was not a blacksmith in the city that could weld a bar of iron more than an inch and a quarter thick,



INTERIOR OF FARMERS' MARKET.



WAGONS TO HIRE.

and no one thought of attempting to weld a tire five inches wide and an inch and a half thick. The only machine for boring out a cylinder was a chisel fastened in the end of a stick, to which a crank was fitted and turned by hand. He had no proper tools, no patterns, no models, but, confidently relying on his genius and resolution, he went to work, and in six months had it finished and placed on the road. Crowds gathered along the line to see this self-moving monster drag a train of cars after it. It was a great success. Soon after there appeared in the city papers the following notice :

"NOTICE.—The engine (built by Mr. Baldwin) with a train of cars will run daily (commencing this day) when the weather is fair. * * * When the weather is not fair, the horses will draw the cars the four trips."

It is not yet forty years since this extraordinary notice appeared in the press of a city into which, now, a dozen railroads run, along which hundreds of locomotives thunder.

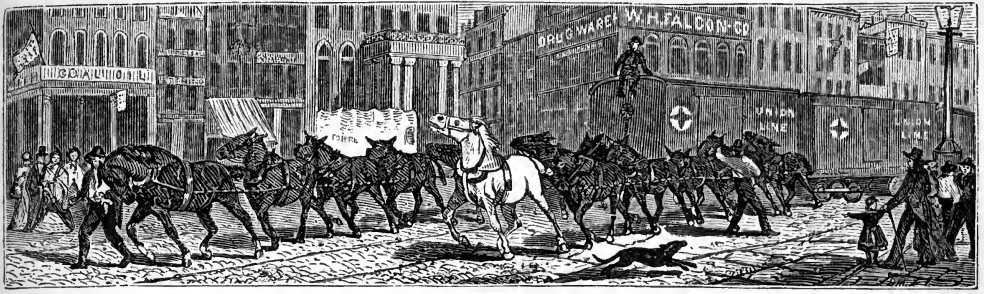
It is singular how the simplest contrivances are often overlooked, while those requiring the most consummate skill are wrought out. Here was a man who could, almost without tools, from his own ingenious brain construct a locomotive, and yet the simple remedy of a "sand-box," to keep the wheels from slipping, never occurred to him. The principle he doubtless had seen applied a score of times to keep the human foot from slipping on the ice, but he never thought of adapting it to this case, and so in wet weather the locomotive was stabled and the horses turned out, and *vice versa* in fair weather.

From that time the reputation of the works was established, until now it is doubtful if they have their equal in the world. A stroll through them awakens novel and often sublime emotions. Amid the din and clatter and thunder of machinery and ponderous hammers, the law of order is seen to prevail over all. Each part is made in a separate building or room, and one sees only a pile of rivets here, boilers there,—heaps of smoke-stacks and a confused collection of wheels and tires that resemble chaos. But at a given word these detached bones of the monster move from diverse points to a common center—the erecting shop—each to find its appropriate place in the body that is to be formed. As part is fitted to part, everything is found adapted accurately to that which it is to join, and rapidly the ponderous thing takes form and swells into huge proportions. When completed, men take hold of the drivers and roll them once or twice backward and forward, to see that all is clear. Steam is then turned on, and the drivers are sent whirling at a speed that would carry a train thirty miles an hour. Then the inspector advances, and, like a skillful doctor when he examines a patient, lays his hand on the pulse of the engine. The fingers now press the piston-rod, and now the connecting arms, drivers, and cylinder-heads, to see if there is any jar or disturbance. If there is none, the engine is declared fit for use, and is lowered down upon the rails and rolled out by the side of the railroad, ready to be sent to its point of destination.

Philadelphia has the reputation of having had constructed within her limits some of the



HORSERADISH MAN.



SCENE ON MARKET STREET.

largest men-of-war in the world, among them the old *Pennsylvania*, of 120 guns. The U. S. Navy Yard at League Island, on the Delaware, was given in 1862 to the Government by the city, as a naval station for the construction of iron-clads. The U. S. Arsenal and Asylum are fine buildings, and present an imposing appearance from the river.

What is called West Philadelphia, lying west of the Schuylkill, is on higher ground than the old city, and its houses are more picturesque. It presents a striking contrast to the latter, and is very beautiful. The city itself is probably, in territory, the largest in the world, for it embraces the entire county, and contains one hundred and twenty-six square miles, twenty of which are built solid. Although enclosed in the main between two rivers, the Delaware and Schuylkill, like New York between the Hudson and East river, it is not bounded by them. The Schuylkill is less of a barrier than the Thames to London or the Seine to Paris. Hence it can spread indefinitely, and to-day, though much less in population, has more houses than New York city. It has 114,303 dwelling-houses, of which 101,688 are of brick or stone, and the remainder, 12,615, of wood. With the exception of 6,948, these are all small two-story and three-story buildings.

The Philadelphians build on the ground rather than in the air, as they do in New York, and one is not compelled to go up five or six long flights of stairs to reach a lawyer's office; in fact, it is not many years since there were no separate buildings for law offices, these being in one part of the dwelling-house, as those of physicians are to-day in New York.

This spaciousness of territory enables Philadelphia to carry out a system of building, in one respect, that makes it unlike all other

cities of the world, viz.: the putting up of small houses for the accommodation of the poorer class.

Among all the various objects of attraction with which the city abounds, there is nothing calculated to interest one so deeply as this class of buildings. The city, at least for itself, has solved the difficult question how to provide suitable homes for the poor. Peabody's plan for the poor of London, and the most improved system proposed in New York, while they add much to the comfort of the laboring class and reduce their expenses, fail in the great point—to secure a *home* for them. Huge caravansaries, however commodious, do not do this. There is scarcely a more pitiable sight than one meets of a summer evening in a block of tenement houses in New York, even those considered above the average in appearance and comfort. They are huge blots on the city, and one can scarcely wonder that the inmates are glad to get out of them at every opportunity, and seek the open country or even the drinking saloon.

Philadelphia has but few tenement houses. Each household has its own dwelling, which is its home. The houses are small, but complete. There are two rooms on the first floor, besides a kitchen. On the second floor are bed-rooms and a bath-room; thus making a snug little home for the young mechanic or frugal laborer. It seems, at first, that there could be no improvement on this arrangement, but a great one has been adopted. A single block was set apart for the erection of small houses, and as those who would occupy them would not use carriages, it was proposed that a way for carrying in coal, groceries, etc., should be made in the rear of the buildings, while in front nothing but a flagged

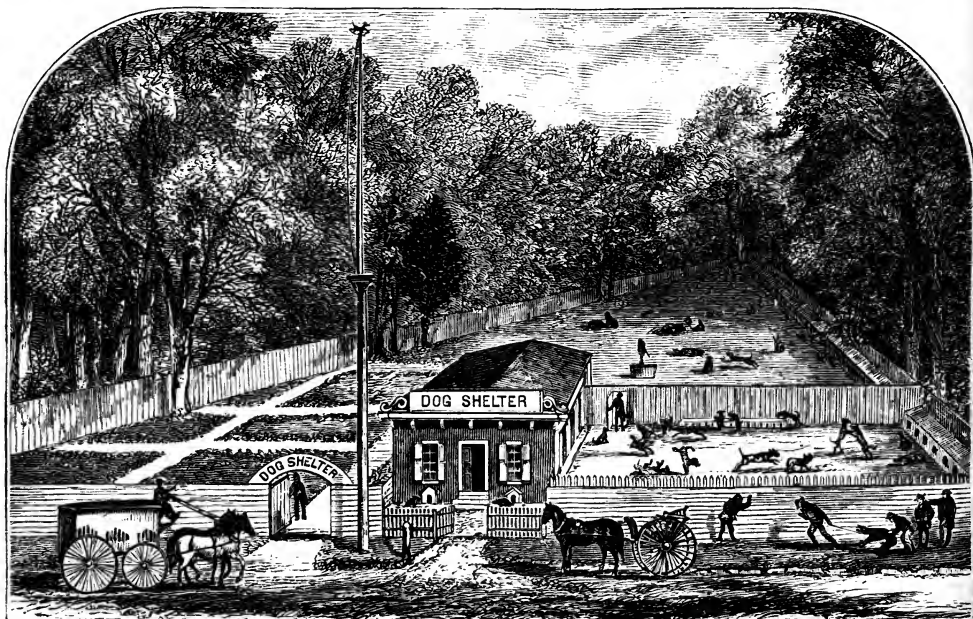
sidewalk should be left for the public travel, the whole street being covered with green-sward, making a little park for the occupants of the houses. Mr. Leslie has taken a deep interest in the subject, and is carrying out this beautiful plan on a more extensive scale.

Houses of the cheap and comfortable sort are for sale to the occupants at reasonable prices, thus tempting them to lay by yearly of their earnings that they may become owners. This is frequently done, and hundreds are constantly becoming householders—independent men — giving them, consequently, a sense of increased importance and responsibility as citizens. These pleasant, quiet homes are rented, we are told, at from \$150 to \$400 per annum.

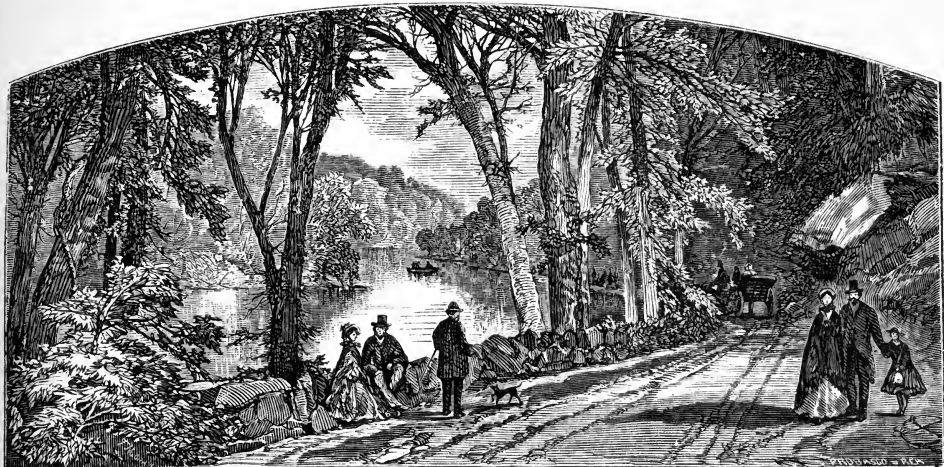
In all other cities the great question has been how to give this class cleanly, comfortable, safe apartments. In Philadelphia it has been, how to give them pleasant, attractive *homes*. Home influence is the strongest on earth in keeping a man from dissolute companionship and the grog-shop, and from becoming a mere vagrant on the Sabbath-day. Even though he never enters a church, there is a pulpit in his own house, and the preacher, the sweet restraining influences of home. These insensibly, in time, draw him towards the place

of worship, just as they draw him away from unhallowed places and associations. It is impossible to over-estimate the effect of this home influence on the morals and character of a great city, not to mention the amount of suffering it prevents and the happiness it confers on families. Especially to the American mechanic and laborer is this possession of a home of vital importance. Without it his restless nature is very likely to draw him into companionships and occupations that mar or destroy his character. Whether New York, with its circumscribed limits and its extremely poor population, can ever carry out this system as thoroughly as Philadelphia, is doubtful; but certainly something might be done, perhaps on Long Island, if rapid, cheap transit could be established.

The home feeling seems to rule very strongly in the erection of all their houses in Philadelphia. It is true, on Walnut street modern palatial residences are going up, and under the influence of increasing wealth and a ruinous fashion it may in time rival Fifth Avenue, where people do not build homes for their own comfort, but objects of admiration for other people to gaze at. Palaces furnish grand sights to spectators, but poor homes to the inmates. Take Arch street,



THE DOG SHELTER.



DRIVE ON THE WISSAHICKON, FAIRMOUNT PARK.

where so many of the solid men of Philadelphia live, and as far as you can see are rows of brick houses, three or four stories high, plain and neat in style, without any basements, and hence without areas and flights of steps. They are almost flush with the sidewalk, and sitting so flat on the ground, present, at first, a singular appearance to one accustomed to the high steps and iron railings in front of New York houses. The parlors being so close to the ground and sidewalk, the lower windows are protected by solid white shutters, which contrast singularly with the green blinds of the upper stories. But there is something snug, comfortable, and home-like about them, that renders them peculiarly attractive.

A beneficent and admirable regulation, adopted in 1855, has prevented the opening of any new street, court, lane or alley of less than twenty-five feet in width. It has, moreover, compelled all the old courts, lanes, &c., when widened, to be made twenty feet wide, no matter what the former width; while every new dwelling-house must have an open space attached to it, in the rear or at the side, equal to at least twelve feet square.

The custom of keeping a piece of crape suspended from these white shutters for several months after the death of an inmate of the house, causes a great many of these mournful badges to be hanging out at the same time, so that a stranger might think that in some blocks a fearful epidemic was

prevailing. This custom, however, is rapidly passing into disuse.

The quiet atmosphere, that seems to rest on its homes, pervades also the active life of the city. The hurrying, jostling crowds that block the lower end of Broadway are not seen. Men move as if they had time to do all that is necessary. You are not carried away by that restless, feverish existence that makes New York boil like a caldron. In the latter city, men all seem to be only getting ready to live, as if they had no time to enjoy existence until they had reached a certain goal, towards which they were driving under a full head of steam. Such a high pressure accomplishes great material results, but makes life to the individual a lamentable failure.

In Philadelphia, on the contrary, the inhabitants seem to be settled down to a fixed plan of life, that must move on the even tenor of its way till the end. A Philadelphian, we should say, lives nearly twice as long in one year as a New Yorker. This same quiet influence, which doubtless comes from the Quaker origin of the city, marks its public travel. The city is laid out like a checker-board, with rail-tracks in every principal street, and the cars go up one and down the other, unpacked by jostling crowds, while the shouts and curses of conductors to obstructing carts, and retorted curses, are not heard. To the passengers the conductors are courteous and pleasant; there is no jar or

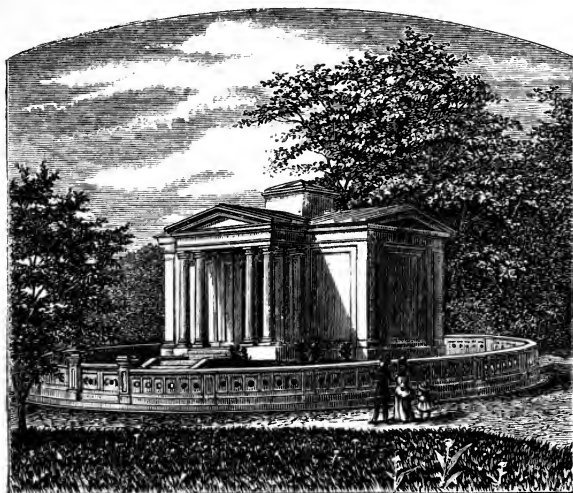
disturbance anywhere, and everything goes on like clockwork.

There are several things in Philadelphia that are quite peculiar to it. Instead of dummies or four-horse teams to draw the baggage-cars that descend through Market street into the city, a string of fine mules, a dozen or more, in number, stretch in single file before them. The long line will extend sometimes nearly half a block. This Market street is the great thoroughfare of the city. Made wide originally for the purpose of accommodating the market wagons and stalls that every morning lined its sides and were strung along its center, it now, these being removed, furnishes space for four parallel railroad tracks. Numerous markets have taken the place of the street market, and are constructed on principles very different from and much better than ours. The Farmers' Market, for instance, on this street, runs entirely through a square, from street to street, and occupies a large portion of it in width—the whole vast building enclosing but a single room. This we should judge is some fifty feet high, and is lighted from above. Two open frames extend the entire length, making three long aisles, or rather, one would say, *avenues* of flesh and vegetables. The outside ones are devoted to vegetables and poultry, the central part to meat. Looking down this vast meat temple, one gets a new idea of the carnivorous tendencies of his race. The airiness

and ventilation of such an ample building must tend to make the meat, especially in the summer-time, much sweeter and fresher than if confined in such close quarters as the Fulton Street Market furnishes.

Philadelphia has established one institution which must rejoice the heart of Mr. Bergh. Stray dogs that remained unclaimed were formerly disposed of by beating their brains out with a club, in full view of the other terrified animals. The "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" took up the matter a year ago, and erected a building in the pound, in which is a "smothering-room," where the dogs doomed to death are destroyed. This will hold fifty or sixty, and is made very tight. When the victims are all assembled, carbonic acid gas is introduced by an ingenious process, which in a few minutes stretches the whole without pain or struggle, lifeless on the floor. A man then takes away the carcasses to an establishment, where he boils them down to obtain the fat, which he sells. The whole matter is under the charge of the woman's branch of the society, which numbers among its members some of the most respectable ladies of the city, by whose agents much suffering in various ways is prevented. This certainly is a praiseworthy institution, for if any animal is entitled to humane treatment it is the dog—the most affectionate and faithful of all dumb beasts.

Philadelphia has one advantage over most of our cities—it need never fear a lack of water through a drought, for it has the whole Schuylkill to draw from. Building a dam 1,600 feet long across the stream, and cutting a race through the solid rock 400 feet long and 90 wide, the city erected an immense building in which nine enormous wheels drive equally enormous pumps. The total pumping capacity of all the city's works is 82,032,103 gallons per day; total reservoir capacity 152,654,788 gallons. The proposed reservoir in the East Park will hold 750,820,688 gallons; the average daily consumption is 37,249,385; and there are 488 miles of pipes, a greater length than in any city in the world except



THE DREXEL MAUSOLEUM, WOODLAND.



VIEW ON THE SCHUYLKILL FROM WEST LAUREL HILL; MANAVUNK ON THE RIGHT.

London. There are several fountains around the Fairmount works, which are encompassed with a beautiful gravel walk and shrubbery. From this point a fine view of the city is obtained, the center of which is only a little over two miles distant, while the Park stretches away to the north and west.

Laurel Hill Cemetery adjoins the park. This becoming too straitened for the city, a company was formed to establish a new one called West Laurel Hill Cemetery. It is about a mile from Laurel Hill. It contains one hundred and fifty acres of naturally picturesque land, which is laid out artistically, and bids fair to equal, if not surpass, its namesake. Woodland is another beautiful cemetery in West Philadelphia, and contains one of the finest mausoleums in the country, belonging to the well-known Drexel family of bankers.

There are many things in Philadelphia worthy of imitation, and among them one which deserves the attention of every city in the land. About two years ago some humane citizens had their sympathies aroused in view of the suffering and inconvenience caused by the want of water in the streets. Although

the Schuylkill yielded its abundance to the city, public fountains, where the weary passer-by or the tired beast could quench his thirst, were unknown. Instead of going to the city authorities and waiting their slow action, Dr. Swann invited a number of ladies and gentlemen to meet at his house, to take into consideration the propriety of forming a society for the erection of fountains along the streets and thoroughfares of Philadelphia. It was resolved to open at once subscription-books, and solicit subscribers who would agree to pay five dollars annually towards erecting fountains and keeping them in order, and when a hundred names were obtained, to organize a society. In a few days the requisite number was secured, the organization perfected, and, in process of time, a charter was obtained from the Legislature. Work was now commenced and pushed rapidly forward. According to a report made last year, the society, from private funds alone, had erected one hundred and seventeen fountains and ninety-nine troughs. The officers of the society who had charge of the enterprise received no pay. So grateful were all classes for this inestimable boon, that they have carefully protected these fountains, so that not

one has received injury even from thoughtless boys. These fountains are made of iron, granite, or marble, and many of them are the voluntary gifts of wealthy ladies and gentlemen. Some of them show great artistic taste, and are ornamental as well as serviceable. At three of these fountains count was kept of the number of persons who drank at them during one day, and it was found to exceed seventeen thousand. At six fountains more than a thousand horses and mules drank in a single day. Who can estimate the amount of suffering prevented, and comfort supplied, in various parts of the city, by this free water? Philadelphia is noted for its charities, but she has scarcely one more worthy of support than this.

It is strange that this subject has not been taken up by our city governments, and fountains erected as a public improvement. Plenty of fresh cool water to drink is more essential to the health and comfort of the people than parks and fine drives. New York should have five hundred of these scattered over the island, and we do not believe anything could be undertaken for which the inhabitants would so cheerfully be taxed to pay the expense.

In many little things as well as great, Philadelphia has its peculiarities. These are often quite essential to human comfort. In the umbrella stands in the hotels and in the neighboring stores, you see umbrellas labeled "for sale" and "to let." Now, an umbrella is one of the most essential and yet most troublesome articles to a traveler. He can pass in cars from place to place without it, yet he cannot step out of his hotel a single block, if it rains, without one. At the same time, to carry one a thousand miles for such a contingency is no slight annoyance. It is always slipping or getting lost or tripping somebody up, and one is eternally looking after his umbrella. We are not sure but the adoption of this Philadelphia custom would add as much to a traveler's comfort as the introduction of checks to baggage did.

Philadelphia is not noted for so many new fashions and innovations as New York, yet she also is throwing off her old shell. It sounds odd to see gravely stated in Watson's Annals, published in this city in 1830, such remarkable innovations as these :—

"The vending of clothing for gentlemen ready made, is a new enterprise."

"Bouquets of flowers is new ; so also bouquets on center tables."

"It is new to put letters under an envelope ; it is a useless adjunct, and will destroy the evidence of post-marks to letters—the courts will some day complain of this."

"Paving foot-ways with flag-stones is a new affair adopted from New York, where they have not good bricks."

If Philadelphia never adopts anything worse from New York than this, she will be the good old Quaker city for some time to come.

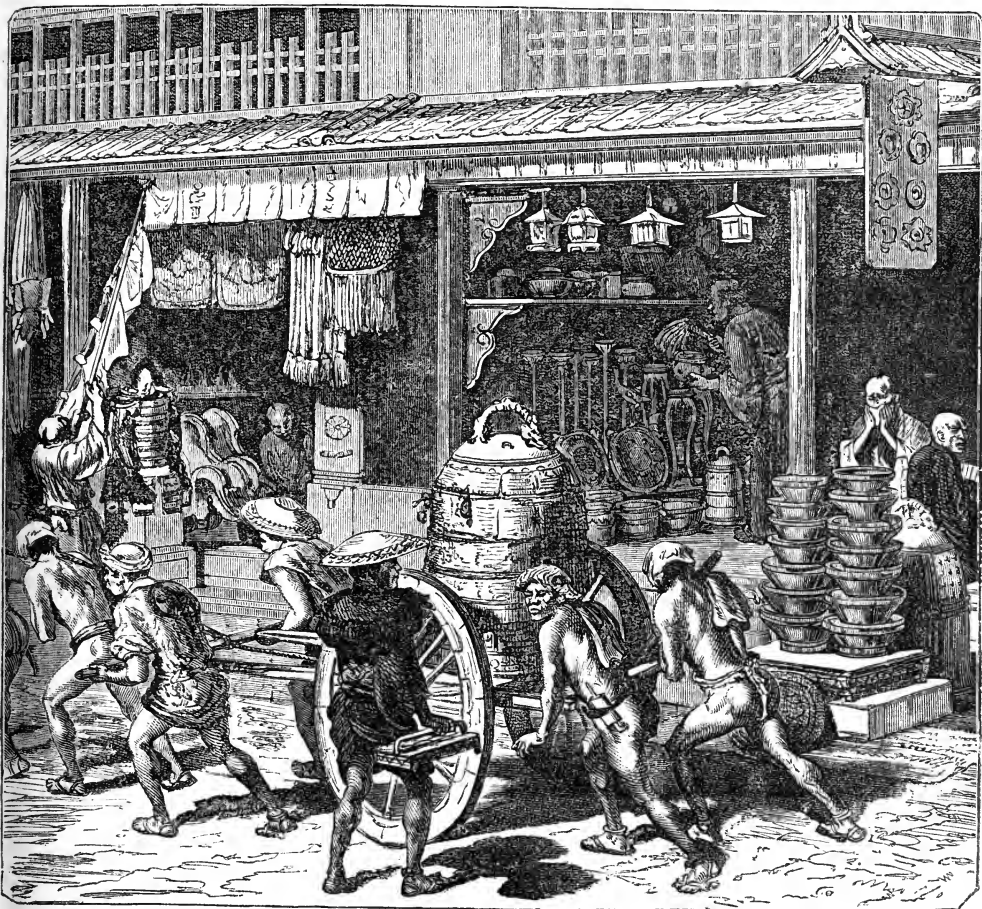
In one thing the annalist of the Quaker city somewhat surprises us. He says : "Steeple, wherever built, were universally white, so as to be best seen farthest, and among trees. Lately has come up a new conceit of having them brown and chocolate—*Aheu.*"

Philadelphia is a real lovable old city—a good place to live in, and we hope the horoscope cast for her in 1783, by the astrological Jacob Taylor, may prove true :—

"Full forty years have now their changes made,
Since the foundation of this town was laid.
When Jove and Saturn were in Leo joined,
They saw the survey of the place designed ;
Swift were those planets, and the world will own,
Swift was the progress of the rising town.
The lion is an active regal sign ;
And Sol beheld the two superiors join.
A city built with such propitious rays
Will stand to see old walls and happy days ;
But cities, kingdoms, men in every state,
Are subject to vicissitudes of fate.
An envious cloud may shade the smiling morn,
Though fates ordain the beaming sun's return."

Perhaps those who are getting up the line of steamers think the next to the last line refers to New York, and the last to Philadelphia.

JAUNTS IN JAPAN.



A STREET SCENE IN JAPAN.

NOT stopping here to recall the unpleasant circumstances connected with the first acquaintance of Americans with the Japanese, some twenty years ago, we will attempt to describe Japan as it appeared pending the terrific struggle which preceded the downfall of the Tycoonate, and consequent extinction of an ancient dynasty. The Tycoon (Stotsbashi) incurred the deadly hostility of the rich daimios, or feudal lords of the south, who being alarmed by the concessions made to foreign demands, headed by Satsuma, Chioshu, and others, availed themselves of the modern appliances of war, and were soon enabled to gain a decisive triumph, at once usurping the reins of government. The Ty-

coonate was abolished, and the Mikado, a mere puppet in the hands of the conquerors (having first been kidnapped for the purpose), was recognized supreme ruler, in whom concentrated all the powers before represented by distinct sovereignties, the temporal and spiritual.

At the time of which we write, strong fortresses had been razed; battle-fields were still reeking with the effluvia of decaying bodies; places of execution bore traces of recent decapitations, while foreign ships-of-war congregated in all the principal harbors like vultures awaiting their prey. For the white man to venture from the foreign settlements beyond the limits defined by treaty stipulations, was to

expose himself to the sword-blades of lawless "ronins."

One delightful morning in July, 1868, we had long been straining our eyes, gazing from the steamer's deck, in the vain attempt to descry the shores of the Orient,—when, finally, the bold, blue promontory of Cape Awa broke upon our vision, followed by a glimpse of the sacred Mount Fusiuma, "its snowy shoulder against the arch of blue:"

* * "What a heart-delight they feel at last—
So many toils, so many dangers past—
To view the port desired."

Ah! what comes here, gliding over the flashing brine? A nondescript craft with square sail and enormous poop passes almost within hail, its decks filled with coppery-looking men, in primitive habiliments,—plainly, with none at all,—every face radiant with good nature, every bald pate tipped with its glossy roll of hair and pomatum, projecting over the brow like the hammer of a percussion gun. The nationality of this grotesque group of navigators could not be mistaken. Like clouds of bees sallying from their hive, so do the myriad sails of Japanese fishermen fleck the waters of every bay when the day breaks, and we had seen a live Japanese, the *avant-courrier* of the fleet. A gorgeous landscape now unfolded to view. Earth, sea, and air seemed invested with new wonders. Yonder, perched high on rocks and half buried in exuberance of foliage, is a structure of exquisite grace, devoted to pagan rites, and where pennons and huge banners overtopping the trees indicate the observance of a religious festival.

An unexpected turn in the steamer's course brings us in full view of Yokohama; the shipping at its anchorage, a formidable fleet; the Bund, or shore-line, marked by a succession of fine mansions, go-downs (warehouses), etc., while flags, supported by towering masts, designate the respective foreign legations. As our anchor plunges to the bottom, the steamer is at once surrounded with boatmen, whose toilet, to foreign eyes, is anything but presentable, but who nevertheless press their attentions, with clamorous din, on all wishing to go ashore. Confounded by vehement jabber and gesticulations, the passenger with difficulty comprehends that the "scindo"

wants five "tempos," or a quarter boo, for the use of his sampan, which coins (the former an elliptical brass piece not quite as large as the cover of a saucepan) the purser, or some friend familiar with the currency of the realm, will gladly supply. Once transferred to the sampan, you find yourself swiftly propelled landward by from two to half a dozen stalwart men standing upright and working heavy scull oars, the swaying motion of their bodies being attended by a stentorian shout at every stroke. This profuse expenditure of lung-power, it may as well be observed, accompanies all sorts of muscular effort among the Japanese. For example, one of the most noticeable objects on arriving at a seaport town is the clumsy hand-cart used in moving goods, with two or three men at each end, all of whom shout lustily in alternation, keeping step to the music. The heavier the burden the louder the yell. New-comers are apt to be shocked by such an amount of noise and nudity.

As steamers at Yokohama usually stop only long enough to shift cargo before passing on to Hiogo and Nagasaki *en route* for China ports, passengers are advised to search out that particular locality known as "Curio-town" without delay, there to select curiosities from the native shops. The famous temple Hachiman, and the bronze statue Daiboots, in the charming valley of Kamakura, some twenty-five miles distant, also claim attention. Scarcely less interesting is the fish-market, where you immediately recognize all sorts of specimens in ichthyology, equal to the best displayed in the cabinets of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington. The varied styles of form and color in vogue among the dandies of the deep would confound the most skilled designer of Paris fashions. And such monsters! Shrimp vie in size with lobsters, and other classes of *crustacea* attain to the magnitude of dragons, fearful to behold and worse to swallow. Oysters are not deficient in size, but are coppery in flavor.

The Kuro Siwo, or Black Stream of Japan, bears a striking resemblance in various respects to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic. Both are prolific storm-breeders, and both serve as a magnificent domain for the pil-

catory tribes. The tepid waters of the tropics sweep along the coast of Japan in mighty volume toward the northeast, and striking our own Pacific shore, carry rich freights of food to the salmon of Columbia River. In like manner the Gulf Stream chafes the coast of Florida,—where the markets of St. Augustine and Jacksonville are provided with fish similar in kind to those seen at Yokohama,—and thence rebounds toward the coast of Great Britain. In both these ocean currents the porpoise and flying-fish disport themselves, and at night are seen the phosphorescent lights which convert the waves into billows of fire.

From the fish-market we will now wend our way to Curio-town, if so fortunate as to escape from the wretched crew of beggars and cripples who make that place a favorite resort, and cry incessantly for “Tempo sinjo” with outspread palms.

Taking it for granted that the time of our visit is “steamer day,” as on such occasions the assortment of merchandise is most complete, and displayed to the best advantage, we soon find ourselves among groups of newly-arrived passengers curiously examining the various wares. In blandness of manner the Japanese merchant cannot be surpassed. Seated on a neat mat-covered floor, elevated say two feet above the street level, his heels

for a chair, and attired in a calico gown with flowing sleeves, he salutes his customer with suasive voice, “O-hi-a,” which might be considered synonymous with “How are you?” Even though no purchase were intended, it would be hard to resist an overture so pathetic. But take heed lest you outrage common propriety by treading on that bleached straw matting or polished floor with dirty boots. Conform to the usages of the country, and if you desire a closer inspection, off with those leathern integuments, no matter if you capsize in the operation or burst a blood-vessel.

If, by a stretch of courtesy, the trader signifies that so much trouble is needless, then step daintily, lest violence be done to good-nature. To learn the price of an article you say *I-ko-rah*, “how much?” Invariably an exorbitant figure is named, which, if you have been initiated by some thoughtful friend, will be repelled with feigned astonishment. The merchant at once responds, “How much you give?” One-half the price asked will be a reasonable offer, by way of compromise. A profound consultation then takes place among the several traders interested, all of whom, by this time, will have emptied their pipes and risen, some one of their number meanwhile rapidly shuffling on wires the little balls of a calculating machine. If your offer is accepted, several nods of the head and a simultaneous



JAPANESE BLACKSMITHS.

clapping of the hands signify assent. If rejected, make no more than a trifling concession, for if by any chance you are permitted to leave the store without a bargain, a messenger will probably be despatched in hot pursuit, saying, "Can do!" A porter is at once instructed to deliver the goods. For the latter service volunteers are always at hand. To attempt to carry one's own package would not only be a flagrant case of *infra dig.*, but operate as a direct challenge to the whole horde of burden carriers along the street.

The wares most prized are the bronzes from Osaka, the basket ware of Nagasaki, and "egg-shell" porcelain, silks from Miako, tortoise shell, daimio lacker, etc. Few large warehouses for general merchandise are seen anywhere, excepting the fire-proof structures used as depots for rice and silks. The latter are peculiar in having no goods visible, unless called for from sample-books in the hands of every clerk, of whom scores are sometimes employed. Viewed from the street, the large space within presents a scene of industry, in the many moving forms, which might compare well with our largest Broadway bazars, but the buildings occupied in no instance have claim to architectural merit; stores and dwellings, in this respect, displaying a tiresome uniformity. Liability to destructive earthquakes, if there were no other reason, forbids an ambitious style. Aside from notions of safety, lowly dwellings well comport with the views of the Mikado and other high functionaries, who can never submit to the humiliation of being *looked down* upon by their subjects. In their presence the upper stories must be hermetically closed. The accompanying engraving well represents the appearance of various classes of artisans to be seen at work in their daily employments.

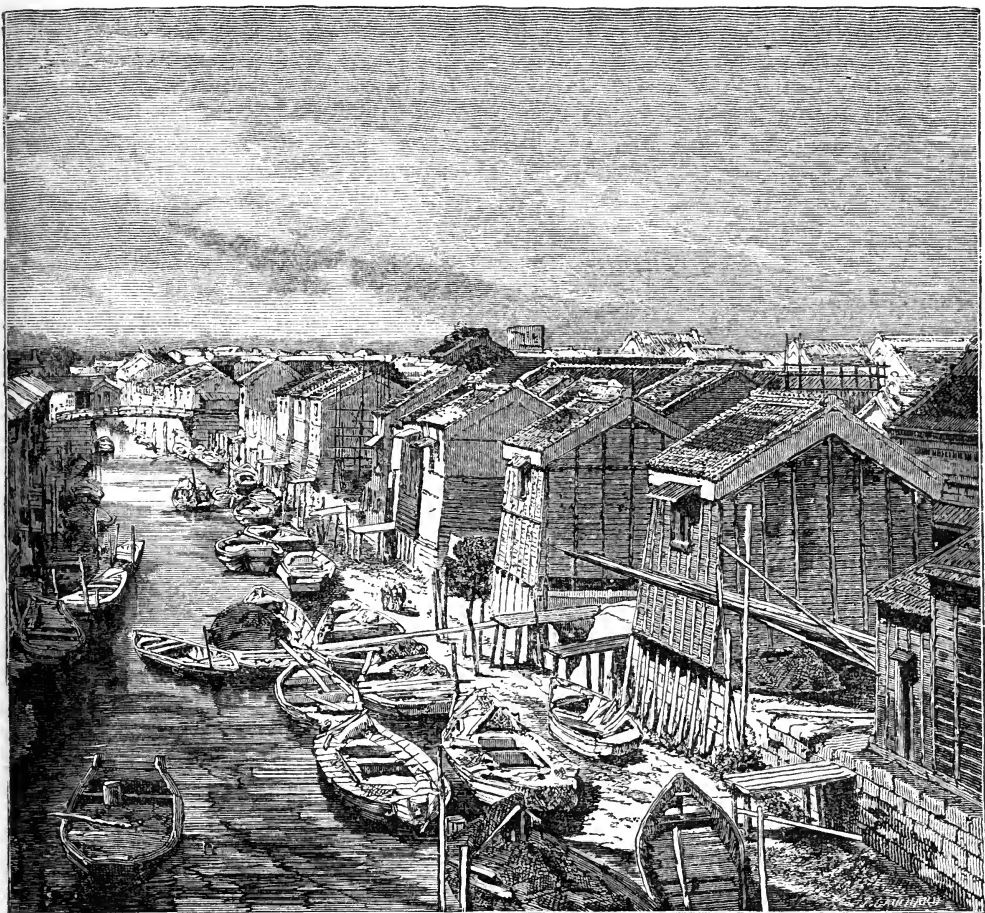
It is noticeable that in Yokohama the foreign merchants have devised a plan by which the vagaries of nature, in occasionally shaking up the foundation of things, are resisted with a good degree of success. No hesitation is felt in running up walls of squared stone to the height of two stories, but the precaution is taken to erect an interior structure of strong bamboo poles in such a manner as to insure a permanent sta-

bility. Buildings more ordinary are made by putting up a frame-work of stout bamboo, then interlacing the whole, outside and in, with light canes, the intervening space being filled with a mixture of earth and straw. An outside boarding, overlaid with diagonal squares of dark slate and white mortar, produces a checker-board effect, reminding one of the New York Academy of Design. The inhabitants of "Frisco," whose perturbations in real estate have become so troublesome of late, might learn from these methods of the Japanese something of practical value.

Among about four-score foreign firms doing business in Yokohama are a number representing houses in London and New York, whose arrangements savor of Oriental luxury and elegance. Fronting on the Bund, which overlooks the bay, are the "go-downs," or substantial warehouses of stone (already mentioned), surrounded by thick walls, the latter graced by massive portals bearing sculptured figures and inscriptions, while near by are the private residences, with accommodations for coolie servants, culinary implements, etc., at a convenient distance—the whole forming a magnificent group of buildings. At such places as these the cockney flourishes in stately grandeur, his presence always indicated by a lively demand for soda cock-tails, cigars, and other creature comforts, which obedient "Johnny" is prompt to supply. The heaviest business done in the regular line is generally turned over to a Chinese shroff or comprador, who receives say \$50 or \$60 per month.

In the view here given we see represented one of the canals common to almost every Japanese city, only a slight variation in the structure of adjacent buildings being needed to exhibit truthfully the mercantile parts of either Yokohama, Yedo, or Osaka. The craft seen, however, is only the inferior kind known as cargo boats, in which masts are erected at pleasure. The hour is at mid-day, in hot weather; the boats lie against the banks empty and deserted; no clamor or sound comes up from the bosom of the populous city.

On essaying to make the much desired trip to Yedo, as originally contemplated, I found



NOON SCENE ON A JAPANESE CANAL.

the difficulties insuperable. In the disordered state of the country, to persist would be foolhardy in the extreme. The English minister, Sir Harry Parke, peremptorily refused to grant passports to British subjects. Therefore, taking good counsel of the diplomatic representative of the United States, I presently found myself headed for Osaka, "the Venice of Japan," or city of three hundred bridges. Authorities best informed agreed that after Yedo no part of Japan would so richly reward the tourist. The city was populous, boasting of something like 350,000 inhabitants, and in many respects entirely unique. Retaining as yet its aboriginal characteristics unchanged by foreign contact, there could be seen the primitive type of Japanese character and institutions, as perpetuated through unknown centuries. Two days' steam-

ing was sufficient to complete a voyage of 345 miles to Hiogo, or Cobi. There, after climbing the superb mountains, in the rear, to the "Moon Temple,"—a temple, by the way, which surpasses in interest all others I saw in Japan,—I acted on the advice of the United States consul at that port, and chartered a neat little sailing craft to make the trip of sixteen miles across an arm of the beautiful Suonada, or great inland sea of Japan, to the mouth of the Yodo River, on which Osaka is built. With our lateen sail stretched out on long bamboo poles, to catch every whiff of the light summer breeze, we were gently wafted over the rippling waters. Here was a situation for a New Yorker, in the difficult search for something new under the sun. Eight thousand miles away from home and friends, in the heart of a pagan country, among a peo-

ple whose hatred of the foreigner was only surpassed by their hatred of each other. These thoughts aside, our chief solicitude was to gain the opposite shore before night-fall, and so cross in safety the dangerous bar where Admiral Bell, U. S. N., had been drowned a few months previous. This feat was accomplished without serious adventure.

As our boat glided along the grassy banks beyond the fort that guards the entrance at Temposan, we hardly kept clear of hundreds of junks going up from the sea; and as the stream narrowed, further progress would have been impossible had not the larger number made fast to either shore, where they formed a dense mass of shipping five or six tiers deep. We followed the tortuous channel nearly three miles before coming to a thickly inhabited region, though the multitudinous lights and voices on shore, and occasional shouts of

"peggy, peggy" (a derisive epithet applied to foreigners by mischievous boys), gave evidence that we were approaching a dense center of population. At length we came in sight of the first bridge, one of those great structures of timber on stone abutments which are seen on every hand, spanning the two branches into which the Yodo is here divided, and twelve parallel canals. We rested almost beneath the over-arching shadow for a time, watching the incessant stream of pedestrians passing and repassing, their course marked by innumerable brightly colored lanterns indicating the prince to whom the bearer held allegiance. Then we concluded to try our luck ashore, but were met at the outset by a furious rebuff from a junk-owner, who gave us to understand that nobody with boots on could pass over the deck of his vessel; so we contented ourselves by reaching shore in some

other way. No sooner were our white faces and strange garb recognized in the streets than the entire town seemed seized with consternation. Boys ran and shouted; lights in shop windows were suddenly extinguished; doors closed violently and in the crowds gathered at street corners we noticed the glistening lackered hats worn by the "yaco nins," for whose keen-edged sword we had no liking. Further observation showed that the entire section of the city through which we strolled was occupied by a national institution of disreputable character known as the "gancarro." The streets were ablaze with light, and resounded with harsh music and bacchanalian voices. Arranged in jovial groups behind the perpendicular bars of open windows thousands of young women displayed themselves in elaborate toilet, painted and bedizened, their stupendous head-dresses, with combs like the arms of a wind-mill, always conspicuous. No where outside of Japan could such spectacle be found. The "gancarro," in fact, seems to constitute the main basis of the social fabric, its functions being substituted, to a



A JAPANESE STABLE.

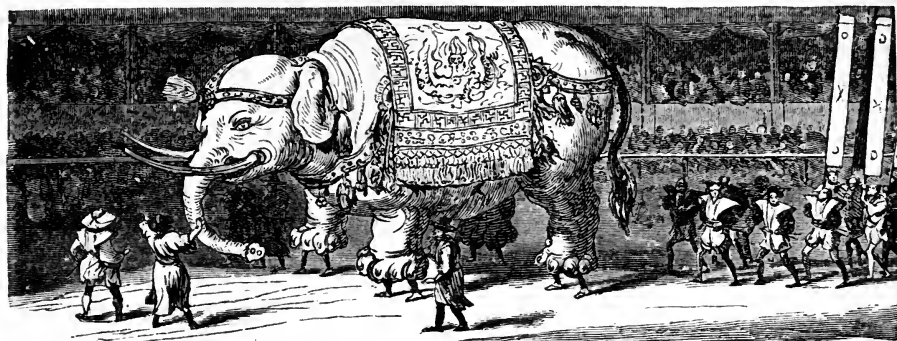
extent almost general, for the offices of the parental relation. In other words, the government, by giving sanction to vice, assigns to it a position among legitimate branches of trade, at the same time making it an important source of revenue. The approval of public sentiment is still more evident in the fact that the inmate of the "gancarro" is a candidate for matrimony, quite as eligible as any other, as she is more likely to have received mental culture, and to have attended more carefully to personal appearance. When married she resumes her former rank in society, although the keepers of the gancarro are in perpetual disgrace.

Ever memorable will be that moonlit night spent among the junks of the Yodo, and that nocturnal stroll ashore. With dawn we commenced "doing" the city. The first novelty enjoyed was a sail in the passenger boats, always in waiting, like the *cabriolet* of Paris or New York hack. Shoes off, lest the dainty straw mat should be soiled, you ensconce yourself in the afterpart of the little craft, a miniature canal-boat with pointed prow, the joiner-work of which is faultless, without knot or nail-head, or sign of paint, the whole glistening in the beauty of natural woods. Adjusting the lattice most favorably to exclude the sun and catch the breeze, you calmly survey the world of life on each side—every house a microcosm. What more enjoyable on a warm summer's day! For miles the aqueous way is overhung by houses perched on stone piers, the balconies above often ornamented with pendent baskets of moss or vines, while wild aquatic fowl, such as herons, ducks, &c., disport themselves unconcernedly, without fear of molestation, within reach of your oar. Even the black crow, proverbially timid, is at home among the shade-trees of a Japanese city. To shoot a bird in Japan insures condign punishment, as most of the tribe are valuable scavengers.

Our next exploit was the ascent of the Pagoda, the most central and elevated of a pile of ancient temples sacredly devoted to "monstrous unbaptized fantasies," &c. Paying the usual "cumshaw" to the bald-shaven priest, who is pleased to have foreigners do their full share in helping the sacerdotal

treasury, we ascended by well-worn ladders the maze of timbers, glad to escape from the gathering crowds, and at last looking out upon a scene seldom equaled. Below us was a populous city, but so spread out that the compact rows of dwellings enclosed broad cultivated fields, each proprietor apparently as secure in the possession of his crops as if stealing were unknown. Along the thoroughfare were jostling crowds, but just in the rear the landscape was dotted over with hay-stacks, and well-poles for the distribution of liquid manure, while in the distance we could discern the Tycoon's castle and palace, with clumps of large trees here and there designating either the location of religious temples or palaces of leading "daimios." Once more mingling with the common herd of humanity below, we proceeded to inspect various fine specimens of masonry connected with the temples, also numberless specimens of turtle, foxes, cranes, &c., nearly all of them cut from granite, and enshrined here as objects sacred in Japanese mythology. In one place we discovered a walled reservoir perhaps one hundred feet square, crowded with living turtles of all sizes. Another was all a-bloom with the sacred lotus, among their broad leaves and swaying stems stork and heron haughtily strutting. A number of pretty damsels languidly gazing from their cottage windows near by, in unconscious *déshabillé*, and quite at home among the blossoms and pure white storks, gave a fairy-like aspect to the scene.

But we must not linger. More wonderful were the ruins of the Tycoon's palace, all the combustible portions having been destroyed when Stotsbashi fled from Osaka to Yedo, at the commencement of the recent war. The walls rise from a broad moat, in stupendous masonry, to a height from which we looked with bewildered brain. By careful measurement, the largest stone visible was ascertained to be no less than thirty-six feet in length (or about the same as the granite columns of the Custom House in Wall street), seventeen broad, and seven thick, the sides clean split. Others were of dimensions less formidable, said to vary according to the power of the princes by whom the several stones were contributed,



PROCESSION OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

somewhat after the plan adopted in collecting materials for the Washington monument. It is not now known how these stones were transported or where quarried.

Speaking of general appearances, it should be remarked that cities in Japan are not imposing, as pride there finds expression chiefly in the extent of territorial domain and a powerful retinue. Even the so-called "palaces" have little to distinguish them from the barracks of the common soldier, their beauty consisting rather in spacious grounds and display of horticultural taste. In fact, except among the privileged classes, ostentation might provoke jealousy and its natural consequence—confiscation, or possibly an excuse for slicing off one's head.

The dwelling-houses of Yedo will not bear a comparison with those of Osaka, the latter being for the most part two stories in height, covered with tiling, and often beautifully stained to resemble black walnut, or finished in lacker of sparkling black; whereas Yedo is essentially a city of thatched roofs, and the streets are unpaved. An estimate of the cost of ordinary dwellings in Yedo (as I have it from an English architect, the builder of the "American Hotel," there) gives 250 boos, or less than \$150, as a fair average. This sum does not appear so trifling when we consider that about twenty-five cents is fair compensation for a day's labor.

Nevertheless, when we come to speak of picturesque effects, of exquisite combinations of natural scenery and horticultural embellishments, of sylvan nooks, swarded lanes, superb hedgerows, and shaded vistas, intermingled with tiny lakelets about which large wild birds

are always flitting on lazy wing, or complacently viewing their own shadows as reflected on liquid emerald, or here and there little summer houses, just large enough for two, peering above the mass of verdure,—in these respects Yedo is peerless among cities of either hemisphere. But this description does not apply to the city at large, the most densely populated parts presenting to the eye, when viewed from a distance, little more than a dreary ocean of low gray roofs. Of the thirty-six square miles covered by the whole, one-third is occupied by the residences of "daimios" or temples for pagan rites, which hold exclusive possession in their respective locations.

A brief descriptive reference to the most noteworthy religious temples may suffice for present purposes. The site chosen is invariably the most picturesque, often on some mountain summit, secluded by the gloom of ancient forests. The approaches are by broad paved walks, and a succession of gateways with stone images are placed on each side at irregular intervals, usually in niches cut from the natural rock—the embankments near every sacred shrine bristling with tiny paper flags on bamboo sticks, each inscribed with prayers. Ascriptions to the gods are rendered with signal fluency by twirling wooden wheels fixed to a frame-work at the roadside, so that by a single jerk the prayers attached are repeated without either waste of breath or precious time. A modern improvement might be introduced by attaching a small steam-engine.—In several instances (we have specially in mind the fine group of temples which crown the hill back of Hiogo) the final approach is made by steep

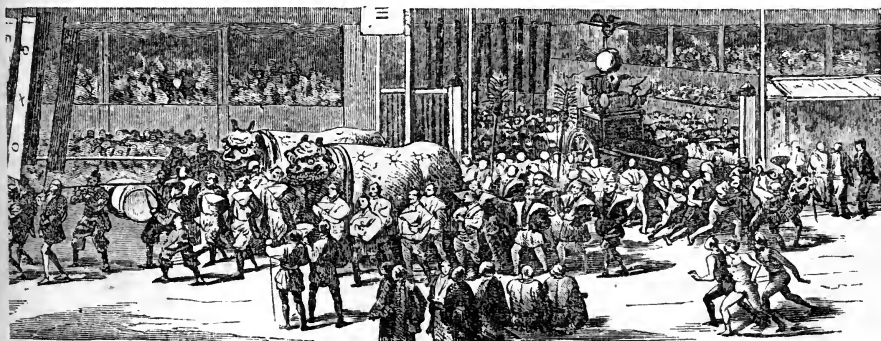
flights of stone steps, or rather successive flights, up the side of the mountains, handsome plateaux supported by massive stone abutments occurring at convenient intervals for rest. At these latter points the priests have fixed their dwellings, beneath the shadows of rocks and foliage. The temples have an imposing front, ornamented by exquisite wood carvings in the heavy timber, which, in point of execution, would bear comparison with the best specimens of Swiss art, and for elaborate designs have no equal. Figures of writhing dragons, leaping tigers, of storks and pheasants with gorgeous plumage; things supernal, terrestrial, and infernal, all are commingled in a master-piece of skill.

But, with all this painting of sepulchres and washing of platters, the forms of worship are simple enough; as a devout kneeling on the stairway, with spitting of hands and jerking of the cord and tassel overhead (to arouse the gods, who peradventure may be asleep), constitute the usual rites, hands and face being first cleansed at the neighboring water-tank. Our own mischievous "betto," or foot-runner attending the horses, on one occasion seized the rope irreverently, making a prodigious clatter of gongs, but his pranks were treated by the solemn "bonzes" (priests) as unworthy of notice.

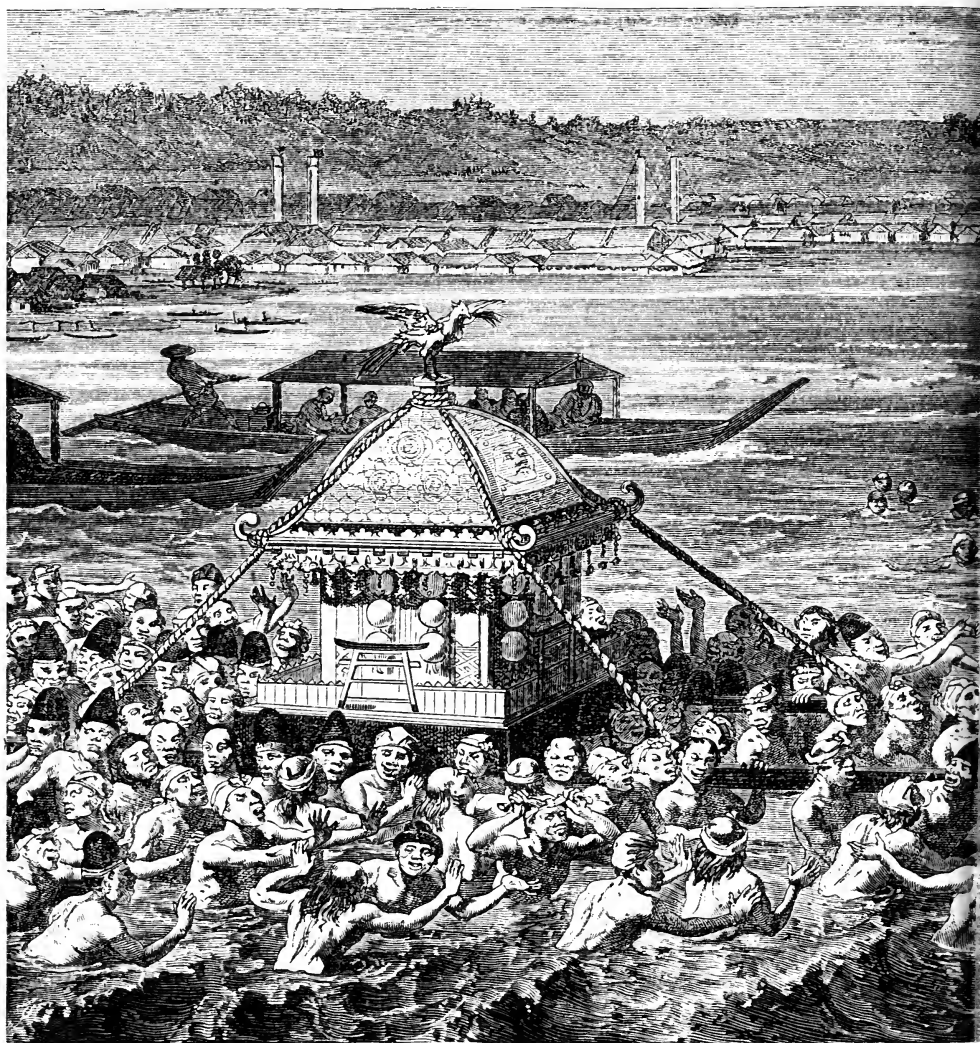
For the drama the Japanese manifest much fondness, but their representations are truly formidable in length. Performances commence about the time laborers usually go to their daily toil, and continue until night. Next day the same subject is resumed, like a new chapter in a novel, so that often a week ex-

pires before the conclusion is reached. All the parts are acted by males.

The passion for festivals is insatiable, the entire population abandoning themselves to these enjoyments with a gusto of which none can have a conception who have not been present as witnesses. The canopies of scarlet and gold transported through the streets on men's shoulders are prepared with unstinted labor, and exhibit an exhaustless fertility of design. So, too, of all sorts of costumes and typical devices employed on such occasions. All ends seem to be directed to that which is humorous and grotesque. The accompanying illustrations present with fidelity scenes attending the "Matsuri of Sarroo," or New Year's festivities, in which the "Tigers of Coree" and the "Procession of the White Elephant" are conspicuous. The colossal elephant is made of pasteboard, and is moved by fun-loving fellows whose feet can be seen protruding from the legs of the artificial monster. A company of musicians lead the advance, with braying of trumpets, clash of cymbals, and flying of banners. Cultivators of the soil, who rank second only to the privileged classes, being producers, are attached to a car drawn by oxen, the king of domestic animals—the car itself surmounted, by a symbol of the choicest fruits, together with the form of a demi-god, through whose instrumentality these luxuries were introduced into Japan. Six other cars are in the train, variously filled, special honors being lavished on rice (which grain constitutes the basis of currency, the price of "itziboos" varying with the abundance of the crop), and the whole are under the escort of a company of priests.



NEW YEAR'S FESTIVITIES.



FÊTE OF THE SEA-GOD.

In the height of the ovation a pair of terrible monsters, each with the head of a tiger and horns of a bull, appear on the scene, and from the whole performance immense funds of enjoyment are obtained. The "Fête of the Sea-God" is also graphically depicted by the artist. The beggarly fishermen are bearing the shrine of their divinity across a shallow arm of the sea, with frantic gestures and clamor. Fêtes in honor of the gods are of constant occurrence, and their observance in communities where foreigners are settled is regarded by the latter as an insufferable nuisance.

Crucifixion and burning being the penalty for incendiarism; crucifixion and spearing, by transverse thrusts, for murder; and instantaneous beheading for grand larceny and crimes of like magnitude, the Japanese may justly be said to have a bloody code. The engraving herewith represents a parricide conducted by a yaconin guard to the place of execution, called Tobi, about a mile and half from Yokohama, on a side street diverging from the road to Yedo. An inscription showing the nature of the crime, is carried by a banner-man in advance.

Married women, so summary is the punish-

ment for infidelity, have reason to shelter themselves from the possible imputation of faithlessness to their matrimonial engagements. There have been made public to citizens of Yokohama but two instances of adultery in several years, and in both cases (as remarked by one of the oldest mercantile residents there) the guilty parties were killed, and the husband acquitted of blame. The law demands that the husband shall kill both of the offenders, or take the chance of losing his own life at the hands of an avenger among his wife's kindred. In Yedo not long ago, as stated by the local newspapers, the beautiful wife of a painter had many lovers. At last the evidence of criminal conduct amounted to conviction in the mind of the husband; but the latter was incapable, among so many, of inflicting retributive justice upon all, and accordingly (so the account reads), one morning each guilty man found fastened to his doorway a ghastly fragment of the being he recently admired. It is added that the infuriated husband was never seen afterwards.

Much might be said of the social life of the Japanese, which, in almost every respect, is an anomaly. The further investigation is extended, the more deeply impressive are the incongruity of things, and the originality of whatever pertains to the national character. Beginning with the household—men attend to infants, while women labor in the field. Daughters are, to a great extent, a merchantable article—their value depending on the fiscal advantages which parents may derive from an alliance in matrimony. Where Europeans are best known, the highest ambition is to rear an attractive girl suited to the foreign demand, the engagement to be for a term of years, in consideration of a few hundred dollars, which, to the Japanese of the humbler grades, is equivalent to a magnificent fortune. The principal employment of these Japanese is the adorning of the

"wives" hair and playing on musical instruments. They cannot be blamed for having little aptitude in the care of household furniture and other personal effects, as the native Japanese dwelling ordinarily consists of little more than bare walls; and as for wearing apparel, none could be more indifferent: when none at all best suits the temperature of the body, men and women alike divest themselves of it. On a warm day, women permit their loose wrappers to slip from the shoulder to the waist; and until they have learned something of the fastidiousness of foreigners in regard to covering the body, their exposure to observation is of the least possible concern, not being in any way associated with the conventionalisms of modern society. On a festive occasion, Japanese ladies are elaborately dressed and painted—the coiffure receiving special attention; but ordinarily they manifest, in their persons, little desire for ostentatious display.

Respecting influences at work in Japan tending to the overthrow of paganism, and to the elevation of the race in all that constitutes an enlightened people, there is strong ground for hope. The Japanese are exceedingly impressible; they acknowledge the overwhelming superiority of other powers, and seek to possess themselves of all modern acquisitions in science and mechanical appliances which may contribute to their advancement: in these respects contrasting hopefully with the stubborn self-sufficiency of their celestial neighbors.

The latest religious phase in Japan is the remarkable hostility manifested by the new government toward the sect of Buddha,



A PARRICIDE ON THE WAY TO EXECUTION.

which adopts the views prevailing in India, while the old Shinto religion of the Japanese empire is espoused with a new zeal. As the former most truthfully represents the intelligence of the country, the threatened upheaval augurs nothing good, unless we detect premonitions of the coming of an enlightened Christianity, which is by no means improbable. We remember asking a prominent Japanese official (contractor for building the iron-clad Stonewall) to explain the difference between the two leading sects. "Ugh!" said he, with an expression of disgust, "the Shintos wor-

ship snakes!" Should the government persist in the course indicated, the bronze statue of Daiboots will fall under the blows of the iconoclast, and a large proportion of the temples of Japan will need another Hercules, again in the days of the Augean stable. But the ancient orders of the priesthood, the horde of hairless "bonzes," whose livings depend on the maintenance of the existing status, and who still exert a powerful influence with the masses, will yield only after a desperate struggle.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

THE STORY OF A FOURTH OF JULY.

WHENEVER one writes with photographic exactness of frontier life, he is accused of inventing improbable things.

"Old Davy Lindsley" lived in a queer cabin on the Pomme de Terre River. If you should ever ride over the new Northern Pacific when it shall be completed, or over that branch of it which crosses the Pomme de Terre, you can get out at a station which will, no doubt, be called for an old settler, Gager's station; and if you would like to see some beautiful scenery, take a canoe and float down the Pomme de Terre River. You will have to make some portages, and you will have a good appetite for supper when you reach the old Lindsley house, ten miles from Gager's, but its present owner is hospitable.

A queer old chap was Lindsley the last time I saw him. I remember how he took me all over his claim and showed me the beauties of Lindsleyville, as he called it. His long iron-gray hair fluttered in the wind, and his face seemed like a wizard's, penetrating but unearthly. That was long before the great tide of immigrants had begun to find their way into this paradise through the highway of the Sauk valley. Lindsleyville was a hundred and fifty miles out of the world at that time. Its population numbered two, Lindsley and his daughter. The old man had tried to make a fortune in many ways. There was no sort of useless invention that he had not attempt-

ed, and you will find in the Patent Office models without number of bee-hives and cannons, steam cut-offs and baby-jumper lightning churns and flying machines on which he had taken out patents, assured of making fortune from each one. He had raised fancy chickens, figured himself rich on two swarms of bees, traveled with a magic lantern, written a philosophic novel, and started a newspaper. There was but one purpose in which he was fixed: which was to guard his daughter jealously. To do this and to try the experiment of building an Utopian city, he had traveled to the summit of this knoll on the right bank of the Pomme de Terre. There never was more beautiful landscape than that which Lindsleyville commanded. But the town did not grow, chiefly because it was so far beyond the border, though the conditions in his deed intended to secure the character of the city from deterioration were so many, that nobody would have been willing to buy the lots.

At the time I speak of, David Lindsley had dwelt on the Pomme de Terre for five years. He had removed suddenly from the Connecticut village in which he had been living because he discovered that his daughter had, in spite of his watchfulness, formed an attachment for a young man who had the effrontery to disclose the whole thing to him by politely asking his consent to their marriage.

"Marry my daughter!" choked the old

man; "why, Mr. Brown, you are crazy. I have educated her upon the combined principles of Rousseau, of Pestalozzi, of Froebel, and of Herbert Spencer. And you! you only graduated at Yale, an old foggy mediæval institution! No, sir! not till I meet a philosopher whose mind has been symmetrically developed can I consent for my Emilia to marry."

And the old man became so frantic that, to save him from the mad-house, Emilia wrote a letter, at his dictation, to young Brown, peremptorily breaking off all relations; and he, a sensitive, romantic man, was heart-broken, and left the village. He only sent a farewell to his friends the day before he was to sail from New Bedford on a whaling voyage. He carried with him the impression that an unaccountable change of mind in Emilia had left no hope for him.

To prevent a recurrence of such an untoward accident as this, and, as he expressed it, "to bring his daughter's mind into intimate relations with nature," the fanatical philosopher established the town of Lindsleyville, determined that no family in which there was a young man should settle on his town-plot, unless, indeed, the young man should prove to be the paragon he was looking for.

Emilia's motherless life had not been a cheerful one, subjected to the ever-changing whims of a visionary father, with whom one of her practical cast of mind could have no point of sympathy. And since she came to Lindsleyville it was harder than ever, for there was no neighbor nearer than Gager's ten miles away, and there was not a woman within fifty miles. There is no place so lonesome as a prairie; the horizon is so wide, and the earth is so empty!

Lindsley had spent all his own money long ago, and it was only the small annuity of his daughter, inherited from her mother's family, the capital of which was tied up to keep it out of his reach, that prevented them from starving. Emilia was starving indeed, not in body, but in soul. Cut off from human sympathy, she used to sit at the gable window of the cabin and look out over the boundless meadow, until it seemed to her that she would lose her reason. The wild geese screaming

to one another overhead, the bald-eagles building in the solitary elm that grew by the river, the flocks of great white pelicans that were fishing on the beach of Swan Lake, three miles away, were all objects of envy to the lonesome heart of the girl; for they had companions of their kind,—they were husbands and wives, and parents and children, while she—here she checked her thoughts lest she should be disloyal to her father. To her disordered fancy the universe seemed to be a wheel. The sun and the stars came up and went down over the monotonous sea of grass with frightful regularity, and she could not tell whether there was a God or not. When she thought of God at all, it was as a relentless giant turning the crank that kept the sky going round. The universe was an awful machine. The prayers her mother taught her in infancy died upon her lips, and instead of praying to God she cried out to her mother. Un-protestant as the sentiment is, I cannot forbear saying that this talking to the dead is one of the most natural things in the world. To Emilia the dimly remembered love of her mother was all of tenderness there was in the universe, the only revelation of God that had come to her, except only the other love, which was to her a Paradise lost. For the great hard Fate that turned the prairie universe round with a crank motion had also, so it seemed to her, snatched away from her the object of her love. This disordered, faithless state was all the fruit she tasted of the peculiar education so much vaunted by her father. She had eaten the husks he gave her and was hungry.

I said she had no company. An old daguerreotype of her mother and a carefully hidden photograph (marked on the back in a rather immature hand: "E. Brown") seemed to answer with looks of love and sympathy when she wetted them with her tears. They were her rosary and her crucifix; they were the gifts of a beclouded life, through which God shone in dimly upon her.

This poor girl looked and longed so for the company of human kind that she counted those red-letter days on which a half-breed voyageur traveled over the trail in front of the house, and even a party of begging and

beggarly Sioux, hungry for all they could get to eat, offering importunately to sell "hom-poes"—moccasins—to her father, were not wholly unwelcome. But the days of all days were those on which Edwards, the tall, long-haired American trapper, fished in the Pomme de Terre in sight of the Lindsley cabin. On such occasions the old man Lindsley would leave his work and stay about the house, and watch jealously and uneasily every movement of the trapper. On one or two occasions when that picturesque individual, wearing a wolf-skin cap, with the wolf's tail hanging down between his shoulders, presented himself at the door of the cabin to crave some little courtesy, Lindsley closed the front door and brought out the article asked for from the back, like a mediæval chieftain guarding his castle. But all the time that poor Emilia could hear the voice of the tall trapper her heart beat two beats for one. For was it not a human voice speaking her own language? And the days on which he was visible were accounted as the gates of paradise, and the moments in which he spoke in her hearing were as paradise itself.

This churlish, inhospitable manner made Lindsley many enemies in a land in which one cannot afford to have enemies. Every half-breed hunter took the old man's suspicious manner as a personal affront. "He thinks we are horse-thieves," they said, scornfully. And Jacques Bourdon, the half-breed who had "filed on" the claim alongside Lindsley's, and even claimed unjustly a "forty" of Lindsley's town-plot, had no difficulty in securing the sympathy of the settlers and nomads, who looked on Lindsley as a monster quite capable of anything. He was even reported to have beaten his daughter, and to have confined her in the wilderness that he might keep her out of an immense fortune which she had inherited. So Lindsley grew every day in disfavor in a region where unpopularity in its mildest form is sure to take a most unpleasant way of making itself known. Emilia knew enough to understand this danger, and she was shaken with a nameless fear whenever she heard the sharp words that passed between her father and Bourdon the half-breed. The resentment of the latter

reached its climax when the decision of the land-office was rendered in favor of Mr. Lindsley. From that hour the revenge of this man, whose hot French was mixed with relentless Indian blood, hung over the head of the old man, who still read and wrote, and invented and theorized, in utter ignorance of any peril except the danger that some man, not a fool, should marry his daughter.

The fourth of July was celebrated at Gager's. People came from fifty miles round. Patriotism? No! But love of human fellowship. The celebrated Pierre Bottineau and the other Canadians and half-breeds were there, mellowed with drink, singing the sensual and almost lewd French rowing songs their fathers had sung on the St. Lawrence. "Whiskey Jim," the retired stage-driver, and Hans Brinkerhoff and the other German settlers, with two or three Yankees, completed the slender crowd, which comprised almost the entire population of six skeleton counties. And the ever-popular Edwards was among them, his tall, grave face and flowing ringlets rising above them all. A man so ready to serve anybody as he, was idolized among frontiersmen, whose gratitude is almost equal to their revenge. Captain Oscar, the popular politician, who wore his hair long and swore and drank, just to keep in with his widely-scattered constituents, whom he represented in the Minnesota Senate each winter (and who usually cast half a dozen votes apiece for him) made a buncombe speech, and then Edwards, who wouldn't drink, but who knew how to tell strange stories, kept them laughing for half an hour. Edwards was a type of man not so uncommon on the frontier as those imagine who think the trapper always a half-horse, half-alligator creature, such as they read of in the Beadle novels. I knew one trapper who was a student of numismatics, another who devoted his spare time to astronomy, and several traders and trappers who were men of considerable culture, though they are generally men who are a little morbid or eccentric in their mental structure. All Edwards' natural abilities, which were sufficient to have earned him distinction had he been "in civilization," were concentrated on the pursuits of his wild life, and such a man always surpasses the coarse-

and duller Indian or half-breed in his own field.

After a game of ball, and other sports imitated from the Indians, the *bois brûlés** began to be too much softened with whiskey to keep up athletic exercises, and something in their manner led Edwards to suspect that there were other amusements on the programme into the secret of which he had not been admitted.

By adroit management he contrived to overhear part of a conversation in which "poudre à canon" was mixed up with the name of Lindslee. He inferred that the blowing up of Lindsley's house was to finish the celebration of the national holiday. Treating Bourdon to an extra glass of whiskey, and seasoning it with some well-timed denunciations of "the old monster," he gathered that the plan was to plant a keg of powder under the chimney on the north side of the cabin and blow it to pieces, just to scare the monster out, or kill him and his daughter, it did not matter which. Edwards praised the plan. He said that if it were not that he had to go to Pelican Lake that very night he would go along and help blow up the old rascal.

Soon after this he shook hands all around and wished them *bon voyage* in their trip to Lindsleyville. He winked his eyes knowingly, playing the hypocrite handsomely. Oscar and Bottineau left in different directions, the Germans had gone home drunk, and only "Whiskey Jim" joined the half-breeds in their trip. They took possession of an immigrant team that was in Gager's stable, and just after sunset started on their patriotic errand. They were going to celebrate the fourth by blowing up the tyrant.

Meantime Edwards had taken long strides, but his moccasin-clad feet were not carrying him in the direction of Pelican Lake. Half the time walking as only "the Long Trapper" could walk, half the time in a swinging trot, he made the best possible speed toward Lindsleyville. He had a start of the half-breeds, but how much he could not tell; and

there was no time to be lost. At the summit of every knoll he looked back to see if they were coming, crouching in the grass lest they should discover him.

Lindsley received him suspiciously as ever, and positively refused to believe his story. But by using his telescope Edwards soon convinced him that the party were just leaving Gager's. The dusk of the evening was coming on, and Lindsley's fright was great as he realized his daughter's peril.

"I will fight them to the death," he said, getting down his revolver, with an air that would have done honor to Don Quixote.

"If you fight them and whip them, they will waylay you and kill you. But there are ten of them, and if you fight them you will be killed, and this lady will be without a protector. If you run away the house will be destroyed, and you will be killed whenever you are found. But what have you here! a magic lantern?"

The old gentleman had, before Edwards' arrival, taken down the instrument to introduce some improvement which he had just invented. When Edwards stumbled over it and called it a magic lantern he looked at him scornfully.

"A magic lantern!" he cried. "No, sir, that is a dissolving view, oxy-calcium, pantoscio-stereoscopicton."

"With this we must save you and your daughter from the half-breeds," said the trapper, a little impatient at this ill-timed manifestation of pedantry. "Get ready for action immediately."

"I have no oxygen gas."

"Make it at once," said Edwards. He picked up some papers marked "Chlor. potass." and "Black oxide."

"Here is your material," he said.

"Do *you* understand chemistry?" asked Lindsley. But the trapper did not answer. He got out the retort, and in five minutes the oxygen was bubbling furiously through the wash-bottle into the India-rubber receiver. Edwards stood at the window scanning the road toward Gager's with his telescope until it grew dark, which in that latitude was at about ten o'clock. Then the magic lantern was removed to the little grass-roofed stable, in

* *Bois brûlés*, "burnt wood," is the title the half-breeds apply to themselves, in allusion to their complexion.



"LE DIABLE! LE DIABLE!"

which dwelt a solitary pony, and by Edwards' direction the focus was carefully set so that it would throw a picture against the house. Edwards selected two pictures and adjusted them for use in the two tubes.

The half-breeds were not in haste, and in all the long hour of suspense Emilia, hid in the barn with her father and young Edwards, was positively happy. For here was human companionship, and a hungry soul will gladly risk death if by that means companionship can be purchased. It did not matter either that conversation was out of the question. It is presence and not talk that makes companionship.

But hark! the *bois brûlés* are on the bank of the river below. Emilia's heart grew still as

she heard them swear. Their *sacr-r-r-ré* rolled like the rattle of a rattlesnake. They were coming up the hill, quarreling drunkenly about the powder. Now they were between the house and the stable, getting ready to dig a hole for the "*poudre à canon*."

"I'll give them fireworks!" said Edwards in a whisper.

A picture of Thorwaldsen's bas-relief of "Morning" having been previously placed in the instrument, Edwards now removed the cap, and the beautiful flying female figure, with the infant in her arms, shone out upon the side of the house with marvelous vividness.

"By thunder!" said Whiskey Jim, steadying himself, while every hair stood on end.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the *bois brûlés*, who have never seen a picture in their lives except in the cathedral of St. Boniface

at Fort Garry. "*Mon Dieu! La Sainte Vierge!*" And they fell on their knees before this apparition of the Blessed Virgin, and crossed themselves and prayed lustily.

But "Whiskey Jim" straightened himself up, and hiccupped, and stammered "*By thunder!*" and added some words which being Saxon, I will not print.

"The devil!" cried Jim, a minute later starting down the hill at full speed, for, by Edwards' direction, the light had been shifted to the other tube in such a way as to dissolve the "Morning" into a hideous picture of the conventional horned and hoofed devil. The picture was originally meant to be comic but it now set Jim to running for dear life.

"*Oui, c'est le diable! le diable! le diable!*"

cried the frantic *bois brûlés*, breaking off their invocations to the Virgin most abruptly, and fleeing pell-mell down the hill after Jim, falling over one another as they ran. Quick as a flash Edwards threw about him a sheet which he had ready, and pursued the fleeing Frenchmen. Jim had already seized the reins, and on the plan of "the devil take the hindmost," was driving, at a pace that would have done him credit in the Central Park, up the trail toward Gager's, leaving the half-breeds to get on as best they could. Bourdon stumbled and fell, and Edwards lavished some blows upon him that must have satisfied the *bois brûlé* that ghosts have a most solid corporeal existence.

Then Edwards returned and captured the keg of powder. He assured the Lindsleys that the superstitious half-breeds would never again venture within five miles of a house which was guarded by the Holy Virgin and the Devil in partnership. And they never did. Even the Indians were afraid to approach the place, pronouncing it "Wakan," or supernaturally inhabited. They regarded Lindsley as a "medicine-man" of great power.

But what a night that was! For Edwards stayed two hours and made the acquaintance of Lindsley and his daughter. And how he talked, while Emilia thought she had never known how heaven felt before; and the old man forgot his inventions, and did not broach more than twenty of his theories in the two hours. He was so much interested in the tall trapper that he forgot the rest. Edwards ate a supper set out by the hands of Emilia, and left at three o'clock. He was at Pelican Lake next morning, and no man suspected his share in the affair except Gager, who had sense enough to say nothing. And Emilia lay down and dreamed of angels about the house. One was like Thorwaldsen's "Morning," and the other wore long hair and beard, and was very tall!

This abortive attempt to make a skyrocket out of Lindsley's cabin wrought only good to Emilia at first. The father was now wholly in love with the trapper. He praised him at all hours.

"He is a philosopher, my daughter. He understands chemistry. He lives in the ar-

cana of nature and reads her secrets. No foolish study of the heathen classics; no training after mediæval fashion in one of our colleges, which are anachronisms, has perverted his taste. Here is the Emile worthy of my Emilia," he would say, much to the daughter's annoyance.

But when Edwards came the hours were golden. Hanging his wolf-skin cap behind the door, and shaking back his long locks as he took his seat, he would entrance father and daughter alike, from his entrance to his exit, with his talks of adventure. From the time of his first visit new life came to the heart of Emilia; and Mr. Lindsley, whose every whim the trapper humored, was as much fascinated as his daughter. But now commenced a fierce battle in the heart of Emilia. Edwards loved her. By all the speech that his eyes were capable of, he told her so. And by all the beating of her own heart she knew that she loved the brown-faced, long-haired trapper in return. But what about the fair-eyed student, who for very love and disappointment had gone to the Arctic Seas? He was not at hand to plead his cause, and for this very reason her conscience pleaded it for him. When her soul had fed on the words of the trapper as upon manna in the wilderness, she took up the old photograph and the eyes reproached her. She shed bitter tears of penitence upon it for her disloyalty to the storm-tossed sailor, but rejoiced again when she saw the tall figure of the trapper coming down the trail. A desolate and lonely heart cannot live forever on the memory of a dead love. And have ye not read what David did when he was an hungered? Do not therefore reproach a starving soul for partaking of this feast in the desert.

And so Emilia tried to believe that Brown was long since dead—poor fellow! She shed tears over an imaginary grave in Labrador with a great sense of comfort. She tried to think that he had long since married and forgotten her, and she endeavored to nurse some feeble pangs of jealousy toward an imaginary wife.

Now it was very improper doubtless in Brown to come to life just at this moment.

One lover too many is as destructive to the happiness of a conscientious girl as one too few. If Emilia had been trained in society, her joy at having two lovers would have had no alloy save her grief that there were not four of them. But it was one of the misfortunes of her solitary and peculiar education that she had conscience and maidenly modesty. Wherefore it was a source of bitter distress and embarrassment to her that, at the end of a long letter from a neighbor who had taken a notion after years of silence to write her all the gossip of the old village, she found these words: "Your old friend Brown did not jump into the sea at grief for his rejection, after all. He has written to somebody here that he is coming home. I believe he said that he loved you all the same as ever."

The greatest grief of Emilia was that she should have been so wicked as to be grieved. Had she not prayed all these years, when she could pray at all, for the safety of the young student? Had she not prayed against storms and icebergs? And now that he was coming her heart smote her as if he were a ghost of some one whom she had murdered! Whether she loved him, or Edwards, or anybody, indeed she could not tell. But she would do penance for her crime. And so when next she heard the quiet voice of "the long trapper," asking for her, she refused to see him, though the refusal all but killed her.

Poor Edwards! How he paced the shore of Swan Lake all that night. For when love comes into the soul of a solitary man, it has all the force that all the thousand interests of life have to one in the busy world. How terrible were the temptations that sometimes assailed the religious eremites we can never guess.

Sunset of the next day found Edwards in the Red River Valley, far on his way toward Fort Garry, bent on spending the rest of his life as a "free trader" in British America. As for Emilia, she was now in total darkness. The sun had set, and the moon had not appeared. Brown might be dead, or she might not love him, or he might never find her. And she had thrown away her paradise, and there was only blackness left.

Edwards had already come within a few

miles of Georgetown, where he was to take passage in that strangest of all the craft that ever frightened away the elk, the little seven-by-nine steamer "Anson Northrup," when, as he was striding desperately along the trail, he was suddenly checked by a thought. He stood five minutes in indecision, then turned and began to walk rapidly in the opposite direction. At Breckinridge he found a stage, and getting out at Gager's, he went down the trail toward Lindsley's.

Now Davy Lindsley had been in a terrible state of ferment. When he had found the philosopher, "the uncontaminated child of nature, the self-educated combination of civilized and savage man," his daughter had perversely refused him, and the old man had taken the disappointment so to heart that he was in a state bordering on frenzy.

"Misfortune always pursues me!" he began, when he met Edwards under the hill. "Fifty times I have been near achieving some great result, and my ill luck has spoiled it all. You see me a broken-hearted man. To have allied my family with a child of nature like yourself would have given me the greatest joy. But—how shall I express my grief?" And here the old man struck a pathetically tragic attitude and drew out his handkerchief weeping with a profound self-pity.

"Mr. Lindsley, do you know why Miss Lindsley has become so suddenly displeased with me?" asked the trapper, trembling.

"Miss Lindsley, sir, is perverse. It is the one evil trait that my enlightened system of education, drawn from Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, and Herbert Spencer, and combined by my own genius—it is the one evil trait that my system has failed to eradicate. She is perverse. I fear, sir, she is yet worshipping the image of a misguided youth, who, filled and puffed up with the useless learning of the schools, ventured to address her. I am the most unfortunate of men."

"Mr. Lindsley, can I see your daughter alone?"

The old man thought he could. But she was very perverse. In truth that very morning Emilia had, in a sublime spirit of self-immolation, vowed that she would love no one but the long-lost lover, and that if Brown

never came back she would die heroically devoted to him, and thus she had sacrificed to her conscience and it was appeased. But right atop this vow came the request of Edwards for an interview. Was ever a girl so beset? Could she trust herself? On thinking it over she was afraid not; so that it was only by much persuasion that she was prevailed on to grant the request.

While Edwards talked she could but listen, frightened all the time at the faintness of her solemn resolution, which had seemed so irrevocable when she made it. He frankly demanded the reason for her change of conduct toward him. And she, like an honest and simple-hearted girl, told the other love story with a trembling voice, while Edwards listened with eyes down-cast.

"This was five years ago?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And the young man's name?"

"Was Edward Brown."

"Curious! I think," he said slowly, pausing as if to get breath and keep his self-control, "I think if my hair were cut off short and parted on one side, as Edward Brown wore his, instead of in the middle, and if my whiskers were shaven off, and if the tan of five years' exposure were gone from my face, and if I were five years younger, and two inches shorter, I think—" he paused here and looked at her.

"Please say the rest quickly," she said in a faint whisper. For the setting sun was streaming in at the west window upon the face of the trapper. His hair was thrown back, and he was looking in her eyes with a look she had never seen before. But he dropped his head upon his hand now and looked at the floor.

"It might be—" he spoke musingly, "it might be that Edward Brown failed to reach his ship in time at New Bedford, and changed his mind and came here, and that after Emilia came he watched this house day and night till his heart came nigh to bursting. But I was going to say," he said, rousing himself, "that in case the years and the tan and the hair could be taken off, and this trapper coat

changed into one of finer cut and material, and the name reversed, that Browne Edwards the trapper would be nearer of kin than a twin-brother to Edward Brown the broken-hearted student."

What Emilia did just here I do not know, and if I did I should not tell you. To faint would have been the proper thing. But, poor girl! her education had been neglected, and I think she did not faint. When the old philosopher came in he was charmed with the situation, and that evening, when they two walked together on the bank of the Pomme de Terre, Emilia pointed to the stars and said: "Do you know that in all these years God seemed to me a cruel monster turning a crank? And to-night every star seems to be an eye through which God is looking at me as my mother used to. I feel as though God were loving me. See, the stars are laughing in my face! Now I love Him as I did my mother. And to-night I am going to read that curious story about Christ at the wedding."

For God, who is love, loves to find his way to a human heart through love. And Edwards, who had been in bitterness and rebellion during the years of his exile, listened now to the voice of love as to that of an angel whom God had sent out of heaven to bring him back home again. And love became the Revealer of God to him also.

Mr. Lindsley is an invalid now. Lindsleyville belongs to Browne Edwards and his wife. And old Davy has made a will on twenty quires of legal cap, bequeathing to his son-in-law all his right, title, and interest in certain and sundry patents on churns, cannons, bee-hives, magic lanterns, flying-machines, &c., together with some extraordinary secret discoveries. And the old gentleman is slowly dying in the full conviction that he is bequeathing the foundation of an immense fortune to his son-in-law, and more wisdom to the world than has ever been contributed to its stock by all that have gone before. And he often reminds Emilia that she has to thank him for getting so good a husband. If it hadn't been for him she might have married that sickly student.

UNDER THE ELMS.

SHALL I tell you how it is under the Elms,
This beautiful summer day?
How the trees droop over the velvet grass
Where the sunlight and shadows play?
What the flowers to the elms, and the elms to the skies,
In their own sweet voices say?

I would I might picture to you the scene
Each day on my memory penned,
That the green, and the gold, and the azure tints
A greeting soft might send,
And the rural calm to your weary heart
A soothing cheer could lend.

But a magical change has come under the Elms,
As I write at my window here;
And the sunny air, that was calm and still,
Is ringing with voices clear,
And the laughing chorus that floats to me,
Falls in melody on my ear.

There's a glancing of curls through the clustering leaves,
Of a golden and chestnut hue,
And a gleaming of eyes from the swaying grass,
That are hazel, and gray, and blue;
The asparagus bed yields a wonderful crop
Of aprons, and ribbons, too.

A tree branches out in a curious way,
With arms and ankles of snow;
And the terrace has sprouted a little frock,
Mid the clover and chickweed low;
And the candy-tuft, in a fleecy heap,
Two dimpled hands doth show.

Each branch and each leaf, every blade and flower,
Seems bright with a radiant glee,
And the merry picture of jubilant life
Is a beautiful one to see;
While the voices, rippling the quiet air,
Sing a wonderful song to me.

For again the branches seem arching high
To where the blue is spread,
And the waving spires of asparagus
Meet over my stooping head,
And the world again is a play-ground vast,
And the cares of life are fled.

The ladder that reaches the lowest branch
 Seems a staircase to the sky ;
 My paper-dolls, locked in each other's arms,
 Safe under a plantain lie ;
 And what if the dog before the door
 Should mistake me for a fly !

O children, you have stolen my heart,
 And carried my brain off, too !
 And ruefully dear are your flashing eyes,
 The hazel, and gray, and blue !
 Give me back my senses, you little thieves,
 Or I will be after you !

BACK-LOG STUDIES.

I.

THE fire on the hearth has almost gone out in New England ; the hearth has gone out ; the family has lost its center ; age ceases to be respected ; sex is only distinguished by the difference between millinery bills and tailors' bills ; there is no more toast-and-cider ; the young are not allowed to eat mince-pies at ten o'clock at night ; half a cheese is no longer set to toast before the fire ; you scarcely ever see in front of the coals a row of roasting apples, which a bright little girl, with many a dive and start, shielding her sunny face from the fire with one hand, turns from time to time ; scarce are the gray-haired sires who strop their razors on the family Bible, and doze in the chimney corner. A good many things have gone out with the fire on the hearth.

I do not mean to say that public and private morality have vanished with the hearth. A good degree of purity and considerable happiness are possible with grates and blowers ; it is a day of trial, when we are all passing through a fiery furnace, and very likely we shall be purified as we are dried up and wasted away. Of course the family is gone, as an institution, though there still are attempts to bring up a family round a "register." But you might just as well try to bring it up by hand, as without the rallying-point of a hearth-stone. Are there any homesteads nowadays ? Do people hesitate to change houses any more than they do to change

their clothes ? People hire houses as they would a masquerade costume, liking, sometimes, to appear for a year in a little fictitious stone-front splendor above their means. Thus it happens that so many people live in houses that do not fit them. I should almost as soon think of wearing another person's clothes as his house ; unless I could let it out and take it in until it fitted, and somehow expressed my own character and taste. But we have fallen into the days of conformity. It is no wonder that people constantly go into their neighbors' houses by mistake, just as, in spite of the Maine law, they wear away each other's hats from an evening party. It has almost come to this, that you might as well be anybody else as yourself.

Am I mistaken in supposing that this is owing to the discontinuance of big chimneys, with wide fireplaces in them ? How can a person be attached to a house that has no center of attraction, no soul in it, in the visible form of a glowing fire, and a warm chimney, like the heart in the body ? When you think of the old homestead, if you ever do, your thoughts go straight to the wide chimney and its burning logs. No wonder that you are ready to move from one fire-placeless house into another. But you have something just as good, you say. Yes, I have heard of it. This age, which imitates everything, even to the virtues of our ancestors, has invented a fireplace, with artificial, iron, or composition logs in it, hacked and painted, in which gas.

is burned, so that it has the appearance of a wood fire. This seems to me blasphemy. Do you think a cat would lie down before it? Can you poke it? If you can't poke it, it is a fraud. To poke a wood fire is more solid enjoyment than almost anything else in the world. The crowning human virtue in a man is to let his wife poke the fire. I do not know how any virtue whatever is possible over an imitation gas log. What a sense of insincerity the family must have, if they indulge in the hypocrisy of gathering about it. With this center of untruthfulness, what must the life in the family be? Perhaps the father will be living at the rate of ten thousand a year on a salary of four thousand; perhaps the mother, more beautiful and younger than her beautified daughters, will rouge; perhaps the young ladies will make wax-work. A cynic might suggest as the motto of modern life this simple legend—"Just as good as the real." But I am not a cynic, and I hope for the rekindling of wood fires, and a return of the beautiful home light from them. If a wood fire is a luxury, it is cheaper than many in which we indulge without thought, and cheaper than the visits of a doctor, made necessary by the want of ventilation of the house. Not that I have anything against doctors; I only wish, after they have been to see us in a way that seems so friendly, they had nothing against us.

My fireplace, which is deep, and nearly three feet wide, has a broad hearth-stone in front of it, where the live coals tumble down, and a pair of gigantic brass andirons. The brasses are burnished and shine cheerfully in the fire-light, and on either side stand tall shovel and tongs, like sentries, mounted in brass. The tongs, like the two-handed sword of Bruce, cannot be wielded by puny people. We burn in it hickory wood, cut long. We like the smell of this aromatic forest timber, and its clear flame. The birch is also a sweet wood for the hearth, with a sort of spiritual flame and an even temper—no snappishness. Some prefer the elm, which holds fire so well; and I have a neighbor who uses nothing but apple-tree wood—a solid family sort of wood, fragrant also, and full of delightful suggestions. But few people can afford to burn up

their fruit-trees. I should as soon think of lighting the fire with sweet-oil that comes in those graceful wicker-bound flasks from Naples, or with manuscript sermons, which, however, do not burn well, be they never so dry,—not half so well as printed editorials.

Few people know how to make a wood fire, but everybody thinks he or she does. You want, first, a large back-log, which does not rest on the andirons. This will keep your fire forward, radiate heat all day, and late in the evening fall into a ruin of glowing coals, like the last days of a good man, whose life is the richest and most beneficent at the close, when the flames of passion and the sap of youth are burned out, and there only remain the solid, bright elements of character. Then you want a fore-stick on the andirons; and upon these build the fire of lighter stuff. In this way you have at once a cheerful blaze, and the fire gradually eats into the solid mass, sinking down with increasing fervor; coals drop below, and delicate tongues of flame sport along the beautiful grain of the fore-stick. There are people who kindle a fire underneath. But these are conceited people, who are wedded to their own way. I suppose an accomplished incendiary always starts a fire in the attic, if he can. I am not an incendiary, but I hate bigotry. I don't call those incendiaries very good Christians who, when they set fire to the martyrs, touched off the fagots at the bottom, so as to make them go slow. Besides, knowledge works down easier than it does up. Education must proceed from the most enlightened down to the most ignorant strata. If you want better common schools, raise the standard of the colleges and so on. Build your fire on top. Let your light shine. I have seen people build a fire under a balky horse; but he wouldn't go—he'd be a horse-martyr first. A fire kindled under one never did him any good. Of course you can make a fire on the hearth by kindling it underneath, but that does not make it right. I want my hearth-fire to be an emblem of the best things.

II.

It must be confessed that a wood fire needs as much tending as a pair of twins. To sa

nothing of fiery projectiles sent into the room, even by the best wood, from the explosion of gases confined in its cells, the brands are continually dropping down, and coals are being scattered over the hearth. However much a careful housewife, who thinks more of neatness than enjoyment, may dislike this, it is one of the chief delights of a wood fire. I would as soon have an Englishman without side-whiskers as a fire without a big back-log; and I would rather have no fire than one that required no tending—one of dead wood that could not sing again the imprisoned songs of the forest, or give out in brilliant scintillations the sunshine it absorbed in its growth. Flame is an ethereal sprite, and the spice of danger in it gives zest to the care of the hearth-fire. Nothing is so beautiful as springing, changing flame—it was the last freak of the Gothic architecture men to represent the fronts of elaborate edifices of stone as on fire, by the kindling flamboyant devices. A fireplace is, besides, a private laboratory, where one can witness the most brilliant chemical experiments, minor conflagrations only wanting the grandeur of cities on fire. It is a vulgar notion that a fire is only for heat. A chief value of it is, however, to look at. It is a picture, framed between the jambs. You have nothing on your walls, by the best masters (the poor masters are not, however, represented), that is really so fascinating, so spiritual. Speaking like an upholsterer, it furnishes the room. And it is never twice the same. In this respect it is like the landscape view through a window, always seen in a new light, color, or condition. The fireplace is a window into the most charming world I ever had a glimpse of.

Yet direct heat is an agreeable sensation. I am not scientific enough to despise it, and have no taste for a winter residence on Mt. Washington, where the thermometer cannot be kept comfortable even by boiling. They say that they say in Boston that there is a satisfaction in being well dressed which religion cannot give. There is certainly a satisfaction in the direct radiance of a hickory fire which is not to be found in the fieriest blasts of a furnace. The hot air of a furnace is a sirocco; the heat of a wood fire is only intense sunshine, like that bottled in *Lacrimæ Christi*. Be-

sides this, the eye is delighted, the sense of smell is regaled by the fragrant decomposition, and the ear is pleased with the hissing, crackling, and singing—a liberation of so many out-door noises. Some people like the sound of bubbling in a boiling pot, or the fizzing of a frying spider. But there is nothing gross in the animated crackling of sticks of wood blazing on the hearth; not even if chestnuts are roasting in the ashes. All the senses are ministered to, and the imagination is left as free as the leaping tongues of flame.

The attention which a wood fire demands is one of its best recommendations. We value little that which costs us no trouble to maintain. If we had to keep the sun kindled up and going by private corporate action, or act of Congress, and to be taxed for the support of customs officers of solar heat, we should prize it more than we do. Not that I should like to look upon the sun as a job, and have the proper regulation of its temperature get into politics, where we already have so much combustible stuff; but we take it quite too much as a matter of course, and, having it free, do not reckon it among the reasons for gratitude. Many people shut it out of their houses as if it were an enemy, watch its descent upon the carpet as if it were only a thief of color, and plant trees to shut it away from the mouldering house. All the animals know better than this, as well as the more simple races of men; the old women of the southern Italian coasts sit all day in the sun and ply the distaff, as grateful as the sociable hens on the south side of a New England barn; the slow tortoise likes to take the sun upon his sloping back, soaking in color that shall make him immortal when the imperishable part of him is cut up into shell ornaments. The capacity of a cat to absorb sunshine is only equaled by that of an Arab or an Ethiopian. They are not afraid of injuring their complexions. White must be the color of civilization; it has so many natural disadvantages. But this is politics. I was about to say that, however it may be with sunshine, one is always grateful for his wood fire, because he does not maintain it without some cost.

Yet I cannot but confess to a difference be-

tween sunlight and the light of a wood fire. The sunshine is entirely untamed. Where it rages most freely it tends to evoke the brilliancy rather than the harmonious satisfactions of nature. The monstrous growths and the flaming colors of the tropics contrast with our more subdued loveliness of foliage and bloom. The birds of the middle region dazzle with their contrasts of plumage, and their voices are for screaming rather than singing. I presume the new experiments in sound would project a macaw's voice in very tangled and inharmonious lines of light. I suspect that the fiercest sunlight puts people, as well as animals and vegetables, on extremes in all ways. A wood fire on the hearth is a kindler of the domestic virtues. It brings in cheerfulness, and a family center, and, besides, it is artistic. I should like to know if an artist could ever represent on canvas a happy family gathered round a hole in the floor called a register. Given a fireplace, and a tolerable artist could almost create a pleasant family round it. But what could he conjure out of a register? If there was any virtue among our ancestors—and they labored under a great many disadvantages, and had few of the aids which we have to excellence of life—I am convinced they drew it mostly from the fire-side. If it was difficult to read the eleven commandments by the light of a pine-knot, it was not difficult to get the sweet spirit of them from the countenance of the serene mother knitting in the chimney corner.

III.

WHEN the fire is made, you want to sit in front of it and grow genial in its effulgence. I have never been upon a throne,—except in moments of a traveler's curiosity, about as long as a South American dictator remains on one,—but I have no idea that it compares, for pleasantness, with a seat before a wood fire. A whole leisure day before you, a good novel in hand, and the back-log only just beginning to kindle, with uncounted hours of comfort in it—has life anything more delicious? For "novel" you can substitute "*Calvin's Institutes*," if you wish to be virtuous as well as happy. Even Calvin would melt before a wood fire. A great snow-storm,

visible on three sides of your wide-windowed room, loading the evergreens, blown in fine powder from the great chestnut-tops; piled up in ever-accumulating masses, covering the paths, the shrubbery, the hedges, drifting and clinging in fantastic deposits, deepening your sense of security, and taking away the sin of idleness by making it a necessity, this is an excellent background to your day by the fire.

To deliberately sit down in the morning to read a novel, to enjoy yourself, is this not, in New England, (I am told they don't read much in other parts of the country), the sin of sins? Have you any right to read, especially novels, until you have exhausted the best part of the day in some employment that is called practical? Have you any right to enjoy yourself at all until the fag end of the day, when you are tired and incapable of enjoying yourself? I am aware that this is the practice if not the theory, of our society—to postpone the delights of social intercourse until after dark, and rather late at night, when body and mind are both weary with the exertions of business, and when we can give to what is the most delightful and profitable thing in life. In social and intellectual society, only the weariness of dull brains and over-tired muscle. No wonder we take our amusements sadly and that so many people find dinners heavy and parties stupid. Our economy leaves no place for amusements; we merely add the to the burden of a life already full. The world is still a little off the track as to what is really useful.

I confess that the morning is a very good time to read a novel, or anything else which is good, and requires a fresh mind; and I tell you that nothing is worth reading that does not require an alert mind. I suppose it is necessary that business should be transacted; though the amount of business that does not contribute to anybody's comfort or improvement suggests the query whether it is not overdone. I know that unremitting attention to business is the price of success, but I don't know what success is. There is a man, whom we all know who built a house that cost a quarter of a million of dollars, and furnished it for another like sum, who does not know anything more about architecture, or painting, or books, or history.

than he cares for the rights of those who have not so much money as he has. I heard him once, in a foreign gallery, say to his wife, as they stood in front of a famous picture by Rubens:—"That is the Rape of the Sardines!" What a cheerful world it would be if everybody was as successful as that man! While I am reading my book by the fire, and taking an active part in important transactions that may be a good deal better than real, let me be thankful that a good many men are profitably employed in offices and bureaus and country stores in keeping up the gossip and endless exchange of opinions among mankind, so much of which is made to appear to the women at home as "business." I find that there is a sort of busy idleness among men in this world that is not held in disrepute. When the time comes that I have to prove my right to vote, with women, I trust that it will be remembered in my favor that I made this admission. If it is true, as a witty conservative once said to me, that we never shall have peace in this country until we elect a colored woman president, I desire to be *rectus in curia* early.

IV.

THE fireplace, as we said, is a window through which we look out upon other scenes. We like to read of the small, bare room, with obwebbed ceiling and narrow window, in which the poor child of genius sits with his magical poem, the master of a realm of beauty and enchantment. I think the open fire does not kindle the imagination so much as it awakens the memory; one sees the past in its rumbling embers and ashy grayness, rather than the future. People become reminiscent and even sentimental in front of it. They seem to become something else in those good old days when it was thought best to heat the poker red hot before plunging it into the mugs of flip. This heating of the poker has been disapproved of late years, but I do not know on what grounds; if one is to drink bitters and wines and the like, such as I understand as good people as clergymen and women take in private, and by advice, I do not know why one should not make them palatable and heat them with his own poker. Cold whiskey out of a bottle, taken as a prescription six times a day

on the sly, isn't my idea of virtue any more than the social ancestral glass, sizzling wickedly with the hot iron. Names are so confusing in this world; but things are apt to remain pretty much the same, whatever we call them.

Perhaps as you look into the fireplace it widens and grows deep and cavernous. The back and the jams are built up of great stones, not always smoothly laid, with jutting ledges upon which ashes are apt to lie. The hearth-stone is an enormous block of trap rock, with a surface not perfectly even, but a capital place to crack butternuts on. Over the fire swings an iron crane, with a row of pothooks of all lengths hanging from it. It swings out when the housewife wants to hang on the tea-kettle, and it is strong enough to support a row of pots, or a mammoth caldron kettle on occasion. What a jolly sight is this fireplace when the pots and kettles in a row are all boiling and bubbling over the flame, and a roasting-spit is turning in front! It makes a person as hungry as one of Scott's novels. But the brilliant sight is in the frosty morning, about daylight, when the fire is made. The coals are raked open, the split sticks are piled up in open work criss-crossing, as high as the crane; and when the flame catches hold and roars up through the interstices, it is like an out-of-door bonfire. Wood enough is consumed in that morning sacrifice to cook the food of a Parisian family for a year. How it roars up the wide chimney, sending into the air the signal smoke and sparks which announce to the farming neighbors another day cheerfully begun! The sleepiest boy in the world would get up in his red flannel nightgown to see such a fire lighted, even if he dropped to sleep again in his chair before the ruddy blaze. Then it is that the house, which has shrunk and creaked all night in the pinching cold of winter, begins to glow again and come to life. The thick frost melts little by little on the small window-panes, and it is seen that the gray dawn is breaking over the leagues of pallid snow. It is time to blow out the candle, which has lost all its cheerfulness in the light of day. The morning romance is over; the family is astir; and member after member appears with the morning yawn, to stand before the crackling, fierce

conflagration. The daily round begins. The most hateful employment ever invented for mortal man presents itself; the "chores" are to be done. The boy who expects every morning to open into a new world, finds that to-day is like yesterday, but he believes to-morrow will be different. And yet enough for him, for the day, is the wading in the snow-drifts, or the sliding on the diamond-sparkling crust. Happy, too, is he, when the storm rages and the snow is piled high against the windows, if he can sit in the warm chimney-corner and read about Burgoyne, and Gen. Fraser, and Miss McCrea, mid-winter marches through the wilderness, surprises of wigwams, and the stirring ballad, say, of the Battle of the Kegs:—

"Come, gallants, attend and list a friend
Thrill forth harmonious ditty;
While I shall tell what late befell
At Philadelphia city."

I should like to know what heroism a boy in an old New England farm-house—rough-nursed by nature, and fed on the traditions of the old wars—did not aspire to. "John," says the mother, "you'll burn your head to a crisp in that heat." But John does not hear; he is storming the Plains of Abraham just now. "Johnny, dear, bring in a stick of wood." How can Johnny bring in wood when he is in that defile with Braddock, and the

Indians are popping at him from behind every tree? There is something about a boy that I like, after all.

The fire rests upon the broad hearth; the hearth rests upon a great substruction of stone, and the substruction rests upon the cellar. What supports the cellar I never knew, but the cellar supports the family. The cellar is the foundation of domestic comfort. Into its dark, cavernous recesses the child's imagination fearfully goes. Bogies guard the bins of choicest apples. I know not what comical sprites sit astride the cider-barrels ranged along the walls. The feeble flicker of the tallow-candle does not at all dispel, but creates illusions, and magnifies all the rich possibilities of this underground treasure-house. When the cellar-door is opened and the boy begins to descend into the thick darkness, it is always with a heart-beat as of one started upon some adventure. Who can forget the smell that comes through the opened door;—a mingling of fresh earth, fruit exhaling delicious aroma, kitchen vegetables, the mouldy odor of barrels, a sort of ancestral air,—as if a door had been opened into an old romance. Do you like it? Not much. But then I would not exchange the remembrance of it for a good many odors and perfumes that I do like.

It is time to punch the back-log and put on a new fore-stick.

FREE-TRADE AND PROTECTION.

LEGISLATIONS for the public wealth commonly begin at protection, which is a kind of first thought in states and statesmanship. With as much of enthusiasm as even Henry Clay could inspire in a young brain made for him and the tariff, I at least began there. Perhaps I would not have advocated the old English statute requiring the burying of the dead in woolen, as a way of fostering the woolen manufacture. Perhaps I would not have encouraged the manufacture of silks and cottons, by offering bounties on their exportation. But I had no doubt of the wisdom of laying on duties, to increase by so much the prices of articles bought, in a way of promot-

ing their production at home. Shall we not be creating thus, by our own industry, the same articles, making just so much of gain in the total of our wealth? Shall we not also keep the gold at home, and the balance of trade in our favor? No matter if the industries now spent on the new manufacture have before been making other products to sell, that were buying abroad twice as many of the good now manufactured; industries have no value and might as well be expended as not.

In this rather cheap-looking philosophy young blood made up in heat what was wanting in argument, and the debate went on, by speech and pen, in stage-coach, and club

nd society, till the heat began to go down and consideration to rise. It was as if an Adam Smith were born inside of the "first-thought" philosophy, beginning there to muster the laws of trade, and even to meditate a new law of science. Is there anything plainer, we said Smith would be asking, than that it is an advantage to obtain everything as and where it can be obtained cheapest? And if we can buy abroad cheaper than we can make at home by our own immediate industry, what are we doing when we undertake, in this manner, to produce for ourselves, but using our industry at a disadvantage? For if we can buy the articles wanted abroad cheaper than we can make them, our industry has, by comparison, gotten something else wherewith to make the payment, with a good percentage over. And if it is objected, that so we lose the whole given quantity of money from the total of the public wealth, does it make that total smaller to send out a million of dollars in money and receive back two millions in goods; when the one million sent out, gotten by our industry, buys for us what would cost just twice the amount of industry at home? What producer could ever think it wise to produce in the least unproductive way, and at the greatest cost? Thus, if we can barter abroad one barrel of flour for two yards of cloth, shall we make the cloth at home at such disadvantage that the barrel will pay for but a single yard? Had we not better put more hands to making flour and fewer to making cloth, instead of the contrary?

Balked at every turn by such kind of intractable suggestions, what wonder is it that the young Protectionist philosopher begins at length to feel that he is debating himself out of his arguments, and is going clean over, in spite of himself, to be swayed by another set of convictions. He resolves, accordingly, that a little farther onward, he will graduate into something better. It is done; and he is henceforth to have just as much less respect for the first thought way of protection, as he values more his escape from it. Having now implicit faith in the science, he writes free-trade, not only as the supreme fact of statesmanship, but as the moral law of all commerce, and almost of religious liberty and communion. He has come now to the end where he may

rest. No change of color, he is sure, in the subject, and no riper stage of thought can open still another chapter, requiring still another transition to reach it.

Let us see, as I shortly was compelled to see. Nothing is wanted but a bare suggestion of the fact, which by and by arises, that the issue joined between Free-Trade and Protection is, for the most part, fictitious; and he sees it as plainly as need be. Where the controlling reasons of legislation are only reasons of profit and loss, as in trade, the issue joined is a good one, and beyond a question is decided rightly. This, says Protection, is the way of profit, or increased wealth—make what you can and save your money. Free-Trade replies, Make what you can make cheapest, buy where you can buy cheapest; take the law of best advantage—best that is in trade—and abide by it as by the laws of astronomy.

Well, then, it did, after a long time, come to me to ask, Is there nothing in the world but trade? Is good bargaining the total concern of states and statesmanship? We spend money for education, and what does it buy? Intelligence, some may answer; but that is only a figure of speech, we really buy nothing. The money is sunk, and intelligence is left; there is no trade in the matter, and no trade value concerned. We go to war for our liberties and the integrity of our institutions, expending moneys without count and industries without measure. Do we this in trade? None of us will have any such thought. We sink so much of money wealth, and expect to have, in place of it, a weal immeasurable that is no money weal at all. So, also, we build, we beautify, we fortify; and here again we sink the money weal for what has no trade value. Besides, we want a name, and, what is more, that invisible, intangible, inappreciable thing called honor. We can go a long way round and spend much for it, but we cannot buy it; trade brings no such commodity. Public security again, the security of law and liberty, that which anchors permanence and order, is there any losing trade we would not make to keep it, any sale of it that we would make for the total riches of the globe?

How then is it that free-trade science is going, as we hear, to settle peremptorily all

the great questions of public economy? For if we set ourselves down to it as the test of economy, and say it is final, is there nothing to be done or thought of in the world, we are by and by obliged to ask, that is out of economy and rightly spurns it? May not the worst economy sometimes be the best? To be fostering modes of production, where the trade-scale balance shows only disadvantage, wears a bad look certainly, as respects the matter of economy. But how many and vast supplies are wanted, that must not be left to the uncertainties of trade; where to higgler over the expense would be even a contemptible weakness. This is true in particular of all the supplies that are needed for the equipment of the state of public war. Without these no people is a proper nation, or at least by any possibility a strong one. Therefore these we must not only have, but must have the way of making, ourselves, at any cost.

Led along in this transitional way, am I any the less sure of the free-trade doctrine that I see it so often passing clean out of range, and leaving so many questions undecided. It seems, in one view, and will by and by more largely appear, to settle nothing. It is good against protection, as propounded in terms of direct profit; but protection is at liberty still to invoke public help on other grounds, where the computation of trade-profit shows a disadvantage. There is still a vast realm of interests, wants, and public considerations that so far overtop all trade-profit issues as to even sink them out of sight. Instead, therefore, of going bravely on, as I at first expected, to settle everything by the science, I saw it drifted quite away and stranded, as it were, on a side shore, which the currents of legislation scarcely touch. And yet, in still another view, the currents of the world are in it. It ennobles commerce and the nation by inducing a more fit conception of the communion of the sea. It justifies commerce by revealing the beneficent law in which all peoples and climes are made complementary to each other. It makes the trade of the world a law of good neighborhood for the world, showing the peoples all working for each other, and forbidding them, by mutual jealousies and mutual plunder, to make hos-

tility, injustice, and poverty their common lot. Nay, it even organizes a kind of neutral beneficence, that answers some of the conditions of brotherhood, and offers a good analogy to interpret the highest and most holy.

Under these mental transitions, which a most any mind working in fair intention is likely to pass, it comes, at last, to be concluded, that protection, thrown out in its first argument, the argument of profit, has a large field yet to be occupied; and that free-trade, gaining the same argument, gains it only in such field as the argument of trade profit covers. The practical questions remain, for the most part, still to be decided by other and different considerations. All the greater pity it is that so many politicians, and so many presses, still keep on tugging at their old war and badgering each other in their old arguments, as if the particular measures of trade adjustment contended for could be tested, very much affected any way by such arguments. We have the fanatics of protection citing still their figures on one side, a fanatics of the free-trade lifting their unmeasured flag of revenue reform on the other—the latter a little more violent of the two, because they have so much science to boast that nobody regards because it has no application, not perceiving, as they ought, on both sides, that revenue is supreme just now over both, and the question of protection, or no protection, none but a matter of subordinate consequence.

Conceding now, or even holding scientifically, the real disadvantages of protection under the laws of trade and tested by the rules of commercial profit, it by no means follows that the question of protection is ended. It may still be soundly justified under conditions of loss. When the advocates of protection claim it as a matter of clear advantage, and make no concession of cost or loss in the transaction, their argument so far false, and has even a look of nonsense beside. Only a little better is the reply of the free-trade advocates, when they deny the possible right of protection because it involves a loss. Let us glance along over this field and note some of the cases where protect-

vindicated, though the disadvantage, as in trade, is conceded.

1. When it is incidental as regards duties imposed for revenue. Every nation must have revenue to meet its expenditures, and sometimes large revenue. It could be raised by direct taxation. But that is a method inconvenient and unpopular, and one that will, in fact, be avoided where it can be. If raised by imposing duties, the prices of the articles thus levied on will be correspondently increased, and these additions of price will be so much of encouragement given to their production. And it will be no violation of the free-trade doctrine if the duties are not laid equally *pro rata*, but in a way to fall most heavily on luxuries, and most encourage the industries of production. And so deep in the terms of reason, so closely bound up with beneficence, is this way of distinction, that it has been universally assented to by our statesmen, and been formally voted by our popular conventions of all parties for the last twenty-five years. It comes back in almost the same forms, repeating the same jingle of words, and we even know what is coming before it is said. So far the right of protection is granted when it is in fact made up only by contributions of loss; that is, by taxation.

2. When the duties to be laid are like to be only a temporary loss. The proposition may or may be, to raise the price of a manufactured article for a time, in the expectation of advances in skill, and machinery, and a more secure place in the market—where conspiracies abroad cannot break in to crush out the capital invested—will by and by, or perhaps in a very short time, afford us the same articles at prices largely reduced. Even Adam Smith saw this; conceding that “a particular manufacture may sometimes be acquired sooner than it could have been otherwise, and, after a certain time, may be made at home as cheap, or cheaper, than in the foreign country.” (*Wealth of Nations*, vol. i., p. 448.) And what have we ourselves discovered, in hundreds of instances, but exactly this, that the losses or taxation prices we expected did not come, but that the articles protected have been cheapened, some of them, too, from the very first. Who could have imagined that our

rough-handed, half-trained mechanics would be able to hold successful competition with the skilled workmen of Europe in the manufacture of an article as delicate as the watch? And yet we are getting our watches now at scarcely more than half the former price, and are even selling watches at a profit in the open market of the world. We consented to make a loss, but the gain came along too soon to let us distinctly see it.

3. When it may be justified as a retaliatory measure. When some other nation shuts out our products by protective or prohibitory duties, we may properly enough shut away theirs. Or if they compel our goods to come in their bottoms, we may compel theirs to come in ours. Only we must understand that our measure is a war measure, making all cost and no gain, save as we may hope to compel the abandonment of their exclusive policy and conquer thus a more free market. In this case we are in fact fighting for free-trade by protection.

Sometimes a foreign nation may conspire with its own producers to break down our market, or our home production for it, by giving a temporary bonus for the exportation of given articles. Then, to save our own investments, we may lay duties exactly equal to their bonus, and get the very state of free-trade by doing it; when, of course, the rewards they give as prizes are contributed by them to our taxes.

At the same time it is no proper matter of retaliation, or counter-legislation, that another people are able to produce at a cheaper rate than we. No matter what the cause may be, the fact is only to our advantage. If they do it by the help of cheap labor, happy are we that we have dear labor. If they have a better soil, or a softer climate, do they not have them for us? It may be that they do it by means of a lottery; no matter for that, if we get the prizes.

4. When the munitions of war and equipments for it require to be thus provided. The great mind of Washington was not too slow to make this discovery. And what did we also discover in our war of 1812, but that we had nothing to equip the war? Having no woolen manufacture, we could

not clothe our soldiers ; we could not even make a blanket. We had been free-traders, buying all such things because we could buy them cheaper ; but we now discovered, how soon, that we might better have been making blankets at double the cost for the last fifty years. The same was true of saltpetre for gunpowder ; of guns, and cannon, and swords ; and iron and steel out of which to make them. A nation that is to be a power must have at least a sufficient supply of iron made at home, no matter what the cost, to arm itself for war. We began also to make the discovery, shortly, that the very insignificant article of salt, coming in short supply, was nearly a dead necessity—one of the munitions of war—and that manufacturing it for ourselves at double the cost would have been a true advantage.

5. When the saving of investments already made demands it. Thus we had large investments of capital made in New England during the war of 1812, into which we were drawn to supply the urgent demand of the time ; the faith of the government being naturally assumed to repay the service rendered, by such adequate protection afterwards as might be necessary. From being a trading people we were converted thus to being partly a manufacturing people ; so that, when the war was over, we found ourselves converted also from being a free-trade into a protectionist people ; for the change was made necessary to save our investments. Whereupon we met on all sides the taunt of inconsistency ; asking what had become of our free-trade arguments ; had we not set ourselves against protection, and what has turned us now to this new advocacy but the main-chance argument of selfishness that is always first with us ? As if it were possible for a wise nation to let large properties perish, for any small percentage of protection ; above all for a just nation, saved in its dark day by volunteer advances of capital to refuse the care of it, and make answer only by a taunt upon the consistency that asks that care ! Or, taking a different example, we are supposed to be just about abolishing the present small duty of nine cents a bushel on salt. Assuming that the current price of salt will be reduced by only

one half the duty, that is, by four and a half cents a bushel, then, for that very small advantage, we consent to let our many millions of investment in salt manufacture take their chance, and, it may be, totally perish. Perhaps they will not ; I only chance to know that they are running on a very small margin of profit. But if they should, and we should find ourselves at war with England some five years hence, and our supplies by sea cut off, what could we do but make all our investments over again ; for salt is as much a necessity of war as gunpowder. Our petty saving turns out thus possibly to be a very absurd way of economy. We had better pay ten cents more a bushel on salt to the end of the world than to encounter any such risk.

6. Protection, though it be a losing bargain as in trade, is generally necessary in states that are young, in order to their full organization and development. We were a young nation at the war of 1812, and we very soon discovered in facts already referred to, the lowness of our organization, and the very incomplete scope of our industrial equipments. Our products were not various enough to make us a complete nation. It is often urged as the special advantage of young nations, that they can have the benefits of free-trade, without trouble from the shock that must be given to our artificial investments ; but we had another kind of shock to bear that was far more painful, from the scant equipment in which our previous free-trade practice had left us. Perhaps we were gaining in wealth by such trade, but we were miserably unprepared by it for the stress of our great public trial.

There must also be a large variety in products and trades, or modes of industry, to raise complexities enough for allowing the full sense of society. A people must have manifold relationships to feel each other as parts of a common unity. If they have only a few trades and occupations, as most young peoples have, they cannot have public consciousness enough to give them a history—any more than a body can be fully conscious that it is only, or all, leg. They are like the whole pastoral race of Tartars, roaming over the wastes, living every man by what feeds every other's life ; organized, therefore, if at all,

out the faintest manner, and scarcely conscious of being at all national. A colony, beginning to be a state or nation, may have been living almost wholly by a single article of production, because it has brought the readiest and the largest profit—be it cattle, or corn, or cotton. They ought, of course, on free-trade principles, to continue. Which, if they do, they will inevitably make sure of their insignificance. Such a people are only doubles or repetitions of each other—too much alike, too little complementary one to another, to have any real interpenetration, such as makes a conscious whole. They can have no public will, or sentiment, or cause, or counsel. Their interest is too completely identical to make even their agreement significant. Instead of being a body kept in force by an immense, almost infinite interplay of nerves, ducts, tissues, secretions, excretions, yielding new muscle and bone, oils, lubrications, sanitary self-medifications—every organ necessary somehow to every other, and all necessary to all—instead of being thus a body, they are one that is only the bone-making function, or that is as a huge overgrown liver organ, packing it full, and pumping its one deluge of bile into the eyes, the skin, the brain, supplying never what is wanted, but only more of what is not wanted, and organizing really nothing. Hence the immense interest a young State may have, even making heavy loss from its wealth, to mulatize, in disregard of all free-trade maxims, such trades and ways of skilled production as will yield the needed variety. Otherwise their one art or production leaves them only a guild and not a nation. And guilds are the weakest of all organizations, even as they are sprinkled in among other guilds and get strength from the reactions and interactions of other dissimilarities. Thus one-guild nation may seem to be high and strong enough to make brave stand for their one thing, but when they are put to some great struggle, as nations are in their wars, the one-thing fire, be it for cotton or anything else, is too flashy to hold; whereas the organization framed by diversities and reciprocities, stands fast in the interlock of functions that make common cause, being components together in a full endowed body.

In this complexity of organization, too, we have the possibility of great sentiments and a great public love, without which no people is either strong or great. Dovetailed in unity by their manifold arts and industries, their sense of country, cause, name, and profoundly conjoined interest, prepare them for a great historic consciousness. We have many fine things to say of grit, mettle, dash, and I know not what other brave incidents that carry applause, but, after all, the best and grandest way of spirit belongs to that complete organization that is, at once, the possibility of great sentiments, and is itself vitalized in the same. And it must be a very niggard statesmanship that goes after free-trade, caring only to buy at the cheapest rate and forswearing the honor that belongs to a truly great people, because it must be gotten at too great cost.

And we must not forget to notice here how many greater things than wealth, and more to be desired, there are—nay, more to be desired, in the long run, for the sake of wealth itself, if that were any fit motive. Strictly speaking, there is no money value in anything but money; and yet whatever good comes round, after many turns, to yield money, has, in some sense, that kind of value. Works of art, going into the souls of a people, kindle sentiments in them, by which all their powers are stocked with beauty, and made fruitful; and so come, at last, to be worth more, even money-wise, than placers of gold. A great poet is worth more, in the computations of public wealth, than any largest millionaire; for if he may yield but a single short lyric that has the force to kindle a nation's feeling, and becomes its national hymn, he brings in a vaster wealth than whole convoys of ships laden with the riches of the world. In it, he buys courage, enthusiasm, constancy, victory, all that conserves the order, knits the strength, concentrates the love of the State—what no largest largesses in gold can either buy or outweigh. And if this should seem to be a mere appeal to fancy, let some State, especially one that is young, lay itself into the work of universal education, making vast expenditures for it—all dead consumption by the free-trade law—what will be seen, a quarter-century or half-century after, but that it has made every man

of its people now two men, by the intelligence put into him, every soldier two soldiers, every army two armies, doubling all its works, engines, possibilities, and magnitudes of history. That people ought now to sell for as much more, if we can speak of that, as they are worth more to themselves—but no matter if they would not. Enough to see, as we certainly may, that statesmanship is not used up under any mere question of wealth and trade, by whatever name it may be called. Indisputable as I think the free-trade science certainly is, in its own small field, it is not everything, nor the test of everything. It simply shows what the law of money-profit and loss may be, as in trade, and so far it settles one of the great questions important to be settled, and always had in view. One, but not all. True statesmanship will make loss, without scruple, for ends that require it, and some of these will even be the highest and most valued. A thousand things that cost money and will pay it back never, save as it is merged and lost sight of in long circuits of causation, he will bravely counsel and decisively execute; and what forbids, if it be so, that he should often make large cost in the protection of industries that are not profitable, save as they add variety, and beget the much needed sentiments of confidence, and fires of public devotion. Any more absolute use of the free-trade principle, admitting the soundness of it, is even unintelligent.

Free-trade, as we have now seen, settles nothing as regards the matter of protection, save the unprofitableness, or bad economy of it; and then the further question may follow whether, on one account or another, the nation had best sacrifice somewhat of economy or profit, with a view to ultimate results of higher consequence. Of this I think we can no longer doubt. It must be done where protection is necessary to the full martial equipment of the state, within itself and out of its own products; and it should be done where the varieties of industry and production are too few to generate those complementary functions which are necessary to a full organization—as will very commonly be true in a young nation just emerging from its colonial or emigration state. This was our condition

at the beginning of the present century, but now we can hardly be called a young nation longer. We have our varieties of production now made up, and are so far advanced in the way that we have already taken our place with the oldest nations of the world. It is no longer required of us, therefore, to be nursed in new industries artificially, to any great extent. The arguments for protection are now mostly gone by. We are getting our revenue also by a levy on importations, which operates of itself a kind of universal protection, and about as much of it in degree as can be any way desirable. The questions we have now on hand, therefore, relate mainly to the discriminations to be made, or not made, in favor of certain specified industries. It results, in this manner, that we are not debating at all the original question between free-trade and protection, but only the particular rates and degrees of protection—how much on this? how much on that? In this mill the lobby forces of the Capitol are all the while grinding, to work out a better per cent. for this or that product. They log-roll, as it is called, in combination of causes or even of party forces; they work by pledges of political rewards; they find how sometimes it is charged to administer a favor. They grab at every most ill-proportioned largess the chances give them, or the twist of political extortion allows them to get.

Commonly, the struggle now is not so much between free-trade and production, as between protections—between the wool-growing interest, for example, and the wool-manufacturers which are making both demands exactly opposite. In the case of iron the contest is threefold, one party demanding the protection of the iron manufacture by a raising of the prices; a second demanding a reduction of the price in favor of the ship-building interest; a third demanding the right to build foreign-built ships because it is cheaper to build. Even the coal trade puts the pike of vote of Pennsylvania over against all the arts, and steam-working engines of land and sea, and makes out what is called a case for protection; standing meanwhile on bed of deposit that are only too cheaply mined, yield good prices, without adding in what tricks of anarchy may cost.

It is not to be denied in this view, that protective imposts, in so many forms, complicate the difficulties and exasperate the conflicts of legislation; and it is even a fair ground of objection to all attempts at protection, that they involve this necessary mischief.

The proposition is, it may be said always, that the government shall sit as for the distribution of patronage among its pensioners—or, in our case, to bestow largesses and pay back rewards, for the votes that have earned so much of prize-money represented in them. And yet there is nothing in the particular case of protection, which is not encountered in every other matter of personal advantage. The rampages of greediness are quite as violent, and the rushes of clamor not a whit less boisterous in the distributions of public office. The great government contracts offered are sought by what arts of intrigue and public bribery. Must we, therefore, have no offices and contracts? or shall we consent to have them and, if possible, have them awarded fairly, as may best promote the public good? No government can ask to be clear of such annoyances; for it has to do, at all points, with the greediness of men, and is ordained partly for that purpose. So in this matter of protection, violations of truth, and justice, and even decency, must be taken as they rise, and be handled as they best can be. Could every claim of protection be grounded in right and prosecuted in good behavior, it would certainly be more agreeable, and the task of protective legislation would be delivered of many difficulties and discomforts. But if it cannot be so, then the law-makers must be only more careful not to be overborne, or deceived, and must carry their hand firmly enough to enforce the conviction that only truth and good manners can have any hope of success. The rapacity of the game may in this way be reduced, or very effectually quelled.

On the whole, it may be seen and should be distinctly noted, that the question of protection, as it now stands before our Congress, is at just the point where it must have arrived under free-trade philosophy itself. The legislator under this philosophy must sometimes forswear economy and break loose from all the laws of trade. He must study organization, sentiment, intelligence, and sometimes complementary functions, and varieties of art, as if he were himself the devotee of protection. But if he is a man of one idea so completely as to think that, running up the free-trade flag and marching under it, he has gotten by all these other cares and questions, he is more of a bigot than a statesman, and is far as possible from being a properly qualified law-giver. There ought to be no rational man who denies the free-trade argument; but there is ample room after that for inquiring when it is applicable, as also when it is not. In protection there is no science, but there may be sense; and should be sense enough to see that extravagant helps are the most fatal of hindrances.

It is often assumed that free-trade has a great moral significance. Perhaps it has when another world is ready for it. Getting rid of war and the perils that require munitions of war; getting our nationalities duly unfolded by varieties of production and a complete education; all public debts also liquidated and put out of the way; then free-trade and the liberties of the sea universally acknowledged, will undoubtedly do much to morally ennoble the world. And yet what is wanted now, is not so much to be farther amused by these pictures of ultimate benefit, as to have the science unfolded in a way to justify measures transcending mere issues of trade and to give it the place which belongs to it in a genuine statesmanship.

A FÊTE-DAY AT MALMAISON.

It seems to be one of the inconsistencies or coquetties of human nature to cling to that which is "ready to vanish away;" and so now we cling to Paris, those of us who are so fortunate as to have seen her in the full flower of her magnificence. We feel that we did not admire her half enough; we linger wistfully in her boulevards, and parks, and gardens, and around her grand columns, now falling to dust; but nowhere, perhaps, more regretfully than in the shady walks and echoing rooms of Malmaison.

Paris stretches her finger-tips far into the outlying country, and every town and village responds to her heart-thrills. Malmaison sprang up at the touch of her glory and splendor, and why should it not be desolated in these days of her eclipse? At all events, it seems fitting, with a sort of melancholy logic, that Paris herself should deal the death-blow.

But how brilliant, and without omen of disaster, it all was on that soft May morning, with its puzzling promises of rain and shine, when we drove to the Western Station and bought our tickets for the little town of Rueil.

The lights and shadows were playing chase with the children under the pleasant conventional shades of the gardens of the Tuileries. A morning shimmer trembled on the obelisk and fountains and great rampant horses of the Place de la Concorde, across the long bridge, and up the Champs Elysées, with their sunny paths, and tufts of green, and tinted mist of early buds and spray of fountains,—away to the great Arch around its circle of far sky. The stream of gay, restless life had begun to pour down the Boulevards, where the windows already shone with jewels and silks and a thousand fascinations, and the restaurants stood with open doors, giving the most appetizing glimpses of their cosiness of little tables, with snowy cloths and tempting breakfast.

All was sparkling, festival-like,—no squalor, no apparent discontent, not a minor tone anywhere. Such disagreeable, unpopular things were not allowed in Paris. They were forced back into the hidden places, into dark, hope-

less hearts; but they have spoken since, and even then they did make a sound in the air. Listening attently, one had a sense of hollowness, of ghastly unreality sometimes, under all the plausible, beautiful surface; a sort of half fancy of a sound of doom, under the roar of equipage and tumultuous life. It was difficult for a New Englander to find exactly the right anodyne for the moral sense in this bewildering Paris. It pressed just enough to make it very refreshing at times to find one's self out in the pretty country, a little prim, perhaps, but with the ever sweet and fresh touch of nature upon it, so healing, so true, even in artificial France. So it was not in the least desolate to glide along in our comfortable railway carriage, away from all the splendor, through the scattering suburbs and lingering trail of houses, out into more open spaces, never empty of human life and dwellings, to be sure, as in this country, but still rural, and now just flushing up in their Spring beauty of green and blossom.

We found the station of Rueil to be some little way from the town; but as there was only a rather unattractive omnibus for conveyance, and the distance was not great, we decided to walk through the lane connecting the station with the town,—no bowered English lane, but a French *ruelle*, thinly shaded and straight, yet with a straggling air, in spite of its straightness. So we felt no very poignant regrets when we came to the end of our road, and to the entrance of the quaint little paved square or market-place. Across this lay the way to Malmaison; and if now we had gone right on without pause, we should have taken our guide, gone through Malmaison as a sort of duty-work, consulting the instructive Murray to find out what emotions it was proper to have; and should probably have ended by not having any, but have been as devoid of feeling as we often were, just when we knew that our hearts ought to be melted within us. For, to tell the truth, the edge had been taken off our appetites by much sight-seeing, and we had become sadly numb and unsensitive. Why is it that the best things take us so unawares? We go after them, we court them, and they fly

like shy birds. But when the mind is quite bare of expectation and goes quietly on its way, there comes some unlooked-for incident, some surprise of light and sound, some grace of atmosphere,—and suddenly the soul is thronged with visitants, delightsome, sometimes holy, that leave behind them a blessed remembrance for a lifetime. In this direction lie some hints as to the attainment of happiness, and that special form of it known as European travel. A little less of strenuous pursuit, a little more of *laissez-aller*, would probably prevent a good deal of disappointment in both quarters.

So we discovered this day, trudging, with hearts quite off their guard, along the road to Rueil, and came on something not down in Murray or Baedeker, which we were faithfully carrying under our arms.

At our left, on the corner of the market-place, stood a small Gothic church in dark stone, such as may be seen in almost every French town. This one was the burial-place of Josephine, however, and besides had a beautiful carved portico, the gift of Cardinal Richelieu, some three hundred years ago ; and so we meant to take a look at it on our return. But as we were passing we saw the leathern curtain at the door swinging back and forth as one after another slipped in ; and as it let souls in it let sweet organ-music out, all the sweeter, the more entreating, that it came so in wafts and breaks of sound. We could not resist ; we too lifted the curtain, and found just standing-room left at the back of the church.

It was a fête-day,—Ascension-day. The church was quite thronged with peasants in their picturesqueness of costume—men in blouses, women in snow-white frilled caps, and masses of children in white holiday dresses ; and up by the altar, where the priests were intoning the service, and the boys throwing upward films of incense from the silver balls, which they swung back and forth on crimson cords,—there, in the far-off fragrant dimness, was Josephine herself. We saw her kneeling,—she also in white—marble white,—movelessly prostrate among her people, the very descendants, probably, of those who had shared her countiful goodness. Many are the sweet traditions of her walks among them, in those

days when her own sorrow and deprivation made her always kindly heart yet more alive to the needs of others. In those days, too, when the dazzling blaze of earthly glory no longer blinded, she had turned more to the heavenly consolations as she understood them, and knelt, with a wistful heart, in the little church where Te Deums had so often resounded for the victories of Napoleon.

Both lives are finished now ; and as we saw her white, motionless form, our thoughts were lifted upward by the thought of the day that was being commemorated, and by the solemn music that poured down from the high organ-loft, as if out of the answering sky somewhere ; and we could not help feeling how short it all was,—the glory and the sorrow,—and the hereafter seemed all.

After service the church soon emptied itself, and we were almost alone ; but the music floated sweetly on, while we walked up the vacant aisle to the altar and stood close by the marble Empress. She was kneeling there in the quiet remoteness, in her coronation robes, emblems, we trust, of a crowning more enduring and blessed,—the heavenly crowns have no thorns. On the side of the monument, just above the arch and pillars which support it, was this simple inscription : “Eugène and Hortense to Josephine.” It was more than half a century since she had been laid away there, in that same sweet month of May, whose springing grasses and opening blooms make it so easy to believe in new life and happy resurrections. Yes, we shall always be thankful for this chance of travel that turned our footsteps into that quiet burial-place, on the fête-day of Ascension. How could one help catching some of the deeper meanings of that sad, brilliant history, or feeling an “*attendrissement du cœur*” that should prepare him to view more sympathetically the home where were passed the happiest and the bitterest days of that eventful career ?

Across the market-place ; then through a street of the town, and past some fine mansion-houses with steep roofs, and with high stone walls inclosing their pretty gardens, of whose spring attire we caught glimpses through the iron gates ; then a lane,—a real lane with its falling veil of young green,—and

avenue between ranks of trees, a wide, high gateway, a straight piece of gravel walk, and we found ourselves before the door of Malmaison. A somber-looking place too, it must be confessed, seeming to bear the burden of a memory; with that wonderful expressiveness that all historic houses have, as if they were on the point of telling you their story. Malmaison had no beauty of architecture, none of the piquancy of the French château, with its turrets and peaks and high chimneys. You saw, at a glance, that it was no mansion of an old family estate, but a place of summer pleasure; and that was its charm,—many a delightful summer was written upon its front. It was so spread out, and so low in proportion, that you felt at first as if it were all ground floor, and its great windows, now tightly closed, had been made to let in as much as might be of air and light and all outer beauty. It was impossible not to wish that they might stand wide once more, and the house be filled with soft summer breezes, and scent of flowers, and the brilliant throng, where one most graceful and beautiful presence should give harmony to all, and he of the massive head and pale, inscrutable face be the master. But instead of that, the closed blinds had the look of seals, and the door opened, and then shut with a clang behind half a dozen Americans.

In the outer vestibule was a guide in waiting, a soldier, I believe, and forbidden to receive fees, which may have accounted for his extraordinary gloom and reticence; or, perhaps, the profound melancholy of Malmaison had sunk into his spirit, though I incline to the former hypothesis. However that may be, he seemed to us a fit exhibitor of the grave, silent house, and under his awe-inspiring escort we entered the interior of the building.

The floors of the corridors and most of the rooms were bare and waxed, and our footsteps echoed in a ghostly way through the darkened rooms. We were allowed, though, to open some of the blinds at the back, and let in the blessed daylight upon the dead memories, and look out upon the paradise of lawn and garden, more park-like and luxuriant than the old French style of landscape gardening usually allowed.

Nothing can be more desolate than a European palace or dwelling, when once it is thrown open to the public. Everything is made proper, and safe from vandalism; only the stately furniture remains, and is ranged in solemn order round the wall, like a house made ready for a funeral. The little knickknacks and signs of personal taste are all withdrawn; the animating soul is gone,—only an outline, a bare skeleton, is left. So that the amount of impression you get depends entirely on whether your imagination happens to be on the *qui vive* or not.

We remember well ending off a wearisome day through the monotonous miles of palace at Versailles, with a visit to the Petit Trianon. It seemed to us, overstrained as we were, as empty as the celebrated cupboard of Mother Hubbard. We said to ourselves, "Marie Antoinette, the beautiful, the martyred, has lived here; in this room she sat; here she slept; down that path she wandered; and this was her favorite seat,"—but our mind gave forth no more response than a muffled drum. It seems to be all a matter of chance, but fate had been very propitious to us that day at Rueil. In the little church there, we had come near to Josephine, and freshened all our thoughts of her; more than that, we had new thoughts of her, in a perfectly natural, effortless way, and so we did not lose her altogether out of this empty, echoing Malmaison.

The wing at the left of the entrance was entirely occupied by the library, which had been the special room of Napoleon. After the divorce, Josephine kept it all exactly as he left it—the pen and paper on the desk, the map spread out, where he was studying his campaign. She allowed no one to enter dusting and airing the room herself, so that it looked to us, perhaps, much as it did during the latter part of her lifetime. It was a large room, with floor of polished wood, and with immense windows on three of its sides. The one at the back looked out on a green stretch of undulating lawn, with clumps of trees here and there. The room itself was evidently a mental workshop. There were book-cases, writing-desk, some chairs—nothing more; had been amply furnished long ago with thoughts and deeds. Just after we entered

the rain, which had been long threatening, poured down. It dashed wildly against the great windows, and the wind sighed mournfully outside,—the very air seemed a sigh in that wonderful room,—such genius, such beauty, such gigantic selfishness, such sorrow, such great things that were, and the greater things that might have been!

At the other end of the house, on the right of the entrance, were the parlors and reception-room of Josephine. There were not many of them,—only three, if I remember rightly; and they were of moderate size, except the room in the wing, which corresponded in shape and proportions to the library of Napoleon. The furniture here had a look of by-gone elegance. The hand of time had been silently at work on it, and the embroidered flowers on the chairs had grown quite pale, almost colorless under its touch. Faded too were the roses in the embroidery that lay unfinished in Josephine's work-basket, and the needle was rusting just where she had left it, in a rose half done. There was an old-fashioned piano in the room, which had still some music upon it—an old French song lying open, I remember. There were also flower-vases standing about everywhere, and outside, through the wide windows, showed the park, and gardens beyond, where Josephine had delighted to spend many of her summer hours, and had worked with veritable rake and pruning-knife. Everywhere little vanishing suggestions of tastes genuine and even simple. Ah well! the heart of an empress beats, probably, much like any other heart, and longs, not unlikely, for those home and heart-joys which are the portion of happier women. Happiness is a strange, evasive thing,—comes not on call, wears no visible crown, hides itself away much like some flowers, whose presence is revealed only by their perfume. Happy women, wearing unseen crowns, envy not, but pity rather, those royal sisters of yours who are so often weary with the weight of gold on the head, and of lead in the heart.

But our guide, solemn as he was, left little time for moralizing, and led the way to the upper story. The exterior had so much deceived us, that we were surprised,

on climbing the resounding staircase, to find so much room. There was Josephine's suite of private apartments, bath-rooms and boudoir, dressing and sleeping rooms. These too looked stripped and desolated, emptied of life; but some little signs were left, that indicated an elegant and refined taste. The tints were delicate and well chosen, and there were exquisite china vases, and a bronze clock and candlesticks on the mantel-piece of the boudoir. In the state bedroom remained the fading traces of a certain grandeur. It was tapestried in deep red, and one end of the room was circular in form, and contained the massive bedstead. Here it was, in that far-off May-time, that Josephine passed away from all the joys and sorrows of this most mortal life.

It was a tranquil evening, we are told, and the year, all abloom, breathed its fragrance and bird-song in at the open window; but the faithful dying heart turned far away to him, the great faithless one, who was testing even then, at Elba, the possibility of failure,—and the word "Napoleon" was her last breath. The Emperor Alexander, who stood by, exclaimed, "She is no more!—that woman whom France has named the beneficent, that angel of goodness, is no more!" Thousands of her people came for a last look at their lifeless benefactress. It was the last reception at Malmaison; and then she was borne out and laid away to rest by the high altar in the church at Rueil.

We pictured it all to ourselves, as we sat in the vestibule, waiting for the rain to cease. The birds were singing in the wet branches, and the newly-awakened flowers were sweetening the air, just as it had been fifty years and more ago, and the fragrance of a name also still lingered there. As when, in some old home, you open a drawer long closed, and a scent comes out, of lavender or rose, the breath of some long-ago time, stirring a thousand unnamable feelings, and you shut it again in a dream; so with us at Malmaison, and so, as the sun came out, the door shut behind us, and we left the avenue and the lane, with its glistening trees, and the fine old houses standing in their quickening gardens, and passed the church on the corner of the market-place once more, breathing a "Re-

quiescat," and carried the dream with us back into the hot life of Paris.

And now they tell us that the last resting-place has been disturbed by the sounds of war; that the old church at Rueil, in its hoary age, has not proved too hallowed a place for the plunge of shot and shell; so, even in death, the uncrowned Empress, the unmarried wife, has not found an enduring quiet. Is it that there is no rest to any one that has ever shared the name or fate of that baleful genius who has left his splendid and fiery track across all Europe? Does the spell of that name reach across the tomb? Well, if the marble shrine in the sheltered sanctuary has failed our tempest-tossed Josephine, may the chances of war at least spare that other memorial of her, standing as fair and white in the very streets and dust of Paris itself.

Some weeks after the day at Malmaison, when the season had come to its perfection, and Paris was in the height of its out-door summer existence, we went up one evening to Trocadero, that height above the Champs de Mars, which the Emperor had made into a garden-like upper terrace, where all the world might rest and look down upon that great city, and all the mighty works he had done in it. Truly, it was a fair sight, the utmost that the world could do, and we felt as if the kingdoms thereof were being shown to us. We could mark the trail of the Seine with its majesty of bridges; below us, spread out the Champs de Mars; and the distant pavilions of the Tuileries mounting above the tree-tops, and many a spire and tower and glistening façade caught the last rosy tints of the day. That tender departing light always seemed a little incongruous in Paris, like a holy benediction in a gay and thoughtless assembly; but it was beautiful; and, after all, those heavenly benedictions of light and color and air, and many another besides, descend from arms

stretched wide. They do not discriminate; they fall alike upon the just and the unjust, and only the soul itself can shut them out.

Under these beneficent heavens we lingered till past twilight, when the million glittering lights coming out below, made the city asparkle, or ran hither and thither on the canals, like will-o'-the-wisps. Then came the calmer luster of the moon, a resplendent moon bright and high enough almost to lean its shining face down over the darkest and narrowest streets, and drive the darkness out. Our way homeward, or rather hotelward, led us however, through the great new avenues, down which the light poured like a stream. One of these, the Josephine avenue, is among those laid out and named by the present, or rather late Emperor. It crosses the very spot where Josephine had erected a convent or charity school for girls, and a statue of her had been set to mark the place of her kind deed. We did not know this till, suddenly, we saw a white glancing figure, tall and graceful, bending her head graciously down toward us in the moonlight; and then some one told us the story. The pure white light, the lovely, almost yearning attitude, the sweet mystery of the evening in the quiet spot so apart from the glare of the city, and the thought of the good deed, threw an indescribable charm about the place, and seemed to set the seal upon the delightful impressions received in that day's shower and shine at Malmaison.

But, fortunately, delightful impressions are not the only witnesses. History has given her weightier sanction, and her wandering sister, Tradition, has never ceased to throw beautiful flowers on that grave. If in sad, modern fashion some stains are to be seen, sympathy may well drop an effacing tear, for the sake of one who loved much, not with the blinding egotism of passion, but with a loyal and sacrificing heart.

SAMSON'S RIDDLE SOLVED.

THE LION-CUP *versus* THE LION-CUB.

It is now more than thirty centuries since Samson "twisted" his riddle at the marriage festival in Timnath. Did the Philistines *untwist* it? Has the world ever guessed it? These are questions which should interest every Biblical scholar, and, I am confident, will do so, as they proceed with me in the inquiry I am making. I start with the proposition, confidently stated, that Samson smashed a "wine-press" in the vineyards of Timnath, but rent no "young lion" there; and that the true rendering of the Hebrew text, in the words translated "and behold, a young lion roared against him," is, or should be, "and behold, the *lion-cup* (or 'wine-press') called loudly, inviting him." And to the correctness of this rendering I invite not only the attention of the general reader, but the best oriental scholarship of the country.

The riddle of Samson occurs in the 14th chapter of Judges, and is familiar (the common version of it) to almost every child, certainly to every Sabbath-school child, in Christendom. The historical narrative represents Samson as rending a young lion in the vineyards of Timnath, and afterwards as finding a swarm of bees and honey in its carcass, and then as taking the honey therefrom, eating himself, and giving to his parents to eat. And, upon the strength of these seemingly miraculous incidents, he puts forth his riddle to the thirty companions brought in to be his attendants at the feast. It is this:—

"Out of the eater came forth meat,
Out of the strong came forth sweetness,"

The generally received solution of this "cup-question," or riddle, and the one which his Philistine companions were supposed to have guessed, after ploughing for seven days with "Samson's heifer," is this:—

"Out of the lion (which, when living, *was* an 'eater') came forth honey (or a 'meat'), and out of the strong (or the lion as he was *when* living) came forth sweetness, or the honey Samson had taken and eaten."

It is true that the correctness of this solu-

tion was, in most bitter and terrible irony, conceded by Samson:

"If ye had not ploughed with my heifer,
Ye had not found out my riddle."

But this will appear, from a thorough examination of the chant or song in the original, to have been only a "concessive retort" made by Samson, and that in a poetical distich, answering in rhythmical quantity to their interrogative solution, which was also a poetical distich.

Samson loved, it seems, a young and no doubt beautiful Philistine girl, living in Timnath, a village only about two miles and a half from Zorah, where his parents resided. He had probably seen the girl often, as the text informs us that "she pleased him well." His parents objected to the match, or alliance, for the reason that she was the daughter of an uncircumcised Philistine, a detested race of oppressors in Israel. He had been told that no Philistine woman, no matter what her protestations of affection might be, would ever prove true to an Israelite husband, if her own race demanded an act of infidelity or perfidy on her part. They were a people as treacherous as they were oppressive, with this perfidious *taint* of the race so deeply and universally rooted that there was no exception to be found "from Dan to Beersheba," or within the whole range of territory covered by them, and made detestable by their oppressions at the time referred to in the narrative. This is no doubt what Samson had repeatedly been told. One of the objects of propounding his riddle, therefore, may have been to test the truthfulness and sincerity of this young girl's professions. He knew that the Philistines would endeavor to extort the secret from her, and the mulct or forfeit was made a large one to increase their importunity in this direction, and the more effectually test the virtue and integrity of the young wife. The sequel shows his sagacity in this respect, for we are told that she wept during the seven days because he would not tell her the riddle, and

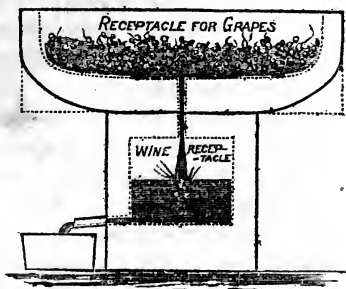
that on the seventh day she "lay sore upon him" until he disclosed to her the secret, that is, communicated what she supposed to be the solution, which she immediately made known to her people. On the evening of the seventh day, "before the sun went down" (that is, just in time to save them from the forfeit), they asked him:

"What is sweeter than honey?
What is stronger than a lion?"

Then comes Samson's indignant and cutting retort, or concessive reply, which was far more truthful than polite to the future Mrs. Samson, and so the riddle portion of the chant ends. The Philistines had not guessed his riddle, but they had guessed enough to satisfy our hero that they had "ploughed with his heifer," and he immediately goes down to Ashkelon, slays thirty Philistines, takes their garments, covered no doubt with blood, and, returning, flings them down at the feet of his attendants, as the price of their treachery. He then leaves both wife and Philistines in disgust, and returns to his home in Zorah.

This is the story as told, or the dramatic part of the chant known as the fourteenth chapter of Judges. And in order to give the true rendering of the fifth, eighth, and ninth verses of this chapter, and at the same time avail myself of brevity in the exposition, I will lay down a few preliminary propositions, from which no well-informed Biblical scholar will dissent:—

1. The Book of Judges is purely a historical narrative, interwoven with chants or songs for dramatic effect, but in no instance running into



THE WINE-PRESS.

either allegorical or prophetic pictures or representations, such as characterized the prevailing bent of the oriental mind at the time

the book was written. As a collective history of the Judges, it covers a period of which it is difficult to fix the precise chronology. The book commences with a reference to Joshua's death, and resumes the narrative in almost the concluding words of the history preceding it. In other words, it is rigidly historic in its character, and not allegorical.

2. Samson was dedicated to be a *Nazarite* for life, that is, he was not to touch *wine*, nor any *dead body*, from the day of his birth to the day of his death. This was a peculiar consecration, bearing a striking resemblance to that of a high-priest. The "angel of the Lord" had indicated to his mother that he should bear this priestly office; his parents had dedicated him to it, and, when he arrived at an age to comprehend the nature of the obligation, he undoubtedly took the Nazaritic vow upon him—one of the most sacred and inviolable that could be administered.

3. The *mission* of Samson was (as divinely predicted) to *commence* the deliverance of Israel out of the hands of the Philistines.

4. In every instance in which "the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him" (except that erroneously rendered in regard to the "young lion"), it was with a view to the destruction by him of the property or lives of the Philistines, or to his deliverance out of their hands.

5. Samson being a *Nazarite*, his greatest "enemy" (not excepting the Philistines themselves) was the "wine-press."

6. Stripped of their diacritical signs, vowel-points, and the *matres lectionis*, the Hebrew words translated "young lion" (Judges xiv. 5) are *KPR-ARTH*; the first meaning either a *cup* or a *cub* (cub of a lion), and the second meaning *lions* (for the word is plural) distinctively. And the proper translation of the text is, the "*cup* of the lions," or "lion-cup," and not the "*cub* of the lions" or "lion-cub."

7. The stone wine-press in Samson's time was cut out of solid rock. It consisted of two blocks of stone, one of which was about ten feet broad and three feet thick, with a receptacle eight feet square and fifteen inches deep, for depositing the grapes, and this rested upon another block or standard, about five feet square, with a wine receptacle four feet

broad and three feet deep, and about two feet below the grape receptacle—thus presenting to the eye the appearance of a *gigantic cup* cut from the solid rock. Such a wine-press, with the lower corners of the upper block rounded off to present a pleasing effect to the eye, would bear a striking resemblance to a cup or goblet.

This was the "lion-cup" in the vineyards of Timnath. The dimensions are those given by Robinson of an ancient wine-press found by him, cut out of the living rock. But all vineyards did not furnish a "living rock" from which to cut such a press, and where the stone had to be brought from a distance, it undoubtedly took this form and shape, corresponding with presses known to have been cut from the living rock.

8. The Hebrew language was originally written with consonants only, there being no provision in their orthographic system for the representation of vowel-sounds. The *a*, or *Aleph*, was itself a consonant, but the weakest of all in expression, being equivalent to the light breathing of *h* in our word *hour*. This letter, with the *vav* and *yoth* (*v* and *y*), came in time to supply the place of vowels, and received the names of *matres lectionis*, or the *mothers* or *aids* of reading. Nordheimer, in his *Critical Grammar* of the language, says, in speaking of these consonantal vowels, that they are inclined to lose their consonantal power entirely, and *are frequently rejectable in words*, or convertible the one into the other. They are servile letters, mutable in their character, and liable to disappear for want of consonantal strength. They are frequently found wanting in their proper place in words, especially in the older Phœnician inscriptions, showing that they might, or might not, have been used by the writer of the dramatic chant in question, and that their appearance in the MSS. coming down to our time may be due to the subsequent transcribers, as the accents and



SAMSON AND THE LION, FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE 15TH CENTURY.

vowel-points were due to the Masoretes. Gesenius, who is the highest authority on this point, asserts that the Phœnicians were in the habit of dropping the *matres lectionis* in their monumental writings, and he adds that this omission constitutes one of the chief difficulties of reading these inscriptions. The celebrated "Mesha stone," recently discovered, and the oldest inscription of any length which has as yet been brought to light, fully confirms this opinion of Gesenius. This stone must have been inscribed in the reign of King Mesha, who was ruler of the Moabites about the year 900 B. C., which takes us back to within 260 years of the time when Samson propounded his riddle. In the very first lines of this stone, we find the letter *yoth* omitted in the name *Mesha*, and *vav* in the name

Chemosh. Had the inscription upon this stone passed through the hands of the Masoretes, or the earlier transcribers of the synagogue-rolls, these consonantal vowels would have been added, and with a subsequent loss of the stone, the highest oriental scholarship of our day would be inadequate to pass judgment upon the question of their original use in the two words named. What is true then of the accents and vowel-points is measurably true of the *matres lectionis*, that is, they were dropped where their consonantal strength was not sufficiently discernible by the ear to make their appearance essentially a guide to sound. A comparison of the earlier with the later MSS. will show an enlarged use of the *matres lectionis* by the transcribers, as a comparison of the earlier with the later Phœnician inscriptions will undoubtedly show their enlarged use, as the language advanced in vowel strength.

9. The Hebrew language did not undergo the change effected by the introduction of the accents and vowel-points until about the commencement of the sixth century. Before that time all the vowel strength of the language was locked up in the *matres lectionis*, or feebly expressed through them. The Masoretes (or learned Rabbins transcribing the Old Testament) then sought to give authoritative and intelligible uniformity to the reading of the Scriptures, and adopted the present system of accents and vowel-points for that purpose. These, with the *matres lectionis*, make two words from *K P R*, namely, *kephir*, "the cub of a lion," and *kephor*, "the cup." And it may be stated here, as a matter of information to the general reader, that the Hebrew and Phœnician are essentially the same language, or, at least, but different dialects of the same language. The oldest known Bible MS. now in existence is a Pentateuch roll, originally brought from Derbend, in Daghestan, which was transcribed about the year 580 A.D. All MSS. back of that date have been lost to the world, and the Hebrew scholar is now limited in his researches to the learning developed during the Masoretic period, and to such Phœnician inscriptions as have come down to us in various forms from different periods of time.

Bearing these several propositions or preliminary statements in mind, and the principles governing the Hebrew language as therein stated, it will be apparent, I think, as we proceed, that it was the "wine-press" in the vineyards of Timnath that Samson rent, on the occasion referred to in the text, and not a "young lion."

The original of the text as it comes to us from the Masoretes is: *hinnēh kephir-arāyōth shoēg likrātho*, translated in the King James version, "and behold, a young lion roared against him." The translation for which I contend, and that which is essential to the true exposition of the riddle, is this: "and behold, the lion-cup (cup of the lions) raging ('strong drink is raging,' Prov. xx. 1) in his presence," or "at his meeting;" or, more literally, "behold, the lion-cup called loudly to invite him."

The original consonants used to represent the two words, *kephir-arāyōth*, to the eye, as well as the consonantal sounds expressing them to the ear, were *KPR-ARTH*. That the *vav* and *yoth* were not originally used in writing these words, as they appear in the chant, and that they were not used by Samson, except the more effectually to conceal the *pun*, or play upon words, by which he sought to mislead the Philistines, is manifest, I think from other portions of the chant, as well as from the solution so provokingly sought to be drawn out by Samson. The first of these words, as I have stated, means either a *cup* or a *cub* (cub of a lion), and the second means *lions* distinctively, as it has the plural form. The two words together make either "the lion-cup" (wine-press) or "the lion-cub." The original, or root-word, *KPR*, means "to cover," and was applied to a young lion because it was "covered" with shaggy hair, and to a cup because it had a "cover." For the same reason, no doubt, it was applied to the wine-press, because it was carefully "covered" at all seasons of the year. Besides, the wine-press was, in shape, like a gigantic cup, and having the strength of a lion to overcome the mightiest, especially in a prolonged encounter, it would naturally be called the "lion-cup of the vineyard." This name would be not only strikingly figurative, but strongly

suggestive of the qualities or characteristics of the wine-press. This point is not only definitionally strengthened, but overwhelmingly sustained, by the two words translated "carcass" in the 8th verse. The first of these is *mapelceth*, and means the "ruin" or "fallen heap," terms entirely applicable to a "smashed wine-press," but not to the decayed or decaying carcass of a lion. Dropping the *matres lectionis* from the second word rendered "carcass" in the same verse (the 8th), and we have the Hebrew consonants *GTH*, or the same word rendered "wine-press" in the 6th chapter of the same book (*Judges*), 11th verse, where "Gideon threshed wheat in (not beside) the wine-press (*GTH*) to hide it from the Midianites." This would seem conclusive of the point already hinted at, either that the *matres lectionis* were not used by the writer of the chant, or that they were so used as to deepen the pun or play upon words, which included the double idea of a "lion-cub" and "lion-cup." The 8th verse should therefore read, "and he turned aside to see the fallen heap of the wine-press; and behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey in it" (or, literally, in the "lion-cup"). And this was the most natural place in the world for a swarm of bees to take shelter in, if the upper or grape receptacle only had been destroyed, as the lower or wine receptacle would furnish them as perfect a "hive" as could be cut from the living rock. The saccharine fermentation of the grape is always a most tempting sweet to the honey-bee, and if immediately after the vintage season, there would be this additional temptation to its ordinary rock resort in that region.

This dramatic chant or song (for it is manifestly such in the original) is remarkable for its puns, or play upon words. A purely consonantal language gives great scope and facility for this sort of enigma, much greater, in fact, than is possible with a multiplicity of vowel-sounds superadded to those that are consonantal only; and this is true, whether the pun is presented to the ear in sound or to the eye by letter. The solution of Samson's riddle turns, in fact, upon an ingenious pun. The words *KPR-ARTH* are so played upon by Samson, or so "twisted" by him, as to mean

one thing in his own mind, and another to his wife and her people. He had actually destroyed the "wine-press" in the vineyards of Timnath. If cut from the living rock, it was a most valuable piece of Philistine property. It was no doubt a matter of much curiosity and speculation with them to know how it had been destroyed. As Samson rent it "with nothing in his hands," there could have been no external evidences of violence, and they must have supposed that a bolt from heaven shivered or rent it in pieces. At all events, they were ignorant of Samson's miraculous strength, and had not the remotest idea that he could have done it. In putting forth his riddle, therefore, he is evidently tantalizing them with the loss of their wine-press, as he afterwards tantalized them, through Delilah, with reference to the source of his great strength.

What he tells his wife on the seventh day is, that he had rent a *KPR-ARTH* in the vineyards of Timnath, and that he had afterwards turned aside to see its fallen body, "and behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey in it." The play upon the several words used is so ingenious that she understands him to mean a "a lion-cub," and not a "lion-cup." For, after she had communicated with the Philistines, they ask not what is stronger than a *KPR-ARTH*, but what is stronger than an *ARE*, using the singular form of the noun for *lion* only, and losing sight entirely of the pun, or *double entendre*, by which the substantial or basis fact of the riddle had been communicated.

And this solution of the riddle does no injustice to the Bible Hercules. Had the wine-press of Timnath been cut out of the solid rock, it would have required a much more Herculean feat to rend it in fragments (make a "fallen heap" of it) than it would to have rent a "young lion." It was, no doubt, in the vintage season of the year when he first went down to Timnath with his parents. The wine-press might then be full of grapes and flowing with new wine, with no one to tread it. If called the "lion-cup," as it undoubtedly was, it would then literally "roar against him," that is, it would strongly challenge him to an encounter, he being a Nazarite

and the wine-press his chief "enemy" or tempter. The word *shoëg* may mean either the *raging* of persons or things, as *the raging of wine when it is red in the cup*. The language is somewhat figurative, but the meaning is readily deducible, and certainly not far-fetched in this instance. And here we are told that the "spirit of the Lord (which only led him to act against the Philistines) came mightily upon him," and he rent the wine-press as he would have rent a kid. This makes the first act of the Bible Hercules the destruction of Philistine *property*, the second the destruction of *life*, and so on afterwards alternately of property and life, until the grand climax of his career—the destruction of both together in the Temple of Dagon.

"It was of the Lord (so says the text) that he sought an occasion against the Philistines," a circumstance that even Samson's parents did not know. The rending of a lion in the hedged vineyards of Timnath would have been no act of destruction against the Philistines. It would rather have been a help to them. With his Nazaritic vow upon him there might have been a double motive in his smashing the wine-press, or the "lion-cup," as it "called loudly inviting him." It was, as has been said, his *enemy*, and his mission was to overcome enemies with a fierce destruction. Not so if it had been a young lion laying waste a Philistine vineyard. His "mission" would have required that he should use the lion, as he afterwards did the foxes (jackals), for the destruction of Philistine property. It was no act of hostility on his part literally to "trample upon the young lion" where he then was. He should have encouraged their migration thither from the jungles of the Jordan, or from the mountains to the north of Zorah.

"But he told not his father or mother what he had done." And why? Had he actually rent a young lion, it would have been the most natural thing in the world for him to tell his parents of it. But to have smashed a wine-press in the vintage season, when filled with grapes and flowing with new wine, might have been regarded by them as a technical violation of his consecration vow. It would be "touching the fruit of the vine," which he

was sworn not to do; and hence his silence with his parents as to what he had done. And again, when he turned aside, on his second visit to Timnath with his parents, to see the "ruin" or "fallen heap" of the wine-press (translated "the carcass of the lion"), and found a swarm of bees and honey therein, "he told them not that he had taken the honey out of the wine-press." And here was a more powerful reason still for his secrecy, as his consecration vow forbade his touching anything coming from such a source.

Some of the commentators on the Book of Judges have been greatly troubled to explain how Samson could have stripped the thirty slain Philistines of their garments at Ashkelon "without touching their dead bodies," which as a Nazarite, he was forbidden to do. But *non constat* that he stripped them *after* they were dead. And yet it seems not to have occurred to these commentators, that to go into the "dead body" of a lion and eat honey therefrom was equally a forbidden act by the law of the Nazarites, and much more defiling to his priestly office.

These banquet riddles, or "cup-questions," as they were called, were the favorite device for pastime and amusement at marriage festivals, their design being to pleasantly whittle away the seven days' continuance of the feast. They were contrived to puzzle and perplex the attendants, and rewards and mulcts were generally coupled with them in order to add zest to the entertainment. Samson says, "will twist you a *twister*," and he certainly did for he succeeded in not only puzzling his attendants, but in propounding a riddle which *it has taken the world three thousand years to guess!*

And now that the true rendering has been given to the riddle portion of the chant, the Phœnician tradition becomes the simple piece of *naturalism* in the world, so far at least as the *habits* of the honey-bee are concerned, and one of the greatest stumbling blocks in the Bible to the *incipient* belief is removed. The honey-bee, as is well known, is one of the neatest, cleanliest, and most fastidious insects in the world, both in its habits and in its choice of a location to deposit honey. It never yet went into the dead body

of a lion or any other animal for such a purpose, and never *will*, until an Almighty fiat shall change its entire nature and habits. The plea of a miracle, or the interruption of the laws of nature, will not suffice in this case. It must have required a continuous and constantly-working change in the laws of nature, which negatives the idea of a miracle. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego might temporarily abide the violence of fire, with the Lord to quench it, but to become a race of salamanders and permanently live in fire thereafter, would be simply an exchange of one law of nature for another, without the slightest definitional feature of a miracle attaching to it. It would be simply the transference of the arctic whale to the tropical seas, with such a permanent change in his physical nature as would adapt him to other and different conditions of life. Miracles always cease where nature resumes sway.

But the rendering I have given to the riddle portion of the chant meets all the conditions of the four several distichs in which the "cup-question," or enigma, is anticipated, put, guessed, and retortively answered. For the original *premise*, or antecedent proposition on which the riddle is based, is a poetical distich; the enigma, as put, a poetical distich; the stolen solution of the Philistines, a poetical distich; and the concessive retort of Samson, a poetical distich.

"Out of the eater came forth meat,
Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

That is, out of the "wine-press," which consumes (figuratively "eats") grapes by the million, came forth "wine," one of the three leading "meats" of the Bible ("corn, *wine*, and oil"), and out of the strong (or the "lion-cup," capable of overcoming the mightiest potentates of the earth in a prolonged encounter) came forth sweetness, or the honey Samson had taken and eaten from the "ruins of the wine-press."

This was the riddle as Samson understood it, and as he ingeniously and tantalizingly put or punned it to the Philistines. He as much as says, "Guess, if you can, who smashed your wine-press! I 'twist you this *twister*'—give you this pun or *double entendre*—this play upon 'lion-cup' and 'lion-cub'—and let me see if you have wit enough to guess it."

They never dreamt that their "lion-cup" had been rent by human hands. It was too Herculean a feat for any mortal man to accomplish, and nothing short of a thunderbolt from their terrible Dagon could have done it; and so they ineffectually plough with Samson's "heifer" (*honey-fugle* with his wife) to guess the riddle. The Philistines "ploughed" for only seven days without guessing the riddle, but the ingenious writer of the chant has left the world to plough ineffectually with the same "heifer" for more than thirty centuries without guessing it.

A TARTAR LOVE-SONG.

Blow, Wind, blow!
And carry news of me
Away to Astrabad,
Where dwells my dear Sakina;
And, soon as you have seen her,
Your wings in her bosom throw,
And say, "A Tartar lad
Has sent this kiss to thee!"

A PLEA FOR CHINESE LABOR.

THE vexed question of the American Housekeeper of the present day is the question of "*Help*." No other is so engrossing or so unanswerable. We venture to assert that the trials of our American women in forming and maintaining an orderly and well-arranged household have not been paralleled since the Home has been an institution of human existence, and that they have been almost sufficient to make her regret that happy barbaric epoch when her skin-clad ancestress sat in her hut of mud, and ate her food without the aid of modern implements or the preparatory discipline of fire.

Just now the meeting of Labor and Capital on the western shore of our Western Hemisphere engages a wide-spread attention. So possible does it now appear that Chinese labor may become a feature of our manufactories and homes, that I propose to inquire into the reasons which dispose our housekeepers to hazard the trial of a new element in their kitchens, in place of the turbulent one that now holds sway there.

For there can be no doubt of the fact that there is an increasing desire among the women who have the management of servants and households to give trial to the "heathen Chinese." The great and growing trouble in our domestic machinery arises from want of willing and efficient service there. I am convinced, after much observation, inquiry, and experience, that this is not only the complaint of indolent and inefficient mistresses, who do not know the alphabet in the science of house-keeping, but that it is equally the trial of thorough and well-balanced housewives, who are capable of doing with their own hands all kinds of domestic duties if they possess physical strength, and have no social requirements which impinge on the time which household service requires. Daily I see cultivated and intelligent women sit down to talk over their troubles with "help," with the very same engrossing interest which we used to fancy was only felt by the dawdling, inefficient creature who employed servants only to abuse them. Literature and art are often left untouched while a group of fine women discuss

the manifold incapacities of the domestics who infest their kitchens; while they report, with wondering comments, the invaluable qualities of servants they have met in England or on the Continent; the touching anxiety these trans-Atlantic treasures show to retain a place which American help would scorn; and latterly, after all this, comes the final winding-up in this sentence: "It is said we shall soon have the Chinese in our kitchens. I hope so. They may be better, and they *can't* be worse."

In a visiting tour last summer, in the houses of old friends in New England, I found in five out of six households in which I was for a few days a guest, that there were no servants in the house, and the ladies of the family were doing their own work,—in every case, not from choice, but from necessity. All had ample means and commodious houses, with modern conveniences; all had the same story to tell, with modifications.

At A—'s house there were two daughters, fine, charming girls; with cultivated musical tastes, fond of reading, thoroughly-trained housekeepers, and, what was best of all, they had robust and splendid health. The house was large and handsome, governed by good taste and good order. They have four or five in their family, and as it is such a delightful home to visit, there is always a guest or two, sometimes three or four, in the house. Yet all the long hot summer not a servant had been with them long enough to lighten the household labor. All summer, through the hard days, the two young ladies had cooked and swept and dusted, and even washed and ironed at unheard of hours, that they might have leisure to give to their guests. They were always well dressed, always ready to go for a drive, or to play a duet on the piano. I confess their management was little short of a miracle, and I know one rarely gets such dinners as those in which grace and intellect lend a share in the preparations. But while I praised some of their marvels of dainty cookery, Christine said, with a heavy sigh:—

"Yes, there is a pleasure in doing such offices for one's friends, but the truth is, I am

all overworked, and well-nigh tired to death. I have no time to read or to practice some music which I am starving for. And look at my hands! I sleep in gloves every night to keep them barely presentable. Yet it is hopeless to think of getting even the worst of Irish help. We are close by a large manufacturing town, and if we get a girl, she stays just long enough to turn everything topsy-turvy, and then departs with her luggage for the factories, leaving us to clean house after her. Miriam and I have resolved we will not have another Bridget in our kitchen, and there is nothing better to be got. I read all the newspapers say on the Chinese labor question. If I can get a Chinaman I shall at least give him a trial. Certainly they cannot be worse than our present set of servants."

Mrs. B— was even more to be commiserated. Early in the summer she shut up her house, gladly dismissed her two incapable domestics, and went to the Springs in the hope of restoring her failing health. When I saw her she had waited a weary month, using every endeavor to do without girls till she could find those in some degree competent for their positions. Quite a number of the usual slovenly sort, with their democratic manners and manifold requirements, had offered themselves.

"But up to this time," said the little woman, wearily, "I can't make up my mind to take any of them. My house is nearly all newly furnished, and is spick and span clean from parrot to cellar. How can I let them come in and spoil everything, and know that I am all the time living in an atmosphere of dirt and disorder? If I were only strong enough, I would rather do all the work myself."

Here she opened the door of the servants' room, a large pleasant chamber with bright carpet and pretty cottage furniture, and asked politely, "How *can* I endure to put a dirty Irish girl, with perhaps a host of attendant vermin lurking in her bags and bundles, into a nice room like this? Yet if I should venture to suggest personal cleanliness as a requirement, she would leave in high dudgeon. I declare," she added, as if her audacity almost startled her, "I believe I'd try a Chinaman, I knew where to get one."

The other homes of which I saw the inside workings were all in similar case. The only exception among the half-dozen was the adorable Eleanor, who never makes any bad bargains, and whose porringer is always fortunately adjusted to catch all the porridge which falls from her sky. Her cook and chambermaid are colored, of the real "valuable" old servant" species, and they have been with her for years. Her house shone like silver and gold; affairs in her kitchen went on like well-oiled machinery, and she could not understand how other people had so much trouble in their housekeeping.

When I returned to New York city, I was constantly reminded of a witty story which appeared a year or two ago in one of our current magazines. It was of a foreigner from India or Japan, who, struck by the apparent absence of government machinery, set himself at work to discover who were the rulers of the American people, and after filling many note-books and industriously comparing notes, he concluded that the American government was made up of families, each of which was controlled by a despotic power, unseen and hidden, called "Biddies," or the "Irish help," which was more absolute and tyrannical than that of an Eastern autocrat.

My friend Sophronia has a new house half an hour's ride from New York city. Every thing in it is a miracle of elegance and convenience, and her kitchen especially is a thing of beauty to the soul of a housekeeper. It is a light and airy room, covered with shining oil-cloth which rivals a Brussels in beauty. Adjacent is the dining-room, and at the back capacious pantries and a laundry perfectly fitted up. The whole looks like a paradise for cooks and housemaids.

Yet Sophronia lives a little distance from the great city, and few of the "ladies who do housework" can be found obliging enough to leave the city even during the hottest summer months. Most of the time during the past summer, my friend, who has three young children, has toiled like a galley-slave, in nursery, parlor, and kitchen, that she might lighten the labors of the single servant she has been able to secure. A few weeks ago,

Bridget announced that she was going in town to spend Sunday "with her cousin." It was the hottest day of the year, and Sophronia had a sick headache, but she dared utter no remonstrance; only hoped feebly that Bridget would be back by Monday morning.

Monday passed, and Tuesday, and Bridget came not. At length Sophronia determined to go in town and inquire about her. It was barely possible she might be ill.

She found her way to the cousin's abode, which was in the very dirtiest part of a dirty avenue. When she attempted to enter, the stench was almost unbearable. In the room, which seemed to be parlor, dining-room, and kitchen united, she discovered Bridget, sitting in the midst of several filthy children. On being pressed as to her reasons for not coming back, the girl at length answered doggedly:

"I didn't mean to come back again, ma'am. I've noticed a good many times lately, when you have helped me clear the table in the dining-room, you have put out the victuals as if you expected me to eat in the kitchen, and that hurted my feelings. I never lived with no one that expected me to eat in their kitchen, and if I ain't fit to eat in the dining-room, you may please yourself with another girl."

Sophronia looked about for one moment at the dirt and disorder apparent in the cousin's "dining-room." She noted the bare table, propped up against the wall, on which was the remains of the miserable breakfast from which they had just risen, and recalled her kitchen and its comfortable appointments. Then she said meekly:

"You know, Bridget, I can't be left in this way this hot weather, with all the children. If that is all, it shall not part us. You need never eat in the kitchen hereafter. If you like, take your food into the parlor, or the library, and eat it there. Only come back till the hot weather is over."

And on this Bridget marched triumphantly back with her mistress.

When Sophronia told me this story, I cried out that I would not have taken her; that now her exactions would be redoubled, and she would be the actual mistress of the house.

"I know it," answered Sophronia. "She

rules me with an iron sway. But what can I do? She is comparatively neat. I think she is honest, except in respect to trifles of tea and sugar, which she occasionally smuggles off to her cousin. I cannot do all my own work. My neighbors are worse off than I. A change might be from the frying-pan into the fire."

All these facts I have stated are not isolated; they are representative. The American woman at the head of a family lives under a succession of dynasties in her kitchen which are constantly changing, and of which it is difficult to decide upon the worst. The domestic appears, induced perhaps by such an advertisement as follows, which we clipped, with its accompanying remarks, from a weekly paper:

WANTED—A RELIABLE, INTELLIGENT person to be one of the family. Must be fond of children, and to have the care of them; ages four to ten. Also, to do sewing, and to *take an interest generally*.

Best of reference required.

Address "Banker."

The amount of wages—we beg pardon, salary—is not mentioned. Probably the "person," being one of the family, would be allowed to call for whatever pocket-money she wanted. As for duties, in old times they would have been those of child's nurse, seamstress, and maid-of-all-work. But these terms involve the idea of domestic service, an idea inadmissible in a free country. Hence the reliable, intelligent Bridget is respectfully informed that she must be fond of children, and "to" have the care of them also, "to" do sewing, and—whatever else she is told to do. This last requirement, however, is by no means expressed in such brutal words as we have chosen, but is wrapt up in a model euphemism, the polite phrase being "*to take an interest generally*."

She states the privileges, asks how her room is furnished, and if the servants have no better place than the kitchen in which to receive company. An acquaintance told me she lost the opportunity to engage two Irish girls, who came highly recommended, because she could not consent to give up a small room off the dining-room, which she used for her sewing room, as a "servant's parlor," and the girl would come on no other condition.

If their questions are all answered satisfactorily, the girls take the place and invest with their luggage. Usually the longest time

of investiture is five or six months, or a season. At the end of this time they change, even when no cause for dissatisfaction is alleged, because, as one of them explained, "there are always plenty of places to be had, and it is pleasant to have a change in a body's life, and to see the *insides of so many houses*."

It is necessary to make some protest against the existing state of affairs. At present the balance of power is held in our kitchens. The protest we want to make is in favor of the introduction of Chinese labor there.

Already this imperturbable Oriental has found his way as far into this Western Hemisphere as the shoe factories of Massachusetts. In New Jersey his venerated pigtail and his ivory chop-sticks are beginning to excite the admiration of the inhabitants of some of the manufacturing towns. Let a few be imported here and put on trial as domestic cooks, chamber-maids, and laundresses.

It is true that the vices of the lower and ignorant classes are alleged against them; that they are accused of inability to tell the truth and a tendency to petty thieving. But I venture to believe that the mistress is rarely found who discovers truth enough in her Hibernian domestics to build a bridge from their minds to her own, and there is hardly a kitchen in the land which has not a leak of teas and sugars and other small articles, in sufficient quantities to endanger its safety. Besides, it is declared by all who have means of knowing that these Eastern heathen do not understand the meaning of waste, and that they dispense cleanliness and order in their domains. And if these last-named rare Christian virtues can become common in our kitchens, we may fondly hope for a Utopia into which all the other virtues will swarm.

Supposing ourselves, however, to have effected a desired reform in our households, there is still a consideration which we must strongly urge upon ourselves—that our new servants shall not be spoiled by bad management on the part of the mistresses. For as certainly as there are two horns to a dilemma, so surely on each of them must hang a conclusion. If that very class whom we often see in England, under the guise of patient and enduring drudges, sometimes obsequiously

servile, are here transformed into indifferent and impertinent servitors, refusing to be ruled even by the gentlest sway, there must be some objective causes for the change.

It is true that the difference between democratic and aristocratic systems of society marks greatly the difference between the employers and the employed. Under a government which affirms grandly that *all* are free and equal, it is difficult to make one class understand that equality does not mean level in wit, good-breeding, and culture. So exaggerated are the democratic ideas instilled into some of our newly-landed foreigners, that Bridget is sometimes surprised that her American mistress is not willing to lend her best shawl to be worn to "mass," and will resent the use of her tooth-brush and other toilet materials. Denied these little privileges, she flounces off with: "Shure an' I thought in this country one person was as good as another!" The American woman, familiar and affable by nature, does not draw so defined a line as she might between herself and the persons whom it is necessary she should control, if she wishes to be mistress in her own house, and so encourages the natural disposition to reduce all persons and things to their own level, which is characteristic of a portion of our foreign population.

The other day Mrs. Greatheart, in a shopping expedition at Stewart's, was accosted by a huge, overdressed Irishwoman, who advanced towards her with both hands extended in a gush of welcome. "I don't think I know you," said Mrs. Greatheart, drawing back. "O yes, 'm, I'm the *lady* who lives at Mrs. Lacroix's, next door to yees." It was her neighbor's laundress, whom she had sometimes seen in the area! "I never lived with but one *LADY* in America," said an Irish girl, naïvely, who had been several years at service in New York. "She was born in England. SHE never let me sit down in her presence."

There are two points on which I shall touch, in which woman might help reform somewhat the present wretched system of domestic service. The first is by having herself a thorough comprehension of the household details in the house of which she

is mistress. There has been so much said on this point that to urge it is like breath wasted, but I believe if all the housewives in the country could combine in a grand strike, a species of "trades union," and send away every cook, chambermaid, and laundress, till she had mastered all the details of housework, and knew practically what it all meant, the result would be a glorious one. For every well-ordered, thrifty, and economical household is not only an individual triumph, but a national benefit.

The second point for reform is the manner in which servants are engaged, and the rules which subsist among women in employing them. Among men of business there is a code so rigid, that if a clerk, porter, or errand-boy were known to be dismissed by his employer for dishonesty, insolence, or glaring incapacity, he would find it difficult if not impossible to get another situation. If a man hires a book-keeper or clerk, in almost all cases he desires references as to capacity, and his recommendations are generally accurate and exact. There is no such code of honor or sensible dealing among women. If Mrs. A—— sends away her girls for any cause, however grave, it is quite as likely that

her neighbor next door will take them without inquiry. Sometimes it is found Mrs. A—— will recommend a girl glaringly incapable to a new place, because she is too good-natured to be frank about her. It would take too long to enumerate instances which show a complete lack of justice and good sense in this respect among women. Until this is reformed, and we deal with each other as men of business do, in recommending and dismissing those who have places in their offices or counting-rooms, our troubles will increase rather than diminish.

This is the age when much is expected of woman. She must be the ornament of society as well as the mistress of a well-ordered household. She must know how to cook the dinner, talk politics, nurse the children, deliver lectures, write books, and keep up with the daily newspapers. She must unite in herself the qualities of Martha and Mary, of Penelope and Aspasia. It becomes her, then, to look carefully to all the means to lighten her arduous duties, lest one day she shall go down under them, or fall suddenly into ruin, like "The One Hoss Shay," and the world will all at once find itself without its mistress.

MY HUSBAND'S FIRST LOVE.

SHE was coming to make us a visit; so said the letter that my husband, Walter Etheridge, of the law firm of Masons & Etheridge, tossed carelessly into my lap, after a rapid glance at the daintily written pages.

She was Miriam Delamater.

And Miriam Delamater was my husband's first love.

Now Walter and I had never talked about the matter. How could I talk about it? I *would* not. More than once, when we were first married, he had spoken to me of his father's ward, with whom he had grown up from boyhood, and who had been almost as a sister to him. But my lip, even during our blissful honeymoon, had curled incredulously as he said this, and I had speedily turned the conversation into a different channel.

But I knew all about it, nevertheless. I had

learned that long before he had known me his love had bowed at the shrine of this stately maiden, this peerless blonde beauty. I knew that I had not been his first love, and that this girl, this Miriam Delamater, had been.

And now she was coming to see us!

I wondered if Walter did not perceive that I was troubled, and if he did not share in some degree, as a man's nature might, my own unrest? But no. He sat sipping his coffee and running his eye over the latest despatches from the seat of war, as placidly as ever. Presently he rose.

"Metz holds out well," he said, "but the siege cannot last much longer. When did Miriam say she was coming?"—and he took up the letter.

"To-morrow—no, to-day," I answered, and we glanced down the page together. "This

is the 13th. She will be here on the evening express."

"That suit of Englesby's comes on at one o'clock," he said, taking up his hat, "and I fear we shall not be through at five. But never mind. I will manage to meet her at the depot somehow. I am glad she is coming, Barbara. You are so lonely sometimes, and she is a very superior woman. I am sure you will like her."

He kissed me hastily, and hurried away to the office.

Heaven save the mark! If there was anything on earth that I did not like, it was a "superior" woman!

But there was little time for thinking or regretting. A wail from the nursery summoned me up-stairs to the relief of my good, faithful Hannah, who was trying to quiet the baby while her thoughts were in the kitchen.

"I'm glad you've come, Miss Barbara," she said. I shall be only Miss Barbara to her—the child she had loved and tended—as long as we both live. "This boy's a-teethin', just as true as preachin'. He'd never worry so if he wa'n't. But take him, child, for the bread is iz, and it's time it was in the oven."

It was a hot, breathless morning. Sitting down by the window with little Allie on my lap, I re-read Miss Delamater's letter, lingering longest over this passage:—

"Do give my love to your wife. I remember hearing the young men rave about Barbara Wilson's grace and beauty years ago. Now that you have crowned her queen of hearts, I am doubly anxious to know her."

I doubted whether the fair writer had even so much as heard of me until the day when, standing beneath the shadow of St. Peter's, with the blue skies of Rome above her head, and its storied hills around her, news had come to her that her old friend and companion had taken unto himself a wife. As for the saying about my "grace and beauty," in the quiet country home where Walter had found me, that mode of procedure was not the fashion. Perhaps I did my coming guest great injustice, but I felt as if the pretty speech was made simply for effect; and I fear hardened my heart against her.

I tried to feel that there was a species of

indelicacy, a lack of true womanly feeling indicated by the approaching visit. How could she thus thrust her unwelcome presence—unwelcome at least to me—into our home? But a moment of reflection showed me the absurdity of that idea. Walter's father had been her guardian. As boy and girl they had played together, sang together, studied together. Whether or no any warmer feeling had ever found lodging in her heart, there could be little doubt that she cherished for him something closely akin to a sisterly affection. It was right that, after her five years of travel, she should, if she wished, come to his home as to a brother's, and find welcome there.

And 'as for my good, noble, true-hearted husband, could I not trust him?

So I thrust the demon of jealousy into my heart's darkest closet, and turned the key upon him. No ray of light should visit him; no breath of air should strengthen and vivify him; no voice should break the silence to which I committed him. He should die there, unshrined and unaneled.

Allie betook himself to his nap at last, and then, "on hospitable thoughts intent," I went in pursuit of Hannah. The dark mood of the early morning had passed, and I flew about my small house only intent upon making it fair and presentable to eyes that had seen so much, and a pleasant resting-place for feet that had wandered so far. The guest-chamber was swept and garnished, the parlor was made fresh and sweet with the soft, wandering airs of summer, and the breath of roses and heliotropes. The baby was tied into his high-chair, and pounded away upon the kitchen table, while Hannah and I tossed together light, golden drifts of sponge-cake, and moulded jellies clear as amber. We roasted a chicken—and ourselves as well—that it might be ready to slice for supper; and, through much tribulation and stress of body and mind, I prepared a salad after an approved French recipe that I had never tried before.

Doubtless I did twice as much as I should have done that day; twice as much as was in any way needful. But I was a young wife, a young housekeeper; and I could not bear that Miriam Delamater's critical, fastidious

eyes should find any lack in my home or its appointments that forethought or labor of mine could supply.

"Look your prettiest to-night, Babette," Walter had said, when he went out after dinner; "I'll have Miriam here by a quarter past five at the latest."

I meant that evening, of all evenings in the year, to leave myself ample time to make such a toilette as my husband best liked. But the moments flew apace, and when at last I took Allie and went up to my chamber it was long after four.

The child was uncomfortably warm and tired from his long confinement in the high-chair; and his little frock was creased and soiled, for Hannah had given him all sorts of things to play with. Hastily stripping him, I gave him a bath, arrayed him in fresh garments, and brushed the golden-brown hair that coiled about my fingers in a host of tiny curls. Then I placed him on the bed, to keep him out of harm's way, and began my own preparations.

But Master Allie raised his voice in wild lamentation and refused to be comforted, although I gave him my best bracelets and my watch-chain. He had been left to his own devices long enough, he thought, and no coaxing or cajolery sufficed to restore his good-humor.

I called Hannah.

"Dear me, Miss Barbara! I'd come if I could, goodness knows. But the biscuits 'll burn to cinders if I leave 'em, and besides, I'm picking over the raspberries for tea."

"Then you must cry, Allie," I said, desperately, as I turned to my dressing-table, and tried to arrange my hair with hands that trembled so that I could not perform my task. Braids would not stay in place, and curls were incorrigible.

It was just ten minutes past five, and I was still in my dressing-sack, with my hair upon my shoulders, after a third attempt to put up the heavy mass, when I heard the sound of wheels. A moment more, and there were footsteps in the hall below, and my husband's voice called,

"Barbara! Barbara!"

Allie screamed louder than ever, and I answered as well as I could from out the din,

"I will come presently—as soon as I can."

I heard the two walk into the parlor, and in another minute Walter came bounding upstairs two steps at a time. His cheeks were flushed, and his eyes bright as with some hidden joy.

"Why, what's the matter?" he asked, as his eye took in the state of the case; "anybody sick? Is Hannah dead? or what's up?"

"I am tired to death," I answered, "and Allie is cross as the mischief, and Hannah's busy, and—I am not dressed."

"So I see," he said, curtly. "You ought to have begun earlier, instead of fussing so long in that confounded kitchen."

Now I knew this as well as he did; but I did not care to be told of it just then. So, woman-like, I began to "weep a little weep."

"There, there!" exclaimed Walter, "don't go to crying now, and spoil your eyes. I wanted you to look your very best to-night, and I am so disappointed, Barbara! I'll go down town to-morrow morning and get another girl, if things go on at this rate."

This was Walter's standing threat; while at the same time he knew, and I knew, that one servant was all we could afford. And one would have been enough, even in this emergency, if I had not been too ambitious. His words stung me to the quick.

"Go back to Miss Delamater," I said, "and have Hannah show her to her room. Supper will be ready by the time she is dressed—and so will I. I am sorry I was not ready to receive your friend, Walter; but by the time she has been married two or three years, and has a fretful baby on her hands, she will have learned to make allowances."

Diverted by his father's entrance, Allie stopped crying. Pride and a little spicing of anger gave me strength and calmness, and was soon dressed.

Miss Delamater accepted my apology with gracious sweetness, praised the house and the baby, and the beauty of the little village nestling among the hills. She congratulated Walter upon his patriarchal dignity, and told him that he wore his new honors as "to the manner born." Then we went on to supper; and while she did full justice to the biscuits and cold chicken, she remark-

to him that she perceived he had done wisely in choosing a wife from the country. Country girls devoted themselves so much more exclusively to domestic affairs that it could not be doubted that they made better house-keepers than those who had been taught to regard literary and social culture as the "one thing needful."

Was there latent sarcasm underlying her soft words? I could not tell. But I felt shy and ill at ease, and I was glad when I could rise from the table and lead the way back to the parlor. My good Hannah came for Allie presently, and I was at liberty to devote myself to my guest.

I had often heard that Miriam Delamater was beautiful—that there was some rare, subtle charm about her by which men's hearts were lured from out their bosoms almost without their knowledge or consent. But I was not prepared for all that was revealed to me that night. It was not the beauty of girlhood, but that of complete, superb womanhood. She was full five years older than myself; nearly as old as Walter, in fact. I seemed to myself a mere child beside her—a child physically, intellectually, and spiritually.

The shaded lamp was turned low until the room was filled only with a soft radiance almost like moonlight. The windows were open, and the muslin curtains fluttered gently to and fro in the scented airs that stole up from my lilies and heliotropes and violets in the garden below. Miriam half sat, half reclined, in a high-backed crimson chair, against which her magnificent hair of "paly gold" gleamed in the tender light. I do not know what she wore—some diaphanous tissue woven of mist and sunbeams, I think; but it was worn with a careless ease and grace that made it seem a part of herself.

Walter sat in a corner of the sofa near her, and their talk wandered back to his father's house, and the days when they were children together. Her words vivified and glorified whatever they touched; and their past, warmed into life by her breath, seemed as beautiful as a dream. The present paled before it.

I withdrew to a table in a far corner of the room, and seemed to busy myself with the

last *Scribner*. Do not think that they purposely overlooked me, or ignored my presence. But they talked of persons and things of which I knew nothing, and so—foolishly, perhaps—I glided away from them.

But I could not read. Gradually the current of talk drifted round to Miriam's life abroad. How she glowed and sparkled then! How like a leaf torn from some old romance seemed the story of her sojournings in Venice, in Florence, in Rome, in Dresden, in Paris, in Berlin! Her great violet eyes kindled and their light deepened and darkened as she spoke of the old cathedrals, the storied castles, the art and architecture which it had been the dream of my life to see, but which I probably never should see until this mortal had put on immortality, and my disembodied spirit should be free to wander at will.

Walter hung on her words, her looks, as one enchanted. I did not wonder at it; I could not blame him. But ah! how it hurt me!

I stole softly out of the room and up-stairs to my chamber, while they were wrapped in some dream of Michael Angelo or Raphael. Taking a lamp, I walked straight to the large mirror that overhung my dressing-table. Walter had been wont to call me his gypsy queen—his brown-eyed fairy, and the like. I had been praised, sometimes, for a certain dark, oriental style of beauty; and I had been glad, for his sake. But I was little and brown, with small, irregular features. I needed the cosmetic of joy; and to-night there was no color in my cheeks, no luster in my eyes. I looked old and worn and faded; and that woman down stairs, with her eloquent words, her witching glances, her peerless beauty, was weaving her old spells about my husband, and luring his heart away from me.

If I looked old then, I must have been a perfect *Methuselah*—or whatever the feminine of that venerable name may be—before the first of September. Miriam Delamater's presence chafed and harassed me beyond measure. There was nothing in her sayings or doings that I could deliberately, and in the broad, clear light of common sense, quarrel with.

She and my husband met upon the frank, free footing of old friends. Surely I had no right to find fault with that? And it was not her fault that she was fairer, calmer, stronger, and more self-poised than I. *She* was not to blame that the wondrous charm of her voice, her face, her manner was so potent; or that her grace, her quiet self-possession, her rare conversational powers oppressed me with a vague, yet painful sense of inferiority, and made me silent and constrained in her presence. It was only that I was weak and childish, incapable of sustaining myself, and of commanding my husband's admiration. Thus I reasoned with myself in the night-watches, and strove to be generous, if not content.

But my heart rebelled. This guest of ours, whether willfully or no, did come in between my husband and myself. There were no more long confidential talks for us in the still twilights; there were no sweet, familiar words at noonday; there were no brisk rides or walks in the breezy mornings. For wherever we were, there was Miss Delamater; and she was a born diplomat and believed in monopolies.

Then, too, I was physically worn and wretched. The addition of this one member to my household added wonderfully to my domestic cares and labors. Miriam Delamater had the art of appearing exceedingly helpful—even officiously so. I do not doubt in the least that Walter thought her a great assistance to me; and blessed her for her sisterly aid and counsel. But the truth was, she was utterly helpless and inefficient when it came to the practical, daily recurring needs of life. To make a bad matter worse, she did not know this, and was always volunteering (in Walter's presence, mind you) to do some stupendous deed in the housekeeping or culinary line; which, when once begun, Hannah or I were forced to finish. For my lady was sure to become exhausted before she had made an end to her beginnings, while she claimed credit for having done whatever she had undertaken.

During all these dreary weeks, Walter was never unkind or impatient with me. But he could not understand matters. He could not

comprehend my "whims and humors," as he called them; and I kept my own mouth closely sealed. I doubt if I made myself very charming in those days; and I suspect, now, that he was as thoroughly puzzled as a man ever was by his wife's demeanor. He would come in fresh and vigorous from his earnest, eager work, to find Miss Delamater in the parlor ready to talk to him—or with him—of books, of art, of noted men whom she had met, of famous places she had seen. She kept his whole intellectual being in healthy action. By and by a little pale, spiritless woman would come stealing in, and sit silently in the shade.

Sometimes it was the little woman's own fault that she was not brighter and fresher. Sometimes a spirit of dumb submission that was yet far from being patience took possession of her, and she would not strive to make herself as charming as she could, and as she had through all her wedded life till now. Sometimes she was silent when she might have talked well and wisely—as well, perhaps, as the more brilliant woman whom she allowed to eclipse her. Sometimes she willfully threw her husband in the way of temptation by being still, and cold, and passive herself, when this old friend of his was most attractive, most winning.

I see all this now, but I did not see it then. I only felt that I was wretched, and I believed that Miriam Delamater was the cause.

One morning at the breakfast table allusion was made to Bryant's poem to the *Fringed Gentian*; and Miss Delamater remarked that she did not know the flower.

"What! not know the *Fringed Gentian*?" said Walter, turning round quickly. "Well, I advise you to make its acquaintance before you go flower-hunting again 'on the Alps and the Apennines.' I will bring you a blossom to-night, if I can find one. It must be in bloom by this time."

"No, thank you," she answered, carelessly. "If I see the flower at all I want to see it in its native haunts. No single blossom for me, if you please."

"Then what say you, Barbara? Let us go up to the head of the lake this afternoon, toward sunset, and we can reap a harvest of

gentians. Meldon's woods must be filled with them."

I did not particularly care to go; but I had still enough common-sense remaining to know that the walk, and the sweet, fresh evening air would do me good. So we went, all three of us.

I am not going to describe our walk on the shores of that lovely lake, the glorious sunset sky, the opaline gleams, the tints of purple and rose, amethyst and amber, that glorified cloud and wavelet and mountain. Even my perturbed spirit felt that "it was good to be there." We lingered so long that when we entered the woods the sun was slowly sinking—a globe of fire behind the crest of Mount Victory.

The first frosts had come, and the leaves were beginning to fall. But, bright with "heaven's own blue," the gentian "looked through its fringes to the sky" from every damp and shaded nook. We found them on every side of us; and wandered on, lured by seemingly richer specimens just beyond, until we were checked by the gathering darkness. I looked up, and a single star shone down upon me through a parting in the trees. But even as I looked a dense cloud swept over it.

Walter and Miss Delamater were at a little distance. He was showing her a spot where the May-flowers were largest and sweetest in the spring. I called to them.

"Walter! Miriam!" I said. "It is getting late, and I believe it is going to rain. We must hurry home."

They came back to me hastily. But before we had taken a dozen steps the wind swayed the tops of the pine trees, a sullen, angry roar came from the deeper woods into which we had not penetrated, and it became evident that one of the sudden, violent tempests of autumn was upon us.

We hurried on, while it grew darker and darker every moment, and the sighing and shrieking of the wind and the creaking of the tossing boughs raised a bewildering tumult about us. Taking a hand of each, Walter tried to urge us forward. But our feet became entangled in the brakes and underbrush, and we made slow progress.

"Hark! is that thunder?" said Miriam, under her breath.

"It is too cold for a thunder-storm," Walter answered. "It is only the wind."

Even as he spoke a fearful gust tore our hands apart. Denser darkness, darkness that could be felt, fell about us; we could not see an inch before our faces—we could not see each other.

Suddenly the air was filled with flying particles, and crash after crash resounded from the forest. We were in the very path of the tornado. Great trees fell prostrate to the right and to the left of us, and huge branches were borne like straws on the wings of the tempest. Stricken to the ground, crouching there in dire extremity, we waited for what might come.

But high above the roar of the elements, the fierce beating of the storm, I heard my husband's voice.

"Barbara! Barbara! Barbara!" I heard it through the darkness, and could not answer him.

Barbara—not Miriam—even in that supreme moment when soul spoke to soul, and we stood upon the confines of the other world!

When I returned to consciousness I was in a darkened room, and there were two or three strange women about me. I tried to move my left arm, but could not. It was bandaged from the shoulder down. Walter knelt at the foot of the bed.

The women went out.

I cannot tell you about it. Some things are too sacred to be made subjects of common speech. But I knew that night by my husband's tears and caresses, by the silent kisses that his trembling lips pressed upon my cold ones, by his few scarce articulate words of thanksgiving, by his whispered prayers, how grievously I had wronged him by my jealous doubts.

I learned more, by and by, after Miriam had gone, and my bruised arm had got well. One day I told him all I had thought and felt and suffered. For a long time he sat silently, with his hand clasping mine. Then he said,

"I want to show you something, Barbara," and left the room.

He came back presently with a little blue

velvet case in his hand. There was something in his face that I had never seen there before ; something that showed that his whole being was stirred to its inmost depths.

"I want to show you something," he repeated. "You are wholly mistaken about my feeling for Miriam. Rumor coupled our names, as was but natural. But I never loved her, even when we were boy and girl together, with any other than a quiet, brotherly affection. If I had I should have told you before I asked you to be my wife. But I want to show you this picture of the young girl who *was* my first love. There must never be any more concealments between us, Barbara. You must read my heart to the very last page."

My hand trembled so that it was with difficulty I unfastened the clasp.

It was my own likeness—a little, miserable, worn, faded vignette, taken in my early girlhood ; and under the glass were a withered flower or two—the first I had ever given him. I looked up. There were tears in his eyes.

"That is a relic of my callow days," he said, half laughing. "I stole that picture long before you dreamed that I loved you ; and I have been ashamed to show you the poor old thing, so magnificently encased in blue and gold. But it tells the whole story, my Barbara. You shall keep it henceforward, and study it at your leisure whenever you are inclined to be jealous of your husband's first love."

I believed every word he said. But yet—I hope we shall never have another visit from Miriam.

EDSON'S MOTHER.

WE were deep in our diet-lists and the disentanglement of those dark and mysterious phonetics which seem the special province of ward-masters and hospital stewards, when a tap fell upon the door.

"Come in," ejaculated H., with a resigned voice. "My dear, if I should be found dead in my bed to-morrow, carve upon my tomb the words, 'Milk-porridge'—I have just come across a thirteenth way of spelling it."

"If you please, mum," said the little orderly, respectfully waiting for the end of the sentence, "Edson's mother has come."

"Has she, indeed, poor soul ? Where have you put her, Paul ?"

"Down stairs, mum, in the offis—she's takin' on awful !" (this by way of mild suggestion).

"Who is Edson ?" asked H., as I folded up my papers.

"That Maine man in ward P—, don't you remember ? who has twice been so desperately low. This time the doctor says there is absolutely no chance for him. I wrote his friends last week, but hardly hoped he would live to see them."

Down stairs I went, making on the way a quick instinctive picture of the person I was

about to see. "Given a man—to evolve his wife and mother"—is a problem which possesses undying interest for the female mind—at least for mine. A hospital affords unlimited black-board for demonstration of that sort ; and though my lines are always getting into tangles, and A and B refusing to equal C, still I worked on undiscouraged. What though our weakly, nervous little drummer proved to possess a parent of the ancient Roman type, majestically double-chinned, whose air, as she sat by his bedside, was as that of a royal eagle condoling with an invalid peewit ? What though Sergeant T—, the tawny-bearded and lion-faced, who had ejaculated "Thunder !" and "O pshaw !" with such unctious over Dora in *David Copperfield*, turned out the lawful owner of a Dora of his own ?—I persisted in my little problem, and a vision of the sinewy, reserved Maine man crossing my mind as I ran down stairs—his mother must be like him, I thought ; of the same type, angular, self-contained, strong. This idea full in my mind, and my heart brimming with sympathy, I opened the office door. A gurgling sound as of a faucet imperfectly turned met my ear, and before me sat—what ?

My first impression was wonderment that

anything so big and so helpless should have been suffered to come from Maine alone. Tall, and enormously fat—that quivering, aimless fat which suggests absence of bones underneath; a tight string of gold beads encircling her neck below a terrace of chins; a pair of blue, lack-luster eyes, from which a stream of tears was dripping; two limp, appealing hands crossed on her lap,—such was Edson's mother! I stopped—struck dumb for one instant by my own excessive folly—then, rallying, hastened forward.

"I am glad you could come, Mrs. Edson,—we had hardly hoped it; and I am thankful to say you are in time to see your son. He is perfectly conscious, though very weak."

The poor old woman gave a series of strange gulps and the tears ran faster, but she said nothing.

"Would you like to go at once to the ward, or will you rest a while first, and drink a cup of tea? I think that will be the better plan, unless the delay is too painful for you."

The fat neck slowly shook the fat head. I rang the bell, and while Mrs. Edson composed herself on the creaking lounge, essayed a little comfort.

"The doctors say that your son has wonderful rallying-power. They do not speak encouragingly of him now, but you know he has revived twice before when almost as low as this, so it is just possible—"

The maternal head was slowly shaken afresh. "Oh no, he ain't a-goin to git well," she sobbed. "I ain't prepared for that."

"It is wise not to be too hopeful, still—"

"His pa's made all the arrangements," she interrupted; "the body's to be took on by Pratt's Express. Pa's spoke to the man, and all."

At this juncture tea appeared. I made her a cup, and when she appeared somewhat quieted and refreshed, proposed taking her to her son. To my surprise she hesitated and hung back.

"You'll go, too?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"I can't be left alone. I should just go all of a heap if I was," she asserted.

The evening was clear and cool. Little rosy clouds were floating above a soft, daffo-

dil-hued sunset. "Retreat" was sounding; the flag came, slowly fluttering in heavy folds, down its tall staff. The officers were grouped on the piazza of headquarters; altogether the place wore its pleasantest aspect. I pointed out these things to my companion, hoping to interest her; but she scarcely listened, and clung to my arm in a way which promised ill for the coming interview.

"Remember," (impressively—my hand on the latch), "that your son is very, very weak. You *must* control yourself. If you cry, or agitate him, it may cost his life!"

"P" was our crack ward. Its perfections had cost both time and labor. I was justly proud of them, and trusted its aspect of comfort and order would soothe Mrs. Edson's nerves. But as we passed up the long, light room, with its spotless floor, its neat rows of pallets with trim blue counterpanes and snowy pillows, its walls hung with gay prints, and rocking-chairs "atilt with heroes," her trepidation increased. We reached the screened bed—I held her back.

"Edson!"

Slowly the heavy lids unclosed.

"Here is something pleasant. Your mother has come all the way from Maine to make you a visit! Would you like to see her now?"

The lips formed an inaudible "yes." I motioned Mrs. Edson to advance,—to my surprise she hung back and refused to stir. Her eyes wildly sought after the door; she seemed so ready for escape that I seized her arm. It was actually necessary to exert some strength to propel her round the corner of the screen and into her son's line of vision. Anything so inert and heavy I never imagined before. I guided her hand to his helpless fingers, seated her by the bedside, and after a word or two moved away to leave them in greater freedom.

Mrs. Edson clutched my dress.

"Don't!" she gasped—"don't go."

"Only to speak to this man close by," I said, wonderingly.

"Oh don't! I can't be left alone of him. I'm afraid!"

"Afraid of what!"

"I'm afraid," was the only answer.

She was reasonless as a child—or as several dozen children rolled into one. I could neither calm nor convince, so remained perforce, “making conversation,” and trying to hide from the sick man the spectacle of his agitated parent. The scene at last became too ludicrous and too painful for endurance. I conveyed Mrs. Edson, nothing loath, to the far end of the ward, and left her in the little nurse’s room, under charge of “Mary,” promising to call and take her away when I had finished my rounds.

Ah, those rounds!—that slow passage from bed to bed; those mute looks of recognition and regard; the strange friendship which united those who suffered and those who served; how unreal and far away they seem in these days of peace and reaction! how impossible! and yet how bracing are they to memory, when,

“Sad with the breath of that diviner air,
That loftier mood,”—

we turn back to catch a pulse of the inspiration which once tingled in our veins, and which carried a whole nation on its impetuous tide for four wonderful years.

Going back to Edson after a while, I surprised a look of relief in his impassive face.

“Is—my—mother—gone?” he whispered, a long pause between each word.

“Yes. She seems very tired to-night. To-morrow she will be rested and able to be a comfort to you, I hope.”

The next day and the next our patient was very low. His life hung by a thread, the doctor said, and the ward surgeon shook his head gravely when I ventured a word of hope. But there was something in the man’s indomitable eyes which forbade despair. Plainly as eyes could speak they said, “I mean to live.” Once he asked for his mother. It was not easy to persuade her to enter the ward again, but we said she *must*, which coercion we afterwards regretted, for she moaned and cried hysterically every moment of the time, and clutched my dress tightly, to prevent any stirring from her reach. Her gulping sobs arrested her poor son’s attention at length.

He was evidently distressed. “Don’t—mother—” he said feebly more than once,

and at last, summoning all his strength for the effort, he beckoned me nearer, and gasped in an almost inaudible voice: “Miss —, if—my—mother—doesn’t—go away—I—shall—die.”

We hurried Mrs. Edson away, and this was the last interview between them. A boat-load of wounded arrived that night, and for a day or two I was too busy to pay further attention to her. The nurses reported that she spent her time in the linen-room, collecting and putting in order her son’s clothing; and I was glad that her maternal anxiety should find so safe and practical an outlet.

The fifth day came. Early in the morning bad news arrived from ward P. Edson was dying. We broke the tidings as gently as possible to his mother, and proposed that she should go to him, but she showed such misery of reluctance that I forbore to press the point, and hurried down alone. Doctor——met me with a very grave face. The ward was awfully quiet; the laughs and merry chatter had hushed to silence; the men grouped about the stoves wore solemn, expectant faces; a few were peeping round the corner of the screen within which lay Edson, with gray, set features, unconscious of us all, drifting fast on that dark, retreating tide whose reflux brings no vestige from the other shore. I watched him a moment, and still an instinct whispered of hope.

“Might I not give him some champagne, doctor?”

“Certainly, if he can take it, but I fear it will be of no use.”

I persevered; slowly and painfully, drop by drop, pouring it between the stiffening lips; the muscles of the throat moving ever so slightly, but enough to prove that it was swallowed. Spoonful after spoonful—hour after hour. The clock struck eleven. It was the time for the daily boat; her whistle sounded down the bay. A change of hue was coming into the still, gray face on the pillow. It was not more lifelike perhaps, but it was less like death—and my hopes rose. Just then Mrs. Smith, good “Mary” of ward P, flew up the room at a pace very different from her usual noiseless prow, and whispered:—

"What *do* you think? Mrs. Edson is going!"

"Going!"

"Yes, in the boat. She says it is of no use to stay! And she wants to speak to you a minute."

I thrust the spoon and glass in her hands and almost ran out of the ward. Sure enough, there was Mrs. Edson, bonneted and shawled, with a big bundle beside her, and her bag in her hand. She looked fairly alive, for the first time since her arrival at the hospital, and greeted me with a voice that was loud and voluble:—

"Yes, Miss —, I'm goin'. My old man's lonesome enough, I reckon, and I'd better be getting along toward home. I've taken poor Charles's things. He won't need 'em any more, and it's best they should go. His shirts is all here, exceptin' one which the lady in the linen-room couldn't find, and there's some new flannel ones which come from the store in P., and hain't never been used; them I shall return; the folks can't say nothing against takin' them back, under the circumstances, and they're too small for Pa and John. And about Charles, Miss —; his Pa was a-speakin' to the man at Pratt's Express about carryin' on him up to Pequasset; and he said he would attend to it for twenty-eight dollars. It's a good deal of money; but we've 'lotted to spend it. I s'pose he can be boxed up here."

I bowed, fairly unable to speak.

"Please direct, 'Care Samuel P. Jacks, Providence,'" she went on. "He's brother-in-law to Pa's sister, and he'll see to having it put aboard the cars all straight. And Pa'll send the money for the express. It has got to be paid beforehand, the man says."

The boat stopped at the dock, her blue smoke curling aloft in the crisp October air. Mrs. Edson collected her parcels.

"That's all, I reckon. Good-by, Miss —. I shall al'ays say and stick to it that Charles was well cared-for by you. Of course a hospital can't be like home. We all know that!" Dispensing these final words as a benediction, she shook her vast skirts and moved away. Ten minutes later the "Thos. Beecher"

steamed up the bay, and that was the last of Edson's Mother.

Or not quite the last. Strange to say, after two days of desperate exhaustion our patient rallied for the third time. I never saw so iron a will. He resolved to live, and he did live. This time the rally was a final one. For days he subsisted upon champagne. How many dozen he drank I cannot now remember. I know their value more than covered the sum which his frugal parent had "lotted" to spend upon his mortuary travels. And while he mended, telegraphs came pouring in from "Samuel P. Jacks, Providence": "Surprised to hear nothing of Charles. Hope there is no mistake! Please forward *it* by the boat to-morrow." And all this while the "It" was a "*He*," and beginning to consume beef-steaks in goodly quantity! More embarrassing still was the necessity of accounting to Edson for the disappearance of all his wearing apparel. He actually had nothing but an old army overcoat left to come to life in! We concealed the horrors of the situation as long as we could, but little by little they leaked out.

"I can't think what my mother was about," he said, with a sort of pathetic patience. "If she'd even left my writing-paper I could let her know I was getting well; but she took every sheet, and my pocket-handkerchiefs, and my hair-comb! It's a very strange way of acting!"

Happily it was in our power to relieve his wants. The affluent charities of the time kept our shelves supplied with every necessary and luxury known to man. From these kindly gifts we drew. Three months later, hale and hearty in spite of his missing leg, Edson, no longer an "It," but clothed and in his right mind, took the morning-boat in propria persona, and, without the assistance of Pratt's Express, returned to his native Maine.

We hear from him occasionally. He is well. He has a farm and a wife, and is content and prosperous, though with true New England caution he takes care not to say so. But he has never mentioned his mother, and how he and she settled the perplexing matter of the flannel shirts, we shall never know.

CÆSAR ROWAN.

YES, I heern about de proclamation—

Ole Mas' Linkum's—dessay, boss, it's right;
But fo' seventy yeah on dis plantation,
Young Mas' Jeemes an I have fit de fight—
An' to-day
Whah I've bin I mean to stay.

Don't pe'cisely know how ole I be, sah;
But I 'memb' dat ole Mas' Rowan sed—
"No use tellin' me about ow Cesah;
He was ten when Cousin John went dead—
Ten fo' sho—"
Dat was sixty yeah ago.

Heah I've bin upon de ole plantation
Evvah sence—knew all the folks aroun'.
What's de use o' makin' a noration?
Deh all dead, done gone, an' ondergroun',
So it seems:—
No one lef' but young Mas' Jeemes.

Him an' me were raised by ole Mas' Rowan—
High ole times, boss, mawnin', night, an' noon;—
In de fields we wuhked whah hands were hocin';
In de woods we went to hunt de coon.
Wuhk an' play,
We were pardners ev'ry day.

An' when he growed up, an' went to college
Down at Williamsbu'g, I tell yuh den,
Cesah, he picked up a heap o' knowledge,
Tendin' on him 'mong de gentlemen—
Cesah dah,
Cesah heah, an' everywhah.

Den he mawied—mawied Nancy Merritt—
Ginnul Petah's daughtah from Soufside—
Tell yuh, boss, she had a mighty sperrit,
Beauty—mps! an' full o' grace an' pride;
Eyes so bright,
Fahly lit de house at night.

Young Mas' Randolph he come nex' Decembah,
Chris'mas day, sah—ki! de time was good;
Egg-nogg plenty—dah I *mus'* remembah—
Cesah he got tight—o' co'se he would—
Drunk wid joy,
Kase Miss Nancy had a boy.

Setch a boy as dat when he growed oldah!
Stout an' strong, de maken' of a man;
Dis yeh chin jes' retched up to his shouldah;
I was nowhah 'longside young Mas' Ran'—
Nowhah—no!
An' I ain't a dwarf fo' sho.

Well, one day, I 'membah dat for sahtain,
We sot out wid grist fo' Sinkah's mill;

Young Mas' Jeemes sez, jes' as we were startin'—
"Keep ole Cesah safe!"—Sez he, "I will!
Yes, dat's so!
Bring back Cesah, wheddah no."

Den he smile, Mas' Ran' he smile dat mawnin'
Like an angel—yes, he did, po' boy!
No one seemed to have a mite of wawnin'
What was comin' on to spile our joy.
Down de hill,
On we rode to Sinkah's mill.

Gwine dah, Rocky Branch was high an' roa'in',
Jes' above de mill de bridge we cros';
Puffick taw'ent off de dam was pou'in';
Fall in dah, boss, den you sho done los'.
I rid on;
Down de bridge went—I was gone.

Me an' hoss an' grist an' timbers fallin';
In we went, an' off we all were swep';
Den I heah Mas' Randolph's voice a callin'—
"Hole fas', Cesah!" an' wid dat he leap'—
Nothin' mo'—
Den I loss all else fo' sho.

Seems to me I felt his fingahs tetch me,
Den I knowed no mo' ontwell I heah
Some one say—"De bottle yander retch me!
Gib'm a dram! He'll do now, nevah feah!"
Sez I den—
"Whah's Mas' Randolph, gentlemen?"

Ev'ry one dah seemed to be dumbfounded,
So I raise an' ax agin fo' him;
Den dey tole me young Mas' Ran' was drowned—
Hit his head agin a swingin' limb.
Drowned! dead!
"Po' ole Missus!" den I sed.

Home de kawpse o' po' Mas' Ran' we kerried;
Dah was Missus—not a wuhd she spoke;
But she died de day dat he was buried;
Doctah Gahnett sed heh hea't was broke—
She went dead
Wid a broken hea't he sed.

Sense de day we buried po' Miss Nancy,
Monsus bad times come to young Mas' Jeemes;
Dah he sits all day wropt up in fancy,
Eyes wide open, dreamin' daylight dreams.
But fo' me,
Dun no whah Mas' Jeemes would be.

Heah's de place whah him an' I were bawn in;
Heah we stay, an' heah we pottah roun',
Twell dey tote de pah of us some mawnin',
Way out yander to de buryin' groun';
Dah we'll lay
Waitin' fo' de Jedgemen' Day.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 203.)

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

HE said little more, but from what followed, I suspect either he or his father spoke to Sir Giles on the subject; for, one day, as I was walking past the park-gates, which I had seldom entered since my return, I saw him just within, talking to old Mr. Coningham. I saluted him in passing, and he not only returned the salutation in a friendly manner, but made a step towards me as if he wished to speak to me. I turned and approached him. He came out and shook hands with me.

"I know who you are, Mr. Cumbermede, although I have never had the pleasure of speaking to you before," he said frankly.

"There you are mistaken, Sir Giles," I returned; "but you could hardly be expected to remember the little boy who, many years ago, having stolen one of your apples, came to you to comfort him."

"I remember the circumstance well," he said. "And you were that unhappy culprit? Ha! ha! ha! To tell the truth, I have thought of it many times. It was a remarkably fine thing to do."

"What! steal the apple, Sir Giles?"

"Make the instant reparation you did."

"There was no reparation in asking you to box my ears."

"It was all you could do, though."

"To ease my own conscience, it was. There is always a satisfaction, I suppose, in suffering for our sins. But I have thought a thousand times of your kindness in shaking hands with me instead. You treated me as the angels treat the repentant sinner, Sir Giles."

"Well, I certainly never thought of it in that light," he said; then, as if wishing to change the subject, "Don't you find it lonely now your uncle is gone?" he asked.

"I miss him more than I can tell."

"A very worthy man he was—too good for this world, by all accounts."

"He's not the worse off for that now, Sir Giles, I trust."

"No; of course not," he returned quickly, with the usual shrinking from slightest allusion to what is called the other world—"Is there anything I can do for you? You are a literary man, they tell me. There are a good many books of one sort and another lying at the Hall. Some of them might be of use to you. They are at your service. I am sure you are to be trusted even with mouldy books, which, from what I hear, must be a greater temptation to you now than red-cheeked apples," he added, with another merry laugh.

"I will tell you what, Sir Giles," I answered. "It has often grieved me to think of the state of your library. It would be scarcely possible for me to find a book in it now. But if you would trust me, I should be delighted, in my spare hours, of which I can command a good many, to put the whole in order for you."

"I should be under the greatest obligation. I have always intended having some capable man down from London to arrange it. I am no great reader myself, but I have the highest respect for a good library. It ought never to have got into the condition in which I found it."

"The books are fast going to ruin, I fear."

"Are they indeed?" he exclaimed, with some consternation. "I was not in the least aware of that. I thought so long as I let no one meddle with them, they were safe enough."

"The law of the moth and rust holds with books as well as other unused things," I answered.

"Then, pray, my dear sir, undertake the thing at once," he said, in a tone to which the uneasiness of self-reproach gave a touch of imperiousness. "But really," he added, "it seems trespassing on your goodness much too far. Your time is valuable. Would it be a long job?"

"It would doubtless take some months; but the pleasure of seeing order drawn from confusion would itself repay me. And I *might* come upon certain books of which I am greatly in want. You will have to allow me a carpenter though, for the shelves are not half sufficient to hold the books; and I have no doubt those there are stand in need of repair."

"I have a carpenter amongst my people. Old houses want constant attention. I shall put him under your orders with pleasure. Come and dine with me to-morrow, and we'll talk it all over."

"You are very kind," I said. "Is Mr. Brotherton at home?"

"I am sorry to say he is not."

"I heard the other day that he had sold his commission."

"Yes—six months ago. His regiment was ordered to India, and—and—his mother—. But he does not give us much of his company," added the old man. "I am sorry he is not at home, for he would have been glad to meet you."

Instead of responding, I merely made haste to accept Sir Giles's invitation. I confess I did not altogether relish having anything to do with the future property of Geoffrey Brotherton; but the attraction of the books was great, and in any case I should be under no obligation to him; neither was the nature of the service I was about to render him such as would awaken any sense of obligation in a mind like his.

I could not help recalling the sarcastic criticisms of Clara when I entered the drawing-room of Moldwarp Hall—a long, low-ceiled room, with its walls and stools and chairs covered with tapestry, some of it the work of the needle, other some of the Gobelin loom; but although I found Lady Brotherton a common enough old lady, who showed little of the dignity of which she evidently thought much, and was more condescending to her yeoman neighbor than was agreeable, I did not at once discover ground for the severity of those remarks. Miss Brotherton, the eldest of the family, a long-necked lady, the flower of whose youth was beginning to curl at the edges, I found well-read, but whether

in books or the reviews of them, I had to leave an open question as yet. Nor was I sufficiently taken with her not to feel considerably dismayed when she proffered me her assistance in arranging the library. I made no objection at the time, only hinting that the drawing up of a catalogue afterwards might be a fitter employment for her fair fingers; but I resolved to create such a fearful pothole at the very beginning, that her first visit should be her last. And so I doubt not it would have fallen out, but for something else. The only other person who dined with us was a Miss Pease—at least so I will call her—who, although the law of her existence appeared to be fetching and carrying for Lady Brotherton, was yet, in virtue of a poor-relationship, allowed an uneasy seat at the table. Her obedience was mechanically perfect. One wondered how the mere nerves of volition could act so instantaneously upon the slightest hint. I saw her more than once or twice withdraw her fork when almost at her lips, and, almost before she had laid it down, rise from her seat to obey some half-whispered, half-nodded behest. But her look was one of injured meekness and self-humbled submission. Sir Giles now and then gave her a kind or merry word, but she would reply to it with almost abject humility. Her face was gray and pinched, her eyes were very cold, and she ate as if she did not know one thing from another.

Over our wine Sir Giles introduced business. I professed myself ready, with a housemaid and carpenter at my orders when I should want them, to commence operations the following afternoon. He begged me to ask for whatever I might want, and after a little friendly chat I took my leave, elated with the prospect of the work before me. About three o'clock the next afternoon I took my way to the Hall, to assume the temporary office of creative librarian.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PREPARATIONS.

It was a lovely afternoon, the air hot, and the shadows of the trees dark upon the green grass. The clear sun was shining sideways on the little oriel window of one of the rooms

in which my labor awaited me. Never have I seen a picture of more stately repose than the huge pile of building presented, while the curious vane on the central square tower glittered like the outburning flame of its hidden life. The only objection I could find to it was that it stood isolated from its own park, although the portion next it was kept as trim as the smoothest lawn. There was not a door anywhere to be seen except the two gateway entrances, and not a window upon the ground floor. All the doors and low windows were either within the courts, or opened on the garden which, with its terraced walks and avenues, and one tiny lawn, surrounded the two further sides of the house, and was itself enclosed by walls.

I knew the readiest way to the library well enough: once admitted at the outer gate, I had no occasion to trouble the servants. The rooms containing the books were amongst the bedrooms, and after crossing the great hall, I had to turn my back on the stair which led to the ball-room and drawing-room, and ascend another to the left, so that I could come and go with little chance of meeting any of the family.

The rooms, I have said, were six, none of them of any great size, and all ill-fitted for the purpose. In fact, there was such a sense of confinement about the whole arrangement as gave me the feeling that any difficult book read there would be unintelligible. Order, however, is only another kind of light, and would do much to destroy the impression. Having with practical intent surveyed the situation, I saw there was no space for action. I must have at least the temporary use of another room, where the last of the suite of book rooms farthest from the armory had still a door into the room beyond, and I tried it, thinking to see at a glance whether it would suit me, and whether it was likely to be yielded for my purpose. It opened, and, to my dismay, there stood Clara Coningham, fastening her collar. She looked sharply round, and made a half-indignant step towards me.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times, Miss Coningham," I exclaimed. "Will you allow me to explain, or must I retreat unheard?"

I was vexed indeed, for, notwithstanding a

certain flutter at the heart, I had no wish to renew my acquaintance with her.

"There must be some fatality about the place, Mr. Cumbermede," she said, almost with her old merry laugh. "It frightens me."

"Precisely my own feeling, Miss Coningham. I had no idea you were in the neighborhood."

"I cannot say so much as that; for I had heard you were at The Moat; but I had no expectation of seeing you—least of all in this house. I suppose you are on the scent of some musty old book or other," she added, approaching the door where I stood with the handle in my hand.

"My object is an invasion rather than a hunt," I said, drawing back that she might enter.

"Just as it was the last time! when you and I were here," she went on, with scarcely a pause, and as easily as if there had never been any misunderstanding between us.

I had thought myself beyond any further influence from her fascinations, but when I looked in her beautiful face, and heard her allude to the past with so much friendliness, and such apparent unconsciousness of any reason for forgetting it, a tremor ran through me from head to foot. I mastered myself sufficiently to reply, however.

"It is the last time you will see it so," I said; "for here stands the Hercules of the stable—about to restore it to cleanliness and, what is of far more consequence in a library—to order!"

"You don't mean it!" she exclaimed with genuine surprise. "I'm so glad I'm here!"

"Are you on a visit, then?"

"Indeed I am; but how it came about I don't know. I daresay my father does. Lady Brotherton has invited me, stiffly, of course, to spend a few weeks during their stay. Sir Giles must be in it; I believe I am rather a favorite with the good old man. But I have another fancy: my grandfather is getting old; I suspect my father has been making himself useful, and this invitation is an acknowledgment. Men always buttress their ill-built dignities by keeping poor women in the dark; by which means you drive us to infinite conjecture. That is how we come to be so much

cleverer than you at putting two and two together and making five."

"But," I ventured to remark, "under such circumstances, you will hardly enjoy your visit."

"Oh! shan't I? I shall get fun enough out of it for that. They are—all but Sir Giles—they are great fun. Of course, they don't treat me as an equal, but I take it out in amusement. You will find you have to do the same."

"Not I. I have nothing to do with them. I am here as a skilled workman—one whose work is his sufficient reward. There is nothing degrading in that—is there? If I thought there was, of course I shouldn't have come."

"You *never* did anything you felt degrading?"

"No."

"Happy mortal!" she said with a sigh—whether humorous or real, I could not tell.

"I have had no occasion," I returned.

"And yet, as I hear, you have made your mark in literature?"

"Who says that? I should not."

"Never mind," she rejoined, with, as I fancied, the look of having said more than she ought. "But," she added, "I wish you would tell me in what periodicals you write."

"You must excuse me. I do not wish to be first known in connection with fugitive things. When first I publish a book, you may be assured my name will be on the title-page. Meantime, I must fulfill the conditions of my *entrée*."

"And I must go and pay my respects to Lady Brotherton. I have only just arrived."

"Won't you find it dull? There's nobody of man-kind at home but Sir Giles."

"You are unjust. If Mr. Brotherton had been here I shouldn't have come. I find him troublesome."

I thought she blushed, notwithstanding the air of freedom with which she spoke.

"If he should come into the property to-morrow," she went on, "I fear you would have little chance of completing your work."

"If he came into the property this day six months, I fear he would find it unfinished. Certainly what was to do should remain undone."

"Don't be too sure of that. He might win you over. He can talk."

"I should not be so readily pleased as another might."

She bent towards me, and said in an almost hissing whisper:

"Wilfrid, I hate him."

I started. She looked what she said. The blood shot to my heart, and again rushed to my face. But suddenly she retreated into her own room, and noiselessly closed the door. The same moment I heard that of a further room open, and presently Miss Brotherton peeped in.

"How do you do, Mr. Cumbermede?" she said. "You are already hard at work, I see."

I was, in fact, doing nothing. I explained that I could not make a commencement without the use of another room.

"I will send the housekeeper, and you can arrange with her," she said, and left me.

In a few minutes Mrs. Wilson entered. Her manner was more stiff and formal than ever. We shook hands in a rather limp fashion.

"You've got your will at last, Mr. Cumbermede," she said. "I suppose the thing's to be done!"

"It is, Mrs. Wilson, I am happy to say. Sir Giles kindly offered me the use of the library, and I took the liberty of representing to him that there was no library until the books were arranged."

"Why couldn't you take a book away with you and read it in comfort at home?"

"How could I take the book home if I couldn't find it?"

"You could find something worth reading, if that were all you wanted."

"But that is not all. I have plenty of reading."

"Then I don't see what's the good of it."

"Books are very much like people, Mrs. Wilson. There are not so many you want to know all about; but most could tell you things you don't know. I want certain books in order to question them about certain things."

"Well, all I know is, it'll be more trouble than it's worth."

"I am afraid it will—to you, Mrs. Wilson;

but though I am taking a thousand times your trouble, I expect to be well repaid for it."

"I have no doubt of that. Sir Giles is a liberal gentleman."

"You don't suppose *he* is going to pay me, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Who else should?"

"Why, the books themselves, of course."

Evidently she thought I was making game of her, for she was silent.

"Will you show me which room I can have?" I said. "It must be as near this one as possible. Is the next particularly wanted?" I asked, pointing to the door which led to Clara's room.

She went to it quickly, and opened it far enough to put her hand in and take the key from the other side, which she then inserted on my side, turned in the lock, drew out, and put in her pocket.

"That room is otherwise engaged," she said. "You must be content with one across the corridor."

"Very well—if it is not far. I should make slow work of it if I had to carry the books a long way."

"You can have one of the footmen to help you," she said, apparently relenting.

"No, thank you," I answered. "I will have no one touch the books but myself."

"I will show you one which I think will suit your purpose," she said, leading the way.

It was nearly opposite—a bedroom, sparely furnished.

"Thank you. This will do—if you will order all the things to be piled in that corner."

She stood silent for a few moments, evidently annoyed, then turned and left the room, saying:

"I will see to it, Mr. Cumbermede."

Returning to the books, and pulling off my coat, I had soon compelled such a cloud of very ancient and smothering dust, that when Miss Brotherton again made her appearance her figure showed dim through the thick air; as she stood—dismayed I hoped—in the doorway. I pretended to be unaware of her presence, and went on beating and blowing, causing yet thicker volumes of solid vapor to

clothe my presence. She withdrew without even an attempt at parley.

Having heaped several great piles near the door, each composed of books of nearly the same size, the first rudimentary approach to arrangement, I crossed to the other room, to see what progress had been made. To my surprise and annoyance, I found nothing had been done. Determined not to have my work impeded by the remissness of the servants, and seeing I must place myself at once on a proper footing in the house, I went to the drawing-room to ascertain, if possible, where Sir Giles was. I had of course put on my coat, but having no means of ablution at hand, I must have presented a very unpresentable appearance when I entered. Lady Brotherton half rose, in evident surprise at my intrusion, but at once resumed her seat, and turned her chair half towards the window where the other two ladies sat, saying:

"The housekeeper will attend to you, Mr. Cumbermede—or the butler."

I could see that Clara was making inward merriment over my appearance and reception.

"Could you tell me, Lady Brotherton," I said, "where I should be likely to find Sir Giles?"

"I can give no information on that point," she answered with consummate stiffness.

"I know where he is," said Clara, rising. "I will take you to him. He is in the study."

She took no heed of the glance broadly thrown at her, but approached the door.

I opened it, and followed her out of the room. As soon as we were beyond hearing, she burst out laughing.

"How dared you show your workman's face in that drawing-room?" she said. "I am afraid you have much offended her ladyship."

"I hope it is for the last time. When I am properly attended to, I shall have no occasion to trouble her."

She led me to Sir Giles's study. Except newspapers and reports of companies, there was in it nothing printed. He rose when we entered, and came towards us.

"Looking like your work already, Mr.

Cumbermede!" he said, holding out his hand.

"I must not shake hands with you this time, Sir Giles," I returned. "But I am compelled to trouble you. I can't get on for want of attendance. I *must* have a little help."

I told him how things were. His rosy face grew rosier, and he rang the bell angrily. The butler answered it.

"Send Mrs. Wilson here. And I beg, Hurst, you will see that Mr. Cumbermede has every attention."

Mrs. Wilson presently made her appearance, and stood with a flushed face before her master.

"Let Mr. Cumbermede's orders be attended to *at once*, Mrs. Wilson."

"Yes, Sir Giles," she answered, and waited.

"I am greatly obliged to you for letting me know," he added, turning to me. "Pray insist upon proper attention."

"Thank you, Sir Giles. I shall not scruple."

"That will do, Mrs. Wilson. You must not let Mr. Cumbermede be hampered in his kind labors for my benefit by the idleness of my servants."

The housekeeper left the room, and after a little chat with Sir Giles I went back to the books. Clara had followed Mrs. Wilson, partly, I suspect, for the sake of enjoying her confusion.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ASSISTANCE.

I RETURNED to my solitary house as soon as the evening began to grow too dark for my work, which, from the lowness of the windows and the age of the glass, was early. All the way as I went I was thinking of Clara. Not only had time somewhat obliterated the last impression she had made upon me, but I had, partly from the infection of Charley's manner, long ago stumbled upon various excuses for her conduct. Now I said to myself that she had certainly a look of greater sedateness than before. But her expression of dislike to Geoffrey Brotherton had more effect upon me than anything else, inasmuch as there vanity found room for the soles of both her absurdly small feet;

and that evening, when I went wandering, after my custom, with a volume of Dante in my hand, the book remained unopened, and from the form of Clara flowed influences mingling with and gathering fresh power from those of nature, whose feminine front now brooded over me half-withdrawn in the dim, starry night. I remember that night so well! I can recall it now with a calmness equal to its own. Indeed, in my memory it seems to belong to my mind as much as to the outer world; or rather the night filled both, forming the space in which my thoughts moved, as well as the space in which the brilliant thread of the sun-lighted crescent hung clasping the earth-lighted bulk of the moon. I wandered in the grass until midnight was long by, feeling as quietly and peacefully at home as if my head had been on the pillow and my soul out in a lovely dream of cool delight. We lose much even by the good habits we form. What tender and glorious changes pass over our sleeping heads unseen! What moons rise and set in rippled seas of cloud or behind hills of stormy vapor while we are blind! What storms roll thundering across the airy vault, with no eyes for their keen lightnings to dazzle, while we dream of the dead who will not speak to us! But, ah! I little thought to what a dungeon of gloom this lovely night was the jasmine-grown porch!

The next morning I was glad to think that there was no wolf at my door, howling *work—work!* Moldwarp Hall drew me with redoubled attraction; and instead of waiting for the afternoon, which alone I had intended to occupy with my new undertaking, I set out to cross the park the moment I had finished my late breakfast. Nor could I conceal from myself that it was quite as much for the chance of seeing Clara now and then as from pleasure in the prospect of an ordered library that I repaired thus early to the Hall. In the morning light, however, I began to suspect as I walked, that, although Clara's frankness was flattering, it was rather a sign that she was heart-whole towards me than that she was careless of Brotherton. I began to doubt also whether, after our first meeting, which she had carried off so well—cool even to kindness, she would care to remember that I was in the house, or

derive from it any satisfaction beyond what came of the increased chances of studying the Brothertons from a humorous point of view. Then, after all, why was she there?—and apparently on such familiar terms with a family socially so far superior to her own? The result of my cogitations was the resolution to take care of myself. But it had vanished utterly before the day was two hours older. A youth's wise talk to himself will not make him a wise man, any more than the experience of the father will serve the son's need.

I was hard at work in my shirt-sleeves, carrying an armful of books across the corridor, and thinking whether I had not better bring my servant with me in the afternoon, when Clara came out of her room.

"Here already, Wilfrid!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you have some of the servants to help you? You're doing what any one might as well do for you."

"If these were handsomely bound," I answered, "I should not so much mind; but being old and tattered, no one ought to touch them who does not love them."

"Then, I suppose, you wouldn't trust me with them either, for I cannot pretend to anything beyond a second-hand respect for them."

"What do you mean by a second-hand respect?" I asked.

"I mean such respect as comes from seeing that a scholar like you respects them."

"Then I think I could accord you a second-hand sort of trust—under my own eye, that is," I answered, laughing. "But you can scarcely leave your hostess to help me."

"I will ask Miss Brotherton to come too. She will pretend all the respect you desire."

"I made three times the necessary dust in order to frighten her away yesterday."

"Ah! that's a pity. But I shall manage to overrule her objections—that is, if you would really like two tolerably educated housemaids to help you."

"I will gladly endure one of them for the sake of the other," I replied.

"No compliments, please," she returned, and left the room.

In about half an hour she reappeared, ac-

companied by Miss Brotherton. They were in white wrappers, with their dresses shortened a little, and their hair tucked under mob caps. Miss Brotherton looked like a lady's maid, Clara like a lady acting a lady's maid. I assumed the command at once, pointing out to what heaps in the other room those I had grouped in this were to be added, and giving strict injunctions as to carrying only a few at once, and laying them down with care in regularly ordered piles. Clara obeyed with a mock submission, Miss Brotherton with a reserve which heightened the impression of her dress. I was instinctively careful how I spoke to Clara, fearing to compromise her, but she seemed all at once to change her rôle, and began to propose, object, and even insist upon her own way, drawing from me the threat of immediate dismissal from my service, at which her companion laughed with an awkwardness showing she regarded the pleasantry as a presumption. Before one o'clock, the first room was almost empty. Then the great bell rang, and Clara, coming from the auxiliary chamber, put her head in at the door.

"Won't you come to luncheon?" she said, with a sly archness, looking none the less bewitching for a smudge or two on her lovely face, or the blackness of the delicate hands which she held up like two paws for my admiration.

"In the servants' hall? Workmen don't sit down with ladies and gentlemen. Did Miss Brotherton send you to ask me?"

She shook her head.

"Then you had better come and lunch with me."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I hope you will *some* day honor my little fragment of a house. It is a curious old place," I said.

"I don't like musty old places," she replied.

"But I have heard you speak with no little admiration of the Hall: some parts of it are older than my sentry-box."

"I can't say I admire it at all as a place to live in," she answered curtly.

"But I was not asking you to live in mine," I said—foolishly arguing.

She looked annoyed, whether with herself

or me I could not tell, but instantly answered,—

"Some day—when I can without——. But I must go and make myself tidy, or Miss Brotherton will be fancying——. She is so suspicious, she will think I have been talking to you!"

"And what have you been doing then?"

"Only asking you to come to lunch."

"Will you tell her that?"

"Yes—if she says anything."

"Then you *had* better make haste and be asked no questions."

She glided away. I threw on my coat, and recrossed the park.

But I was so eager to see again the fair face in the mob cap, that although not at all certain of its reappearance, I told my man to go at once and bring the mare. He made haste, and by the time I had finished my dinner, she was at the door. I gave her the rein, and two or three minutes brought me back to the Hall, where, having stabled her, I was at my post again, I believe, before they had finished luncheon. I had a great heap of books ready in the second room to carry into the first, and had almost concluded they would not come, when I heard their voices, and presently they entered, but not in their mob caps.

"What an unmerciful master you are!" said Clara, looking at the heap. "I thought you had gone home to lunch."

"I went home to dinner," I said. "I get more out of the day by dining early."

"How is that, Mr. Cumbermede?" asked Miss Brotherton, with a nearer approach to cordiality than she had yet shown.

"I think the evening the best part of the day—too good to spend in eating and drinking."

"But," said Clara, quite gravely, "are not those the chief ends of existence?"

"Your friend is satirical, Miss Brotherton," I remarked.

"At least, you are not of her opinion, to judge by the time you have taken," she returned.

"I have been back nearly an hour," I said. "Workmen don't take long over their meals."

"Well, I suppose you don't want any more of us now," said Clara. "You will arrange

the books you bring from the next room upon these empty shelves, I presume."

"No, not yet. I must not begin that until I have cleared the very last, got it thoroughly cleaned, the shelves seen to, and others put up."

"What a tremendous labor you have undertaken, Mr. Cumbermede!" said Miss Brotherton. "I am quite ashamed you should do so much for us."

"I, on the contrary, am delighted to be of any service to Sir Giles."

"But you don't expect us to slave all day as we did in the morning?"

"Certainly not, Miss Coningham. I am too grateful to be exacting."

"Thank you for that pretty speech. Come, then, Miss Brotherton, we must have a walk. We haven't been out of doors to-day."

"Really, Miss Coningham, I think the least we can do is to help Mr. Cumbermede to our small ability."

"Nonsense!"—(Miss Brotherton positively started at the word). "Any two of the maids or men would serve his purpose better, if he did not affect fastidiousness. We shan't be allowed to come to-morrow if we overdo it to-day."

Miss Brotherton was evidently on the point of saying something indignant, but yielded notwithstanding, and I was left alone once more. Again I labored until the shadows grew thick around the gloomy walls. As I galloped home, I caught sight of my late companions coming across the park; and I trust I shall not be hardly judged if I confess that I did sit straighter in my saddle, and mind my seat better. Thus ended my second day's work at the library of Moldwarp Hall.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN EXPOSTULATION.

NEITHER of the ladies came to me the next morning. As far as my work was concerned, I was in considerably less need of their assistance, for it lay only between two rooms opening into each other. Nor did I feel any great disappointment, for so long as a man has something to do, expectation is pleasure enough, and will continue such for a long time. It is those who are unemployed to

whom expectation becomes an agony. I went home to my solitary dinner almost resolved to return to my original plan of going only in the afternoons.

I was not thoroughly in love with Clara; but it was certainly the hope of seeing her, and not the pleasure of handling the dusty books, that drew me back to the library that afternoon. I had got rather tired of the whole affair in the morning. It was very hot, and the dust was choking, and of the volumes I opened as they passed through my hands, not one was of the slightest interest to me. But for the chance of seeing Clara I should have lain in the grass instead.

No one came. I grew weary, and for a change retreated into the armory. Evidently, not the slightest heed was paid to the weapons now, and I was thinking with myself that when I had got the books in order I might give a few days to furbishing and oiling them, when the door from the gallery opened, and Clara entered.

"What! a truant?" she said.

"You take accusation at least by the forelock, Clara. Who is the real truant now—if I may suggest a mistake?"

"I never undertook anything. How many guesses have you made as to the cause of your desertion to-day?"

"Well, three or four."

"Have you made one as to the cause of Miss Brotherton's graciousness to you yesterday?"

"At least I remarked the change."

"I will tell you. There was a short notice of some of your writings in a certain magazine which I contrived should fall in her way."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "I have never put my name to anything."

"But you have put the same name to all your contributions."

"How should the reviewer know it meant me?"

"Your own name was never mentioned."

I thought she looked a little confused as she said this.

"Then how should Miss Brotherton know it meant me?"

She hesitated a moment—then answered:

"Perhaps from internal evidence. I suppose I must confess I told her."

"Then how did *you* know?"

"I have been one of your readers for a long time."

"But how did you come to know my work?"

"That has oozed out."

"Some one must have told you," I said.

"That is my secret," she replied, with the air of making it a mystery in order to tease me.

"It must be all a mistake," I said. "Show me the magazine."

"As you won't take my word for it, I won't."

"Well, I shall soon find out. There is but one could have done it. It is very kind of him, no doubt; but I don't like it. That kind of thing should come of itself—not through friends."

"Who do you fancy has done it?"

"If you have a secret, so have I."

My answer seemed to relieve her, though I could not tell what gave me the impression.

"You are welcome to yours, and I will keep mine," she said. "I only wanted to explain Miss Brotherton's condescension yesterday."

"I thought you had been going to explain why you didn't come to-day."

"That is only a reaction. I have no doubt she thinks she went too far yesterday."

"That is absurd. She was civil; that was all."

"In reading your thermometer, you must know its zero first," she replied sententiously.

"Is the sword you call yours there still?"

"Yes, and I call it mine still."

"Why don't you take it, then? I should have carried it off long ago."

"To steal my own would be to prejudice my right," I returned. "But I have often thought of telling Sir Giles about it."

"Why don't you, then?"

"I hardly know. My head has been full of other things, and any time will do. But I should like to see it in its own place once more."

I had taken it from the wall, and now handed it to her.

"Is this it?" she said, carelessly.

"It is—just as it was carried off my bed that night."

"What room were you in?" she asked, trying to draw it from the sheath.

"I can't tell. I've never been in it since."

"You don't seem to me to have the curiosity natural to a ——"

"To a woman—no," I said.

"To a man of spirit," she retorted, with an appearance of indignation. "I don't believe you can tell even how it came into your possession!"

"Why shouldn't it have been in the family from time immemorial?"

"So!—And you don't care either to recover it, or to find out how you lost it!"

"How can I? Where is Mr. Close?"

"Why, dead—years and years ago!"

"So I understood. I can't well apply to him, then,—and I am certain no one else knows."

"Don't be too sure of that. Perhaps Sir Giles ——"

"I am positive Sir Giles knows nothing about it."

"I have reason to think the story is not altogether unknown in the family."

"Have you told it, then?"

"No. But I *have* heard it alluded to."

"By Sir Giles?"

"No."

"By whom, then?"

"I will answer no more questions."

"Geoffrey, I suppose?"

"You are not polite. Do you suppose I am bound to tell you all I know?"

"Not by any means. Only, you oughtn't to pique a curiosity you don't mean to satisfy."

"But if I'm not at liberty to say more?—All I meant to say was, that if I were you, I *would* get back that sword."

"You hint at a secret, and yet suppose I could carry off its object as I might a rusty nail which any passer-by would be made welcome to!"

"You might take it first, and mention the thing to Sir Giles afterward."

"Why not mention it first?"

"Only on the supposition you had not the courage to claim it."

"In that case I certainly shouldn't have the courage to avow the deed afterward. I don't understand you, Clara."

She laughed.

"That is always your way," she said. "You take everything so seriously! Why couldn't I make a proposition without being supposed to mean it?"

I was not satisfied. There was something short of uprightness in the whole tone of her attempted persuasion—which indeed I could hardly believe to have been so lightly intended as she now suggested. The effect on my feeling for her was that of a slight frost on the spring blossoms.

She had been examining the hilt with a look of interest, and was now for the third time trying to draw the blade from the sheath.

"It's no use, Clara," I said. "It has been too many years glued to the scabbard."

"Glued!" she echoed. "What do you mean?"

I did not reply. An expression almost of horror shadowed her face, and at the same moment, to my astonishment, she drew it half-way.

"Why! you enchantress!" I exclaimed. "I never saw so much of it before. It is wonderfully bright—when one thinks of the years it has been shut in darkness."

She handed it to me as it was, saying:

"If that weapon was mine, I should never rest until I had found out everything concerning it."

"That is easily said, Clara; but how can I? My uncle knew nothing about it. My grandmother did, no doubt, but almost all I can remember her saying was something about my great grandfather and Sir Marmaduke."

As I spoke, I tried to draw it entirely, but it would yield no farther. I then sought to replace it, but it would not move. That it had yielded to Clara's touch gave it a fresh interest and value.

"I was sure it had a history," said Clara. "Have you no family papers? Your house, you say, is nearly as old as this: are there no papers of *any* kind in it?"

"Yes, a few," I answered—"the lease of the farm—and——"

"Oh! rubbish!" she said. "Isn't the house your own?"

"Yes."

"And have you ever thoroughly searched it?"

"I haven't had time yet."

"Not had time?" she repeated, in a tone of something so like the uttermost contempt that I was bewildered.

"I mean some day or other to have a rummage in the old lumber-room," I said.

"Well, I do think that is the least you can do—if only out of respect to your ancestors. Depend on it, they don't like to be forgotten, any more than other people."

The intention I had just announced was, however, but just born of her words. I had never yet searched even my grandmother's bureau, and had but this very moment fancied there might be papers in some old chest in the lumber-room. That room had already begun to occupy my thoughts from another point of view, and hence, in part, no doubt the suggestion. I was anxious to have a visit from Charley. He might bring with him some of our London friends. There was absolutely no common room in the house except the hall-kitchen. The room we had always called the lumber-room was over it, and nearly as large. It had a tall stone chimney-piece, elaborately carved, and clearly had once been a room for entertainment. The idea of restoring it to its original dignity arose in my mind; and I hoped that, furnished after as antique a fashion as I could compass, it would prove a fine room. The windows were small, to be sure, and the pitch rather low, but the whitewashed walls were paneled, and I had some hopes of the ceiling.

"Who knows," I said to myself, as I walked home that evening, "but I may come upon papers? I do remember something in the farthest corner that looks like a great chest."

Little more had passed between us, but Clara left me with the old dissatisfaction beginning to turn itself, as if about to awake once more. For the present I hung the half-naked blade upon the wall, for I dared not force it lest the scabbard should go to pieces.

When I reached home I found a letter

from Charley, to the effect that, if convenient, he would pay me a visit the following week. His mother and sister, he said, had been invited to Moldwarp Hall. His father was on the continent for his health. Without having consulted them on the matter, which might involve them in after-difficulty, he would come to me, and so have an opportunity of seeing them in the sunshine of his father's absence. I wrote at once that I should be delighted to receive him.

The next morning I spent with my man in the lumber-room; and before mid-day the rest of the house looked like an old curiosity shop—it was so littered with odds and ends of dust-bloomed antiquity. It was hard work, and in the afternoon I found myself disinclined for more exercise of a similar sort. I had Lilith out, and took a leisurely ride instead. The next day and the next also I remained at home. The following morning I went again to Moldwarp Hall.

I had not been busy more than an hour or so when Clara, who, I presume, had in passing heard me at work, looked in.

"Who is a truant now?" she said. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Here has Miss Brotherton been almost curious concerning your absence, and Sir Giles more than once on the point of sending to inquire after you!"

"Why didn't he, then?"

"Oh! I suppose he was afraid it might look like an assertion of—of—of baronial rights, or something of the sort. How *could* you behave in such an inconsiderate fashion!"

"You must allow me to have *some* business of my own."

"Certainly. But with so many anxious friends, you ought to have given a hint of your intentions."

"I had none, however."

"Of which? Friends or intentions?"

"Either."

"What! No friends? I verily surprised Miss Pease in the act of studying her *Cookery for Invalids*—in the hope of finding a patient in you, no doubt. She wanted to come and nurse you, but daredn't propose it."

"It was very kind of her."

"No doubt. But then you see she's ready

to commit suicide any day, poor old thing, but for lack of courage!"

"It must be dreary for her."

"Dreary! I should poison the old dragon."

"Well, perhaps I had better tell you, for Miss Pease's sake, who is evidently the only one that cares a straw about *me* in the matter, that possibly I shall be absent a good many days this week, and perhaps the next, too."

"Why then—if I may ask—Mr. Absolute?"

"Because a friend of mine is going to pay me a visit. You remember Charley Osborne, don't you? Of course you do. You remember the ice-cave, I am sure."

"Yes I do—quite well," she answered.

I fancied I saw a shadow cross her face.

"When do you expect him?" she asked, turning away, and picking a book from the floor.

"In a week or so, I think. He tells me his mother and sister are coming here on a visit."

"Yes—so I believe—to-morrow, I think. I wonder if I ought to be going. I don't think I will. I came to please them—at all events not to please myself; but as I find it pleasanter than I expected, I won't go without a hint and a half at least."

"Why should you? There is plenty of room."

"Yes; but don't you see?—so many inferiors in the house at once might be too much for Madame Dignity. She finds one quite enough, I suspect."

"You do not mean that she regards the Osbornes as inferiors?"

"Not a doubt of it. Never mind. I can take care of myself. Have you any work for me to-day?"

"Plenty, if you are in a mood for it."

"I will fetch Miss Brotherton."

"I can do without *her*."

She went, however, and did not return. As I walked home to dinner, she and Miss Brotherton passed me in the carriage, on their way, as I learned afterward, to fetch the Osborne ladies from the rectory, some ten miles off. I did not return to Moldwarp

Hall, but helped Styles in the lumber-room, which before night we had almost emptied.

The next morning I was favored with a little desultory assistance from the two ladies, but saw nothing of the visitors. In the afternoon, and both the following days, I took my servant with me, who got through more work than the two together, and we advanced it so far that I was able to leave the room next the armory in the hands of the carpenter and the housemaid, with sufficient directions, and did not return that week.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A TALK WITH CHARLEY.

THE following Monday, in the evening, Charley arrived, in great spirits, more excited indeed than I liked to see him. There was a restlessness in his eye which made me especially anxious, for it raised a doubt whether the appearance of good spirits was not the result merely of resistance to some anxiety. But I hoped my companionship, with the air and exercise of the country, would help to quiet him again. In the late twilight we took a walk together up and down my field.

"I suppose you let your mother know you were coming, Charley?" I said.

"I did not," he answered. "My father must have nothing to lay to their charge in case he should hear of our meeting."

"But he has not forbidden you to go home, has he?"

"No, certainly. But he as good as told me I was not to go home while he was away. He does not wish me to be there without his presence to counteract my evil influences. He seems to regard my mere proximity as dangerous. I sometimes wonder whether the severity of his religion may not have affected his mind. Almost all madness, you know, turns either upon love or religion."

"So I have heard. I doubt it—with men. It may be with women. But you won't surprise them? It might startle your mother too much. She is not strong, you say. Hadn't I better tell Clara Coningham? She can let them know you are here."

"It would be better."

"What do you say to going there with me

to-morrow? I will send my man with a note in the morning."

He looked a little puzzled and undetermined, but said at length,

"I daresay your plan is the best. How long has Miss Coningham been here?"

"About ten days, I think."

He heard thoughtful, and made no answer.

"I see, you are afraid of my falling in love with her again," I said. "I confess I like her much better than I did, but I am not quite sure about her yet. She is very bewitching, anyhow, and a little more might make me lose my heart to her. The evident dislike she has to Brotherton would of itself recommend her to any friend of yours or mine."

He turned his face away.

"Do not be anxious about me," I went on. "The first shadowy conviction of any untruthfulness in her, if not sufficient to change my feelings at once, would at once initiate a backward movement in them."

He kept his face turned away, and I was perplexed. After a few moments of silence, he turned it toward me again, as if relieved by some resolution suddenly formed, and said with a smile under a still clouded brow,

"Well, old fellow, we'll see. It'll all come right, I daresay. Write your note early and we'll follow it. How glad I *shall* be to have a glimpse of that blessed mother of mine without her attendant dragon!"

"For God's sake don't talk of your father so. Surely, after all he is a good man!"

"Then I want a new reading of the word."

"He loves God, at least."

"I won't stop to inquire,"—said Charley, plunging at once into argument,—“what influence for good it might or might not have to love a non-existence: I will only ask—Is it a good God he loves, or a bad one? If the latter, he can hardly be called good for loving him.”

"But if there be a God at all, he must be a good God."

"Suppose the true God to be the good God, it does not follow that my father worships *him*. There is such a thing as worshipping a false God. At least the Bible

recognizes it. For my part, I find myself compelled to say either that the true God is not a good God, or that my father does not worship the true God. If you say he worships the God of the Bible, I neither admit nor dispute the assertion, but set it aside as altering nothing; for if I admit it, the argument lies thus: my father worships a bad God; my father worships the God of the Bible: therefore the God of the Bible is a bad God; and if I admit the authority of the Bible, then the true God is a bad God. If, however, I dispute the assertion that he worships the God of the Bible, I am left to show, if I can, that the God of the Bible is a good God, and, if I admit the authority of the Bible, to worship another than my father's God. If I do not admit the authority of the Bible, there may, for all that, be a good God, or, which is next best to a perfectly good God, there may be no God at all."

"Put like a lawyer, Charley; and yet I would venture to join issue with your first assertion—on which the whole argument is founded—that your father worships a bad God."

"Assuredly what he asserts concerning his God is bad."

"Admitted; but does he assert *only* bad things of his God?"

"I daren't say that. But God is one. You will hardly dare the proposition that an infinite being may be partly good and partly bad."

"No. I heartily hold that God must be *one*—a proposition far more essential than that there is one God—so far at least as my understanding can judge. It is only in the limited human nature that good and evil can co-exist. But there is just the point: we are not speaking of the absolute God, but of the idea of a man concerning that God. You could suppose yourself utterly convinced of a good God long before your ideas of goodness were so correct as to render you incapable of attributing anything wrong to that God. Supposing such to be the case, and that you came afterward to find that you had been thinking something wrong about him, do you think you would therefore grant that you had been believing either in a wicked or in a false God?"

"Certainly not."

"Then you must give your father the same scope. He attributes what we are absolutely certain are bad things to his God—and yet he may believe in a good God, for the good in his idea of God is alone that in virtue of which he is able to believe in him. No mortal can believe in the bad."

"He puts the evil foremost in his creed and exhortations."

"That may be. Few people know their own deeper minds. The more potent a power in us, I suspect it is the more hidden from our scrutiny."

"If there be a God then, Wilfrid, he is very indifferent to what his creatures think of him."

"Perhaps very patient and hopeful, Charley—who knows? Perhaps he will not force himself upon them, but help them to grow into the true knowledge of him. Your father may worship the true God, and yet have only a little of that knowledge."

A silence followed. At length—

"Thank you for my father," said Charley.

"Thank my uncle," I said.

"For not being like my father?—I do," he returned.

It was the loveliest evening that brooded round us as we walked. The moon had emerged from a rippled sea of gray cloud, over which she cast her dull opaline halo. Great masses and banks of cloud lay about the rest of the heavens, and in the dark rifts between, a star or two were visible, gazing from the awful distance.

"I wish I could let it into me, Wilfrid," said Charley, after we had been walking in silence for some time along the grass.

"Let what into you, Charley?"

"The night and the blue and the stars."

"Why don't you, then?"

"I hate being taken in. The more pleasant a self-deception, the less I choose to submit to it."

"That is reasonable. But where lies the deception?"

"I don't say it's a deception. I only don't know that it isn't."

"Please explain."

"I mean what you call the beauty of the night."

"Surely there can be little question of that?"

"Ever so little is enough. Suppose I asked you wherein its beauty consisted: would you be satisfied if I said—In the arrangement of the blue and the white, with the sparkles of yellow, and the colors about the scarce-visible moon?"

"Certainly not. I should reply that it lay in the gracious peace of the whole—troubled only with the sense of some lovely secret behind, of which itself was but the half-modeled representation, and therefore the reluctant outcome."

"Suppose I rejected the latter half of what you say, admitting the former, but judging it only the fortuitous result of the half-necessary, half-fortuitous concurrences of nature. Suppose I said:—The air which is necessary to our life, happens to be blue; the stars can't help shining through it and making it look deep; and the clouds are just there because they must be somewhere till they fall again; all which is more agreeable to us than fog, because we feel more comfortable in weather of the sort, whence, through complacency and habit, we have got to call it beautiful:—suppose I said this, would you accept it?"

"Such a theory would destroy my delight in nature altogether."

"Well, isn't it the truth?"

"It would be easy to show that the sense of beauty does not spring from any amount of comfort; but I do not care to pursue the argument from that starting-point.—I confess, when you have once waked the questioning spirit, and I look up at the clouds and the stars with what I may call sharpened eyes—eyes, that is, which assert their seeing, and so render themselves incapable for the time of submitting to impressions, I am as blind as any Sadducee could desire. I see blue, and white, and gold, and, in short, a tent-roof somewhat ornate. I daresay if I were in a miserable mood, having been deceived and disappointed, like Hamlet, I should with him see there nothing but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. But I know that when I am passive to its powers, I am aware of a presence altogether different—of a something at once soothing and elevating, powerful to move

shame—even contrition and the desire of amendment."

"Yes, yes," said Charley hastily. "But let me suppose further—and, perhaps you will allow, better—that this blueness—I take a part for the whole—belongs essentially and of necessity to the atmosphere, itself so essential to our physical life; suppose also that this blue has essential relation to our spiritual nature,—taking for the moment our spiritual nature for granted,—suppose, in a word, all nature so related, not only to our physical but to our spiritual nature, that it and we form an organic whole, full of action and reaction between the parts—would that satisfy you? would it enable you to look on the sky this night with absolute pleasure? would you want nothing more?"

I thought for a little before I answered.

"No, Charley," I said at last—"it would not satisfy me. For it would indicate that beauty might be after all but the projection of my own mind—the name I gave to a harmony between that around me and that within me. There would then be nothing absolute in beauty. There would be no such thing in itself. It would exist only as a phase of me, when I was in a certain mood; and when I was earthly-minded, passionate, or troubled, it would be nowhere. But in my best moods I feel that in nature lies the form and fashion of a peace and grandeur so much beyond anything in me, that they rouse the sense of poverty and incompleteness and blame in the want of them."

"Do you perceive whither you are leading yourself?"

"I would rather hear you say."

"To this, then—that the peace and grandeur of which you speak must be a mere accident, therefore an unreality and pure *appearance*, or the outcome and representation of a peace and grandeur which, not to be found in us, yet exist, and make use of this frame of things to set forth and manifest themselves in order that we may recognize and desire them."

"Granted—heartily."

"In other words—you lead yourself inevitably to a God manifest in nature—not as a powerful being—that is a theme absolutely

without interest to me—but as possessed in himself of the original pre-existent beauty, the counterpart of which in us we call art, and who has fashioned us so that we must fall down and worship the image of himself which he has set up."

"That's good, Charley. I'm so glad you've worked that out!"

"It doesn't in the least follow that I believe it. I cannot even say I wish I did:—for what I know, that might be to wish to be deceived. Of all miseries—to believe in a lovely thing and find it not true—that must be the worst."

"You might never find it out, though," I said. "You might be able to comfort yourself with it all your life."

"I was wrong," he cried fiercely. "Never to find it out would be the hell of all hells. Wilfrid, I am ashamed of you!"

"So should I be, Charley, if I had meant it. I only wanted to make you speak. I agree with you entirely. But I *do* wish we could be *quite* sure of it;—for I don't believe any man can ever be sure of a thing that is not true."

"My father is sure that the love of nature is not only a delusion, but a snare. I should have no right to object, were he not equally sure of the existence of a God who created and rules it.—By the way, if I believed in a God, I should say *creates*, not *created*.—I told him once, not long ago, when he fell out upon nature—he had laid hands on a copy of *Endymion* belonging to me—I don't know how the devil he got it—I asked him whether he thought the devil made the world. You should have seen the white wrath he went into at the question! I told him it was generally believed one or the other did make the world. He told me God made the world, but sin had unmade it. I asked him if it was sin that made it so beautiful. He said it was sin that made me think it so beautiful. I remarked how very ugly it must have looked when God had just finished it! He called me a blasphemer and walked to the door. I stopped him for a moment by saying that I thought, after all, he must be right, for according to geologists the world must have been a horrible place and full of the most hideous creatures before sin

came and made it lovely. When he saw my drift, he strode up to me like—well, very like his own God, I should think—and was going to strike me. I looked him in the eyes without moving, as if he had been a madman. He turned and left the room. I left the house, and went back to London the same night."

"Oh, Charley! Charley! that was too bad!"

"I knew it, Wilfrid, and yet I did it! But if your father had made a downright coward of you, afraid to speak the truth, or show what you were thinking, you also might find that when anger gave you a fictitious courage, you could not help breaking out. It's only another form of cowardice, I know; and I am as much ashamed of it as you could wish me to be."

"Have you made it up with him since?"

"I've never seen him since."

"Haven't you written, then?"

"No. Where's the use? He never would understand me. He knows no more of the condition of my mind than he does of the other side of the moon. If I offered such, he would put aside all apology for my behavior to him—repudiating himself, and telling me it was the wrath of an offended God, not of an earthly parent, I had to deprecate. If I told him I had only spoken against his false God—how far would that go to mend the matter, do you think?"

"Not far, I must allow. But I am very sorry."

"I wouldn't care if I could be sure of any-

thing—or even sure that if I were sure, I shouldn't be mistaken."

"I'm afraid you're very morbid, Charley."

"Perhaps. But you cannot deny that my father is sure of things that you believe utterly false."

"I suspect, however, that if we were able to get a bird's-eye view of his mind and all its workings, we should discover that what he called assurance was not the condition you would call such. You would find it was not the certainty you covet."

"I have thought of that, and it is my only comfort. But I am sick of the whole subject. See that cloud!—Isn't it like Death on the pale horse? What fun it must be for the cherubs, on such a night as this, to go blowing the clouds into fantastic shapes with their trumpet cheeks!"

Assurance was ever what Charley wanted, and unhappily the sense of intellectual insecurity weakened his moral action.

Once more I reveal a haunting uneasiness in the expression of a hope that the ordered character of the conversation I have just set down may not render it incredible to my reader. I record the result alone. The talk itself was far more desultory, and in consequence of questions, objections, and explanations, divaricated much from the comparatively direct line I have endeavored to give it here. In the hope of making my reader understand both Charley and myself, I have sought to make the winding and rough path straight and smooth.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

THREE PIECES OF THE WOMAN QUESTION.

FIRST PIECE.

A SURVEY of the States of the Union, and of the Union under the general government, will show to any candid observer that the legislation of the country, in all its departments, is above, rather than below, the average moral sense of the nation. The fact is seen in the inadequate execution of the laws. There are many statutes relating to public morals and civil policy which appear to be the offspring of the highest and purest principles, that stand as dead letters in State and national law, simply because the average moral sense of the people does not demand and enforce their execution.

They are enacted through the influence or by the power of men of exceptional virtue, who find, to their sorrow, that while it is easy to make good laws, it is difficult, and often impossible, to execute them. So far as we know, it has never occurred to them to call for the assistance of women in the execution of these laws, nor has it occurred to women to offer their assistance to them for this end. One or two questions, suggested by the discussions of the time, naturally grow out of this statement.

First:—Is it of any practical advantage to have better laws, until the average morality of the people is sufficient to execute those which we have?

Second:—Is it right that women should have an equal or a determining voice in the enactment of laws which they do not propose to execute, which they do not propose to assist in executing, which they could not execute if they would, and which they expect men to execute for them?

Third:—Supposing that women would give us better laws than we have (which is not evident), what would be the practical advantage to them or to us, so long as they must rely upon us to execute them—upon us, who find it impossible to enforce our own laws, some of the best of which are the outgrowth of the pure influence of women in home and social life?

SECOND PIECE.

In national and international life there are policies of action and attitude to be adopted and maintained. These policies sometimes cost a civil war for their establishment or defense, and, not unfrequently, a war with related nations. It so happens, in the nature of the case, that no single nation has it in its power to abolish war. The only way for a nation to live, when attacked by foes within or without, is to fight; and, in the present condition of the world, a national policy which has not behind it the power of physical defense is as weak and contemptible a thing as the world holds. Out of this statement, which we presume no one will dispute, there arise two questions.

First:—Would a lack of all personal risk and responsibility, on the part of those delegated to establish and pronounce the policy of a nation, tend to prudent counsels and careful decisions?

Second:—Is it right—is it kind and courteous to men—for women to demand an equal or a determining voice in the establishment of a national policy which they do not propose to defend, which they do not propose to assist in defending, which they could not defend if they would, and which they expect men to defend for them?

THIRD PIECE.

Mr. Gleason, the Tax Commissioner of Massachusetts, reported to the Legislature of that State in May, that a tax of nearly two million dollars is paid annually by the women of the State on property amounting, at a low valuation, to one hundred and thirty-two million dollars. The fact is an interesting and gratifying one, in every point of view. Naturally it is seized upon by the advocates of woman-suffrage, and brought prominently forward to assist in establishing woman's claim to the ballot. The old cry of "no taxation without representation" is renewed, however much or little of essential justice may be involved in the phrase. Well, if women are, or ever have been, taxed as women (which they are not, and never have been); if they produced this wealth, or won it by legitimate trade (which they did not); if the men who produced it received their right to the ballot by or through it; if nine-tenths of the wealth of the State were not in the hands of business men whose pursuits have specially fitted them to be the guardians of the wealth of the State; if the

counsels of these tax-paying women could add wisdom to the wisdom of these men; if the men who produced this wealth, and bestowed it upon these women, did it with distrust of the laws enacted by men for its protection, and with the desire for the social and political revolution which woman-suffrage would produce, in order that it might be better protected; if there were any complaint of inadequate protection to this property on account of its being in the hands of women—if all or any one of these suppositions were based in truth—then some sort of a plea could be set up on Mr. Gleason's exhibit by those who claim the ballot for woman. As the facts are, we confess our inability to find in it any comfort or support for those who seek for the revolution under consideration. On the contrary, we find that the ballot as it stands to-day, with its privileges, responsibilities, and limitations, secures to woman complete protection in the enjoyment of revenues which are proved to be immense, all drawn from land and sea by the hands of men whose largely testifies alike of their love and their munificence.

LOUISVILLE AND SCHOOL REFORM.

AN overwhelming popular vote was cast the other day in Louisville, Kentucky, in favor of a single daily session of the public schools, and that of three hours only—from nine o'clock in the morning until twelve.

If the question were submitted in the same way to other communities, we are inclined to think that a similar decision would be arrived at in the great majority of cases. The concurrent testimony of thoughtful men—especially men whose daily experience has taught them the exhausting nature of honest brain-work—has long been that six hours' study a day is far too much for young minds. When children are kept that length of time in school, they must either idle away the greater part of it, or else suffer mental and physical exhaustion. Fortunately, the instinct of self-preservation generally saves them. We say fortunately, for the habit of "sojering," bad as it is, is to be preferred to that premature stiffening of the brain which so often checks the mental development of precocious and overstimulated children, and makes them little better than smart children all their lives—provided it does not put an untimely end to their promising existence.

In mental as well as in physical growth time is a factor not less important than aliment and exercise. To obtain the best results in education the three must go together in just proportions. The forcing process endeavors to dispense with time,—to do in one year what cannot be safely done in less than two. The results are patent to the least observant. As children trained for the circus are apt to suffer for their excessive and untimely development by a stoppage of growth, so the victims to early mental forcing are usually stunted in mind. And when the immature mind is overworked under conditions detrimental to bodily development—inaction, confinement in a vitiated atmosphere, and other evils incidental to most school-

rooms—the candle is burnt at both ends, as the saying is. Both body and mind suffer harm. This is no mere theory: the proofs are tangible to everybody, save, perhaps, some few school officers, whose official pride blinds them to the terrible cost of the temporary brilliancy that seems to redound so much to their credit.

If the problem were simply to accomplish an amount of educational work equal to that done now, the Louisville plan would unquestionably be the wisest one. It is better for the children and more satisfactory to the teachers. But the work now done is not enough; indeed not half enough to meet the necessities of the nation. Scarcely a third of the legal school population of the country is regularly under instruction. So long as this is the case, and so long as fifteen or twenty millions of dollars are called for every year to increase the capacity of the schools, it does not seem to be altogether the wisest plan to allow the vast school-machinery already provided to lie idle the greater part of the time. Short sessions are excellent in themselves, only we need more of them. Instead of a single three-hour session a day in each school-room, there ought rather to be two or three, each with an independent set of pupils. This would at once double or treble the working capacity of the schools without any additional expense. With such a system of double or triple schools, overcrowding would promptly be done away with; teachers would be able to give a much larger amount of individual attention to their pupils; and thousands of children might be added to the number now taught. Besides, the short-time schools would not clash with other and paramount interests, as the schools do now. The poorest children would be able to spare the two or three hours a day required for schooling, and have ample time left for all the labor they are competent to do. The children of the well-to-do would be not less favored. The three hours of every day now wasted in school would be gained for the elementary business training they are now deprived of; or for physical culture, or the pursuit of any branch of literature or art toward which their tastes may incline them, and for which they have little spare time or strength under the present style of schooling.

The only persons likely to object to such a change of system are those inconsiderate parents who send their children to school less to have them taught than to get them out of the way. It is no doubt a comfort to them to have a public governess provided for their unruly offspring; but that is not exactly the original purpose of the public schools; and it may safely be left to the community at large to determine how far the general good may be sacrificed for individual convenience.

RATHER A SLIM RELIGION.

To the ordinary mind and the natural heart personal gossip comes with a relish. People particularly like to hear about the habits, peculiarities, and history of eminent persons—of eminent literary persons more

than any other. When such persons die, it usually happens that they leave behind them admirers (with brief notes and long memories), who establish their claim to the public confidence by revealing such private confidence as may have been reposed in them. While there is a legitimate curiosity to be gratified, and a legitimate way of gratifying it in these posthumous revelations, it must be confessed that they are too often made with that copious lack of judgment which the lamented Artemus called "slopping over." It is not a pretty phrase—this of A. Ward—but it characterizes, as no other can, the officious and redundant flattery of a fame with which the flatterer is proudly happy to associate himself. It sometimes happens, in efforts of this character, that their authors reveal a little of themselves, and unconsciously attribute views and feelings of their own to the subjects of their eulogy. We hope, for the sake of Mr. Hawthorne's reputation, that this has been done by the *littérateur* who has been "whispering" through the trumpet that holds a ocean in its name and a continent in its audience.

We were not aware, until we read it among the revelations of this writer, that the author of *The Scarlet Letter* was a very religious man. We knew that he was a gloomy man—or a man whose life was checkered with fitful despondencies. This is fully accounted for by the somberness of his religious "views," as they are whispered to us. We had supposed, from all we have been in the habit of hearing in the quarter from which the whispers come, that the brooding terror of the world hung over Calvinism and Puritanism, and those other lurid isms which reddened through the darkness of what is called orthodox Christianity. We have had hints of a broader and brighter faith. Indeed, there has been a putting on of superior airs, and the exercise of a freer life, and contemptuous tossing aside of the obligations and duties that spring from the recognition of the doctrine that the world needs saving, and is to be saved—if saved at all—through the power of the life and death of Jesus Christ. The Oracle of this religion is a man who speaks respectfully of Jesus Christ, but thinks he had noticeable weaknesses and made mistakes. The Saint of this religion is one who, instead of entering the abodes of the poor with the message and the blessing of the Master upon his lips, and striving with a great band of Christian workers to lift the multitude out of vice and crime and misery, refused to pay his poll-tax, and went out to see how little a man could live on, amusing himself, meanwhile, by poking around a pond, and writing that which will give the whole world a chance to see how little a man can live on. The Preacher of this religion chooses rather to explode than expound the Bible. The Disciples, especially those of a literary turn of mind (and these are a sort of prudential committee), are not yet complete in their machinery, and, for the present, send all of their number who die straight to the orthodox heaven, and are very angry if their right to a seat there is questioned for a moment.

But we are getting away from Mr. Hawthorne. "I can imagine him," says the writer, "in his quiet, musing way, strolling through the daisied fields on a Sunday morning, and hearing the distant church-bells chiming to service. *His religion was so deep and broad that he could not bear to be fastened in by a pew door*, and I doubt if he often heard an English sermon. He very rarely described himself as inside a church, *but he liked to wander among the graves in the churchyards, and read the epitaphs on the moss-grown slabs*. He liked better to meet and have a talk with the sexton than the rector."

There it is, in plain black and white. It was the depth and breadth of his religion that kept him out of the church! He had so much religion that he could not get it into a pew, and shut the door after him! Was he not a *very* religious man? And is not a writer who speaks of his deep and broad religiousness with sympathetic approval a *very* religious man? It is just as well that the Coliseum was blown down. It was not large enough for a single man of this stripe. Nothing but an enormous cemetery without fences could possibly accommodate a religion so deep and so broad as this. There are new uses for Mount Vernon and new offices for the sexton. There is hope, also, for the world, for it would take only a few such men so to fill it with religion that there would be no room for anything else.

But is not this religion a bit gloomy? Isn't it a good deal too gloomy for a world where we need all the sweet society and all the light we can get? There was music in the church. There were dear, pure women and loving, innocent children in the church. There were old, tottering fathers and mothers in the church, with eyes radiant with faith and trust, lifting their voices and souls heavenward, and feeding upon the manna of Christian truth. There were young men and maidens in the church—as beautiful a sight as any healthy pair of eyes can find. There was a man of culture in the pulpit, who was the social and possibly the intellectual equal of the gloomy wanderer in the churchyard, yet the wanderer's religion was too deep and too broad to be shut into a pew door! He preferred to wander among the graves, rather than join himself sympathetically to the worshippers within the walls, and chose to gossip with the sexton rather than listen to the rector. Does any one wonder that with such depth and breadth of religion, manifesting itself in such remarkable ways, Mr. Hawthorne was a sad and gloomy man? Is this sort of thing an improvement on Puritanism? Calvinism? Orthodoxy? Heigh ho! Let us be cheerful.

And now let us say a sober word about this trifling with a dead man's reputation. We know nothing about Mr. Hawthorne's religion. He probably had his hopes and doubts, and fears and questions, like the rest of us. It would be pleasant to know that he closed his eyes at last in the faith which can alone triumph over death, and that, at least, in the intervals of his

morbid gloom he experienced its power to bring him peace and consolation. Whatever his religious experiences may have been, he was not a man who would be likely to uncover them to the gaze of others. If it is true that he liked a churchyard better than a church, and a sexton's society better than that of a rector, then the religion which he held, however deep and broad it may have been, was not Christianity, for Christianity is eminently social and cheerful. But we fancy—indeed, we believe—that the attributing to the great novelist the stupidity, bad taste, and worse religion with which he stands charged in the sentences we have quoted, is a piece of injustice and abuse excusable on no ground except the absolute incompetency of the writer to speak of Christianity in any form, and defensible on no ground except that of his contempt for it. When a man gets so bloated with religion that a pew is too small for him, and it becomes impossible to shut the door, it is time he were passed over to the hands of the sexton whose society is so sweet to him.

THE LEGAL-TENDER DECISION.

THE recent legal-tender decision of the United States Supreme Court, reversing the one rendered a year ago, is naturally exciting a good deal of attention throughout the country; and the general opinion seems to be that the action of the court in reopening the matter is, to say the least, unwise. The previous decision, it will be remembered, was to the effect that the Legal-Tender Act of 1862 did not and could not affect contracts that had been made prior to its passage, and that such contracts, therefore, could be legally discharged only in gold or its equivalent. The Court was at that time composed of seven judges, and the decision was sustained by a majority of one—Chief Justice Chase, the original patron of the Legal-Tender system, being in the affirmative. Whether or not the Act was unconstitutional, as applied to contracts made after its passage, was a question not passed upon. By the reversal of the judgment then rendered, it is now declared that the law was constitutional as to all contracts whatever—those entered into before as well as after its passage. As to the latter, indeed, there would scarcely be room for argument, after an opinion sustaining the validity of the former. Without calling in question here the soundness of the position now taken by the court, there are certain weighty considerations against reviving the subject at the present time, which, to the non-legal mind, seem conclusive.

In the first place, the former decision has been accepted in good faith by numerous political and financial corporations; and the interest on their bonds during the past year has accordingly been paid in gold. *The Chicago Tribune* estimates the amount thus paid, in the single State of Illinois, at more than \$1,000,000. The losers by the recent decision are, consequently, those who had, at considerable cost to themselves, conformed to the previous one; while the gainers are those powerful individuals and corporations that had

refused to accept the first decision as binding, and there can be no doubt that their success will be a powerful encouragement to resist unpalatable judicial decisions hereafter. 2. The former decision was objected to on the ground that it was sustained by so small a majority—four to three; but the present decision is made by the same majority of one—the vote being five to four. If the idea once obtains possession of the public mind, that the validity of the decisions of the Supreme Court depends upon the fact of its being or not being quite full when they are rendered, it is only a single step to the next idea—that in order to obtain such a decision as the majority of people for the time being may desire, it is only necessary for Congress to add such and so many judges to the court as will secure the desired rendering. And such a result once brought about would be equivalent, we do not hesitate to say, to the destruction of one of the essential coördinate departments of our system of government. 3. If we disregard the dangers of this last, which has been called the arithmetical view of decisions, the action of the court in setting aside so important a judgment within a year after its

promulgation, is calculated to weaken the popular respect for our highest judicial tribunal, and thus disturb the balance of our political system. And the case is made still worse by the fact that, in the present instance, the majority is made up by adding to the former minority two newly appointed judges, both of whom are understood to have a personal and professional interest in the change of decision as now accomplished. No one supposes that either of them was consciously influenced by that consideration in giving his opinion; but it is of the greatest importance that the decisions of our courts, especially of the highest, be raised above the possibility of suspicion.

We are not of those who would in the least degree impair the essential powers of the national government; and, in the absence of any constitutional prohibition, we believe the passage of the Legal-Tender Act was perfectly within the powers of Congress as a means of meeting the exigencies forced upon it by the war; but whether it could rightly make the law retroactive is a wholly distinct question, and one that might have been safely allowed to rest as it was left a year ago.

THE OLD CABINET.

We suppose there are few who, after beholding for the first time that remarkable head by Page, in the East Room of the Academy, have not turned away with a sense of outrage. Is this creature (one says to himself) with hair of impossible red, glaring eyes like an animal, sensual lips, the one of whom John, looking upon him as he walked, said, "Behold the Lamb of God!" The Scripture verses traced upon the frame appear an impertinence—almost a blasphemy.

This, we think, is generally the first impression. But there is something about the picture that is apt to bring the visitor back again before he leaves the building. We have no sympathy with the man who, after honest study of this face, fails to see toward what great end the painter was striving, or to appreciate with what religious purpose he labored to set forth the truth as he apprehended it—the God-Man as he appeared to those of his own generation, in the flesh, who accepted his Messiahship.

But even when we honor the motive, acknowledge a certain power, an undoubted originality, we cannot be blind to the crudity of color, awkwardness of pose, the strange incongruities; we cannot help asking why there should not be the lion's ears as well as the lion's eyes; we cannot help, in fact, being puzzled. For is not one of the best portraits—if not *the* best—in the Exhibition painted by this very man,—himself just elected President of the Academy?

But while we wonder, a little whisper comes to us that helps to explain the mystery. Nobody yet has seen Page's Christ! The final picture—toward which the present scarcely completed work is but an experiment, though an important one—is yet to be painted.

Upon this last all the ripe skill and unabated energies of his later years will be lavished; and when we remember with what ever-fresh and potent enthusiasm, with what conscientious elaboration and pains-taking this artist labors—we may hope for a work no less finished in execution than grand in design, and altogether memorable.

What if, after all, the result may prove ~~another~~ how futile the attempt of any artist, however great, to produce a representation of the Saviour which shall satisfy. Paint us Our Lord standing with arm outstretched to bless, or to scourge. But let the face be averted—shown only as reflected in that of him he smites or heals.

Yes—it is coming.

Sitting here in the summer twilight, and looking out through the open window, we see and hear the sure signs of its approach—and are heavy-hearted. By our new neighbor's Mansard, glittering in the low sunlight; by the tramp of the laborers passing home from their work on the "Boulevard;" by the fresh odor of upturned clay—we know that slowly but surely the town is marching down upon us; that ere long the little farm will be cut up into streets; rows of prim, modern houses will crowd all about us; the ancient buttonwoods and immemorial poplars will fall; the road will be scooped out deep before the door, and its course changed, leaving the old house perched high and dry above the street, "catacornered" to the front fence,—a stranded hulk: Mrs. Jarley's old-fashioned scuttle bonnet in Madame Ala-mode's show-window.

Then will be fulfilled that which was spoken long ago in faint prophetic lines on the town map. A street will pass from Myrtle to Bellevue avenue, and lay our pie cherry-trees in the dust; another will run at right angles with this, fill up the pond, and cut us off from the meadow forever.

It was no consolation to poor Elia that he would sleep his last, long sleep in common with patriarch and sage, king and kaiser. It is no use to talk to us about Progress and Improvement. O, proud and potent committee-men, spare our ewe-lambs! What is Improvement to us, with no meadow bank nor brook, no pie-cherries, no pond, no nightly chorus of frogs:—Ay, these last;—you might roll your Jugernaut around and over us, if you would leave the pond, and the single black-heart that stands sentinel at the window. Then, even yet we could sit here in the cool of the summer nights listening to the rustle of the leaves, and to the piping tchir-r-r of the frogs—sweeter than song of nightingales.

But complaint is idle. No thought, no pity for those who stand in the way. The dog that tried to stop the locomotive had no wit at the beginning, and very little body at the end.

They will take all these things from us, and in their place give us—town lots.

Even the gypsies have caught the spirit of the times, and travel with all the modern conveniences. They have just been building their fires in the woods, near; and a party of us have been down visiting the camp. Who would have thought it,—in place of the old-fashioned, round top, dingy, canvas-covered affairs we had known in boyhood, with their mystery of dark eyes, here were wagons that reminded one, on the outside, of the Pain-Killer's splendid equipage, and on the inside of first-class state-rooms on Hudson River steamboats—gayly painted, with pretty lace curtains before the beds, sets of drawers, looking-glasses, all manner of little conveniences; the whole comfortable and homelike,—miniature houses on wheels. Instead of the old-time "grid," made of wooden stakes, curved contrivances of iron spanned the fire and upheld the dinner-pot, while a "merry, merry Zingari" was scrubbing the family linen in a civilized wash-tub. Instead of the forlorn nags that, in the old days, were spurred into spasms of activity for the deceiving of purchasers, the men were putting through their paces as sound and handsome animals as you could want to buy or ride behind.

It was while our party were admiring these that we noticed the gypsy woman wipe her arms with her apron and slip a little farther into the woods, followed by Bess. They kneel on the moss together; the woman's face turned from us, Bess's fronting full our way—first curious, then eager; black eyes flashing, cheeks now pale, now flushed, as with the play of an aurora; lips half parted; now a troubled look, now a sudden laugh that startles the woods. No words heard—only the

low croon of the sibyl, an outburst of questioning and deprecation, and that ringing laugh.

We may as well confess it—we all followed Bess's example and had our fortunes told. On the way home we compared experiences. It was always the same story, told with adaptations and slight variations. For every one there was a lady or a lover waiting—he should be seen within six days or six months. The letter you were expecting would come soon. You were to go on a journey which would have a happy ending; you were to be a "long-lived livyer;" the girls would one day walk on their own carpets, the boys win fortunes; always a blue-eyed girl near you, who was your friend before your face and your enemy behind your back, who would say to some dark-eyed boy one word for you and two words for herself; or a black-eyed boy "at a distant," who would say to a blue-eyed girl two words for himself and one for you—"beware of him, beware!" You were either to have one girl and one boy, or two boys and one girl, or two girls and one boy, or two boys and two girls, and though you begged ever so hard the oracle could not be altered;—Mercury, Venus, Jupiter, Mars, may you be blessed in all your doings and your ajourneyings, and live long and prosper, and not forget the poor gypsy that gave you good luck!

Did we believe it? "Ah, ladies and gentlemen, you must put your faith in what you pays your money for," said the gypsy, and plumped her brown arms into the suds again. It hardly seemed like a real gypsy camp, with those elegant state-rooms, those wash-tubs and iron "grids." They say you don't even have to watch your stables o' nights with these modern gypsies. It was only a great frolic. And besides, nowadays, as all the world knows,

"Apollo, from his shrine,
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance or breathèd spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell."

Perhaps none of us believed a word of it. "But she told me one thing awful queer," said Bess, looking solemn; "I wonder how she knew!" I think we all heard something under the trees there that we didn't mention when we gave in our experiences; and a strange thrill runs through your arm when a gypsy clinches your fingers in her firm hand, and, leaning, gazes into the palm as if she saw your life there as in a mirror. Perhaps the old superstitions do not "go on forever."

As we write, a change is passing over the corner peanut-stands. The pyramids of russets that lately rose on every side, with labeled price atop, are beginning to grow small. The once fine, crisp fruit shrivels and shrinks. Ominous brown spots come upon the sleek surfaces. Apples are at the ebb, but in their place the golden tide of oranges is setting in.

As it is the season of oranges, so is it the season of

orange-peels. Sidewalks are breaking out in little triangular patches of red and yellow. That they do not appear particularly dangerous is one of the "illusions" of which the French find life so full—and it is thus that they serve for the discipline of the self-confident; for the bringing down of the haughty from their high places. But the innocent suffer with the guilty; the blind shoe-string man and the pompous patrician meet the same fate; the treacherous rind is no respecter of persons. The feet of the rich and of the poor alike depart from under them; the skulls of both are incontinently cracked.

In vain the desultory kicks of passers-by send now and then a piece into the gutter. For every peel thus put out of the way two bright new pieces appear, flung by the unthinking.

It is a melancholy spectacle—men and women slip-

ping up in every direction, upon other people's orange-peels.

"Evil is wrought
By want of thought
As well as want of heart."

—Little triangular pieces of temper; orange-peels of doctrine, of practice; bits of doubt, of loose thinking, of bad example, left around carelessly; somebody comes along, puts his or her foot upon them, falls and is bruised; bones broken, perhaps. Dignity upset, propriety prone upon the pavement—yes, and many a slip of manners and of morals.

The subject is suggestive. Strange visions loom before us of cracked heads and heels in air; of sudden constellations ourselves have seen in the unwary days. Good friends, the path of life is strewn with orange-peels. Let us be careful where we tread!

HOME AND SOCIETY.

THE PAIRING SEASON.

"Married in May—
The bride of a day,"

says the old rhyme. But sunshine defies augury. Happy eyes refuse to look for skeletons beneath the tender green of Spring; modern incredulity laughs at ancient saws; and May, with its flowery sisters, June and July, are become distinctively the marrying months of the year.

As the vernal spray deepens on boughs of elm and maple, brown-stone fronts begin, likewise, to put forth leaves—of invitation, engraven on the very best of card-board. Dress-makers' bills swell with the swelling buds; odors of bride-cake pervade and struggle with the faint sweet fragrance of growing things. Tiny homes, which feathered lovers newly wed are busily decorating with sticks and straws, are startled by the switch of silken skirts, on rapid passage "down town" to provide for other lovers. Alas! what voluminous appanage of this world's gear! The very churches take on airs and "trick their beams," and flame over arch and pillar with device and monogram of gaudy flowers; while organs, in whose construction the *stop* has apparently been omitted, peal forth an unintermitting "Wedding March," till that time-honored tune takes rank in our wearied tympanums with "Shoo Fly" and "Old Dog Tray."

Each blossom, as it appears, is pounced upon for a "decoration." Balusters burgeon; cornice and ceiling, mantel and picture-frame, bud and blossom like Aaron's rod. Snowy roses engarland gas-fixtures, and shy, surprised lilies find themselves wired and imprisoned in "bridal bells."

"All this beauty and peace and sweetness,
All this fragrance, and grace, and dying,"

all these innocent lives poured out to adorn a single hour! But who will venture to regret? What tribute too precious, what symbol too exquisite for that supreme hour which sets the crown on human lives, and

opens wide the beautiful gate of that temple whose name is Love?

Happy roses, to lend sweetness to that sweetest moment! Happy violets in the mimic clapper, whose swing elicits fragrance more delectable than sound! Even so; without the assistance of florists, the unwired flowers of Eden smiled on that first fair bridal, when Mr. and Mrs. Primal Man stood, as seen in the Catechism, to receive congratulations from all beasts and birds of earth. No ushers, "no cards," and—wonderful to think of—no *trousseau*.

In our new Eden things are different. Adam and Eve, though doubtless important, are no longer paramount in the ceremony. They are but the occasion—the provocation of a long train of grandeurs and expenses, without which modern marriage would seem impossible; and if the cards, the supper, the gifts, and the gowns could be had as well without bride and groom as with them, it is questionable if the company would not easily agree to dispense with these "leading features," and relegate poor Adam and Eve to single blessedness, or, in fact, no blessedness at all—with most comfortable indifference!

For it cannot be denied that what with fuss, fatigue, and cost, a wedding now-a-days is a bore to most parties concerned. When the cards come in, the family acquaintance groan aloud: "Oh dear, I suppose I must send Emily something! What a nuisance it is! This is the eighteenth wedding present this Spring!" The home is "*bouleversé*" for months; the bride reduced to skin and bone by shopping, dress-making, card-directing, list-compiling, note-writing, "trying-on." There is no time for sentiment—for love-making—for that tranquil bliss which is the dew of souls. Edwin finds Angelina always on the sofa—too tired to talk—too tired to drive—almost too tired to smile. He bides his time, being used to the phenomenon. "Girls always get worn out in their preparations," Angelina's mother tells him. In fact, he recollects the

brides of his acquaintance as generally bad-colored and skinny, so it must be "the thing," and inevitable, like Destiny.

For a week before the wedding St. Vitus presides over the door-bell. The bride's person seems attached as by invisible wires to its handle. Each outward twitch produces a corresponding inward twitch. The express-man, waiting for his receipt, catches glimpses of a head with hot, feverish cheeks hanging over the baluster. It is Angelina craning her neck in anxious expectation of "presents." Reluctant opulence knows what is demanded, and showers gems, lace, silver, bijouterie, bronze, in reckless profusion. By and by, human invention being exhausted, the splendors begin to repeat themselves in duplicate or triplicate. As tea-pots accumulate, paralysis falls on sated desire. But then there are the bridesmaids to be considered, and the bridesmaids' dresses, and the breakfast for the *cortège*, and the "Last German," and the rehearsal. And though Angelina's back aches dreadfully, and the soles of her feet burn like fire, not a quiet second is allowed her. The bones in her girlish neck are hidden with blonde; strong coffee winds up the exhausted nerves; the symbolisms, once so full of meaning—now so vapid, are mechanically observed; the kiss, the "woven hands," the train of virgins, the ring, the prayer—and, stupefied and delirious with excitement, as the poor Hindoo *suttee* with "Bhang," the bride is hurried into her new life as fevered, as dulled, and almost as beyond rational reflection as she.

Even quiet country towns have caught the infection. Everywhere are the same wearisome mummeries reiterated, with the additional labor involved by distance from shops and confectioners. The simple village weddings we used to hear about are no more. As well not be married, cry our rustic maidens, as dispense with cards, reception, and bands of music. They even out-Grundt Grundy, and the velvet train and eight bridesmaids of the English princess, are repeated in remote Kalamazoo.

Shall we ever better this? Who knows? Perhaps, when that great revolution comes, so feelingly prophesied now and then by indignant "dailies," when a corrupt judiciary and a monster monopoly are to dangle side by side from city lamp-posts, and bench and bar, pulpit and patriotism, to undergo regeneration, the real meanings of real words will be restored, and the paltry husks be stripped from sacred things. Then the revised dictionary will make its appearance, and no longer reading "Wedding—A crisis of clothes;" "Bride—A peg on which finery is hung;" "Bridegroom—A black object following the bride like a point of admiration!" the dear old definitions will make their appearance again in letters of gold. And then shall

"Come the world's great bridal, chaste and calm—
Then spring the crowning race of human kind.
May these things be!"

A "SHELTERING ARMS."

WHILE we are on the theme, it occurs to us to in-

form such thrice-happy couples as find themselves, this Hymeneal month, possessed of an embarrassing multiplicity of gifts, that the benevolence of a prominent city firm has provided a place of refuge for these troublesome luxuries and inconvenient conveniences. In the spacious vaults of their magnificent establishment is constructed an asylum for such tea-sets, spoons, trays, crumb-scrapers, tureens, pickle-forks, and "berry" spoons, as prove superfluous, or formidably attractive to burglars. Here in quiet safety these "little wanderers" may repose, boarded, lodged, and made at home in the very scenes where their silvern infancy was passed, almost within sight of the shelves which once they occupied, and where now their prototypes stand in glittering row.

We commend this excellent charity to our readers.

MIDSUMMER EVE.

ON Midsummer Eve, known in old times as "The Vigil of St. John," hags, fairies, witches, and hobgoblins are traditionally said to ride abroad and play their pranks unchecked by higher powers. Wherefore it behooves all sober people to close doors and go early to bed. For the young and unsober, however, the haunted eve affords opportunity for all sorts of fateful rites and experiments, fascinating even to nineteenth-century common sense; and though Puck and Robin Goodfellow may no longer appear with whoop, and laugh, and sly pinching fingers, it is safe to promise tremor and thrill, pretty shriek and good fun to all modern maidens as have courage and adventure enough to try their "Midsummer luck."

There is the magic fern-seed to begin with, which can be gathered on no other evening of the year, and which, like the ring of Gyges, confers invisibility on its wearer. But be careful not to shake the plant. The seed must fall of its own accord into the plate held to receive it by pious fingers. Hemp-seed, also, plays a part in this night's sports. She who, exactly at twelve o'clock, sows it in the garden, and repeats

"Hemp-seed I sow—

Hemp-seed I hoe,

And he that is my true-love, come after me and mow—"

may see, if she has the pluck to look behind her, the figure of the "true-love"—scythe in hand! And any one who fasts all day, and at midnight spreads a table with a clean white cloth, and sets thereon bread, cheese, and beer, will have the pleasure of beholding her future husband enter, fill a glass with beer, make her a low bow as in salutation, and retire, leaving the glass untasted on the table!

Then there is the still prettier experiment of "The Midsummer Rose." Annie, or Belinda, or Mary Jane must walk backward into the garden, and, preserving perfect silence, gather a rose. If this is put away in clean paper and not looked at till Christmas, it will be found fresh as in June; and when it is placed in the bosom of a fair lady, he who is to be her future lord will enter and take it out—by which sign she shall know him.

The "Dumb-Cake" also. Two must make it, two bake it, two break it, and a third put a piece under each of their pillows, nobody speaking a word all the time. Then you "dream of the man you are to have." How much this "coming man" seems to have figured, by the way, in the female meditations of two centuries ago!

We note down these quaint observances for the benefit of some of our merry young readers, who, in the quiet of country summer, may find amusement in them. But we warn them against the superstition, at once more touching and more fearful, which led people to stand all night in church porches, in order to see pass by the apparitions of those who were to die in the parish during the ensuing twelvemonth. Flesh and heart might well fail in such ordeal; and it is recorded that one girl expired of fright on seeing in the ghastly train her own figure!

And so, hoping all "midsummer-men" which shall be set up may bow the right way, that fairies may be propitious and fern-stalks not "contrary," we leave you to your frolic.

ROSES.

"Is there," asks Mr. Tennyson, "any moral hid within the bosom of a rose?"

We cannot say. Certain it is that something else lurks there; something at once less obvious and more deadly; something which defies inquest—almost defies remedy; and the name of that something is SLUGS.

From beginning to end of Summer, Nature takes apparent pleasure in teasing and tantalizing us. Her fairest things she abandons to her foulest. Each month brings its destroyer—the currant-worm with the currants, the measure-worm with the elm foliage—and so on, until the latest caterpillar chews a horrible path through every leaf spared by earlier hosts, spins its cocoon, and lies down to die.

The gladiolus has its foe—a mailed creature fearful to encounter. Tiny emerald beetles skip over the edges of the geraniums. Red spiders assemble from Heaven knows where, and spin and devastate. Aphides in countless hosts appear as from the atmosphere, and take possession. "Little things on little wings," with stings far from little, puncture the grape-leaves and gall the fuchsias. But most of all, the roses—sweetest and fairest sisterhood—seem marked for destruction.

Hardly have their soft, crimson-tufted buds unrolled than the ravage begins. You bend lovingly over your pet "Giant of Bautes" or "General Jacque Moneau," and start aghast. Why are the leaves twisted thus strangely over the coming buds, and cemented together as by a wiry glue? The experienced know well the cause, and applying a finger and thumb artistically, give a pinch. Aha! a black and green head wriggles into view. He is there, "Thalaba the Destroyer," that slug whom, in defiance of Mr. Warner, we pronounce the "saddest" of the year.

Talk of promptitude—he is always *before* time. Early bird must it be indeed who picks up that worm! Before human vision detects the delicate unfolding bud, he has gorged himself with essence of bloom, and the bud is an empty shell. We pinch and pinch with stern determination, regardless of cold chills down our spines—and still the creeping creature defies us, and the harvest of beauty is snatched from our grasp.

Is there then no remedy? Yes. Let others prate of tobacco washes and whale-oil soap. *Our* spell is couched in two magic words. They are—"White Hellebore."

This blessed dust—worth its weight in gold—may be had at moderate price at any chemist's. Salute it. It is not the rose—but it comes near to being so, for it saves the rose.

Dissolved in water (proportion, a half-pound to a half-barrel) and applied with a syringe, it coats each leaf with a faint gray sediment. Over this, while wet, a little dry powder should be dredged. The slug, taking, as is his wont, an early constitutional on top of the leaves, absorbs this refreshing aliment, and is found at 9 P.M. swollen, black, and dead as Pharaoh. Very early risers may even enjoy the delight of applying the dose directly to the spine of the invader, and watching the effect!

A few days—and our heel is on the neck of the enemy. And then, ah! then how the fresh leaves laugh and twinkle! how the cups of cream and fire and snow unfold, and with what wafts of sweetness do they recompense the hand that brought deliverance! Conquerors and conquered, we bow before the spell of beauty, and inscribe upon our oriflammes—"which," as the Bab Ballad remarks, "is pretty, though I don't know what it means") the name of the herb which tempted fair Juliet to her death, but to our rescued favorites has been a word of healing.

Remember: *White Hellebore*.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

HENRY PARRY LIDDON.

THE name of Henry Parry Liddon has just begun to be familiar to American ears. To those who have become acquainted with him through his writings, he represents whatever is most scholarly and evangelical in the preaching of the Church of England to-day. Still a young man, and without any regular parochial

charge, he has come to be in the foremost rank of living English preachers. Wherever he is advertised to speak the churches are crowded hours in advance, and though his sermons are very lengthy—often exceeding an hour—and his style not in the slightest degree sensational, he is heard without weariness, and with the most evident interest. We should perhaps restrict the

statement a little. Although the common people are by no means unaffected by Mr. Liddon's sermons—and there is much in all of them to reach and touch the most ignorant—yet his work and his power are chiefly among the educated classes, and the large preponderance in his audiences, of these, and of the most thoughtful men belonging to them, has been often remarked. This may be somewhat owing to the fact that Mr. Liddon does not deal so much with what are called the "topics of the day,"—the present precise outward forms of the strife between good and evil—as with the good and evil themselves, and their inner and spiritual manifestations. Less intense in feeling, but more logical in thought, than Robertson or Stopford Brooke, he convinces a certain class whom their enthusiasm would fail to affect, while those of a different temperament must miss something in him which is necessary for their satisfaction. He is less a man among men than either Robertson or Brooke; he does not lay bare his heart, consciously or unconsciously, as they do; he is not so much a comforter as an instructor, or, perhaps, we should rather say that consolation is not the first object of his preaching. But to some minds it will not be the less real and welcome for being suggested rather than displayed. There are those to whom Watts's hymns seem more strengthening than Wesley's, because, though Wesley makes far more explicit mention both of sorrow and of comfort, Watts takes us up above the sources of our sadness, to the

"land of pure delight,"

and shows us our inalienable inheritance there. And Liddon would fain so intrench us in the strongholds of our belief; would put into our hands such weapons to combat our doubts and our temptations, that, forgetting fears and failures and losses, and fighting with all our might the fight of faith, we should be strengthened even in the conflict, and have no time for repining. Growth in "the knowledge of God" seems to be his aim, both for himself and those whom he addresses; this, rather than specific reforms, is his remedy for the evil that is in individual souls and in society. He goes to the core of things, and believes that if the heart is right the life will take care of itself. Two volumes of sermons by Mr. Liddon have been published, the first of which was issued in 1865, with the title *Some Words for God*, which, though exactly expressive of the character of the book, was dropped in the second edition, in deference, as the author tells us, to friendly criticism, which pronounced it open to misconstruction. This collection has now passed to a third, if not a fourth edition, under the simple designation of *University Sermons*. Of these sermons, upon such subjects as "Immortality," "The Law of Progress," "The Conflict of Truth with undue Exaltation of the Intellect," "The Risen Life," "Humility and Action," there is not one which will not well repay close study. We use the word deliberately, for indeed their full meaning and richness of thought cannot be appropriated without patient attention and the pondering of every sentence. Mr. Liddon's style is not stirring or

incisive; he does not control the hearer or reader at once by some brilliant, unexpected outburst; he is not peculiarly original, either in his views of truth or his methods of stating it; but, as we read or listen, we feel the increasing pressure of the argument, the power of the author's sincere, strong convictions, bearing us onward and upward to his level of thought; forcing us to accept his conclusions all the more surely that he has not hurried our acceptance of them. Yet there are occasional paragraphs, which, tersely expressed, contain the meaning of volumes. Here, for instance, in two short sentences, he sums up the whole bearing of that class of proofs of Christ's Divinity of which Young's *Christ of History* is a well-known and worthy example:—"Is it granted that Christ is, morally speaking, a perfect man? Then he is more than man, since he puts forward claims which, if they are not simple and necessary truths, are blasphemous pretensions."

Mr. Liddon has published, in addition to the *Sermons*, a volume of Bampton Lectures for 1866, on the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and is now engaged upon a work which will probably soon appear, under the title of *Elements of Theology*. This will give the public a better opportunity than has yet been afforded to judge of his abilities as a theologian, and it seems likely that in this field his highest honors will be gained. His temperament and habits of thought and study eminently fit him for controversial labors. His lectures on the Divinity of Christ were, from the circumstances in which they were delivered, necessarily limited in their plan. Mr. Liddon acknowledges that he does not attempt in them to meet the difficulties of those to whom the Bible is not an inspired book. Previous courses of lectures upon the Bampton foundation justified him in assuming before his hearers their conviction of the existence and personality of God, and the reality of a Divine Revelation in the Scriptures. Starting from this point, Mr. Liddon's argument for the Divinity of Christ is a masterly one, and leaves little to be desired by those to whom that doctrine appears the keystone of the whole system of Christianity. Though it does not come within our purpose to give any analysis of it, we cannot refrain from quoting from the Preface to the second edition of the Lectures a few words, which not only show the author's position in regard to some present aspects of religious thought, but may seem to many to embody a sound judgment in regard to the moral tendencies of lax views in religion:—

"In truth, the vast majority of our countrymen still shrink with sincere dread from anything like an explicit rejection of Christianity. Yet no one who hears what goes on in daily conversation, and who is moderately conversant with the tone of some of the leading organs of public opinion, can doubt the existence of a widespread unsettlement of religious belief. People have a notion that the present is, in the hackneyed phrase, 'a transitional period,' and that they ought to keep pace with the general movement. Whither they are going they probably cannot say, and have never very seriously asked themselves. Their most definite impression

is that the age is turning its back on dogmas and creeds, and is moving in a negative direction under the banner of 'freedom.' They are, indeed, sometimes told by their guides that they are hurrying forward to a chaos in which all existing beliefs, even the fundamental axioms of morality, will be ultimately submerged. Sometimes, too, they are encouraged to look hopefully forward, beyond the immediate foreground of conflict and confusion, to an intellectual and moral Elysium, which will be reached when Science has divested Religion of all its superstitious encumbrances, and in which 'thought' and 'feeling,' after their long misunderstanding, are to embrace under the supervision of a philosophy higher than any which has yet been elaborated. But these visions are only seen by a few, and they are not easily popularized. The general tendency is to avoid speculations, whether hopeful or discouraging, about the future, yet to acquiesce in the theory, so constantly suggested, that there is some sort of necessary opposition between dogma and goodness, and to recognize the consequent duty of promoting goodness by the depreciation and destruction of dogma. Thus, the movement, although negative in one sense, believes itself to be eminently positive in another. With regard to dogma it is negative, but it sincerely affects a particular care for morality, and, in purifying and enforcing moral truth, it endeavors to make its positive character most distinctly apparent."

"The writer has not been at pains to disguise his earnest conviction that the hopes and sympathies which have been raised in many sincerely religious minds, by the so-called Liberal-religious movement of our day, are destined to a rude and bitter disappointment. However long the final decision between 'some faith' and 'no faith' may be deferred, it must be made at last. . . . It is of the last importance in religious thinking, not less than in religious practice, that the question, Whither am I going? should be asked and answered. Such a question is not the less important because, for the present, all is smooth and reassuring, combining the reality of religious change with the avoidance of any violent shock to old convictions."

By a curious likeness, these words of the advocate of Scriptural Christianity remind us of one of the early utterances of the champion of "free religion," R. W. Emerson. He says:—"With regard to modes of Christian faith, it surely is becoming for every one, both man and woman, to have an intelligent knowledge of their belief. It is right to hold with confidence and charity combined, to well-formed and precise principles, in all that we profess to give an allegiance to; to understand our own position and feel the strength of it, instead of *that careless ignorance, that latitudinarian indifference, which is seen and heard so much of;—a mock liberalism which I speak of as unreal, because often, when put to the test, it is found to cover either a hollow skepticism or a bitter intolerance,* instead of genuine Christian charity."

Mr. Liddon's manner in the pulpit is very quiet.

His personal appearance and habits of oratory are almost monastic. It is, indeed, evident that he has been a close and loving student of the Early Fathers; that he sees much to admire where he cannot implicitly follow, but where too many, with less insight and humility, vaguely condemn. The chief characteristic of his manner appears to be a reverence for the name and service of God. And in these days, when "holy boldness" not unfrequently verges upon unseemly familiarity, it is good for us to be occasionally reminded that it becomes us to serve the Lord with fear—the fear of a devoted heart—careful to remember that "God is in heaven, and we are upon earth."

THE NEW ROYAL ALBERT HALL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES is intended as a permanent place of exhibition in London, and erected in pursuance of the ideas of the Prince Consort. The building is another demonstration of the exotic nature of art in England, and is, perhaps, of all the recent monuments, the most hideous and tasteless. It is in idea an adaptation of the Colosseum at Rome, but with the grand and simple elevation of that, broken and frittered up by a ginger-bread frieze in mosaic, designed by the weakest school in the world for monumental work, the Royal Academicians, and a general system of ornamentation fitter for lace-work than for architecture, and which is really less attractive than the plain tufa of the ancient work. The Royal Albert Hall is 135 feet high, but the height is broken and diminished by a recession in the plan, apparently because the architect dared not make a roof as large as his foundation; and the consequence is, that the upper division is hidden from view, and is, so far as outer appearances are concerned, quite without value.

The comparison suggested by the two buildings is most unfavorable in every respect to the modern. The ancient, without other pretension than that of being good, solid building, is opened and lightened by arches and vaulted passages, whose recesses break the surface without a hint of ornament, which the Roman knew he was weak in, and only used after the most approved classical patterns, while the Briton, with the frivolous ambition to be original (as if originality could help itself or be ordered at occasion), wishes to be as great as the Roman, graceful as the Greek, and thoughtful as the Goth at the same time. The result is a monstrosity, which, like the Westminster House of Parliament, will in course of time make itself a callous in the dull sense of English taste, and finally come to establish a canon of architecture.

The Albert Hall opened early in May with an exhibition of pictures of all nations—an imitation on a liberal scale of the Paris exposition. The narrow and inconceivably "shoppy" habits of the Royal Academy, making the interests and advantages of its members the only end of their organization, renders such an exhibition as the new International not only necessary as a protest against the exclusiveness of the Academy, but as a means of informing English ama-

teurs that there is an art in the world which is neither English nor derived from it. In no country in the world besides England would the narrow, selfish, mercantile policy of the Royal Academy be tolerated by the public, while there every new pretension and arrogant self-assertion of the Academicians only puts them still higher in the public respect. It is an anomaly in art history, that a self-constituted body, exclusive as a hereditary aristocracy and narrowly selfish as a mercantile guild, should be allowed to appropriate and dispense the only recognized distinction in artistic excellence of the country, monopolize by sheer self-assertion, and maintain, against all opposition, all the honors and emoluments of public patronage, and render account neither to public opinion nor to government, exclude from its advantages many of the best artists of the country on the most arbitrary and personal grounds, and yet retain the position it claims of *arbitrator* and exact deference even from royalty. It is more strange at first sight, yet explains the anomaly, that all this comes, not from artistic excellence, but commercial cleverness. It is to be hoped that the more catholic exhibition of the Royal Albert Hall may become the exponent of artistic merit, and the recognized institution of England, and that the Academy may drop back into the dust of the age of guilds and close corporations to which it belongs.

ROSSETTI'S sonnets have developed among the rising English poets an epidemic of sonnet-writing, and all the aspirants of the romantic school vent their ambition in fourteen-line bursts of song, not only for publication but circulation, so that a London wit says that now a cabman replies to your call in a sonnet.

One of the new poets, Payne, author of the *Masque of Shadows*, has put out a volume of sonnets called *Intaglios*. It can hardly be called an addition to our poetic treasures. Faint, shadowy reminiscences of Rossetti and Morris, with the linked and over-done epithets of Swinburne, too long-drawn-out in the master, and only redilute in the follower until they are little else than sound—fantastic similes spun into spider-thread tenuity, and tangled into inextricable confusion,—sonnets to the sonnets and pictures of his friends (who will in turn sonnetize him or make designs to his sonnets—priests of the great god I, incensing each other with full censers),—this is what *Intaglios* suggests to us. Such imagery as:—

"Seek, then, no more to sweep the unwilling strings
To tempest, nor to harrow up the skies
With the void passion of Titanic sighs;
Thou shalt not scale the heaven on thunderous wings
Of resonant prayer,"—

alternating with *catalogues raisonnés* of the objects seen in a morning walk, do not make poetry. May some new standard be raised up to cure this plague of sonnets, since they have begun, reptile-like, to multiply from the fragments.

AN exceedingly interesting book of travel is the *Impressions of Greece*, by Sir Thomas Wyse, late English Minister at Athens. Sir Thomas was long a resident

of Greece, and years ago published a book of travels in the Morea, to which this posthumous work is a supplement, consisting of travels in Continental Greece, with visits to the great battle-grounds of early Hellas. It was left in the form of diaries of the excursions, and has been published under the care of his niece, without alteration or emendation, and preserves, by this very neglect, a freshness of description and impression which no book-making could have given it. There are descriptions of the wild beauty of Eubœa and of the battle-ground of Chæronea, which make the jaded traveler on used-up grounds look to the opening of roads and the restoration of tranquillity in Greece as a desideratum for lovers of the beautiful. The dissertations on the state of Greece, the condition and character of the people, and the causes of disorder and governmental depravity will interest all phil-Hellenes, and explain the seeming anomaly of the most intelligent, energetic, and enterprising people in the basin of the Mediterranean being the worst governed and least prosperous. The author had the best opportunities to know the Greeks which any recent writer has had, and his official relation—continued for many years—with the government of Otho, taught him all the dangers of an absolutism with a people like the Greek, essentially, vitally republican and municipal, and his testimony that "no nation is more fitted, I might say formed, to such an organization (municipal) by geographical, national, personal peculiarities," is a valuable evidence in favor of those who have always contended that the Greeks were capable of governing themselves much better than they have been governed by the administrations which Europe has imposed on them, one after the other—youths who had been spoiled at home, and without experience in government, surrounded by flatterers, led into absolutism by every temptation, and, finally, without any kind of interest in the country or associations to excite their enthusiasm or affection. No country in Europe has been so badly treated by Europe as Greece, and none has deserved such treatment less.

THE return of peace to GERMANY has brought a swarm of publications to the booksellers' shelves, many of which have been held back for a favorable hour. But the figures of 1870 prove that there was really more literary activity than was suspected: no less than 1,470 theological works appeared during the last year, falling only 137 behind the record of the year preceding; while in the field of *belles-lettres* there were nearly 750, a reduction of but one-fourth from the year before. Nearly all that is offered now is of solid worth, partaking somewhat of the serious character imparted by the recent struggle. In this line we notice a publication of evident value that is intended in some measure to take the place of Humboldt's *Kosmos*, and is well adapted to those who find this ponderous work too abstruse or too extensive for the hurry of the hour.

It would seem a counterpart of the popular "Library of Wonders," and, like it, to be a thoroughly digested series of treatises on some of the most interesting objects in nature, science, and art. It bears the attrac-

tive title of *Life of the Earth, or a Glance into its History*. In running over its chapter-headings we perceive some as follows: "The Earth, a Star among the Stars;" "The Land, the Water, the Atmosphere;" "Organic Life;" and finally, "Man, and the Question of his Origin and Development." It is profusely illustrated, like the Wonder Library on this side of the water, and bids fair to be a most welcome addition to popular scientific study abroad.

Even the woman question seems also to be abandoning the arena of the fanciful and theoretical for the more tangible and practical. Louisa Otto, an authoress of considerable fame, has just published in Vienna what she terms the *Genius of Nature*, and in which she treats of the practical relations of the sex to nature in the city and the country, on the journey or the promenade, and especially in the change of seasons. She thus treats of gardening and natural science, and has also a section on domestic animals. Her aim is to arouse a feeling of self-consciousness in the womanly heart, and lead the wives and daughters of her country to find enjoyment in spheres of practical usefulness.

But the most gratifying fact that we notice in this line is that German publicists and statesmen are becoming more and more practical. In the swarm of publications of every hue that are now devoted to the all-absorbing question of reconstruction after the war, there is a direct manner of treatment that is quite new to these philosophical politicians, who so often seem to be solving the problem of the longest rather than the shortest way to their goal; and the men who are suddenly becoming pre-eminently practical are the German Professors.

THE UNIVERSITIES OF GERMANY are stepping out into the front line in the intellectual conflict that is to precede and mainly mould this political regeneration. They are already busy with a movement that is to be attended with beneficial results for the liberties of the people and the individual States, as such. And these noble institutions have a clear right to be heard now;—German Unity has found its most forcible teachings within their walls, and by German Professors on the political arena. It is true, these men of thought have been taunted as being unpractical in former contests, and the Great Parliament of 1848, which was largely composed of them, was declared to be a failure mainly on account of their impossible theories. But these teachings have ever since been growing in the German heart, and were ripe for the auspicious moment, as the result has shown. The German Professors may now well feel proud of the race they have trained up, both inside of their Universities and in other intellectual spheres, and can with justice bid the honored warriors stand aside while they proceed to mould the new State.

The special movement on which the Universities are now combining, is that of retaining all their individuality in the New Empire. They are totally opposed to a system of centralization that shall put them all under one common control, and rob them of their independence and their peculiar characteristics. The Universities of

Leipsic, Göttingen, Giessen, and Halle, for example, owe much of their glorious history to the special care of their respective States or princes. Leipsic has always been the favorite child of the Saxon kings, as Göttingen has been the delight of the Georges. They need thus to be cherished to retain the peculiar virtues that have given to each its own stamp, and any Procrustean bed that would bring them into a sort of army regulation would rob them of half their usefulness. This individual independence shows its value just now in the famous contest at present being waged between the liberal Catholic members of the theological departments of several Universities and the bishops of their respective dioceses, in the matter of Papal Infallibility. If these institutions were governed by one common head, there might result a species of tyranny from above that would cut off a whole class of independent men; whereas the individual State will feel more pride in sustaining its own children, as does Catholic Bavaria, or Austria, sustain its teachers in conflict with the Pope.

The German Professors are therefore taking the position that centralization will be stagnation, or, at the most, indifferent uniformity, and are contending for that fresh diversity of development that will permit each institution to follow out its own peculiar line of activity, and gain its own laurels. And the significance of this discussion just now is its influence in the reconstruction of the German States as to their political status; the vast majority of the German Professors and students are totally opposed to a policy of centralization that will bring a controlling power into the hands of a few. It is a mistaken notion that Prussia will now govern Germany because of this union; on the contrary, the new German Parliament will be a body as jealous of its State interests as is our own Congress, and while developing that unity of States that will make them strong against an external foe, will carefully guard that internal independence that will be able to thwart the plans of an oligarchy.

ART has lost Moritz von Schwind, a celebrated painter of Vienna, well known for his genial cartoons in the Wartburg, the famous mountain retreat of Luther. His death has called forth a sweet lamentation from his great brother-cartoonist, the inimitable Kaulbach, who, on hearing of his decease, declared that the world could not repair his loss as a magic delineator of the charms of the forest. He had no rivals, for in his line he was only equal to himself, and he and Kaulbach were brothers in heart as in art. They were accustomed to visit each other occasionally for criticisms of their respective works, and Kaulbach declares Schwind the most humorous companion in his genial and funny criticisms of his friend's creations, over which they would both laugh, and amuse themselves like children.

GERMAN scholars mourn the loss of Gervinus of Heidelberg, the noted publicist and historian of his country's literature. For the last few years he had strangely separated himself from the liberal tendencies

of his earlier life, and placed himself in opposition to the popular movements of the epoch. This had estranged him from former friends and associates, and grief and sadness seemed to hurry him to his tomb in the midst of the universal rejoicings of his country. But his noble deeds were not forgotten, and his old friends gathered at his bier to adorn it with flowers and wreaths.

BLEEDING FRANCE has but little to present us just now in the line of culture and progress, and her civil conflicts we cheerfully leave to other pens, for they are saddening to any mind that has an interest in the progress of humanity. In her own wild and conflicting passions she has found a worse foe than even the Giant with the spiked helmet. The world still hopes that Thiers and Favre, and the band of honest men that are now struggling to rescue her from the vortex, may not find themselves overpowered before their country again falls into the lap of tyranny as a refuge from lawlessness.

As a very significant straw in the line of literature, we notice an appeal in the Provençal dialect, an idiom still spoken by six millions of the inhabitants of Southern France. It treats, however, no longer of courts of love and the queen of roses, but hammers away lustily at the tyranny of Paris in assuming to rule all France. Instead of putting all the young men of France into uniforms and barracks, it would make local civilians of them, and grant to the various provinces and communes the right to govern themselves, rather than to be subject to the nods and dictates of the capital. It bitterly deprecates that system of centralization that has given to the provinces so capricious or severe a master, and insists that the seat of the Chambers should occasionally be in the South as well as in the North; that the children of the Troubadours

might have an opportunity to show their love and attachment to their country, resuscitate its pride, and lead it to new triumphs.

THE WAR-LITERATURE of France received a most interesting supplement from the French prisoners of war in the fortress of Spandau, near Berlin. A genial fellow among them started the idea of an illustrated weekly of a humorous character, with a view to help drive dull care away. It was entitled *Prometheus*, and was lithographed in the round French current hand. Its contents were the favorite French *causerie* of the camp, with an occasional flash of the *esprit* that does not leave the Frenchman, even in the saddest plight.

But the great attraction was composed of the comic etchings in caricature in style of "Cham," in the well-known Parisian *Journal Amusant*. Even the rebus and the charade were not wanting to make up the *tout ensemble* of a comic journal, published, it must be confessed, under many difficulties.

THE WALHALLA, the famous temple on the banks of the Danube devoted to the glory of German heroes, philosophers, and poets, finds its appropriate owner much sooner than its royal founder, Louis the First of Bavaria, imagined when he spent so many anxious hours in filling its halls with the statues of the great and good of his fatherland. It was his private property, and in his will he left it to Bavaria in case there should be no revived and united German Empire. For this latter he always ardently prayed, and in accordance with his wish this glory-temple has now become national property. But he ordered that there be no additions to its sculptured heroes until ten years after his death, by which time the nation will be prepared to enrich it with the prominent heroes of the late contest.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

FORGETTING the motley but beautiful exterior of the Academy building, the dazzling climb up its sunny white steps, the ticket-table, and umbrella corner, with their quick-eyed attendants, the second climbing, the sudden sense of being one of an absorbed and scattered multitude, we find ourselves, after a troubled tour around the corridor, standing in mingled sunset and moonrise, somewhere on the coast of Maine (139, A. T. Bricher). The sand on the beach isn't real, but the rocks are, and the dash of sunlight on the bluff, and the pale moon beyond; so is the soft splashing of the tide. "A capital little picture," we say softly to ourselves, and pass on.

Noting a portrait by Baker (144),—not one of his best, by the way,—we come upon a slumbering boy with a Dutch-looking boat in his hand. How soundly he sleeps! "Dreaming of the sea," the catalogue says. If you have met him, good friend, you will remember him; not that the picture is so very good, for

tone and atmosphere are wanting, but because Eugene Meeks, who painted it far off in Bremen, approaches flesh and blood reverently.

Characteristic portraits by Huntington, Baker, and Carpenter look quietly at us from the walls of this north room—Huntington, realistic, steady of hand, true; Baker, pleasing in his clear, sketchy way; Carpenter, mechanical, accurate, and nerveless. Hicks, Page, and Gray have portraits in the other rooms, and lesser artists by the score exhibit the inevitable "lady" and "gentleman"—nearly every man of them, in spite of individual cases of excellence, making you wish that portrait-painting were not the bar to artistic progress that it often is. Great painters, of course, will paint great portraits to the end of time; but lucrative art is not long. A successful portrait-painter rarely has time to lift himself much beyond the high-water mark that floated his first ship into port.

In clear color and pearly quality of tone, Huntington's portrait of J. M. Bailey is remarkable, though the

limp hand does not in any way add to the pleasing effect of the picture. Baker's head of a little girl (175) is one of the sweetest things in the exhibition—a beautiful child admirably painted. Eaton's "Dawning Maternity," just above it, receives the "ohs!" and "ahs!" of admiring gazers; but we pass her quietly, not being personally drawn to the little one, pretty though she is, and not to blame, poor child, for the overacting of fancy and brush. Kensett's "Windsor Castle," near by, is a delicious picture, enriched with historic associations that cluster about it in significant recognition. "The Mower," by Constant Mayer, has excellent points. It is firm in touch, clear in color, and the effect of action in the Mower is admirably given. The man toils in earnest. His bent head and muscular arms are full of expression; but there is a night-mare quality about the picture that puzzles one. Hard as the man labors, his strokes are ineffectual. He cannot cut the grass. It barely bends beneath his scythe. There is no whiz in the air. Possibly the figure is a study from life, and the "subject" in taking his pose had a better conception of the occasion than the artist who added the accessories of action. Not far from this picture, the sun is breaking through rich rifts of cloud; beneath lies a sandy beach—real sand, here—and tired waves are creeping in, one after another, with their little remnants of drift and seaweed. Standing there, gazing into the far distance, we almost feel the dampness strike through our shoes. The flutter of a catalogue recalls us. It is W. T. Richards's "Sandy Beach," the best thing we have seen from his easel. "Nature and Art," says Goethe, "are divided by an enormous chasm." So they are. But we may safely trust ourselves upon the bridges which such conscientious labor builds across.

How time is flying! And here is a "Clock-Doctor" (197, E. W. Perry), a clever picture of an old man in spectacles mending a time-piece, and a rosy urchin looking on in speechless interest. The expression of the boy is capital. We are in the East Room now, and we feel a Presence even while enjoying McEntee's delightful autumnal scene, and Brevoort's tender though somewhat uncertain "Shades of Evening." Looking at Ryder's "Italian Page," a well-balanced, spirited head, fine in color and admirable in feeling—still the Presence! Standing before Gray's fine pair of cabinet portraits, and Boughton's "Last Rose of Summer," with its strong handling and exquisite sentiment—even while standing before Bierstadt's burning ship, that keeps up its lurid concentration of fire, yet somehow promises never to burn, because the flame spirit is not there—all this time we have felt the Presence, yet have not had resolution to face it. The eyes have followed us about the room with their tremendous, pitiful stare; we have caught the grieved expression of the full, sensuous lips; we know of the glowing hair and luminous beard; the averted, paintily draped shoulder—and yet we have not once faced them. We dread a great disappoint-

ment. One of the very finest heads in the Exhibition is that of Wendell Phillips, by William Page, idealized, not in the common and mistaken way of making a strong head weak and sentimental, but in a subtle emphasizing of the strongest and best qualities naturally expressed in the face. We are pleased with the picture as a likeness and as a work of art, in spite of its ultra transparency of tone; and now this same artist has painted a portrait of our best friend—the truest, highest, God ever has given to man. Twenty or thirty visitors stood in groups about the picture when at last we saw it fully. Some were smiling, some sneering, and a few whispering gravely. We turned and walked away oppressed with the burden of a picture which would to Heaven we had never seen.

Ah, the children! the children! what merry witches they are! They have found a wheel-less old stage-coach, puffed with its bygone stateliness, and they have settled in and upon it like bees, filling it with the honey of such enjoyment as only children know. Eastman Johnson has chosen a capital theme this time, and the treatment is admirable. What though a long-bearded fellow behind us mutters "patchy in color," "want of balance," etc.,—we don't believe a word of it. We see only faithful characterization, well-caught gestures, and a spirit of fun that may set the colors dancing or not, as it chooses. Then it is full of delicious childish anachronisms and inconsistencies. The driver is lashing up his steeds to the utmost and at the same time ignoring a balker, by mere, force of will. The boy beside him, on the box, yells into his ear, but he cannot hear him, not he, while the coach is dashing over the stones, and the horses leap and clatter like that! Each horse has its own rate of speed, and its own idea of the situation. The "leaders" are a comical pair. One, in boy fashion, is prancing on, champing the bit, horsey from head to toe; his mate, a laughing little maid, with no soul for horse-work, looks back intensely interested, yet not too much so to hold the cutting reins away from her soft throat. On, on they tear! Meanwhile a busy urchin holds wide the coach door, that two approaching passengers may jump in without losing time. One little girl seated inside, demure and satisfied, has given herself up to the full enjoyment of the rattling motion. Her opposite neighbors are just composing themselves for the start. A boy outside on the top of the coach is shouting for dear life, about nothing in particular; and all the scene is alive with action and laughter. It is too noisy, after all, for an art exhibition. We hug the children slyly and cross over into the intense stillness of William Hart's "Golden Hour."

A wonderful picture this, in its flood of sunlight, its glowing, conscious atmosphere, its individuality of tree, pool, and blade. The lower right-hand corner is an exquisite picture in itself, the whole free, clear, and rural, the only weakness being in the figures seated upon the grass.

Directly opposed to this in every way is Jervis McEntee's "Danger Signal," though both suggest the

poetry of every-day life. One is the poetry of earth and air; the other, poetry wrought from common incident and man's appropriation of natural forces. Something is the matter, you scarcely know what. A guard in the foreground frantically waves a red lantern through the storm, but he cannot check the train, thundering nearer and nearer along the snow-covered track, dazzling you with its great "bull's-eye," and making you catch your breath by way of humble, untechnical tribute to the painter's power.

Casilear's "Genesee Meadows," dreamy and tender, refreshes one after such a picture as this, just as Durand's quiet and conscientious "Close of Day" rests one after the superb coloring and permanent fire of Bierstadt's "Burning Whalers." The scene in the "Sierra Nevada," though in Bierstadt's quiet vein, still may be said to present a sort of dramatic repose. It has enchanting bits of color and cool sweetnesses of effect, here and there; but the soft cloud-wrangling above, and the utter unconcern of the water below, give to the whole a sort of atmospheric inconsequence that may be possible, but certainly is not common.

The painting of one's own portrait, though utilized by Landseer, and sanctified by Raphael, seldom, from the days of Albert Durer onward, has been a thoroughly satisfactory practice. It implies a way of holding a mirror up to nature not implied by the poet. But Sellstedt has here tried the experiment with no little success (270). He avoids the tragic-shoulder air, and has fairly caught that Will-o'-the-wisp to an artist—his own expression. This picture shows a decided advance upon former efforts, especially upon a portrait of the same subject exhibited upon these walls ten years ago.

Not many times after this we halt in our zig-zag ramble toward the West Room—once before S. R. Gifford's lovely "Fishing Boats of the Adriatic" (is it golden with sunlight, or the marriage-rings of the Doges?); once before Wm. M. Hunt's very noticeable and faithful portrait of the venerable Wm. Wardner; and once, and longest, before Butler's "Santa Lucia." This last, bearing unmistakable traces of the French school, is fine in tone, bold in drawing, and expressive without being sentimental. A noble-looking Italian lad is playing upon his own dear violin, holding the instrument downward, as our little street fiddlers do, but making, we are sure, very sweet music. It is a tender, harmonious, magnetic picture, that you love at the first glance, and carry away with you to hang upon the invisible walls of your ideal home.

In the West Room we noticed some good child-portraits by Staigg, who of late has been surely and steadily advancing toward the front. Also two water views. One, "A quiet day on the Beverly Shore," is in Kensett's happiest vein—painted in the best spirit of artistic truth, in opposition to the mere appearance of naturalness characterizing too many works in the Exhibition. It is a quiet coast scene, full of sultriness and repose—a few white sails in the hazy distance, a *wet* expanse of unruffled water, an atmos-

phere with oxygen in it, a hilly bank at the right stretching quietly out into deep water, a low beach along the foreground with the deceptive slant of all level shores, and sunlight brooding softly over all. The other scene has the tremor of spent passion in it: the best marine view of the exhibition. (306, Edward Moran), it carries one "far out at sea." The expression of air and space is remarkable. We breathe the salty atmosphere and experience a peculiar sense of the rolling motion of the waves. The gale is over; but heavy masses of cloud darken the sky. Almost while you look, you are startled with a glorious sun-burst. The water glitters before you. Nearer by you can look into its translucent depths. The distance opens far and clear, and the longer you watch the more you see.

And what about it all? Is it a good exhibition? Are we to shake our heads with dilettante-solemnity over the crudeness and poverty of American art, or shall we one and all, with manlier feeling, recognize heartily the progress it surely is making? We are apt, on general principles, to think and speak slightly of each successive Exhibition of the Academy, because, forsooth, while we who cannot handle a brush at all have been plodding along in our respective rounds, the brotherhood of painters have not in a short twelvemonth leaped from improvement to improvement. But if we go through these Exhibition-rooms carefully, we shall see on all sides evidences of earnest work, of bold ventures, of heart-wearing conflicts with inability, and glad, conscious reaching to high points of excellence. Three years ago our Knights painted worse *Desdemonas*.

It would be gratifying to see more grand themes attempted, more figure-subjects; but we must wait. Heroic art is an oak whose roots grapple national obstacles, a Century-plant requiring cycles of national summers for its blooming. In our fresh civilization wealth is confined mainly to the cities. A country gentleman of moderate means cannot order pictures. *Mæcenas* lives in town. And townspeople hunger for landscapes and water-views. Then again, we are a good-looking people. Who shall blame us if we spend our first art-money in having our portraits painted? Meantime, let us congratulate ourselves that the portraits often are so good—that the sea-views and landscapes are by no means all jelly and gingerbread.

NEW BOOKS.

A THIRD volume has just been added to those already published, in the English translation of the Old Testament section of *Lange's Commentary* (Charles Scribner & Co.). It is about three years since Vol. XIII. of the German series appeared in the original. The names both of the original author and of the translators are new to the series. We are sure that they will commend themselves as worthily filling their place among their fellows. Dr. Nügelbach, a Bavarian pastor, had already won a good name at home as a Hebraist and a Biblical scholar. This Commentary on

the *Prophecies and Lamentations of Jeremiah* will be his first introduction to most of our readers. His analyses and interpretations, we are confident, will quite generally bear close scrutiny, and will be accounted a valuable help in the study of a portion of the Old Testament for which we have had no surfeit of assistance. The translation of the Lamentations strikes us as especially idiomatic, scholarly, and forceful, and the supplementary and corrective contributions of the translator, which in amount equal the original, are of great value. In the translation of the Prophecies we sometimes miss that Saxon vigor of style which is nowhere more in place than in reproducing the wail of the weeping prophet. We are glad to learn that the preparation of other volumes on the Old Testament is well advanced, while the New Testament is all but complete.

ONE of the wise provisions of the "Ely Lectureship on the Evidences of Christianity," in the Union Theological Seminary, contemplates the prompt publication of the successive courses delivered on the foundation. It was not a mere compliment to the distinguished lecturer of the present year (President McCosh, of the College of New Jersey), that held large audiences with unwearied interest to the close of a course that demanded so much thinking, and secured the eager perusal by a larger public of the reports, which even the secular press supplied. The subjects that were successfully treated are taking hold of intelligent and thoughtful men, scientific and unscientific, in the church and out of the church. The compact and attractive volume just published by the Carters, under the title of *Christianity and Positivism*, will bring within the reach of all the work of a master respected as such more widely than the English language is spoken. The work is especially valuable from the double aspect in which it presents itself—as an apology for Christianity before scientific men, and an apology for science before religious men. To those who are ready and eager to say that the old "Evidences of Christianity" are evidences no longer, it holds up and illustrates the truth that the laws of thinking and believing are not changed within our generation. On those who are disposed to disown and deny all results not reached by "scientific" methods, it urges the unreasonableness of this one-eyed and lopsided logic. Before men of science, working in their legitimate sphere, the author takes his place as one of the most docile and grateful of learners. But he insists that they shall legitimate their conclusions. He has in other days won the respect of the foremost of them, and he will not lose it now. And to those who are affrighted and dismayed, in view of what science seems to be discovering and establishing, he presents himself as a son of consolation. He has no fear that the foundations are, or are to be destroyed, even though the world may not have been made, and may not be carried on, as was once supposed. The church will rest more simply and firmly on the rock when sand, wood, hay, stubble are taken out of the way. In the published volume the author avails himself of his opportunity to discuss the last work of Darwin, and

to exhibit, as fully as space will allow, both the strength and the weakness of Herbert Spencer. We think that this volume will be recognized both in the church and in the scientific world as one of the few memorable books of the day.

No one can read Principal Shairp's little book (*Culture and Religion*, New York: Hurd & Houghton) without admiring the rare ability with which he handles the conflicting theories of culture now engaging the attention of the thoughtful, and the conscientious honesty with which he presents the character, scope, and tendency of each. He never attempts to strengthen his own position by decrying an opponent's. He fences with no men of straw. He exhibits none of the arrogance too often manifested by those who discuss, from the religious point of view, the aims and aspirations of those who leave religion out of their schemes of culture, or who remand it to a secondary position. He strives rather to exalt his own position by magnifying the excellence of those which fail only in the omission or underestimate of the principal element, religion. Culture must embrace religion and end in it. So too religion, when it has its perfect work, must lead on to culture, and embrace it. It is the culture of the highest capacity of our being; and, if not partial and blind, it must acknowledge all the other capacities of man's nature as gifts which God has given that man "may cultivate them to the utmost, and elevate them by connecting them with the thought of the Giver, and the purpose for which He gave them."

ONE does not often hear, in these days, such sermons as Dr. Shedd has given us, to the number of twenty, in the volume just issued (*Sermons to the Natural Man*. By William G. T. Shedd, D.D. Charles Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway). Whatever else may be said about such preaching, it is not fashionable. There are some who will be sorry, probably there are more who will be glad, that it is not. But whether sorrowfully or gladly, all will admit it. The author himself confesses it, and he has printed his sermons, not because he thinks that they are what men wish, but because he is sure that they are what men need. It is impossible not to admire the stern courage, the half-defiant challenge with which the terrors of the law are hurled at the reader, in the very title of the book. Certain obvious and easy criticisms are disarmed by the preacher's own admissions. If we say that the sermons are terrific, we are assured that they were meant to be terrific; that the tone of the book is monotonous, the preface calmly confesses that it is purposely monotonous; that the color of it is even lurid, the preacher himself describes it by that very word. It is the natural man, with nothing good in him, with nothing good for him so long as he is a natural man, that the book has to do with from first to last.

This being the character of these sermons and the aim of them, it remains for us to say only that they are distinguished by wonderful force and eloquence. The meaning of them is never obscure. They are at times magnificent in their fiery rhetoric. What they must

have been when given by the living voice of the profoundly honest preacher can be guessed, when the words upon the printed page seem to burn one as he reads them. The natural man himself is likely to be fascinated by the awful power of a logic so unshrinking and a rhetoric so splendid. And many a reader, many a Christian minister even, hesitating at conclusions which this preacher refuses to dodge or disavow, will find a not unwholesome tonic in the learned and fearless pages.

For the sermons of President Woolsey of Yale College (*The Religion of the Present and of the Future; Sermons preached chiefly at Yale College: By Theodore D. Woolsey; Charles Scribner & Co.*) we venture to predict a wide popularity and usefulness. Even if none others than those to whom the volume is gracefully inscribed should value it, there are enough of them "who have now and then heard" his "voice in the pulpit of Yale College," to remember with admiring gratitude the service which this preaching did for them. It is no easy task, as those who have tried it have abundantly discovered, to preach to the audience in the chapel of Yale College. But to whomsoever the restless and somewhat exacting young men who largely compose that audience turned inattentive and offended ears, it was never to the preacher of these sermons. Nor was it merely respect for their President which chained their attention and compelled their assent to his religious teaching; but it was the transparent clearness of his thinking, the absence of any the least endeavor for rhetorical effect, the quiet and honest earnestness of the Christian scholar and friend, which made itself felt without striving to be felt, so that these sermons were to those who heard them the very words of truth and soberness, commending themselves to the conscience as light commends itself to the eye. What made this preaching so welcome and so useful to the audience to whom, for the most part, it was addressed, will make it welcome and useful to the larger audience which it will now have. Something of the same charm which the sermons of F. W. Robertson have had for thoughtful readers will be found in President Woolsey's also, although the doctrinal standpoint occupied is not the same. But the consciousness of being in the company of a teacher who knows how to think, and how to put his thoughts in clear and simple and exact speech—who has learned by a deep, experimental knowledge whereof he speaks, and whose spirit is broad and tolerant and true, and with all the maturity of seventy years has still the freshness of an eager and untiring student of the word and works of God,—this consciousness the reader of these sermons cannot fail to have and to rejoice in.

The only regret which the appearance of this volume can occasion is that which is suggested by the words in which the author tells us that his own "time of graduation is nearly come." May the day be distant when the voice which has spoken so wisely and so kindly shall speak only from these printed pages! But meantime, and for years afterwards, they must become to

an increasing multitude a help to honest thinking and to holy living. They preach with practical simplicity, not for scholars only, but for the people, that which is surely "the religion of the present and of the future."

PASCHAL BEVERLY RANDOLPH is a prophet; hear him: "When I read the Bible, the Vedas, or glorious *Hermes*, my ear catches the fore-melody of the coming Better time,—the morning song of seraphs sounding down the ages, and the eye of my trusting, patiently-abiding soul already beholds the coming flood of glory bursting on the world!" To attune other ears to catch a strain or two of the same wondrous fore-melody, and to hasten the advent of the coming flood of glory, Mr. Randolph has piously put within the reach of English readers the gospel of *Hermes*, his *Divine Pymander* (Boston: Rosicrucian Publishing Co.), which is to "sweep away the factitious mounds and walls which now divide mankind into hostile sects,—separating Catholic from Protestant, Baptist from Spiritualist, Moslem from Guebre, and Zend from Buddhist,"—and bring in the day when "the whole human race [will] worship one God, dwell in one bond of union, strive for one common immortality, and each man strive

"To bear without abuse

The grand old name of Gentleman!"

The world needs, Mr. Randolph tells us, "this matchless work of *Hermes*, hoary with age, full of divine meaning, replete with lofty thought, and broader in its suggestiveness than any other work of any other author, and destined to strike a heavier blow at the century's blasphemous scepticism than has yet fallen within the days of living men." It would ill become us to dispute with one whose patiently-abiding soul can see and hear so much that we are deaf and blind to; still we are forced to confess a lack of faith in the reforming power of "The Divine Pymander," and likewise serious doubts of the immense antiquity and the divine inspiration claimed for it. If it had not pleased God to set us in the midst of this sceptical age and deprive us of Mr. Randolph's Rosicrucian insight, we too might have been convinced by the quaint reasons set down by the editor of Dr. Everard's translation (1650: of which this is a reprint), in proof that the book was written "long before Moses his time," by the heaven-descended first inventor of the art of communicating knowledge to posterity by writing; and that it contains "that true philosophy without which it is impossible ever to attain to the height and exactness of piety and true religion;" but it was otherwise ordered. We are not of the initiated, and can only thank the editor and publishers for so neat an edition of such a curious volume of almost forgotten lore. It is perhaps worthy of notice, in this connection, that another of the multitude of books that appeared in the early part of the Christian era as translations from the Egyptian of *Hermes Trismegistus*, namely, the "Epistle to the Soul," has lately been reproduced in Arabic, and published with a German

translation, by the accomplished Orientalist, Professor Fleischer, of Leipzig.

THE other side of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" has never been so truthfully drawn as by those brothers in genius and unordained preachers of the gospel of peace, MM. Erckmann and Chatrian. The quiet but intense realism of their writing, and the homely, human, personal interest inspired by the characters they create, bring home to the feelings the enormities of war with terrible vividness. There is none of the war correspondent's ambitious descriptions, no agony of horrors, no ghastly details; all is subdued, simple, lifelike, real; and herein lies their wonderful power to chain the attention and stir the sympathies. It is not surprising that they were in disfavor with the Empire, whose only hope was in military enthusiasm. A thousand peace societies could not do more to put an end to wars of ambition, by showing the people how sure they are of all the pains, and none of the glories, of conquest. There must be many Frenchmen to-day, who are thinking as Father Moses thought when the citizens of Phalsburg were preparing for the siege "with more enthusiasm than if they were gathering in their own harvests," that if the French bestowed as much pains, good sense, and courage upon matters of peace as they do upon war, they would be the richest and happiest people in the world. "But when they have toiled and economized, when they have opened roads everywhere, built magnificent bridges, dug out harbors and canals, and riches come to them from all quarters, suddenly the fury of war possesses them, and in three or four years they ruin themselves with grand armies, with cannon, with powder, with bullets, with men, and become poorer than before. A few soldiers are their masters, and look down upon them. This is all it profits them!" But the moral has almost made us forget the story. History repeats itself in France with such terrific rapidity, and such terrific fidelity, that it is hard to realize that it was an episode of the closing days of the First, and not the Second, Empire that we have been reading about. *The Blockade of Phalsburg* (Charles Scribner & Co.) is a simple story of a humble Jewish family during the siege; yet it is told with such rare skill that the reader lives with them, sharing all their anxieties and afflictions, and if not sharing is at least not insensible to their pious hopefulness and devotion to business. Father Moses is a character that will live. His affection for his family; his admiration of his thrifty wife; his horror of bloodshed—save when his brandy is in jeopardy; his joy that his two sons are safe in America, and making money; his wrath at the indignities he has to endure in the service of the city; his antique piety; his trembling, affectionate reverence of the stern old veteran who is quartered on his family,—all interfused with the instinct of trade which crops out so comically at odd times, make up one of the most enjoyably characters that we know. The death of little David, and the tragic end of the old Sergeant who would not survive the Empire,

could not have been described more affectingly by Dickens.

THE pleasant series of essays, *Among My Books*, which appeared not long ago in the columns of *The World*, has been made into a little volume (E. J. Hale & Son), pretty to look at and convenient to hold, and we dare say, will enjoy in this form a new lease of popularity. We must not look into these desultory chapters for close criticism, original thought, or even the fascinations of a brilliant or forcible style. They are only the random gossip of a gentleman of culture and literary taste, who has read much and remembered much, and loves to take down his favorite volumes one by one from the shelves, and talk to us familiarly about their most obvious characteristics, and about the men who wrote them. He talks well, for he is a scholar; and though he says some things we may not like, though he has his prejudices, like most men, and is franker than most men in expressing them, nobody will feel disposed to quarrel with opinions that are set forth in such a perfectly inoffensive manner. With all its faults, it is a good little book, that we may take to the country with us this summer, and read gratefully as we lounge in the shade.

THERE is a fund of pleasant information most pleasantly given in a work recently published by Messrs. Leyboldt, Holt & Williams, New York. It was written in French by the Chevalier Arthur Morelet, and is entitled *Travels in Central America*. Its vivacious and attractive English version is from the pen of Mrs. E. G. Squier, and it is enriched with Introduction and Notes by E. G. Squier himself, who is reliable authority on all Central American topics. M. Arthur Morelet, a gentleman possessing leisure and fine scientific attainments, received encouragement from the French Institute to carry out an idea he had conceived of exploring this region, almost as unknown as the central portions of Africa. His relation of his progress from Carmen or San Felipe, a sandy island in the Lagoon of Terminos, through the wild tract of country watered by the great Usumasinta and its tributaries; his visit to the celebrated ruins of Palenque; to the mysterious Lake of Itza, in the depths of Peten; his experiences on the island in that lake, which was once the metropolis and stronghold of the warlike Itzaes; his lively descriptions of the quaint and primitive population of the region, of magnificent tropic growth and verdure, the brilliancy of the flowers, the gorgeous plumage of the birds, the amazing fecundity of animal and vegetable life, and the intolerable annoyances which devotion to scientific adventure enabled him to disregard—with a racy and graphic picturing of the physical characteristics and the various departments of natural history presented to his observation, sustain the interest and curiosity of the reader through every page of the work. Mr. Squier remarks, in his learned Introduction to the translation, that the explorations recounted in this volume are second in extent to none that have been accomplished by individual enterprise on this continent during the present century.

MARION HARLAND, in *Common-Sense in the Household* (Charles Scribner & Co.), has mixed so much sprightliness and suggestion with her homely counsels and recipes that the work has almost the interest of one of her romances. There is not much plot, to be sure, but there are abundant sympathy, excellent advice on various branches of household economy, and any number of explicit directions as to the preparation of dishes, a large proportion of the recipes having undergone the ordeal of personal experiment.

HESPERIA, by Cora V. L. Tappan, is a volume without a publisher, and comes we know not whence. This is a matter of very small importance, it is true, and may perhaps find its explanation in the desire of the author to be quite unlike anybody else. *Hesperia* is a long-drawn allegory, and, like Mrs. Malaprop's allegory on the banks of the Nile, is sufficiently "headstrong" to disregard all conventionalisms, and to express itself in all manner of poetic divisions, prelude and canto, strophe and antistrophe, through about five thousand wailing lines. The war upon slavery is the theme of the song, and "curses" upon the people of the Southern States is the refrain of one of its lesser lyrics. Mrs. Tappan is indeed a frenzied pythoness; but her Delphic utterances are so very prolix that we doubt if many will hearken to them, and *Hesperia* may chance to go unread entire unless Lucretia Mott, William Lloyd Garrison, Frederick Douglass, Wendell Phillips, Walt Whitman, and President Grant, to whom the several parts are respectively dedicated, shall constitute themselves a committee to read and report upon it in concert.

A WOMAN'S POEMS, from the press of James R. Osgood & Co., is a volume of lyrics by Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, indicating a tender poetic sensibility and much power of expression. "A Brother's Hand," the longest effort in the collection, is a narrative of a feud between two brothers, by which is shadowed forth the war between North and South for the Union. A certain vagueness of diction rather than of thought, and a tendency to anticlimax are the faults, as it seems to us, against which Mrs. Piatt should be on her guard.

ADMETUS AND OTHER POEMS, by Emma Lazarus, published by Hurd & Houghton, is a volume of verse by another *d'butante* who is evidently practiced in rhythmic forms, and from whom the world will probably hear more hereafter, or the many excellences of the present essay will have given delusive promise.

ALL the world knows of that maddest association of hare-brained Englishmen, the Alpine Club, whose laws are fabled to demand of every member that, on pain of expulsion, he shall climb one hitherto unclimbed pinnacle of the Alps each season,—but only those who have a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the mountains can fully appreciate the amount of climbing done, or the peril encountered, by the least remarkable feat of these climbers. Any man who has climbed a respectable *aiguille* and risked his neck on a hand-breadth-wide footpath, along a cliff-side where a slip leaves only time for a last breath, and the least swimming of the head is utter despair, will appreciate the record of some of the most desperate climbs of an ex-president of the Alpine Club, in *The Play-ground of Europe*, by Leslie Stephen; and those who know nothing of Alpine perils will scarcely imagine, from the careless way of treating the dangers that Mr. Stephen has kept up through this book, that he ran more perils in each of its excursions than a man who goes through a modern first-class battle. The nonchalance which kept his nerves firm on the edge of an abyss, where a false step would have plunged him into the green depths of awful ice, whence only after half a century would his crushed and powdered bones have come to light at the foot of the slow-crawling glacier, has also kept his description so far within the bounds of admissible sensation-writing that he hardly does justice to his Alps, not to say to the qualification of an Alpine climber. Once or twice he condescends to hint at the magnitude of danger by an expression like this: "The ice was very hard, and it was necessary, as Lauener observed, to cut steps in it as big as soup tureens, for the result of a slip would in all probability have been that the rest of our lives would have been spent in sliding down a snow-slope, and that that employment would not have lasted long enough to become at all monotonous."

More polished, terse, and well-thought English does scarcely any man write than Mr. Stephen, and the subtle humor which runs through his descriptions, especially of the cockneys he met in his journeys, vulgarizing the mountains, is of the best class of satiric writing.

TAYLOR'S FAUST is receiving a very flattering reception in Germany. The critics declare it by far the best English-rendering extant, and specially praise the imitation of the rhyme and metre of the original.

ETCHINGS.

UP THE AISLE—NELL LATINE'S WEDDING.

TAKE my cloak—and now fix my veil, Jenny;—
How silly to cover one's face!
I might as well be an old woman;
But then there's one comfort—it's lace.
Well, what *has* become of those ushers!
Oh, Pa! have you got my bouquet?—
I'll freeze standing here in the lobby—

Why doesn't the organist play!—
They've started at last—what a bustle!—
Stop, Pa!—they're not far enough—wait!
One minute more—now!—*do* keep step, Pa!
There, drop my trail, Jane!—is it straight?
I hope I look timid, and shrinking;
The church must be perfectly full—

Good gracious ! now *don't* walk so fast, Pa !—
 He don't seem to think that trains pull.
 The chancel at last—mind the step, Pa !—
 I don't feel embarrassed at all.—
 But, my ! what's the minister saying ?
 Oh, I know ; that part 'bout Saint Paul.
 I hope my position is graceful ;
 How awkwardly Nelly Dane stood !—
 "Not lawfully be joined together—
 Now speak"—as if any one would !—
 Oh, dear ! now it's my turn to answer—
 I do wish that Pa would stand still.
 "Serve him, love, honor, and keep him"—
 How sweetly he says it—I will.
 Where's Pa ?—there, I knew he'd forget it,
 When the time came to give me away—



"I, Helena, take thee—love—cherish—
 And"—well, I can't help it—"obey."
 Here, Maud, take my bouquet—don't drop it !
 I hope Charley's not lost the ring ;
 Just like him !—no !—goodness, how heavy !
 It's really an elegant thing.
 It's a shame to kneel down in white satin—
 And the flounce, real old lace—but I must ;
 I hope that they've got a clean cushion,
 They're usually covered with dust.
 All over—ah ! thanks !—now, don't fuss, Pa !—
 Just throw back my veil, Charley—there—
 Oh, bother ! why couldn't he kiss me
 Without mussing up all my hair !—
 Your arm, Charley, there goes the organ—
 Who'd think there would be such a crowd ;



Oh, I mustn't look round, I'd forgotten—
 See, Charley, who was it that bowed ?
 Why—it's Nelly Allaire with her husband—
 She's awfully jealous, I know ;
 'Most all of my things were imported,
 And she had a home-made trousseau.
 And there's Annie Wheeler—Kate Hermon,—
 I didn't expect her at all,—
 If she's not in that same old blue satin
 She wore at the Charity Ball !
 Is that Fanny Wade ?—Edith Pearton—
 And Emma, and Jo—all the girls ?
 I knew that they'd not miss my wedding—
 I hope they'll all notice my pearls.—
 Is the carriage there ?—give me my cloak, Jane—
 Don't get it all over my veil—
 No ! you take the other seat, Charley,
 I need all of this for my trail.



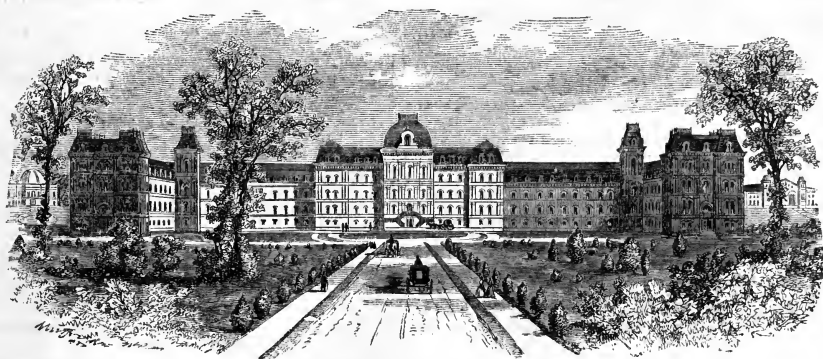
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1871.

No. 4.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING AT VASSAR?



VASSAR COLLEGE.

WE spent time enough in May, upon the ground, to essay answer to this question. And once for all we acknowledge the more than courtesy with which all parties, Chairman of Executive Committee, Treasurer of the Corporation, President, Professors, and Teachers, as well as students, helped us. Plainly one article in the Vassar creed is to afford proper opportunity to inspect the College, from its topmost turret to the lowest stone in the foundation.

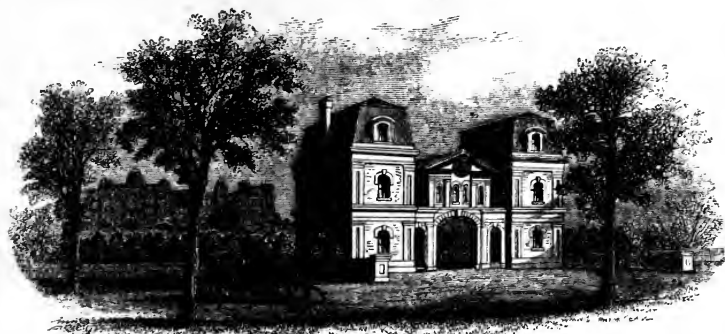
Here there were, on the bright day when we reached Poughkeepsie, over three hundred and fifty young women.* Their average age was 19 years, but they ranged from 15 to 30. Of these the State of New York furnished 131; Ohio, 36; Pennsylvania, 29; Massachusetts, 28; Illinois, 25; Connecticut and New Jersey, each 17; Kentucky, 12; Missouri, 11; Indiana, 9; Vermont, 8; Maine, 7; Michigan and Wisconsin, 6 each; Canada, New Hampshire, and Alabama, each 4; Rhode Island, Minnesota, Iowa, Tennessee,

and the District of Columbia, 3 apiece; Kansas, California, and Arkansas, 2 each; while Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Georgia, Texas, and New Brunswick each sent 1.

We saw quite enough to convince us that these young women are seriously employed. It is claimed that there are not above six triflers in the whole number, a fact the more extraordinary when we know that the patrons of Vassar are as yet mainly from the wealthy and well-to-do classes.

Our question is one of practical interest. Great expectations centered about this college. So far, the anticipation that what it would offer to woman would be sought for, has been more than met. On the 20th September, 1865, when it was opened, over 300 applicants were admitted, and they were soon increased to 350—of whom 115 were from fifteen to sixteen years of age, and fifty-four of the more mature were from twenty to twenty-four. The first annual catalogue reported 353 students; the second, 386; the third, 339; the fourth, 362; the fifth, 382; the sixth and last, 381. Already Vassar is answering to a degree the wants of a stirring and productive

* Twenty-five students left before the close of the collegiate year, June 21, 1871. The students for the whole year have been 381.



GATEWAY AND PORTER'S LODGE.

people. We may see, further on, where its power to do this is somewhat limited.

The short answer to our question is: *Vassar College is educating women, in the true sense of the word—is leading out their own powers, bodily, mental, moral.* The impression is unavoidable if the observer use his facilities for judgment. The College has the old theory of symmetric discipline as the means to this end, and steadily pursues it—more steadily year by year. For its present students its ability is ample; and a chief element in its ability is location.

The whole region is famous, but many who know Hudson River scenery do not know the charms lying back from the river, and especially in the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie. Pencil and brush can feebly reproduce them; language conveys but a poor conception of them. Stand on Sunset Hill, on college grounds, three hundred rods away from the College, and eighty feet above it, two miles from the city, whose spires are just visible in the distance, and you take in the sight of a wonderful basin of beauty fifty miles square. To the northward, at a distance, are the Shawangunk Mountains—behind and over them, in misty outline, the far-off Catskills. To the south lies the Fishkill range, rugged and broken, yet holding the basin as with a wall that is a sure protection. Eastward and westward, too, you are shut in. The Hudson is invisible, for it flows through hills that are below you. Spread all around within this basin is every variety of lesser hill, with valley, running stream, and forest—touched in all directions by the hand of cultivation, and teeming with the best results

of American country life. So that when we saw it it was not hard to credit the statement of a traveled companion, that nowhere in Europe, save in rural England and on the plains of Northern Italy, can its wonderful attractions be paralleled. The lines of “the vagrant Child”

were at once upon our lips:

“Oh! Christ! it is a goodly sight to see

What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!

What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!

What goodly prospects o’er the hills expand!”

In this area, at easy drive from the pleasant city, but so far from it as not to be disturbed by any of its excitements, and too far from it for annoyance by intruders, are set the two hundred acres of land which MATTHEW VASSAR has forever devoted to the purposes of “an institution which shall accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men.” The accompanying plan of these acres was made from surveys by the first class in Trigonometry formed in Vassar College. Boundary and superficial lines are quite irregular, but all through are landscape effects which are gems of loveliness. A third of the two hundred acres is laid out and planted with a view to ornament, after a plan from Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux; the other two-thirds are worked as farm and garden, for use by the College family. As years bring the growth of nature, the fruition of this plan will display great results in the way of beauty.

Going out from Poughkeepsie, soon after entry upon the College grounds, you pass through the gateway and porter’s lodge.

This structure is utilized by its affording two dwellings for the families of men employed upon the College Farm. At a straight distance of 1,000 feet stands the main College building, the roadway thither flanked right and left by evergreens.

But the out-door aspect of things which we have come upon is too delightful in good

weather to permit us now to enter it. We shall rather find at once some of those allurements with which Nature, here, is ever wooing the students to open air and to health. Let us start for Mill Cove Lake, marked O in the Diagram.

We shall find its surface, at almost any hour of the day, dotted with the College boats (there are six), the students rowing, while at the little wharves of plank, groups of expectants wait their turn. The view we present in SCRIBNER is faithful to nature and fact, as are all our illustrations. In winter the lake makes a capital skating-ground, and many students are proficient skaters.

One scene in the valley of this brook speaks so clearly for itself, that we insert it without further addition than to say that in the shadow of these trees, in warm days, many students may be found in study or in conversation. Or at the dawn of day some may

be gathering wild flowers. *Apropos* of that, the collecting of flowers for analysis and preservation is by no means confined to College grounds. Excursionists go miles away, and under proper guidance, for these prizes.

Another place to be admired is at no great remove from the College. It is a grove of willows whose roots have been swayed in the oozy earth by tempests among their branches, until their huge trunks stand leaning in picturesque confusion of outline. Painters and lovers of rural scenery have here a subject for their best taste and enjoyment.

Near these runs the brook. Anywhere the visitor may fancy that Tennyson had it for his inspiration when he wrote:—

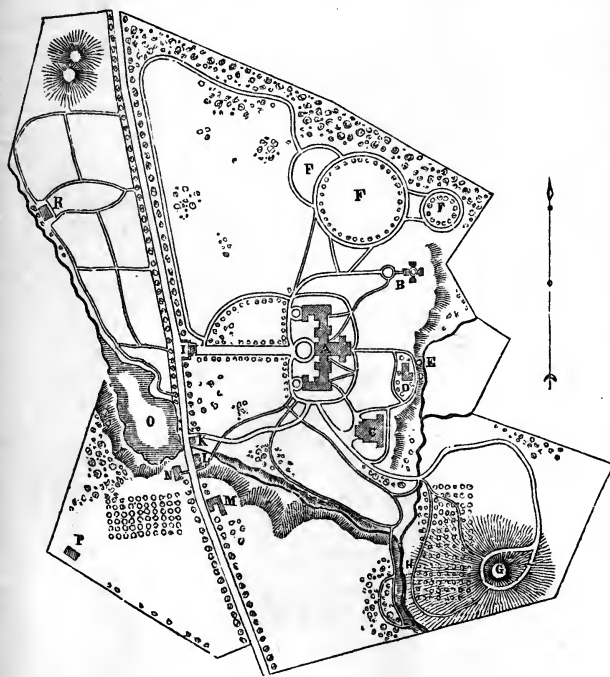
“I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.”

And other thoughts may be with him as he knows that he is standing by the little stream which pours its waters into the Hudson at New Ham-
burgh, where so many souls went up that winter's night, in the baptism of fire.

Here is one limit of the Vassar Grounds, and this is one of the most captivating places in the whole domain. Half-wooded little hills approach each other, and the inwoven branches of trees with their covering of verdure form a shelter for the bed of this and another stream which come together. This second brook has run down from behind the Observatory, and the spot has been christened—“The Meeting of the Waters.”

Still another place of beauty is the Glen, through which the brook in the rear of the Observatory has flowed. This last of our illustrations of natural scenery at Vassar is preraaphaelite in its fidelity.

These superb facilities for producing the *mens sana in sano corpore*, and for developing æsthetic taste, are in constant use. By



PLAN OF FARM AND GROUNDS.

In this plan, A, is the College; B, the Observatory; C, Calisthenium; D, the Gas and Boiler-house; E, the Gasometer; F, Playgrounds; G, Sunset Hill; H, Casper's Kill; I, Gate and Porter's Lodge; K, Pump-house; L, Ice House; M, Barn and Stable; N, Farm House; O, Mill Cove Lake; P, Tenant House; R, Garden Store-house.

college regulation, each student, save in stormy weather, is to be out in the grounds twenty minutes every day, and sixty minutes every other day. They may go when they like, if not engaged in recitations or other College exercises, but go they must, and go they do. Nor has any instance ever been known of their disturbance in the freest use of all the grounds.

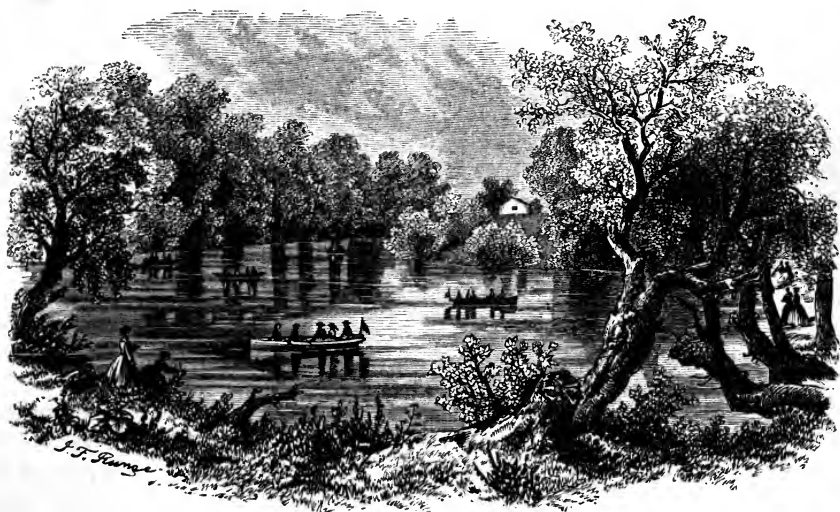
Northward of the College, on its front, lies a circular flower-garden, a half-mile in circumference, worked wholly by such students as enroll themselves members of the Floral Society.

It is an admirable sight to look upon these grounds, filled with bright and happy girls, walking, gardening, engaged in games, rowing on the lake, or occasionally making ready, in some shady recess, for work in class-rooms.

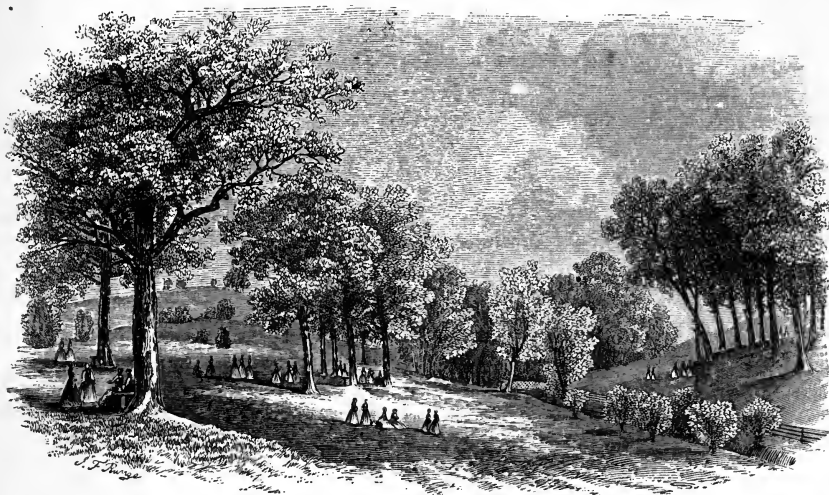
It is a constant joy at Vassar to see that bodily health is not to be sacrificed to any other object whatever, and that, so far as the result is attainable by means within its power, those whom it educates are to become physically well developed, vigorous, and graceful women, prepared to take enlightened care of their own health, and that of others under their charge. In the past training of our countrywomen this end has been so much neglected that we shall present in this connection, and for the sake of unity, what else we noted in our visit which induced us to

believe this. Diet and regimen were fully laid before us. We sat at the College table, and bear witness to its variety, wholesomeness, and fullness. No man can go with the Steward through all his department and miss the conviction we have expressed. These young women and their Faculty were eating 200 lbs. of beef, or mutton, or lamb, or 70 shad for dinner daily, after 125 lbs. of steak for breakfast. They consume 270 to 350 quarts of milk per day—80 quarts raised on the place, and the balance purchased; from 75 to 100 lbs. of butter daily; one-half barrel granulated sugar, 6 lbs. coffee, and 3 to 4 lbs. tea for the same time. Canned fruit of all sorts is eaten largely. Twice a week they did away at dinner with 160 quarts of ice-cream. The young ladies always increase in weight at the College, and, as a rule, dresses require enlargement three months after each arrival. Mrs. Grundy may regard such health as vulgar, but Mrs. Grundy's day goes by "in the good time coming" all the faster for this result. Farinaceous food abounds. From twelve to fourteen varieties of bread are on the tables, in profusion. Two articles, with bread and butter, are always supplied at tea. Twice a day they have some acid. Winter brings buckwheat and rice cakes, and twenty barrels of syrup are used in a year.

Regularity of employment and wise distribution of time are instrumental towards all



MILL COVE LAKE.



SCENE IN MILL COVE VALLEY.

that Vassar does for the body. Note a day's engagement. Ten strokes from the Messenger's room in the College building, delivered upon electro-magnetic bells which are connected with a powerful battery in the chemical laboratory (the bells at each end of the four corridors), tell the students, at 6 A.M., that the College day has begun. At 6:45 A.M. eight strokes summon them to breakfast. They must be by their seats, all eating in one hall on the first floor, at the thirty tables (twelve to a table), within three minutes, or explain their absence to the Lady Principal if they enter tardily. It is rarely that six students are behind time at any meal. A tap of her bell, all sit—and each silently invokes God's grace. Then they "loose the jesses of the tongue," and while eating indulge in free and cheerful conversation. Thirty minutes are given to breakfast. Students withdraw from this meal at any moment within the half hour, when excused by the lady presiding at their table. At dinner (1 P.M.) and at tea (6 P.M.) they remain at table until the bell gives a signal for rising. At 7:30 A.M. six strokes call to morning prayers at chapel, attended by the Lady Principal. Then follows morning "silent time" for twenty minutes. Each young lady is within her room, and is alone. Stillness is enjoined throughout the College, and no one is at liberty to intrude upon or to disturb another. Afterwards, till 9 A.M., is

recreation season. Then study and recitation hours commence. These are cut up into periods of forty minutes each, with intervals of five minutes for conversation, as follows:—

Morning.

Period I. 9:00—9:40 A.M.
 " II. 9:45—10:25 A.M.
 " III. 10:30—11:10 A.M.
 " IV. 11:15—11:55 A.M.
 " V. 12:00—12:40 P.M.

Afternoon.

Period VI. Recreation.
 " VII. 2:45—3:25 P.M.
 " VIII. 3:30—4:10 P.M.
 " IX. 4:15—4:55 P.M.
 " X. 5:00—5:40 P.M.

Forty and sometimes fifty minutes are given to dinner. Tea fills thirty minutes. Next are evening prayers, conducted by the President or a gentleman professor. The exercises are singing (from the Plymouth Collection), led by the student organist and choir (the last including teachers), Bible reading and prayer. After these comes "silent time" again. Evening study hour is from 8 to 9 P.M.; at 9:40 P.M. seven strokes tell that the retiring hour is near—at 10 P.M., ten more, that it has come, and the work day is over. Gas goes out, no noise is heard, and Vassar takes its rest. All this is a fact accomplished five days in each week. Saturday and Sunday have their own arrangement. The whole of Saturday after morning "silent time," the evening of Friday, and the unappropriated portions of all other week-days, are free to the students for recreation, for social visits, or for any use to which they may choose to devote them, subject to the rules and authorities of the College,



GROVE OF ANCIENT WILLOWS.

and within the limits required by order and decorum.

Calisthenics are taught in most approved forms. They are practiced in simple uniforms of gray, with red sash, and so practiced—for forty minutes every other day—as to give pleasure and impart health and grace.

Horseback riding is another means of life and strength. By trained horses, and under the care of a good master, this exhilaration gives its benefit to all who seek it in the riding school or open country. Our cut shows the Riding School room—its dimensions 60 x 120 ft. by 46 ft. high. The only larger one in the United States is that where the West Pointers practice their cavalry drill.

It is part of the duty of the Professor of Physiology and Hygiene to maintain personal supervision over the students' health. She is a physician, resides in the College, and besides her regular class instruction delivers occasional lectures to the students on matters pertaining to the care of their health. We found her order on the slate in the central stairway, where all the ladies read it as they passed, one morning, from breakfast to their rooms:—

"Open windows, ten inches, top to bottom. A. C. A. May 15."

In the College Infirmary, not often used, complete arrangements provide for the comfort of the sick, and a competent nurse is in attendance. Isolated from the rest of the College,

with a southern exposure, with cheerful appointments in dormitories and parlor, it makes a place of rest acceptable to any who need temporary respite from duty.

This is, in part, what Vassar does for her women physically. But all the material endowment with which she started is to be taken into account in estimating her capacity and her achievement. Her provision was munificent, but so much has been said of it that perhaps a tinge of disappointment is the first impression as one goes from the gateway to the College. In the place of piles of buildings, here is but one College edifice, nor is it very uncommon to find structures of equal capacity. Yet this impression may be due to the fact that the College stands somewhat lower than the Observatory, and still lower than several points that are not far from it, and it does not continue. The more the one edifice is explored, the more commodious, serviceable, and praiseworthy will it be considered as an instrument for the purposes of its construction. It stands 500 feet in length by 200 feet in depth for the center building, and 170 for each wing. The wings and center are joined by connecting portions which appear in the engraving. The building is of dull red brick, the joints pointed in black mortar. Center and wings are five stories high, the connecting portions four. Each wing has two private residences for professors' families; in the center building at the

southern side is that of the President and his family. Entire privacy is practicable in these dwellings. In the central building are office, laundry, kitchens and store-rooms, college-parlors, dining-hall, library and chapel, art gallery, cabinets of natural history, laboratory, rooms for philosophical apparatus, studios for drawing, with lecture and recitation rooms *ad libitum*.

All the building of which we have not spoken is occupied by students' apartments arranged in groups, three sleeping-rooms usually opening into one study-parlor. There are accommodations for about four hundred young ladies. Some of the sleeping chambers contain single, some double beds. Ventilation is fully secured in all. The rooms are neatly carpeted and furnished by the College, and kept in order by a matron. Beyond that, curtains, pictures, books, etc., with the nameless ornaments of woman's taste, are left for the students' furnishing, to suit themselves. The height of the building in center, from foundation to dome, is 92 feet. Each partition wall is of brick, carried up from ground to roof. In every story is an immense corridor running back 12 feet from the front windows, 585 feet in length (counting the two wings), affording ample opportunity for exercise in dull or rainy days. Each corridor can be at once divided into five compartments by iron sliding doors, in pairs, connected with eight fire-proof walls. Iron pipes from four water-tanks on the attic floor pass down through all the stories, and distribute 20,000 gallons of filtered water, from a large spring, through the building, daily. Fifty feet of hose is attached to these pipes on every floor. A watchman traverses the building all night, and the engineer or his assistant is always on duty.

This brings us to mention the Boiler and Gas-House,

by which so great an establishment is furnished with warmth and light. It stands behind the College, at a distance of four hundred feet (its dimensions 84×42 feet), and covers four boilers, which generate sufficient steam for cooking and laundry service, and to warm all the rooms in the College, even in the severest weather, by means of over fourteen miles of steam-pipe—some of it at a distance of one thousand feet from its source. Water heated by the same agency is carried into all parts of the College. This building also covers two benches of gas retorts, capable together of making eighteen thousand feet of gas a day, with the necessary Center Seal purifiers and meter, and room for storing a large quantity of coal. The coal consumed in all the operations is from fourteen hundred to fifteen hundred tons per annum. The system of steam, water, and gas pipes measures over twenty miles.

In the College building, covering an area of 50,000 square feet, are 1,000 doors, 600 exterior and 150 interior windows, upwards of 800 rooms exclusive of the chapel, and the floors measure almost 200,000 square feet. There are ten external doors, and eight stairways



THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

from top to bottom. Over it run 6,000 feet of lightning-rods.

But our enumeration of the Vassar equipment in buildings is not complete. Besides the attractive grounds and farm, and besides the College, we find the Calisthenium, a little southeast of it. It is irregular in form, with a width of 130 feet, and an entire depth of 145 feet.

With the Riding School and Gymnasium it holds a Bowling Alley 30×82 feet, much used, if its need of new flooring when we were there be any index; stable accommodations in the rear for twenty-four horses, barn in the rear, at top, and dwellings for four families. Here also are the Hall of the Philalethean Society and numerous rooms for piano and vocal music.

In a position correspondent to that of the Calisthenium, but at the other end of the College, and northeast from it, is the Astronomical Observatory, which, as a feature of

Vassar, may warrant special description. Set upon the rock, its foundation is ten feet above the general level of the plain, which is here 200 feet above the Hudson. We present a meridian section and ground plan view. A A. is the terrace from which the building rises; B, the native rock; C, the surface of the plain; D, in the ground plan, is a stairway leading to flat roof; E, is the transit room; F, the prime vertical room; G, the clock and chronograph room; H and K, the piers for same; M, the room for the equatorial telescope; N, an open stone platform; O, a covered platform of same material. The scale in these drawings is 48 feet to the inch. The octagon is 26 feet from face to face, and the dome above it is 25 feet 7 inches in extreme diameter. The wings are all of one size and form, 21×28 feet in extreme dimensions, making the entire length of the building 82 feet.

The basement of the wings is 9 feet high, but the floor of the octagon is $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the corresponding floor of the wings. The vertex of the dome is 38 feet above the foundation, its form hemispherical, on a cylinder of 2 feet altitude. All the walls of the building are of brick, and the piers for instruments, of stone. Platforms are of large stone, railings and stairways of iron. The octagon walls are solid, those of the wings hollow. The dome is of ribs of pine, resting on a circular plate of the same timber, and is covered with heavy sheet-tin. It revolves by an arrangement of iron pulleys, running on a circular track of iron. Wheels and crank are so provided that a force of ten pounds moves it, though it weighs one and a half tons. The opening in the dome for the telescope is twenty inches.

The Astronomical Professor resides at the Observatory, but has her meals at the College. The union of zeal for science and womanly culture, clearly the *genius loci*, strikes the visitor here at once. Certainly this was so at our first visit. When we went again, in the evening, it was plain that though *Do not touch the instruments* was one rule in the establishment, there were exceptions to it, for we have a recollection of labor at the wheels and crank before referred to, under supervision of the Professor, which



THE GLEN.

demonstrated their need of lubrication. But when that was done, we saw Mars if not stars, and though the night was a poor one for observation, give our witness to vision which showed the excellence of the great equatorial. When first mounted, indeed, it was second only to three others in the United States, in the size of its object glass. These were at Cambridge, Mass., at Hamilton College, N. Y., and at the Dudley Observatory in Albany.* The Professor has about the Observatory three smaller telescopes of good working power. One of them has revealed to the eye of the observer the time-star δ in Ursa Minor, of the fifth magnitude, at 10 A.M. Her class during 1870-71 has numbered twenty, and four of them are proficient. One young lady, from New York, resident graduate at the College, has ordered for her own use a \$400 telescope, now in process of construction. Careful study of the changes in the planet Jupiter has been the main employment at this Observatory for months past, and its results are stated in an article from the Professor in the last number of *Silliman's Journal of Science*.

The buildings named, with the pump-house, covering the water wheel and steam pump, which drives water to the reservoirs above the College edifice, and the requisite farm-houses, barns, vegetable depots, ice-house, spring-house, *et al.*, complete a collection which justified the compiler of the first College Catalogue in saying that Vassar could "challenge comparison with sister institutions everywhere for the perfection of its material arrangements." They make a possession consecrated to woman's elevation of which the world may be proud, are of course exempt from taxation, and have cost, with the farm and with

* Diameter of the object glass $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches clear aperture; focal length, $16\frac{1}{2}$ feet; hour circle, 18 inches in diameter, reading by verniers to four seconds of time. Declination circle is 20 inches in diameter, reading by verniers to 30 seconds of arc. It has nine negative eye-pieces, of powers from 50 to 1,500, for direct observation; and a finding telescope with object-glass 3 inches in diameter; also ring micrometer, large position Filari micrometer, with eight positive eye-pieces, and a spectroscope for the examination of the various spectra from celestial objects.



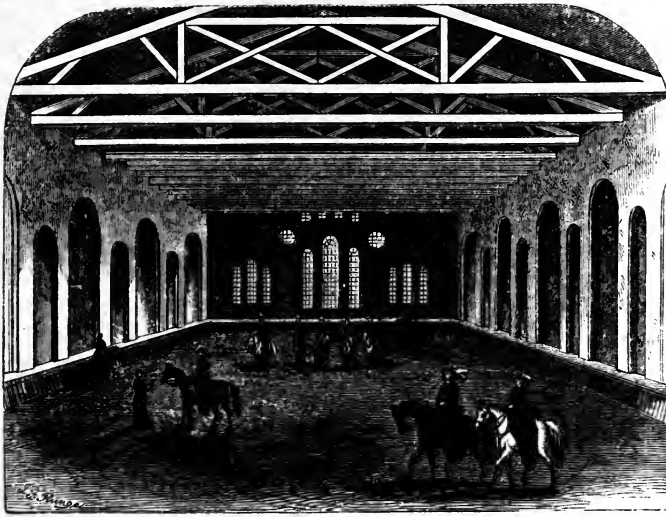
STUDENTS' CALISTHENIUM.

the apparatus, by the last report to the Regents of the University of the State of New York :—

College Edifice, including Gas and Steam House, Water Tanks and Ice House, \$341,484.93; Calisthenium, \$46,098.70; Grounds and Farm House, \$40,000.00; Observatory, \$6,040.85; Gate Lodge, \$6,684.00. Making total real estate, \$440,308.48. And other College property :—Library, \$8,303.44; Art Gallery, Library, and Materials, \$26,359.09; Furniture, fixtures, and outfits, \$64,522.79; Musical Instruments, \$11,000.00. Apparatus :—Chemical, \$756; Philosophical, \$3,675.62; Anatomical, \$767.35; Mathematical, \$200.00; Astronomical, \$8,108.44. Cabinets :—Ornithology, \$5,750.00; Zoology, \$1,216.41; Geology and Mineralogy, \$8,000.00. Stocks, \$1,000.00—\$139,659.14. Aggregate amount of College Property, \$579,967.62.

We can now inquire after Vassar's education of the intellect. What we have seen of grounds and buildings is the fundamental preparation for that.

The College year contains forty weeks, beginning about the middle of September and closing about the 20th of June. A short recess



THE RIDING SCHOOL.

is had at the winter holidays, and another in the spring; but only those students go then from the College who can do so and return within these intervals. Holding the idea of a College as a place where means are furnished for advanced intellectual, or for a *liberal* education, and understanding the term *liberal* in a distinctive sense, as opposed, on the one hand, to special or professional training, and on the other hand to popular or elementary training, the authorities at Vassar insist first upon certain requisites in students for admission; and second, when the students are admitted, insist upon guiding them in the selection and arrangement of their studies; so that time and strength may be economized, and that, within a reasonable period, one object may be secured—a symmetrical development and discipline of the whole mind, and a consequent preparedness alike for the general duties of life and for the more ready and successful acquirement of any particular profession.

Attempting this, they require all candidates for admission to be fifteen years of age and of good character, and do not receive students for any shorter period than the forty weeks of the collegiate year. It is to be hoped that ere long they may be able to take higher ground in this last respect. Applicants for any and every grade are examined in Arithmetic, English Grammar, Modern Geography, and the History of the United States. For admission

to the first academic or Freshman class, examination is had in the following, or their equivalents:—

Andrews's Latin Lessons; Cæsar, four books; Cicero, four orations; Virgil, two books; History of Ancient Greece and Rome; Robinson's University Algebra, to Equations of the Second Degree; Quackenbos's Rhetoric; Physical Geography; Otto's French Course; Williams's English into French, first 50 pages.

In the Freshman class studies are common to all. In the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years they are elective, under guidance of

the faculty and with certain restrictions. At least five members are necessary to the formation of any class; and no student is allowed to take more than an equivalent for three full studies (a full study is that in which there are daily recitations five days in the week) at one time, together with an art study. The Freshman studies (obligatory) are as follows:—

FIRST TERM.—*Latin*.—Livy; German and Prose Composition. *French*.—Borel's *Grammaire Française*; Williams's English into French; Pylodet's *Littérature Contemporaine*. *Mathematics*.—Robinson's University Algebra. Lectures on Physiology and Hygiene. Exercises in Composition and Elocution. Lessons in Linear Drawing.

SECOND TERM.—*Latin*.—Virgil. *French*.—Borel, Williams, and *Littérature Contemporaine*, completed. *Mathematics*.—Loomis's Geometry. *Natural History*.—Gray's Botany, with laboratory practice and excursions. Exercises in Grammatical Analysis and Composition.

During 1870–71, the following has been the actual working of the Elective System in the three higher classes:—

In the first Term, and of the Sophomores, 49 (all the class) took English Literature, 45 Mineralogy, 40 Trigonometry, 10 took German, and 9 Latin. In the second Term, and the same class, 48 studied German, 43 Zoology, 29 Botany, 25 French, 17 Calculus, 12 Latin, and 5 Greek. Of the Juniors (132 in all) there were for the first Term, 29 in German, 26 in Natural Philos-

ophy, 14 in Rhetoric, 14 in Geology, 7 in Astronomy, and 3 in Latin. 2d Term, same class, 28 in German, 28 in Natural Philosophy, 22 in English Literature, 7 in Astronomy, 3 in Calculus, and 1 in Logic. Of the Seniors (22 in all), first Term: 20 studied Mental Philosophy, 18 Chemistry, 16 German, 7 Astronomy, 5 Natural Philosophy, and 1 Geology and Mineralogy. Second Term, same class: 20 were in Chemistry, 19 in German, 17 in Physiology, 6 in Astronomy, 3 in Calculus, 2 in Natural Philosophy, 2 in English Literature, and 1 in Logic.

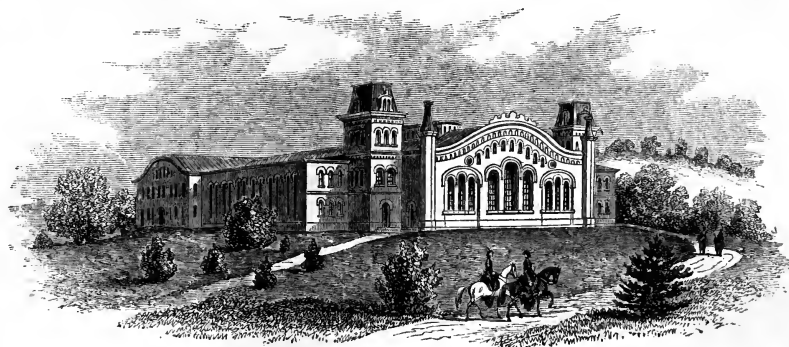
The Freshman class this year has numbered 66, the Sophomore 53, Junior 33, Senior 22; total 174.

In addition to this work with students in the College course, provision is made for special study by other women who are advanced in general knowledge, but seek to supply deficiencies in past education, or to pursue particular branches. For them special courses are arranged. This privilege is not offered to young persons in the regular process of their education. It is intended only for ladies of maturity, and such as are sufficiently well advanced in general culture to pursue study to advantage in the College classes; and to enter upon it the student must be eighteen years of age. It is gratifying to know that it is not an infrequent thing for "Specials" to enter the regular College course. During 1870-71 there have been 55 students in the Special course, and these have been their studies:

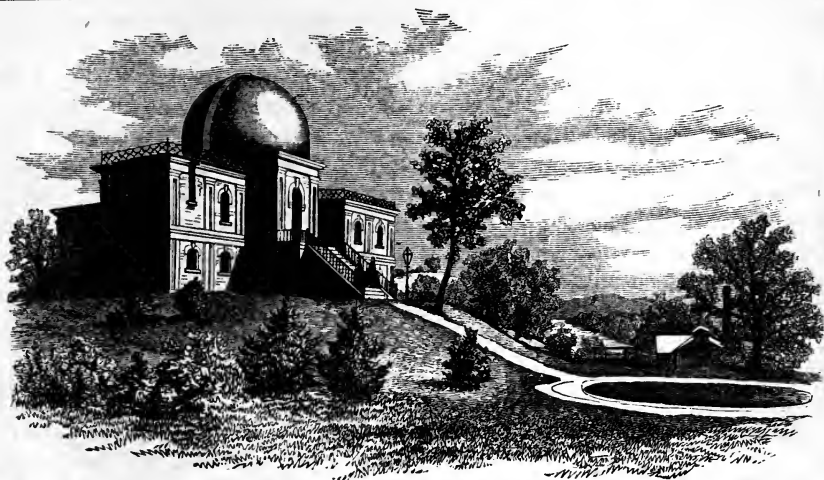
In the Preparatory Grade there were, for the 1st Term: 31 students in French, 19 in Latin, 10 in Rhetoric, 9 in Algebra, 2 in Physical Geography and Book-keeping. 2d

Term: 21 in French, 16 in Latin, 5 in Algebra, 4 in Rhetoric, 1 in Ancient History. Freshman Grade, 1st Term: 15 in French, 14 in Algebra, 6 in Latin. 2d Term: 14 in Botany, 11 in French, 7 in Latin, 7 in Geometry, 2 in Greek. Sophomore Grade, 1st Term: 26 in English Literature, 17 in Mineralogy, 5 in Trigonometry. 2d Term: 28 in Zoology, 21 in German, 7 in Botany, 5 in Calculus, 5 in French, 2 in Latin. Junior Grade, 1st Term: 16 in German, 7 in Astronomy, 6 in Natural Philosophy, 5 in Geology, 2 in Rhetoric. 2d Term: 7 in Natural Philosophy, 6 in Astronomy, 4 in Logic, 4 in German. Senior Grade, 1st Term: 13 in Chemistry, 2 in Mental Philosophy, 2 in German, 1 in Astronomy. 2d Term: 11 in Chemistry, 3 in Physiology, 2 in German, and 1 in Astronomy.

Besides "Regulars" and "Specials," there are at Vassar a large number of "Preparatories." For many young ladies desiring to take the regular four years' course are so far deficient when they present themselves (in a single branch of study or two) as to fall behind in examination. To make up in this direction, and to bring them where they can enter as Freshmen, or Freshwomen, they are received, and, according to the judgment of the Faculty, give attention to study in the direction of their deficiencies until ready to pursue the academic course. In 1870-71 there have been 141 such students. The same provision exists at present for students who contemplate becoming "Specials," and there have been 10 such Preparatories this year. Of course this work at Vassar is temporary, and will disappear as her general influence in raising the



THE CALISTHENIUM.



THE OBSERVATORY.

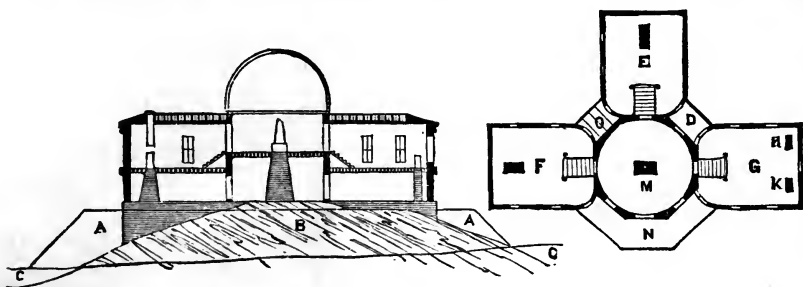
standard of woman's preparatory education is extended.

For all its departments of instruction the College has a Faculty of 37 persons, including President, Lady Principal and Assistant, 8 Professors, and 26 Teachers. Such inspection as we gave to their means and methods enables us to give some further answer to the question of this article. The President of the College is of course its chief executive officer. He fills also the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy. His text-books are Sir William Hamilton and Wayland's Moral Science, with lectures; and his instruction falls within the Senior Year. The Professor of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry, who is also Superintendent of College Grounds and Buildings, with his three assistants (ladies) employs Robinson's, Levin's, Stöckhardt, and Bowman's hand-books, besides lecturing on all subjects in his province. His facilities in apparatus and material are ample. The Professor of Physiology and

Hygiene does a work of which much has been said before this. Her medical lecture-room is equipped for instruction with skeletons of both sexes, a manikin capable of complete dissection, dissectible *papier-mâché* models of the eye, ear, and other organs, etc. Under her direction, dissecting is also practiced by students.

One feature of instruction at Vassar will be appreciated by all liberally cultured persons. Objects and specimens are placed freely before the students, who by inspection and by handling are made familiar with their nature and construction. Cabinets are rarely locked, in the building, and are always easily accessible.

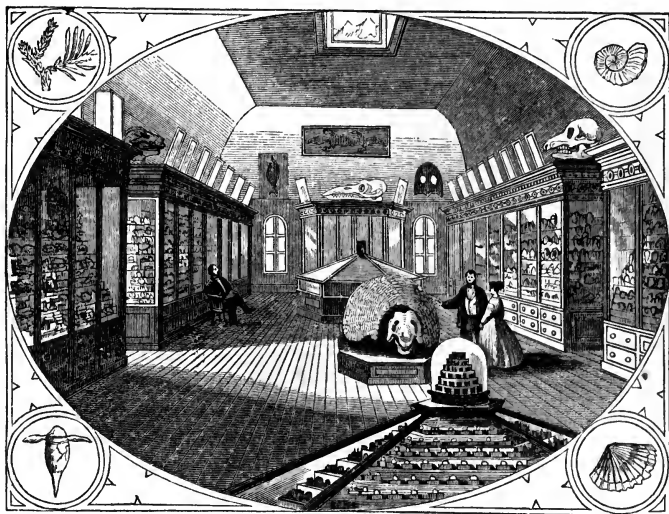
The Professor of Rhetoric and English Language uses Shaw's Manual of English Literature, Whately's Rhetoric and Logic, with exercises in English composition which extend through all the course, and in special studies lectures on the history of the language, with illustrative readings. Students use the



SECTION AND PLAN OF OBSERVATORY.

note-book, and are questioned at a succeeding meeting upon all they have written. A valuable adjunct to his labors is the College Library, in charge of a teacher, but under his supervision. At almost any hour of day or evening it is full of students and instructors. Evidently its 7,000 volumes are for use. Already the books go beyond the proper capacity of the room, and call for wider quarters. Its departments are those of Natural History; Physiology and Chemistry; Education; Metaphysics; Religion; Encyclopædias; sets of Reviews, domestic and foreign; Travel and Fiction; Ancient and Modern Language. They have been and are selected by each Professor according to the needs of his department. The Astronomical Library, of 200 volumes, is at the Observatory. In the College Library are the prominent daily papers of New York; the weekly papers (mainly religious) of all parts of the country, and some from Europe—German, French, and English; the monthlies of the United States and the Old World, for all of which the College pays. Once a week this Professor meets his three assistants for consultation.

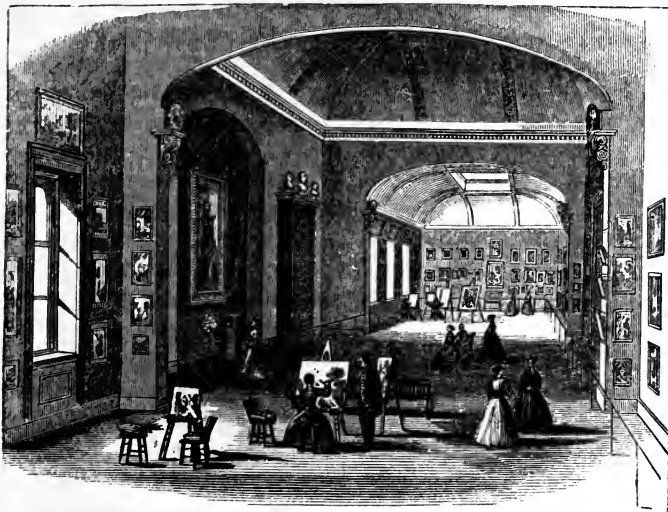
In Natural History, its Professor, commencing with introductory chemical lectures, uses Dana's Manual of Mineralogy, lectures, laboratory practice, and excursions. In all lectures the black-board is of service. Specimens exhibited to the classes are subject to the hand, the file, or even saw, by the students, that they may know more than the names of objects they have shown to them. In 1870-71 the Professor and members of his classes have visited Mauch Chunk and Philadelphia, Pa., and the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, to study objects of interest to be found there. In the Museum of Zoology, with its 5,000 specimens, are two cabinets of South American birds, some of which are not to be found in the British Museum or the Garden of Plants in Paris that was.



THE CABINET.

Here are a hundred species of South American humming-birds, used as well by the Professor of Art to teach color, as by the Professor of Natural History. A peculiarly convenient and tasteful arrangement characterizes the mounting and display of specimens. A *workable* condition seems the result aimed at and secured. The Giraud collection of North American birds is connected with this department. Presented by J. P. Giraud, of Poughkeepsie, to Vassar, it is thought to equal any in the world, having many specimens from which Audubon made drawings for the *Birds of America*. The Herbarium is arranged in boxes for easy use. In care of this Professor, too, is the Cabinet of Lithology, as well as that of Geology and Mineralogy. Of the latter we present a view. It is on the fourth floor of the College, at the southern end of the center building; its area 24×75 feet.

The most thorough and advanced fruit of German university training is brought to bear upon Vassar students by the Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages. Three of his five assistants (ladies) instructing constantly in Latin, demonstrate the truth that in this College it is honestly believed and fairly acted on that for the purposes of the best education no means of disciplinary preparation has yet been discovered, so effective, as the study of the ancient languages, with abstract mathematics.



THE ART GALLERY.

We ought to say much more perhaps, than is possible, of Art instruction at Vassar. Our view of the Art Gallery shows the room which holds 130 oil paintings by American and European artists, 250 original water-color and pencil pictures, and 40 copies (by photograph and models) for the illustration of architecture and sculpture, with a thousand rare volumes of works upon the fine arts. Its size is 30 x 96 feet, with dome 40 feet high, and skylight at either end of the room.

The Professor of Painting and Drawing has just procured the addition, from Europe, to its treasures, of the following rare plaster casts:—Bust of Pallas Velletri (Paris); Niobe (Rome); Jupiter Atricoli (Rome); Young Augustus (Rome); Clitia (London); Dante cast on nature (Rome), with statue, original size, of Apollo Belvidere, in Rome; Venus de Medici (Florence); Cupid (London); and statues 2½ feet high of the Discobolus in Repose (Rome); of Apollino (Florence); The Borghese Warrior (Rome); Jason (Rome); Venus of Milo (Paris); and four bas-reliefs of the panels of the bronze doors of the Baptistry of St. John in Florence, made by L. Ghiberti, 1422–1424 A.D. Drawing, so far as it is obligatory upon all students, is taught after a system elaborated in 1600 by Albert Dürer, by which profile and front of any object being measured and drawn, the object itself is done away with, and the pupil then draws it in all positions and every situation.

Education in Music is under the charge of a Professor, with eight lady assistants. It is taught in lessons and by lectures, and illustrated by concerts and historical recitals. The last have been highly commended by foreign musical journals, as well as sought after and imitated in Europe. There are thirty-four pianos of diverse manufacture, an organ of twenty-five stops in the chapel, classes in choral singing and individual instruction in vocal music, teaching in musical theory, etc. One hun-

dred and fifty students give such attention to it as may not be inconsistent with proper regard for other parts of their education. The musical library has a rare collection of old music of all nationalities. Letters frequently come, asking for ladies who have been under the musical training at the College, to fill positions in all parts of the country. The programme of its Celebration Concert of the Beethoven Centennial Anniversary, December 14th, 1870, given by the Cecilia Society of the students, will convey to many of SCRIBNER'S readers, some idea of their proficiency.

1. SIXTH SYMPHONY—Pastoral, op. 68, arranged for two pianos; Misses LOUGH, CLARKSON, BRACE, BLAIR. 2. ADAGIO—Sonata, op. 10; Miss E. CORNELL. 3. ALLEGRO—Sonate, op. 7; Miss M. YOUNG. 4. Wonne der Wehmuth; Madame RAYMOND RITTER (Assistant). 5. LARGO AND RONDO—Sonate, op. 2, A major; Miss L. PHILLIPS. 6. KENNST DU DAS LAND; Miss A. BALLARD (Teacher of Singing). 7. ANDANTE—Sonate patheticque, op. 13; Miss M. RAYMOND. 8. FIRST SYMPHONY—Op. 21, 2d movement; Misses EMERSON, HINKLEY, MILLER, SHOUSE. ADDRESS BY PROFESSOR F. L. RITTER; Subject, BEETHOVEN. 9. SECOND SYMPHONY—Op. 36, 2d movement; Misses ADAMS, DU BANT, KELLOGG, CLEVELAND. 10. ANDANTE AND ALLEGRO—Sonate, op. 57; Miss A. SANFORD. 11. ADELAIDE; Madame RAYMOND RITTER. 12. FIFTH SYMPHONY—Op. 67, 1st movement; Misses S. RAYMOND, MCBAIN, SAGE, SHEPHERD. 13. THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING; Sung by a Chorus of 100 young ladies.

In nearly every class-room in the College, so far as we could judge, commerce between

instructor and student is so carried forward as to draw out the student's power of observation and disposition towards inquiry. No system of marking as to scholarship exists at Vassar, and it has no non-resident professors.

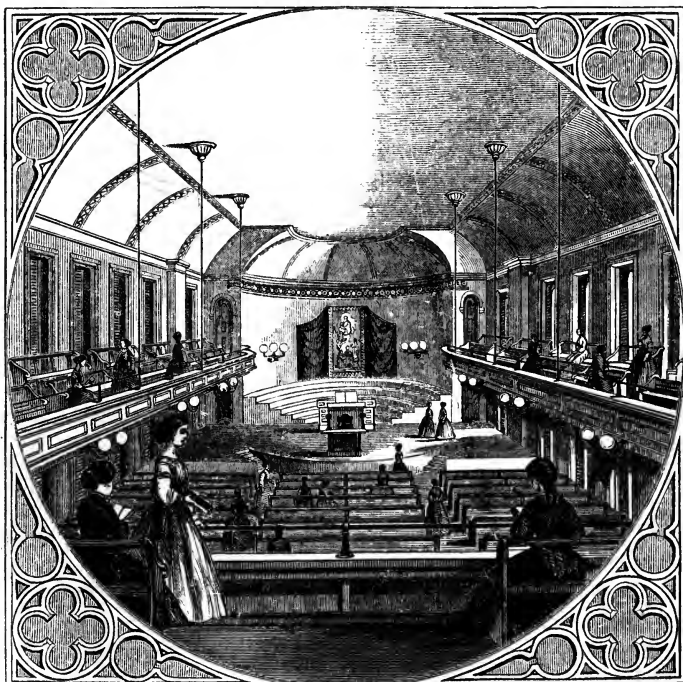
But what are they doing at Vassar for the moral and religious training of their four hundred young women? We met the students in service and worship, mingled with the teachers of different religious denominations, conversed upon the subject with students, teachers, professors, President, and patrons, and can answer that there is at the College a positive desire and endeavor to make it a "School of CHRIST—a place where His word and doctrine shall be taught in purity and power, and where His renewing and sanctifying Spirit shall continually dwell."* Its directors aim to keep it free from all sectarianism. The founder wrote with his own hand, at the age of 75, February 26, 1861:—

All sectarian influences should be carefully excluded; but the training of our students should never be intrusted to the skeptical, the irreligious or immoral.

And despite everything which to a mind bent on suspicion might indicate preponderating denominational influence, we are persuaded that Trustees and Faculty are carrying out the wishes he expressed. The President's instruction in Moral Philosophy and the Evidences of Christianity,—a daily service in the chapel, on the second floor of the College, which will seat six hundred persons,—one preaching service on the Sabbath by the President or a good representative of any order of Evangelical Christians, whose preaching is sought for by correspondence or otherwise,—Bible Class instruction, upon which all students

are expected to attend,—daily and weekly meetings for prayer among the students,—the "silent time" already spoken of,—private conference with individual instructors,—a "live" Society of Religious Inquiry, building up an interest in Christian missions,—sewing circles of the young ladies for benevolence,—such are the means by which attempt is made to cultivate religion. A Sunday at Vassar is very attractive. Almost all the students are in the building; few avail themselves of the privilege of attending church in the city. Breakfast comes at 8 A.M.—preaching at 11 A.M.—Bible classes, social and other religious gatherings, are scattered through the hours, but not permitted to become burdens. General religious life in the College does not appear obtrusive, but can be discovered as real. Every one joins in attributing marked influence in this direction to Miss Lyman, lately Lady Principal.*

* Hannah W. Lyman was born at Northampton, Mass., in 1816; and educated mainly at Ipswich, Mass. She began teaching in her 18th year at Gorham Academy in Maine, and pursued it at Mrs. Gray's Seminary in Virginia. For many years she taught at Montreal in Canada. Called to Vassar College at its



THE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

* P. 14 of College Prospectus, issued in 1865.



BUST OF MATTHEW VASSAR.

As to social and domestic life in Vassar, gratifying results have already been attained in developing the feeling that, being women, and being together in a single edifice, with active good influences about them, these students are of right more to each other than young men in our colleges are soon likely to be. We cannot prolong statements to show this. We may not speak of their bearing towards each other, or towards their instructors. We cannot write of their Philaethean (Literary) Society, with its organization by chapters; nor of Cecilia, the voluntary association for advancement in music, nor of the Society for improvement in French and Natural History. The Students' Shakespeare Clubs, for study and reading of the immortal bard, their chess club, their college papers, college colors, etc., must be left unnoticed. And the College lecture course, as well as the Philaethean's more popular course, the latter provided by a committee of their number, can only be named. Their holidays—Thanksgiving, the Birthday of Washington, the Founder's

opening, she stamped much of herself upon it, and died there February 21st, 1871.

Birthday, the Annual Concert of Prayer for Colleges—must have the same treatment.

But one thing to be mentioned well shows the *animus* of the present Faculty at Vassar: their steady pressure of advice, counsel, and example, on the students, against extravagant adornment in dress. The late Miss Lyman felt very deeply as to this, and labored zealously against it. And the College is helping to hasten the era of good sense in the removal of this curse upon American women. This, notwithstanding the impression, somewhat widely diffused, that Vassar is solely designed for and exclusively adapted to the wealthy.*

On the other hand, if any conviction be left with special force upon the mind, after such fair and full inspection as we gave, it is this, and we want the public to share it: that the spirit of the place is a strong desire to have its facilities for education enjoyed by the greatest possible number of women. The great needs of Vassar to-day are two—the dis-

* The cost of tuition and board *per annum* is \$400, and no extra charge is made for any instruction, except that given in private lessons to individual students in extra-collegiate studies, namely, music, riding, or the arts of design. The total income of the College for the year ending June 22, 1870 (the last available statement), was for board and tuition, \$153,476; sundries, \$5,190.17; total, \$159,566.17. Expenditures: Salaries of instructors, \$37,731.70; of officers employed and servants, \$23,933.13; table expenses, \$53,121.74; fuel, \$16,100.39; repairs, \$16,713.17; total, \$147,600.13. Excess of revenue over expense, \$11,966.04.



MATTHEW VASSAR'S BIRTHPLACE.

tinct confidence of Christian men and women, in her welcome recognition as the Woman's College of no sect, but of all who love our Lord, and the coming forward of men or women to complete the work its Founder began, by making such endowment as shall enable the Trustees to lower the rates of tuition to the daughters of clergymen, and to other young women, who cannot now afford the really moderate cost of education there, but are looking by hundreds, with eager eyes, towards the college doors. That they are looking, is matter of positive knowledge to the authorities.

The life-work of Matthew Vassar was put into this Institution.

Some day his statue should be set in the College grounds, as his portrait, by Elliott, now adorns the College chapel—but his best

memorial is to be in the women his munificent donations will elevate and bless. One hundred and thirty-five have already been graduated in its first five classes, besides the many who did not study for a degree. Mr. Vassar's gifts, besides the grounds, buildings, furniture, and apparatus, were, by his will, a fund of \$50,000 for the annual increase of the Library, Cabinets, and Gallery of Art; another of \$50,000 for a Lecture Fund; a fund for the aid of students needing pecuniary assistance, of \$50,000, and one of \$100,000 for the yearly repairs of the buildings. It was a long way from his humble birth home in English Norfolk, a view of which we print, to the great College whose picture is at the opening of our article; but he trod it, and the time to come will hold him as one of the best benefactors of the world.

LIFE IN THE CAUCASUS.

THE Isthmus of Caucasus, as it is called, lying between the Black and Caspian Seas, has been, until lately, almost a *terra incognita*, for independent of the predatory character of many of the tribes, some portions of the country were for more than sixty years, with short intervals, at war with Russia, thus rendering it unsafe for travelers. It is but seven years since the long struggle ended.

Stretching away on either side from the Caucasian Mountains, whose tops are covered with perpetual snow, it embraces within its limits twelve different tribes, that remain distinct as though they constituted different nationalities. They have even different religions, and yet the entire territory is less than 700 miles long, with a varying breadth averaging a little more than a quarter of its length. Many of these tribes live by plundering each other, and are distinguished for ferocity of character. The two best known to Europeans have been the Circassians and Georgians, renowned for the remarkable beauty of their women, who for a long time have supplied the Sultan of Turkey with the young hours of his harem.

The chain of mountains that traverse this strange country is impassable except in a few

places, and with its profound abysses, precipices, torrents, and avalanches, beats back the hardy adventurer who would scale its summits. The great water-shed of the country, the streams on the one side flow into the Black, and on the other into the Caspian Sea. The latter receives several large rivers into its bosom, from which they never emerge. No outlet carries off this eternal flow of water, which in olden times gave a mysterious character to it. Some dark subterranean channel was supposed to constitute the outlet; but modern science has shown that the water escapes by evaporation. Notwithstanding this endless influx of fresh water from several broad rivers, this inland sea of between six and seven hundred miles long is never freshened. Sunk nearly 400 feet lower than the ocean, as though the crust of the earth had once given way, where it spreads, its yellow, turbid, tideless waters lave a desolate, sickly shore.

The whole Caucasian country is peculiar, both in its physical character and the character of its inhabitants. Portions of it possess great mineral wealth, and abound also in mineral waters, while in some districts fountains of petroleum and naphtha burst through the sur-



COSSACK POST.

face. The people, imbued with a love of freedom and possessed of indomitable valor, long withstood the whole power of Russia; but at length were compelled to submit to her sway. This, however, over the fierce mountain tribes is more nominal than real.

The present century opened badly for this wild, secluded country. First, in 1800, Georgia, after a fierce struggle, fell into the hands of Russia. Fourteen years later four other provinces succumbed. In 1828, Armenia with Eriwan; the next year several other tribes,—it was thirty years before another was conquered; last of all, just sixty-four years from the time the conquest began, Circassia abandoned the contest as hopeless.

This was five years after the indomitable chieftain Schamyl was made prisoner. This incomparable general, who has just died, 74 years of age, held for years the attention of the civilized world by the heroic, successful resistance he made to the overwhelming power of Russia. Dim accounts of battles and victories came out of those gloomy gorges; but the details of his wonderful campaigns, his marvelous endurance, heroic courage, and unbounded sway over his devoted, untamed followers, were all unknown. If his history is ever written, he will take his place beside Tell, Winckelried, Hofer, and other heroic leaders who have battled bravely for freedom. On the inaccessible heights and in the deep gorges of the Caucasian Mountains, backed by the fierce and haughty tribes that laughed at death, he contested long and nobly against overwhelming odds, and at last, after years of unparalleled struggle, in which deeds of daring were performed and narrow escapes effected that would read like a romance, he was sur-

rounded in a fortress and taken prisoner. His greatest and most successful campaign was in 1849. The brilliancy of his strategy, and the plan and fury of his battles can only be inferred from the results. A true account of them will probably never appear, as the proper materials for it have doubtless not been preserved among those wild tribes, while those which Russia could furnish would be one-sided and unreliable.

In that year the Russian army under Godovin had made extensive conquests in Caucasus, and established a great number of forts, to be held permanently for the complete subjugation of the people. But Schamyl, concentrating his troops, who regarded him a prophet as well as their military leader, by a succession of masterly movements flung himself on this chain of forts with such suddenness, skill, and resistless fury, that he carried them one after another with a rapidity that astonished and paralyzed his enemy. He drove the whole Russian army back from his soil, leaving the mountain slopes and gloomy defiles piled with their dead. It was hoped that this would end the contest, and this brave chieftain be left to the freedom of his mountain home. But it was impossible by any means to exhaust the military resources of Russia, and a new invasion was planned. In the year this great campaign was fought, that electrified the world, William Wilson, since dead, wrote the following stirring lines upon it:—

Hear ye the hurricane sounds that come

From far-off mountain lands,

Where legions marshal to bugle and drum,

And bondsmen bare their brands?

Their fetters and fears to the winds they have given;

Their country, their homes, and their cause to Heaven!

Like the desolating locust cloud,

The spoilers blight the plains,



COSSACKS PLAYING CHECKERS.

And the blaze of freedom's sun they shroud
 With carnage, blood, and chains ;
 Like the rush of the mountain cataract,
 The patriot warriors shall bear them back.

How Manhood spurns at the name of slave,
 When raised from slavery's dream !
 How nerved each arm that wields the
 glaive,
 With vengeance in its gleam !
 While thickly the autocrat's savage hordes
 Are sinking beneath their chivalrous swords !

The deep-voiced winds with freedom roam,
 The waves with freedom roar,
 As mountain-like they crested foam
 To the quaking cliff-bound shore ;
 And the warrior land, late an ice-bound
 sea,
 Hath mustered the might of its wrath—and
 is free !

With him perished the last hope of
 the brave mountaineers of Caucasus.
 Said this proud Tartar chieftain once
 to an envoy of the Czar that had
 been sent to propose terms to him :—
 "I do not compare myself to great
 sovereigns, I am only a Tartar ; but
 my marshes, my forests, and my de-
 files make me more powerful than
 they. If I were able I would pour
 consecrated oil on every tree of my
 forests, and mingle sweet-scented
 honey with the very dirt of my roads,
 so dearly do I love them." One
 day he was hemmed in by the Rus-
 sians, with every avenue of escape
 strongly guarded, so that his capture
 seemed certain. At last he took re-
 fuge in a cavern with his few follow-
 ers, and a shout of joy arose from his pursuers.
 But this cavern had another opening on the
 banks of a stream, and while they were closing
 cautiously around one entrance, Schamyl was
 hastily throwing together a raft at the other,
 on which he embarked ; and by the time his
 enemies had penetrated his retreat he was far
 away, borne swiftly down by the rapid current.
 There seemed no end to the protracted strug-
 gle until the Russians absolutely occupied the
 entire country, and whenever they took a vil-
 lage burnt it and established a fort there, from
 which detachments operated in every direc-
 tion. After the close of the war several tra-



TARTAR.

velers passed through the country, and among
 them a French artist by the name of Moynet,
 accompanied by Alexandre Dumas. A Rus-
 sian also traversed it, sketching many of its
 picturesque scenes, but paying especial atten-
 tion to the different types of men he encoun-
 tered. In this sketch we shall give only some
 of those illustrations that show the peculiar
 physical characteristics of the people. Hom-
 maire de Hell and Blancard also penetrated
 this region about the same time. The artist
 whose sketches are here reproduced left As-
 trachan, one of the most remarkable cities of
 the Russian empire, in 1868, and made an

extended trip, though it did not embrace the whole country.

The whole of Caucasus is unlike any other portion of the eastern continent, not so much in its scenery, though that is peculiar, as in the various and distinct tribes that make up its population. The Cossacks—lying as it were between Russia proper and the wild hordes of interior Caucasus, and furnishing a sort of barrier between the two—are tolerably well known. A daring, chivalrous tribe of barbarians, almost living on horseback,—the most fearless riders of any land,—they have not only by their deeds of heroism, but by a sort of savage nobility and grandeur of character, given a dash of romance to their very name.

The mode of traveling through their country partakes of the character of the people. It is headlong, dashing, reckless. Their "posts," or places where horses are changed, are usually surrounded by an enclosure pier-

ced with openings, and capable of a stout defense. A tower of observation is reared in the center in time of war, constructed ordinarily of fir-trees or timbers, as it may be, sunk in the earth, so as to make a square, and of a height corresponding to the character of the country to be overlooked. On the top is laid a floor roofed over so as to protect the watcher from the weather. A pair of stairs or a ladder goes up to this, and there a Cossack stands day and night on sentinel duty. To one of these four upright timbers, or posts, a bundle of tarred straw is hung, attached to a pole. When the watcher discerns danger in the distance he detaches the pole, and, setting fire to the straw, lifts it on high. The brilliant flame, being at such a lofty elevation, can be seen at a great distance, and as the posts are only a few miles apart, the alarm spreads so rapidly that troops scattered here and there are soon concentrated at the required spot. The accompanying en-

graving is of one of the same character, though more elaborately finished.

They have their villages, varying in population from a thousand to two thousand inhabitants, and surrounded by a palisade with two grand entrances. Beside the gates are two donjons, formed like a square, where a Cossack sentinel can hold a post of observation. Formerly a horse was kept saddled at the base to be sent off with the first alarm, but since the conquest of the country only the forms of a warlike post remain. The Cossacks are splendid horsemen, and in attacking a train hardly check their wild career, but pass like a whirlwind through it, taking their booty with them. While under full headway they will leap to the ground and spring again to the saddle with the ease and agility of circus riders—in fact, like them, will stand in the saddle and ride at a headlong gallop over the uneven country. They consider themselves superior to the ordinary Russians, on whom they delight to play all sorts of tricks.

In traversing Caucasus from north



A YOUNG NOGAY.



NOGAY CHILDREN.

to south, the traveler, after leaving the Cossack country, strikes the vast arid plains called steppes, over which roam those strange people, the Kalmucks and Nogay Tartars. The religion of the former is a sort of alteration from Buddhism. Their ragged tents, scattered over that part of this desolate region which they appropriate to themselves, are estimated to contain 15,000 families. In 1771, unable to endure the vexations of Russia, they, like the children of Israel in Egypt, moved off in a solid mass into Asia,—two millions and a half of them,—a sufficient answer to those who doubt the Biblical account of the number Moses took with him.

Like flying camps, these villages of tents move from place to place as the impulse seizes the owners. As the traveler comes upon one of these vast camps at mid-day, no signs of life meet him. All is silent and moveless on the desolate burning plain on which they are pitched. The men are away, pillaging from neighbors not of their own race, while the women and children hide themselves in their ragged tents from the rays of the sun. The interiors of these tents present an indescribable medley of trunks, valises, chests, saddles and bridles, and old clothes, piled in a confused heap together—spoils which the men have gathered in their forays.

The fireplace alone shows that it is the habitation of a family. This, in winter, serves the double purpose of cooking, and a place for the children to sleep in, who roll themselves up in the warm ashes to protect themselves from the cold. These, even up to ten years of age, go almost entirely naked in the summer-time, for the heat in these desert plains is then intense. In the winter, when the cold wind sweeps unchecked over them, all huddle together in their ragged tents, which often for days are blotted out by the snow-drifts that cover them.

Clad in a dirty shirt, with bagging pantaloons, red morocco boots, and woolen cap encircled by a huge band of sheepskin with the wool on, the Kalmuck presents a singular appearance. He has a debased countenance, high cheek-bones, and long disheveled hair. Though small in stature, this child of the desert is strongly built, and tough as iron. Theft is regarded as the proper business of life, and is practiced with an adroitness hardly conceivable. He will take away a simple peasant's animal right before his eyes. Theft he impresses on his child as a religious duty, and how to succeed in this, his only proper occupation, is the sole education he gives him.

The Nogays, or Nogais, divide with the Kalmucks these vast steppes. They are a Turkish race, peaceable in their habits, and tillers of the soil. In other respects they resemble the Kalmucks in their manners and mode of life. Burned by the rays of the sun in summer, and swept by the biting winds and long, frightful snow-storms in winter, they lead a miserable, suffering existence. Between 1856 and 1860 more than 300,000 of these nomads emigrated to Turkey. No particular reason was assigned for this extraordinary emigration. Whether, driven by the vexations of local authorities they hoped to find, a spot where they would be free from them, or whether, drawn there by their Mohanmedan faith, or moved by some report that reached them of a land like that of Canaan, flowing with milk and honey, is not known; but village after village struck its tents and moved southward, till more than 300,000 bade farewell to their native steppes.



NOGAY.

They sold all they could find purchasers for, and abandoned the rest. Their sad route was marked by dead bodies of entire families that had perished with famine and fatigue. Typhus fever seized those who were able to reach their place of destination, and with no medical skill to combat the disease, it raged unchecked amid the dirt and filth and privations of the unhappy victims. They fell rapidly before it, until the vast plain on which

they had pitched their tents became one great charnel-house. When the disease had run its course, only a mere handful of the whole 300,000 remained, and these became miserable beggars among the large towns and cities. At length their distressed condition became known to the Russian government, which, taking pity on its old subjects, offered aid to those who wished to return to their country. Many accepted it, and took their

weary way back to their old desolate tenting-ground.

A Russian traveler in passing through Caucasus met those broken, half-starved, ragged bands, which filled the air with curses against Stamboul and their own stupid folly in leaving their homes. They had come to a halt, and the animals, unloaded or unhitched from the wagons, were scattered around, browsing the dry stunted herbage covered with dust. The men, to pass the time, were

hollowing from pieces of wood rough spoons and cups, to sell to the peasants that might pass that way. The women, some of them, were occupied in patching together all sorts of rags; others were preparing a thin miserable soup, out of such scraps or herbs as they had been able to gather together, while the children swarmed like flies around the kettle, in the hope of snatching a morsel to stay their famished stomachs. One part would reproach the other as being the cause of their miseries,



BOHEMIAN FORTUNE-TELLER.



BOHEMIAN OF MOZDOCK.

and altogether they made a deplorable spectacle.

There are now, it is supposed, about 400,000 Nogays in Caucasus, many of whom speak the Russian language quite purely, showing that they are not wanting in native intelligence. Klaproth, who gives, in his work on voyages, history, and geography, a description of the different tribes of Caucasus, says the Nogays are of dark complexion,

Mussulmen in their religion, and number 8,432 families; that of all the Tartar tribes they resemble most the Mongols in the shape of their head and their physiognomy. From this he concludes that the two tribes have once been mixed. He denies, however, the statement made by many modern writers, that they speak the Mongol language, but rather the remains of an ancient Tartar dialect. Many families ordinarily live together.

The number composing an "Aul," as it is called, is determined by the number of kettles in the society; for every family must have its own kettle. Milk forms their chief nourishment; though they have various kinds of cheese. They are very fond of mare's milk, and hence horses compose their chief wealth. Out of this milk they concoct a kind of brandy, of which they are very fond, and on which they are constantly getting drunk. The women are quite beautiful, though dark. Yet it is very remarkable that their women of quality—the aristocrats (for they have their social distinctions)—are white, and of a lively disposition. Their priests have to study six or seven years in Turkey, but the people are deplorably ignorant. It is singular that the women of quality of this wandering, ignorant tribe should be of the same complexion as their neighbors, the beautiful, the brave, and prodigal Georgians.

The latter, though bearing the Caucasian type, are superb specimens, physically, of men and women. Walking the streets of one of their large towns one will every now and then meet a man dressed like a prince—his glittering arms at his side—who might have stood as the model of Apollo Belvidere. But, like the Nogays, they are fond of the wine-cup. At a dinner party no table is furnished, but a carpet is spread, around which are arranged low seats. No glasses are used, but the master of the house fills a horn richly ornamented with silver, and, merely putting it to his lips, passes it to his neighbor, who drains it at a single draught. This continues to go round until an amount of wine is drunk that seems incredible. They keep it up till all are stretched helpless on the ground.

The native wine which they drink does not easily produce inebriation; but this is necessary to a Georgian's happiness, and so he has invented a sort of metal bottle with a spiral neck, which, by making the wine circulate in its long course, favors evaporation. The orifice is large enough to admit the nose when he drinks, so that the fumes go into the head at the same time that the liquor goes into the stomach. This double process enables him to get drunk quicker than he otherwise would, and thus accelerates his anticipated happiness.

The Georgian always goes armed, and as he never will fire a blank cartridge, the firing off of guns on a fête-day is often attended with the loss of life.

But perhaps one of the most singular customs of this beautiful and brave race is the blessing of the waters, which takes place in January. Alexandre Dumas witnessed this once in his journey through the country. Snow having fallen on the mountains, whose distant peaks gleamed white against the sky, the air was chilly; yet all who descended to the Koura river were dressed in summer clothing. To make the contrast more striking, the river bore through its green banks cakes of ice which it had brought from the cold heights of the central region.

About two hundred fanatics had assembled to throw themselves into the stream, and take a bath which they believed would wash away their sins. Several battalions of Russian troops, in bright uniform, lined the gravelly shore, while two batteries of artillery crowned the bank, ready to fire a salvo the moment of the benediction. A grand tent of blue cloth was erected on the shore, and a plank run out over and just above the stream. The entire clergy, with the archbishop at their head, all clothed in dazzling costumes, were grouped on either side on the bank. A multitude of spectators covered the balconies and terraces, the gay and variegated colors of the dresses giving to the human mass the appearance of a vast mosaic, while the town, from its amphitheater of hills in the background, looked quietly down on the strange yet magnificent spectacle. The archbishop and clergy at length slowly advanced to the central tent. Immediately the poor sinners took off their clothing—the bell struck twelve, when the cannon thundered forth their salute—the battalions fired a rolling volley, the trumpets blared, and the military band struck up a stirring air. The archbishop then advanced to the brink and dipped the double cross in the water. This was the signal to the stripped sinners to plunge in, and one after another they sank in the icy flood. Some could not stand the cold, and with chattering teeth paddled back speedily as possible to the shore; but the greater part, considering this sinful,



BOHEMIAN WOMAN.

took a regular bath. This was all. The shivering wretches at length crawled out one after another, the crowd slowly dispersed, and the ceremony was over. There seems no reason why midwinter should be chosen for it, except that the colder the water the greater the expiation.

But though we have confined ourselves in these illustrations to the lower types of the Caucasian tribes, the majority of these barbarians are high-minded, generous, and often chivalrous in their notions of honor, while a braver people does not exist. Once, in a battle with the Russians, an old mountaineer was wounded and taken prisoner. A Russian surgeon went to him, took care of him, and cured him. He was so old and feeble that no one dreamed of his escaping, or else cared nothing about it, and he was left unguarded. The result was that he soon rejoined his tribe.

Five years after, a young warrior of the same tribe came to this surgeon and told him his grandfather was sick and about to die for want of a physician, and asked for his services. The surgeon at first, being suspicious, refused to go, but at length, overcome by his entreaties, consented. When away from camp and on the road, the young man handed the doctor his pistols, saying: "On the first sign of treason in me shoot me." At their arrival at the designated place the surgeon found that the pretended sick man was the old warrior whom he had cured five years before. He was then told, to his astonishment, that the Russian camp would be attacked next day and destroyed, and to save his life he had been sent for, and must remain with them till after the battle. True enough, the next day the camp was attacked and swept like a hurricane. The surgeon was then set free, and returned to the Russian lines.

At another time the Russians laid siege to a village, the walls of which rapidly crumbled to pieces under their heavy fire. In the village was a mother with a new-born infant. The besieged, finding at length that resistance was hopeless, unfurled a flag of truce, when the firing ceased. Soon two men advanced from the gate, accompanied by a woman bearing in her arms some object wrapped in linen



AN INTELLIGENT COUNTENANCE.

cloth. Meeting the Russian flag, they said to the officer in charge:—"We know we can hold out but a little longer, but we prefer to die rather than surrender." Meanwhile the woman advanced, and, uncovering the bundle she carried, exposed to view a new-born infant. "Before dying," continued the brave soldier, "we have come to ask if some one of you will adopt this infant." The strange request was granted, when the two soldiers and the mother went proudly, serenely back to their crumbling village, and the firing commenced. The battle raged with terrific fury; but at last the place was carried by storm, when the conflict continued in the streets. The enraged Russian soldiers set fire to the village and burned it to the ground, but not a soul surrendered—each died with his face to the foe.

The long struggle of these brave tribes against their oppressors is full of such touching instances of chivalry, honor, and tenderness, joined with unparalleled heroism.

The Russian poet Lermontof, sent as envoy to the Caucasians, has made their brave endurance the theme of one of his poems. After apostrophizing their grand mountains, around which gathers the cloud and sweeps the eagle, he says:—"The races that inhabit thy wild abysses are savages. They are born in war, and for war they grow up. The infant enters life in the midst of battle, and in battle will finish his career. They have but one word, 'The Russian enemy.' It is with this word the mother breathes into the infant on her knee an indomitable courage, and teaches it to show no mercy to a foe. He is faithful to friendship, but still more faithful to vengeance. His love and his hate are both unbounded." But in traveling through this strange country, faces of other type than the Caucasian are met with. The Greek beggar presents a striking contrast, both in form and feature, to the proud, warlike native of the mountain. Bands of these forlorn mendicants slowly toil along the wretched highways



GREEK BEGGAR.

in the summer-time, pushing on even to Moscow. Their tattered garments hang in rags around their filthy bodies. The Russians are full of pity for these poor creatures of the same faith as they, especially for the friars or monks, and give liberally; and there is no doubt the latter return to their own sunny clime in winter with well-filled purses. They have but one story to tell to the Russian traveler; they say, "Me Greek—me brother of Russian—me orthodox—me very poor orthodox." And to prove their orthodoxy they make the sign of the cross after the Russian fashion—that is, by putting the hand first on the breast, and then on the right shoulder, and last on the left. And lest any one should doubt their story of poverty, they will arrange their rags in a way to increase the traveler's disgust at the spectacle they present. If he seems to remain unmoved they pull apart their rags and exhibit any sore or infirmity that disfigures their persons. The greater part of them, however, notwithstanding their feeble gait and manner, are strong as Hercules, and single-handed can master an ox.

By the side of this vile multitude is another



GREEK BEGGAR.

class of beggars that presents a very different appearance, though equally tricky with them. They scorn to be put in the same category, for they do not journey on foot—they “give themselves the pleasure to travel through blessed, sacred Russia” in carriages. They are monks, or at least wear the costume of the order, and are full of wonderful stories, in which they never weary of enlarging on their ascetic lives and of the martyrdom they have suffered for orthodoxy. Although they never refuse the smallest pittance, yet they prefer to make their appeals to the rich merchants and to women, and invariably return home well supplied with money.

With the exception of the great military roads, the highways of Caucasus are always in a dreadful state. Occasionally the peasants will assemble and fill up the gullies and mire

holes with brush, but this is all; hence the traveler is compelled, in the main, to go on a walk. If he complains of the slowness, the driver coolly remarks: “The slower you go the farther you will get.” Especially after the autumnal rains the roads are almost impassable, and overturns and breakdowns are of constant occurrence; but so desperately slow are the vehicles compelled to move that lives are seldom lost. Add to this the rudeness of the inspectors of stations, and a journey through Caucasus is full of discomforts. Accustomed to fault-finding, and sometimes to heavy blows from travelers, they become brutal and indifferent to their wishes. At one station the drunken inspector, separated from you by only a single wall, will spend nearly the whole night in excruciating psalmody. At another an old man will invite you to hear

him play an endless variety of airs on the flute.

The "Bohemians," or, as we call them, gypsies, abound in Caucasus; yet on the arid steppes they retain the same distinctive characteristics that they do in England and on this continent. But there they move in large bands. Wagons filled with baggage of every variety and description—beds and kettles and tents—with the swarthy heads of the women and children peering above the mass, present a curious tableau. A cloud of dust usually marks the course of the miserable procession, out of which arise discordant sounds, cries, and frightful oaths. Establishing themselves in the neighborhood of a large town, they ply their various vocations,—chief among which are horse-trading, theft, and fortune-telling. It is singular how this strange, wandering people should not only arrogate to themselves the power to foretell the future, but everywhere find such multitudes to believe them. Perhaps it is their isolated wild life and mysterious appearance that make them seem like beings connected with the supernatural, and give them such power over both men and women.

A Russian traveler in his rambles through Caucasus came upon a band of these, and made sketches of some of the most marked characters. He found that a little money would secure a sitting, and he began his work. But he had completed only a few faces before a rupture of a comical character occurred. One day the whole band crowded around him, loading him with reproaches, and heaping all sorts of opprobrious epithets upon him. It turned out that the hand of one of the band, whose portrait he had sketched, had become diseased, and they leaped at once to the conclusion that some sort of poison had been inoculated in the process of taking the likeness, and they cried out as he appeared, "You are a demon,—you bring diseases upon us."

They had no idea at first of the object of the artist in desiring a sitting, or in fact what he was after—they thought only of the pay they were to receive. But when they saw the likeness of themselves produced on the paper they were astonished, and looked upon it as a

species of necromancy. The effect was ludicrous. Some, on seeing themselves as it were in a mirror, laughed outright like children,—others became suspicious, as if the devil or some other malign influence had reproduced them in a manner wholly unaccountable, and they would steal silently away; and no bribe, not even the strongest to them, "drink-money," could tempt them back again. The beggars were the most docile subjects.

But who are these Bohemians or gypsies, and where did they come from? Savans have in vain tried to answer this question. The simple and only well-known fact is, that they are found scattered over Europe, Asia, and even America, and that their physiognomy presents a type wholly exceptional to the races they wander among, and seems to point to a southern origin.

There are other wandering tribes,—in fact, one would think in passing through Caucasus that almost the entire population was nomadic. The Tartars that live in the neighborhood of the Black Sea migrate from the plains to the mountains and back every year. The lowlands are hot and unhealthy, and they stay there only about four months in the year, during which time they lead a miserable life. Knowing, if they put material of any value into their houses, that when they leave in the spring the first passing tribe will plunder them, they build the most forlorn structures in which to hibernate. As soon as spring comes all is commotion, and the entire village prepares to depart. The day of leaving is looked upon as a fête-day, and each one puts on his or her gayest apparel. Their march is gay and noisy, and they leave behind them a vast cloud of dust as they press on towards the distant mountains, amid which they expect to rove for eight months.

The camel of this country is of a fine breed, and when trained to the course is remarkable for his speed—swifter, it is said, than those of any other country. He is indispensable to the wandering Tartar, though he is often unmercifully abused. The death of one in camp is always an occasion of both grief and joy—grief at the loss of a valuable animal, and joy at the prospect of a great feast.

SOME OF THE FRENCH LEADERS.*

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE FOURTH OF SEPTEMBER.

CERTAIN members of the Government, who had been long distinguished as deputies of the opposition, remained identified with the opposition when the Empire no longer existed to be opposed,—and this because they failed to identify themselves with anything else. Their reputation was as intimately associated with the ill fame of the Empire as is that of a district attorney with the crimes he denounces to justice. Hence, by an odd but explicable paradox, these men, who had represented the Republic under the Empire, wellnigh represented the Empire under the Republic. Their title to office was the most superficial of all,—they existed only in the most superficial stratum of the situation, and, in truth, seriously hindered the expansion of what was more profound. These men were, Eugene Pelletan, Jules Ferry, and Ernest Picard.

ERNEST PICARD.

M. Picard was perhaps the most robust personality at the Hôtel de Ville. His force, like that of Bismarck, was largely due to its concentration within the arrogant limits of this personality. The immense breadth of his shoulders seemed to constantly suggest the jostling of crowds out of the way. The reputation of their owner was founded on a single element, his aggressiveness. His wit had the point of a rapier and the force of a cudgel, and he lived by his wit as others by their wits. Member of the famous group of Five that in the Corps Législatif constituted the original nucleus of the opposition, he had been for years the life of the house, with his brilliant invective and pitiless sarcasm. With such weapons had he relentlessly pursued Baron Haüssman, Prefect of the Seine. So actively had he denounced the edile munificence of the Imperial favorite, that he had grown to be regarded as a sort of tutelary genius over the plundered finances of Paris.

On this account was he named Minister of Finance on the 4th of September, not for anything he had ever done himself, but for his vivacious criticisms on what others had done.

The latter days of M. Picard at the Corps Législatif had been embittered by much complex vexation. Radicals had arrived among the deputies who threw the ancient cuicuncx of opposition quite into the shade, and whose criticism of the Empire entirely eclipsed that still ventured by Picard by its vehemence, if not its wit. Nothing is so intolerable as to be surpassed, during one's own life-time, by one's own disciples. It is like tasting beforehand the bitterness of death and the ingratitude of posterity. M. Picard recoiled further and further from the Left wing of the house—he occupied solidly the Left center—he cast longing eyes on the peaceful benches of the Right, of the majority, undisturbed by heresy and schism. But, second irony of fate! His friend and colleague Ollivier gained on his movement of reaction precisely as Rochefort and Gambetta had surpassed his movement of reform. Ollivier went over to the Empire, while Picard was still hesitating in the delicacies of doubt. The rupture of friendship was already a severe trial, but it was intolerably aggravated by the rapid promotion of his friend. Picard lived to see Ollivier Prime Minister, but his own hopes of advancement were suddenly blasted by the untimely intervention of the Republic and the ruin of the Empire. Nevertheless, he consented to embrace the Republic, but with just that shade of magnanimous spite with which a woman sometimes marries a man who has interrupted other matrimonial negotiations that she would have greatly preferred.

It might, however, be expected that a man so practical and supple as M. Picard would know how to accommodate himself perfectly to the new situation, and to make the most of the golden opportunity that fortune had thrown into his lap. He was to devise or create the funds needed to pay the troops,

* These sketches are from a MS. History of the Siege of Paris, written there before the occupation of the capital by the Government of Versailles.

to manufacture cannon, to support the families of the National Guard, to clothe the poor and feed the hungry. He was called upon to restore to Paris the autonomy of whose privation he had so long complained, and to vindicate the city of whose fortunes he had so long been the champion. To this rôle M. Picard seemed fitted by his antecedents and by the tenacity of his character; by his faults and by his virtues; by his ambition as well as his ability; his vanity no less than his sagacity; his self-love, and whatever disinterested affection for Paris and for the Republic really found room in his capacious chest amidst the torrents of abuse he had so long accumulated to lavish upon their enemies.

But what general would desire peace who only received his pay during the battle? What physician is really anxious for the permanent disappearance of epidemics? What lawyer, for the reign of brotherly love among men? It is the fatality of those who owe their success to the public calamities they attempt to avert, that the future of such success is annihilated by its completeness, and the public benefit, once assured, is a source of private misfortune to the benefactor. What was to become of M. Picard when there should no longer be any Haussman to attack, any Emperor, any Empire? No majority to make fun of, no President Schneider to dismay, no Rouher to put in a passion? A frightful abyss of nothingness yawned before him,—that into which the march of events had precipitated all his enemies. In his consternation, honest Picard was led to regret his enemies, and to hate the march of events. The “wise moderation” of an immense number of conservatives has no other real reason of existence than the instinctive desire to prolong the period of their own importance. Their wisdom is merely the self-preservation that is the first law of every creature. Hence, closer scrutiny into the case tends to considerably dampen the first confidence inspired by consideration of M. Picard's antecedents, abilities, and antipathies. Reason is discovered to fear that all the public action of the new Minister of Finance would be dominated by a certain discontent, by an instinc-

tive spite against the situation; that he would restrain himself to a dogged consistency to everything he had ever said, and be at pains to ignore that anybody had ever said anything else, or that the situation required anything new; that he would be ridiculously stingy in public expenditure, merely because M. Haussman had been ridiculously extravagant; that he would be tender towards Bonapartists because they recalled the day of his bygone usefulness and consequent greatness; that he would be pitilessly sarcastic upon the Republicans, partly because they survived him, partly because he had no one else to fling at; that he would be philosophic in regard to the Prussians, would sneer at Paris, and discourage the defense; that, with all these criss-cross motives at work in that ponderous breast, and animating that strong, compact brain, it was more than probable that M. Ernest Picard would lend but sorry aid to the immense task imposed upon the Provisional Government; and would, moreover, harass, scare, frighten, ridicule, and domineer over all his colleagues whose breadth of shoulders and width of girth were less ample than his own.

JULES FERRY.

As to M. Jules Ferry, first known as political writer for *Le Temps*, it were difficult to decide whether he should be regarded chiefly as the shadow of M. Picard, or as that of M. Jules Favre. In the latter capacity had he been elected as deputy from the Faubourg St. Germain, in 1869. In the former, he had distinguished himself by the invention of a *mot* concerning M. Haussman, which he had placed at the service of his elder brother in arms. He had nicknamed the Prefect's Reports, “*Les Comptes Fantastiques de M. Haussman*.” The *mot* had the effect so frequently due to *mots*, since Richelieu legalized their function by the foundation of the *Académie Française*—it made the fortune of M. Jules Ferry. Upon it he was sent to the Corps Législatif; on account of it, after the revolution of September, he was installed Prefect of the Seine, and later, after the resignation of Etienne Arago, appointed Mayor of Paris. His individuality was not sufficiently distinct to furnish the elements for a predic-

tion of his political career, otherwise than that it would be an ambitious imitation of that of his associates.

TROCHU.

The military element of the situation was naturally represented in the Provisional Government by General Trochu.

Trochu was a noted and honored name in the Orleanist party, and he had manifested his fidelity to his political principles by his persistent refusal to compromise with imperialism. As soldier, he had been aide-de-camp of the famous Marshal Bugeaud, and had carried his orders on the 24th of February, when the insurrection of Paris won its victory over the victor of twenty battles in Africa. He had fought in the Crimean War, in Italy, at Solferino. But his reputation was based, not on any military exploit by which he had distinguished himself, but on a book that he had published in 1867, to criticise the organization of the French army. This effort of audacity, remarkable on the part of a professional man, was said to have debarr'd him from all further advancement in his profession. In reality, however, it made his fortune; for on account of it, on the one hand, he won an immense share of popular confidence; on the other, he was promoted to the post of Governor of Paris during the last days of the Empire. The members of the Palikao cabinet—the most hardily Bonapartist of any that had been in power since the days of Maupas and Morny—felt the ground give way beneath their feet, and summoned their Orleanist enemy to their assistance. Trembling with rage and ill-concealed fear, they flung the reins of government into the hands of the man who had opposed and criticised them, with the spiteful injunction, "Do better if you can."

Trochu had every reason to desire to do better, and his friends might have reason to hope that he had every capacity. A Breton, a sincere Catholic in the midst of general scepticism, a simple soldier, intent on doing his duty unmoved by the brawl of politics or the noisy clamor of personal ambitions, loyally faithful to the monarch who had tried to govern France on the model of an honest bourgeois family, summoned from his dignified

seclusion by enemies compelled to render homage to his unobtrusive merit—Oh, who so fit as General Trochu to inspire the confidence due to uprightness, modesty, simplicity, and good faith?

Nor were these moral qualifications all possessed by the President of the Provisional Government to entitle him to his position. The opinions and judgment expressed in his book afford the most favorable indications of the author. This book is admirably written. The style is so clear and animated, that the reader the most ignorant of military details is fascinated as by a novel. These same details are discussed with all the technical knowledge of an instructed officer, and with a breadth and elevation of judgment of which such officers are not always capable. The author seems entirely above the ordinary mediocrity which is ready to sacrifice an end for the sake of routine fidelity to the means. He takes the greatest pains to distinguish between the means and the end, and ascribes to moral influences, or the motor power of an army, an importance equal to that of its executive apparatus or material force. In the service of an unjust cause this force is secretly weakened and finally melts away, however imposing its nature and whatever its immediate success. The General desires that the army be to the nation like his sword to a just man—ready at need to enforce his argument, but never drawn until this argument has failed on account of the obduracy of the hearts to whom it was addressed. He plans an organization of the army that shall serve as a means of moralizing the people, instead of constituting an inexhaustible source of demoralization. He rejects the conscription; he demands that the obligation to defend the country be imposed upon every young man destined to take rank among its citizens. This obligation is intended to combat personal egotism by the continual association with the interests of society, and with the duties owed to the State. On this account the General avoids the substitution of one egotism for another, and condemns the adoption of the army as a professional career. "Old soldiers," declares Trochu, "are the most unreliable part of the army. Their courage and endurance are

nearly always measured by the most sordid calculations of their possible profits. The idea of their rights always primes that of their duties, and accumulates a latent fund of discontent that may break out at any moment, and the habit of mutinous grumbling is rendered all the more dangerous from the peculiarly independent character of the French soldier."

Trochu analyzes this character with much *finesse*, and insists on the impossibility of subjecting to Prussian discipline men who were absolutely uncontrollable except by the influence of an idea. This might be true or false, profound or superficial, just or absurd, selfish or generous, but it was always an idea, and no habit of brute obedience could replace the energy of its action. "The national army," says Trochu, "always reflects the character of the nation." The most distinctive characteristics of the French people depend on the remarkable predominance of the intellectual element over the rest of their nature. To this are equally due the virtues for which they are admired, and the faults for which they are condemned. To this are no less due their inconstancy to a purpose that seems unattainable.

What remarkable good fortune had furnished such a chief as Trochu to the militia army of Paris, where all the peculiarities of the French soldier were necessarily enhanced to the utmost! What rare coincidence had placed at the head of the Provisional Government a man who knew so well the influence that may be exerted by authority, on a population always inclined to seek its inspiration from above, and to reverence Government as the most concentrated expression of society! What an opportunity was offered to the moral forces of the situation, when this situation was controlled by a man like Trochu, so accustomed to place in such forces his supreme confidence and deliberate esteem!

And, as if to render the Governor of Paris the very hero and darling of the National Guard, his book contained a criticism on the education of the soldier, that seemed to singularly fit him for the command of inexperienced troops. He denounced as superfluous or vicious much of the drill imposed on

the soldier, much of the education conferred on the officer. "One consideration alone should regulate military exercises—not their effect on parade, but their effectiveness in time of action." "A good gymnastic training was preferable to many cumbrous technicalities actually enforced, and invariably thrown aside in the heat of battle." A few rules—bodily endurance and agility; confidence in their leaders; these are the essentials in a soldier's training, and these may be obtained in comparatively short time under pressure of sufficient motives, and may convert raw troops into invincible heroes. What remarkable chance of success was added to that of the defense, when its chief, called upon to improvise an army at such a frightful emergency, to break with routine that the situation rendered impossible, to forego precedent, of which the situation was deprived, to originate a plan which the situation alone could equal in originality—what good fortune, I say, that this chief was the author of such a book, and was named Trochu!

Nevertheless, certain details in the panegyric that we have found reason to pronounce excite a shade of distrust on second reading. This loyalty to Louis Philippe was but a singular guarantee for successfully weathering a crisis that had revived all the slumbering passions against the Orleanists. Diplomacy modeled on the administration of a bourgeois family might prove as corrupting, and as inadequate to the vaster needs of society as had been the administration of Louis Philippe itself. The greater the fidelity of Trochu to the memory of this monarch, the greater the danger that he would imitate his eminently respectable crimes.

Again, this sincerity of religious faith may be said to imply much less a nature elevated above the ideas of his time than depreciated below them. A sincere Catholic dangerously resembles a sincere Jesuit, and the sincerity of a Jesuit is but another name for perfidy. Catholicism was but a rotten reed to oppose to the Lutheran mysticism of the Prussians. Belief in the miraculous intervention of St. Genevieve was little calculated to strengthen the feeble knees of the defenders of Paris.

Breton superstition would be scarcely capa-

ble of dealing with the mocking population of Paris, skeptical, or borne in the current of a new belief that filled the pious soul of Trochu with horror. But even the graces of his book contained certain omens unfavorable to the military success of the General. Its literary talent greatly exceeded any that he had been known to display as a soldier, and yet he was a soldier by profession. Now, a man who distinguishes himself more highly outside of his profession than in it, is rarely a distinguished member of the craft to which he belongs; moreover, the talent exhibited by Trochu was peculiarly incompatible with military genius. His prose was graceful, elegant, flowing, exhibiting nothing of the terse brevity and concentrated energy that characterizes the speech of a man accustomed to energetic action. Innate capacity for mastering the brutal facts of war is inconsistent with the facile suavity that wins laurels at the Institute.

Finally, this criticism upon the army, like that of Picard upon the Empire, had been made without the least expectation that it would lead to any practical result. On this very account had it been addressed to the public, and plunged like a sword into water. To tell the truth, the technical reputation of Trochu was not high among his colleagues, and, from a certain point of view, his book might be likened to the popular dissertations on Hygiene written by doctors whose theses have been refused at the Faculties of Medicine.

It was, therefore, unfortunately possible that the sagacious critic, like the critical orator, might at the most important moment find himself paralyzed by the reflex influence of his own inefficacious speech.

GAMBETTA.

The national element of the situation was represented by Gambetta. This selection was purely accidental, for nothing in Gambetta's antecedents indicated that he, more than any other, was especially fitted for this rôle. Named Minister of the Interior on the 4th of September, he did not leave Paris until the 13th of October, and during the interval his individuality remained merged in that of the other members of the Provisional Government.

But from the moment of his arrival in the provinces the "indomitable Gambetta" rose to the height of the situation, at least in so far as regards the conception of its necessities. His figure stands out in energetic relief against the inertia of his colleagues, and the ineffable platitude of the rural districts. Alone, he seemed to be inspired by the tradition of 1792, and dreamed of imitating its achievement. His imagination was haunted by the memory of St. Just, as he paraded the guillotine in the streets of Strasburg; or of Danton, whose stentorian voice resounds through history with the cry: "*De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.*" But what may accomplish a single voice, a single will, even though the one possessed all the power of Danton, and the other all the inflexibility of St. Just? Mirabeau would have been accused of gasconade had he lavished his invective on the inhabitants of the Byzantine Empire. Robespierre would have been as impotent as a Damascus blade to cleave a feather pillow had he been surrounded by a troop of eunuchs, sent to his assistance by the Sultan of Turkey. No wonder that the energy of Gambetta failed before the general inertia; no wonder that his voice resounded faintly, as a trumpet blown in space exhausted of air. Sound requires not only an organ of utterance, but a medium of vibration—not only a tongue to articulate, but an auditory nerve to respond.

There was nothing in his antecedents that could indicate the special character of his rôle. By a whimsical contradiction, Gambetta, who intrinsically had nothing to represent, was the only person in the Provisional Government who consistently represented it.

JULES FAVRE.

The Republican element of this situation was unquestionably represented by Jules Favre. This was the "eminent man" who, by foreigners, had so long been regarded as the weightiest champion of Republican liberty in France. Consistently with the foreign preponderance of his reputation, M. Jules Favre was now called upon to defend the Republic by assuming the portfolio of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. His reputation was European, like that of Lamartine, the illustrious Min-

ister of Foreign Affairs in 1848. The fame of Lamartine was confounded with that of his eloquence. The renown of Jules Favre was inseparable from that of his oratory. The more sonorous the eloquence, the larger the audience chamber required for its exhibition. All Europe had constituted the audience chamber of Lamartine. M. Jules Favre instinctively addressed himself to all Europe. M. Jules Favre, like Lamartine, had frequently spoken in favor of the Republic before fortune offered him the opportunity to render it an immense and practical service. In 1830 he had demanded the abolition of royalty and the formation of an *Assemblée Constituante*. In 1835 he defended political criminals before the Court of Peers, and opened his pleading with the affirmation, "I am a Republican." In 1848 he mingled with the crowd that flocked to the Hôtel de Ville, on the 24th day of February, to salute the Provisional Government. Under this government he had served as secretary to Ledru Rollin, Minister of the Interior. After the *coup d'état* he retired for six years into private life and the lucrative practice of his profession, but finally consented to take the oath of office he had at first refused, and was then elected deputy to the Corps Législatif. Here he remained in steadfast opposition to the Empire, and as a more or less steadfast champion of the Republic, until the revolution of September swept him upwards to a post of far wider responsibility.

The primitive nucleus in the character of Jules Favre was that of a lawyer. As a lawyer he had begun to plead for the Republic when, in the person of Raoul Bravard, he defended the victims of the *coup d'état*, assailed afresh in the infamous prosecutions of 1853. Then he had opened his suit against the Empire, and he closed his case when, on the third of September, 1870, he pronounced the destitution of the Bonaparte dynasty. He consecrated to the Republic his talent as advocate. But this was far from all that he offered in homage to the cause. Unlike as possible to Ananias and Sapphira, he brought forward spontaneously all that he possessed, all his opportunities, all his renown. Two or three years ago Jules Favre was nominated

member of the Institute, and succeeded to the *fauteuil* left vacant by the death of Victor Cousin. His inaugural address on this occasion was a *chef d'œuvre* of Republican eloquence, and justified the long expectancy of the crowd that had waited five hours before the Institute doors in order to secure places to hear it. The oration teemed with the innuendo so dear to the Parisian heart. Everything it said was intended as a simple index to something it did not say. The official eulogy on the eclectic philosopher served only as a pretext for pungent sallies against the Emperor. Victor Cousin was left in the shade befitting his shadowy principles; and discreetly as his own faith veils his skepticism did his name serve as a transparent medium for that of Louis Napoleon. On this occasion the new member of the Institute seemed to concentrate all his abilities, all his fame as orator, scholar, man of letters, philosopher, and citizen, into a single triumphant effort to stigmatize the infamy of the Empire, and to vindicate the honor of the Republic. His success rivaled that obtained by Lamartine at the prophetic banquets of 1847. And such noble emulation unquestionably became Jules Favre's motive power when the day arrived for him to inherit the position of Lamartine at the Provisional Government, as he had succeeded to that of Victor Cousin at the Institute. Although I have certainly never been honored with an admission to the secret communings of M. Jules Favre, I have always been persuaded that in that awful secrecy the Minister of Foreign Affairs communed much less with himself than with the shade of his predecessor. Whenever the uninitiated spectator of the siege of Paris failed to understand a trait in the character or policy of Jules Favre, he had but to turn over a page of history and read the explanation in Lamartine.

The ideal to which aspired the ambition of Lamartine was much less the salvation of the Republic than the glory of himself as its saviour. In regard to the Republic, he was infinitely more anxious to guard against the possible excesses of its friends than against the certain conspiracies of its enemies. In regard to himself, the ideal of his usefulness

infinitely surpassed the limits of "the form of government" whose safety had been committed to his trust. He so burned to save Society, Humanity, Philosophy, Religion, Poesy, Art, that the simple business consigned to his fidelity was almost lost in the glow of his universal enthusiasm.

This dangerous comprehensiveness was equally characteristic of Jules Favre. The war against the Prussians, and the solid establishment of the Republic, might have absorbed the energies of a more vulgar mind. But his penetrating glance went at once to the kernel of the matter, and detected, as the most important circumstance in the siege of Paris, a new opportunity to defend society against the ravages of Socialism. He derived exquisite pleasure from the gratitude lavished upon him by the *bourgeois* each time that he was supposed to have saved them from anarchy, atheism, and pillage; and this pleasure afforded a subtle temptation to artificially multiply these delicious occasions. The consciousness of power constitutes the keenest inducement to its exercise, and M. Favre was not always free from a certain feminine coquetry in the manner in which he excited alarm for the purpose of soothing it to rest again.

Lamartine had a prodigious confidence in the power of words. He seemed sincerely to believe that the external world of facts constituted a mere phantasmagoria of dissolving views, ready to melt into one another under the magic influence of his voice. He believed that he had dissipated Socialism, and all its formidable claims, by his airy metaphor concerning the "*drapeau rouge*" and the Champ de Mars. He believed he had saved Poland when he published his famous European manifest that announced the foundation of the French Republic, and its intention to make common cause with oppressed liberty all over the world. He believed that he had satisfied public feeling, and performed his duty as an honest man, when he subsequently declared to the people assembled to demand the relief of Poland: 'That their sentiments were reasonable, just, and noble, and did them infinite honor; and that, moreover, they should not wrest from him a vote in favor of interven-

tion for Poland until they had passed over his dead body, henceforth powerless to defend the dignity of his resolution.'

In 1870 the famous European circular of Jules Favre, modeled on the manifest of Lamartine, was believed by its author to have placed the Republic beyond the reach of all danger, and Paris above the necessity of defense. Or, if further doubt remained on the subject, it must necessarily be dissipated by the result of M. Favre's eloquence that would be displayed at Ferrières, or of M. Favre's diplomacy, employed in the mission of Thiers. Again, on the 8th of October M. Favre would harangue the first manifestation in favor of the Commune and the "*drapeau rouge*" on that same Place de l'Hotel de Ville where Lamartine had exposed such conclusive considerations concerning the Champ de Mars. Like his predecessor, M. Favre would dissipate reason by a metaphor, and retire from the field with complacent self-congratulations upon his influence over popular passions. Finally, when the people should demand that he make good his solemn engagements for the defense of Paris, exactly as they had claimed consistency from Lamartine, he also would place his hand on his heart, and swear that no amount of violence should compel him to this unseemly determination.

By those who surround the political Lamartine with the aureole conferred on the historian of the Girondists and the author of the *Meditations*, these various analogies may be regarded in the most favorable light. Nevertheless, an overweening confidence in the power of words can hardly be considered to indicate all the moral and intellectual vigor requisite for a brutal conflict with things. Enthusiasm for the Republic, hitherto exhibited in the well-warmed air of banquets, lawsuits, and receptions at the Institute, is not necessarily strong enough to stand exposure to a ruder climate. An enemy affords a certain protection so long as he remains in power; because, holding fast to the position, he discharges all other shoulders of the responsibility. Such protection is an ineffable boon to certain natures; and others, whose original strength might perhaps have enabled them to dis-

pense with it, become absolutely dependent through force of long-acquired habit.

Hence, the first sentiment with which M. Jules Favre would acclaim the new Republic might easily be tinged by timidity and distrust. Over the head of the tender plant, so long nurtured in a green-house, every fragment of screen or shelter had been blown away, and, defenseless, it shivered under the blasts of heaven. Jules Favre shivered. His nature was delicate, like that of a sensitive plant. Sensibility was certainly the predominant feature of his character, and manifested itself later in his abundant tears. With such a nature, how could he fail to tremble at such an atrocious situation? The Republic was there, all alone, fallen from the sky, and, as if it were the sky itself that had fallen, overwhelming its faithful adorer with stupefaction. True, it was his own word that had precipitated this astounding catastrophe,—but who would have supposed that the mere touch of a bell-rope would bring the whole edifice tumbling to the ground? When a person pulls a bell it is in order to summon a servant to do something that he cannot or will not do for himself. When M. Jules Favre pronounced sentence on the Empire, it was in order to make an appeal to history. It was simply shocking to be obliged to respond to this appeal in his own person. What! He had been advocate, he had been judge, and he must now perform the office of executioner? His nerves shrank from the task. He loathed the sight of blood. His affection for the Republic was so delicate and intimate that he was convinced these qualms and terrors must be shared by the idol of his heart. A Republic founded in blood! It was horrible; it was abominable. True, none had ever been founded in any other way, but that was the fault of all past Republics. *His* Republic, the Republic of Jules Favre, of Victor Cousin, of Lamartine, should be pure as Graziella whom Lamartine deserted, mild as the Eclectic Philosophy that Victor Cousin preached, reverent for powers in high places as Jules Favre himself. A tender, timid, virgin Republic, that had laid aside the bold Phrygian cap and assumed the white robe of the first communion. In such guise should she make the European tour, escorted

by M. Thiers. In such guise should M. Favre, who had been her sponsor in baptism, espouse her definitely before the same altar that should be erected for an imperial coronation at Versailles. But all the faith in the virtue of the Republic, so long and eloquently professed by M. Jules Favre, was liable to be nullified by his distrust of its strength. All his loud admiration of its beauty might be rendered useless by his unconsciousness of its real dignity. All his sensitive compassion for its misfortunes serve only to fill up their measure, because he was so innocently ignorant of its rights.

The Republic that M. Favre had advocated was a purely political republic. He repudiated the contamination of socialism like the touch of an unclean hand. In 1848 he had joined in the cabal against Louis Blanc, and been one of the committee to denounce him after the affair of the 15th of May. In the *Assemblée Constituante* he had opposed liberty of reunion by voting for the law on mass meetings and on the clubs. Notwithstanding his vote in favor of progressive taxation, he had perpetuated the ancient abuse of the *gabelle* by voting against the abolition or reduction of the tax on salt. He was, in fact, a *blue* Republican.

In the tricolor, or national flag of France, the white stripe represents the monarchy; the blue, the parliaments or *bourgeoisie*; the red represents the people. Whenever the interests of the people or socialism gains for a moment the ascendancy, the pure red flag is claimed—the famous “*drapeau rouge*,” so skillfully averted by Lamartine. Were the *bourgeoisie* consistent, it would symbolize its government by a flag entirely blue, as that of the monarchy before the revolution had been entirely white, and as that of socialism was entirely red. But in the minds of this party the dread of destroying anything that already existed, entirely overwhelmed every other consideration. In the tricolor flag they were careful to preserve the emblem of the royalty they attempted to abolish, and in their doctrine they were yet more assiduous to preserve its principles.

From the moment that the social revolution for the people has been distinctly imagined, desired, and claimed, the political revolution,

which only transfers power from the nobles to the *bourgeois*, has been rendered superficial; and this not because its real advantages are less than they were, but because something more profound had been upheaved from beneath it.

All history is resumed in a succession of such upheavals—such successive explosions of interior force—in virtue of which the strata first visible are gradually thinned and worn away. The ideas of M. Jules Favre, confined to a superficial stratum, could not fail to lack the impulse of the passion that only moves in regions more profound. There would be no intensity in his assertion of the Republic, no defiance of Europe, or contempt for kings. On the contrary, he would be tremblingly anxious until admitted into their august society, and until his own mission had been sanctioned by powers necessarily and radically hostile to it. To reign in heaven, he would deem essential the consent of all the principalities of hell. For him the Republic was simply one form of government, and the Empire of Russia another less preferable. Nothing, therefore, would seem more natural than to send an envoy of the Republic to crave the good offices of the Russian Czar.

This hope of foreign intervention was destined to seriously weaken the internal effort necessary for the defense. All serious preparations would be adjourned until M. Favre's tenacious confidence in the virtues of diplomacy should have been repulsed by a thrice repeated humiliation. Then it was too late to regain the impetus of the original moment. Though this still existed in the people, the vitality of the government had been undermined, and was ready to be exhausted.

This consideration may show how intimate were the relations that existed between the republicanism of M. Jules Favre and the fortunes of the siege of Paris.

Those whom the Revolution surprised among the deputies at the Corps Législatif were installed at the Hôtel de Ville, as a matter of course. This group in the Provisional Government was composed of Glaiz-Bizain, Crémieux, Etienne Arago, Emmanuel Arago, and Garnier Pagès.

GARNIER PAGÈS.

Of this group Garnier Pagès was much the most important member. Like Crémieux, he was already deputy when the revolution of 1848 exploded, and, in overthrowing a ministry, dispersed a Corps Législatif and shattered a throne. He also had mingled in the events of the 24th, had been member of the committee assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, and still in session while the Duchess of Orleans was trying to plead her cause before the Corps Législatif. Named by acclamation Mayor of Paris, he subsequently abandoned this position to Etienne Arago, and assumed the portfolio of Minister of Finance.

M. Garnier Pagès has written an elaborate history of the Revolution, in which the recital of his own adventures, and the defense of his own measures, not unnaturally occupy an important place. The tone of this book is serious, honest, naïve, conceited, ponderous, and dull. The fall of Louis Philippe is described with such tenderness and pathos as betrays all the influence the prestige of royalty still exercised over the imagination of the republican. The drivelling scene of the abdication,—“of which I was the mute witness,” says Garnier Pagès,—he ennobles as “grand.” After relating all the miserable vacillations and the subterfuges with which the King tried to avert his merited disgrace, this “mute witness” exclaims: “It was enough to move the soul the most habituated to the contemplation of human vicissitudes!”

The memory of this scene haunted Garnier Pagès long after the undignified flight of Louis Philippe, and his own installation as Minister of Finance under the Republic. His first thoughts were directed towards securing for the Republic the adherence of the Orleanists, whose ambition the Republic had crushed, and whom its advent had turned out of office. He hastened to write to Odillon Barrot, who had been nominated colleague to Thiers during the last effort made to save the throne of Louis Philippe by the sacrifice of the Guizot ministry. M. Garnier Pagès is so proud of the inspiration that dictated his letter that he quotes in full the reply of the Orleanist, with which he seems delighted. Barrot advises the

minister who has risen to power on his defeat "to *regularize* liberty as soon as possible, and to exert himself to prevent a political reform from *degenerating* into a social revolution, that is, from attacking property and the family."

This last clause contains the usual "conservative" fiction, which asserts that the organization of labor must necessarily be accompanied by a community of wives. The same idea that dictated his overtures to Odillon Barrot fills M. Garnier Pagès with exultation over the voluntary adhesions that flocked to the Provisional Government. Bugeaud, who had fought against the Republic on the 24th of February; Changarnier, destined to be an accomplice of Bonaparte; the whole family of Bonapartes—Pierre, Napoleon, Louis Napoleon—all were welcomed with naïve confidence and unreflecting enthusiasm.

From this first indication it is already evident that the influence of Republican tradition as represented by Garnier Pagès would present, in one respect at least, an analogy with the modern republicanism of Jules Favre. It would be directed, not to the vigorous development of the principles intrinsic to the Republic, but towards the effort to conciliate them with such as they radically opposed. This policy is based on the following axiom: "It is always safe to neglect your friends—never your enemies. By neglect of the first, you are relieved with impunity from the obligation of serving them. By attention to the second, you avoid skillfully the danger of offending them." This high-minded axiom had ruined the Republic in 1848,—would it prove equally efficacious in 1870?

The public acts of Garnier Pagès in 1848 afford, however, much more precise indication concerning his presumable influence in 1870; all the more so that, as I have said, the interests forcibly repressed by the advent of the Empire had instantaneously revived with the Emperor's ruin. The social situation was essentially the same. The siege of Paris often seemed to represent the reign of the Provisional Government of 1848, with the Prussians added as a supernumerary consideration of comparatively little importance.

Now in 1848 the great battle had involved

an immense crisis in finance, and in the system of labor by which all existing financial institutions were supported. The Minister of Finance might therefore be regarded as the commander-in-chief of the position. It was for him, more than any one else, to recognize the nature of the crisis, to measure its necessities, provide for its emergencies, and secure the triumph of the just principles at stake. M. Garnier Pagès was unquestionably anxious to do his duty, and all his measures were decided under pressure of this anxiety. He assures us so himself. He passed a decree of legal tender that saved from ruin the Bank of France. He strengthened tottering commercial credit by the establishment of national discounting houses. He relieved groaning warehouses of manufactures by the creation of warrant docks. Finally, to fill up the enormous deficit in the Government revenues, he decreed the famous tax of 45 centimes, that succeeded in bringing in a little money to the Treasury, but excited the unutterable hatred of the peasants, and thus largely contributed to ruin the Republic, and pass over the peasant vote to the Empire.

Second inconsistency and shortsightedness: To relieve the increasing distress among the working-people, M. Garnier Pagès aided his colleague, Marie, to establish the national workshops. The system was vicious, degrading, and sterile,—it necessarily collapsed. The workshops were closed from lack of funds to sustain them, and the ten thousand paupers, turned suddenly out into the streets, exploded their rage and misery in the terrible insurrection of June.

The radical faults of M. Garnier Pagès's administration depended on his intellectual weakness. He was either superficial, although just, or utterly inadequate, although well-intentioned. To a situation that required all the unerring precision of genius he brought the mumbling perceptions of mediocrity. True genius is always the genius of the situation. Its word is concentrated, incisive; it pierces at once to the marrow of things across all the cumbrous hindrances of flesh.

These ponderous pages in which M. Garnier Pagès makes such conscientious efforts to resume the situation with justice and im-

partiality, these diffuse reasonings for and against every disputed point, this shallow clearness, this correct elegance of diction—in all this we encounter a new instance of the vice that seemed inherent in every member of the Provisional Government,—a passion for words; and an unlimited facility of phraseology. Like Picard, Trochu, and Jules Favre, M. Garnier Pagès was condemned in advance by the fatal omen of his excessive fluency of speech, uncompensated by any effectiveness in action. But his practical administration had not lacked the benefit of contemporary criticism, coming from his colleagues, from the press, the clubs, the public meetings, the tumultuous delegations.

"Instead of saving the Bank of France," cried these discontented critics, "you should allow it to fall, and seize the opportunity to establish a National Bank in its place. The financial interests of the nation are pre-eminently a concern of the State, and should not be left to the control of private companies. Instead of limiting the benefits of association and credit to capitalists and *bourgeois*, you should extend them to the people. You should encourage the formation of co-operative societies that everywhere are springing into existence; you should assure to them the control of capital, the necessary instrument of labor, and deprived of which the laborer remains eternally a slave. You recognize as legitimate the direct intervention of the Government at such a moment of crisis in the affairs of citizens. But such intervention should be extended to all, and not limited to a class already too highly privileged. You decree an unvarying tax that, pressing equally upon the rich and the poor, is ten times heavier for the latter on account of his lesser strength. It revives, therefore, all the injustice and iniquity of the fiscal expedients under the ancient monarchies. Instead, adopt a system of progressive taxation that, passing over entirely incomes below a certain minimum, shall gradually increase with the fortune assessed, and constitute a powerful indirect means of securing equality of conditions. Finally, you issue Treasury Bonds to your Discounting Houses, to save the notes of the *bourgeois*: this is well enough; but in addition

advance loans and give important orders to the associations that are struggling to obtain bread and dignity for the people. You convert unsalable goods into bank deposits: well and good; but you allow the whole machinery of industry to lie idle on account of disorder in the superficial part of its mechanism. Profit rather by the occasion to direct industry towards the satisfaction of the real wants of the laborers. They shiver with cold; call them together and invite them to manufacture their own clothes. They perish with hunger; throw open to them the vast uncultivated lands belonging to the State; bid them dig, plow, sow, reap, and eat the fruit of their labors." Otherwise, might have whispered a prophetic voice, if you neglect this opportunity, a certain Louis Bonaparte may avail himself of its chances and be carried to power over your heads on the reputation of schemes devised for agricultural colonies, and for the extinction of pauperism. Because the Socialists claimed what is contained in this criticism they were stigmatized as crazy Utopians. Because the people demanded this they were decried as savage and dangerous monsters. Because Louis Blanc demanded the organization of a bureau that should especially occupy itself with the interests of labor, Louis Blanc has been denounced as an arch mischief-maker, and responsible for the ruin of the Republic. And Americans often echo these commonplaces, and Paris correspondents to the *Tribune* relate hypothetical conversations with Trochu, in which they suggest the use of "sharp measures with the Radicals." *

Yet during the American war of secession, engaged, like the Revolution of 1848, to settle an immense question of labor, American audacity shrank from none of these Utopian enterprises. The Government, elected in the interests of this labor question, like the Provisional Government of 1848, manufactured paper money, guaranteed by national credit, destroyed the property of a privileged class, imposed an enormously progressive tax, opened a Freedmen's or Labor Bureau, revo-

* See the *New York Tribune* for November 8th, 1870.

lutionized the relations between master and workingman, accepted the guardianship of four millions working-people, placed in their own hands the instruments of labor, encouraged the development of their independent industry, shattered an entire social organization, and erected another on a radically new basis.

This healthful audacity is to the eternal honor of the American people. But they are often singularly forgetful of the nature of their own achievements when they begin to discuss European affairs.

The representation of the tradition of the past—practically limited to that of 1848—was likely, therefore, to prove as little reliable as the other elements of the Provisional Government. Not the past, but the men who had inadequately interpreted it when present, had revived on the modern scene. Their representation could hardly fail to be even more inadequate the second time than the first. "Garnier Pagès was morally too old in 1848," said his opponents; "and to-day he is absolutely fossilized." He would certainly return to his old principles, in the first place because he had never left them, and in the second place because to their former exercise was due the simulacrum of importance he now enjoyed. To the dulled sensibilities of the old man the situation was much less interesting in itself than because it served to awaken agreeable recollections of his vigorous prime. Should the voice of Garnier Pagès be heard in the councils of the Provisional Government it would be muffled like the voices of the past. It would recall timidity, hesitation, compromise, at a moment when the desperate emergency of the situation would render faults doubly dangerous. Finally, it was more than probable that the voice of Garnier Pagès would never be heard at all, but that he would represent the past principally by his immovability and his silence. And this is exactly what happened. From the beginning of the siege to the reign of the National Assembly, not an individual word or action may be ascribed to Garnier Pagès. His influence, if he had any, was as silent as himself, and exerted principally by the medium of the personal recollections of his colleagues, who also had survived from

1848. Only, alas! M. Garnier Pagès was destined to be an omen if not a force, and an evil omen too. For the Republic of 1848 had succumbed to violence. The Republic of 1870 was threatened by violence; would it also succumb? The character of its defenders afforded little guarantee of success, and the distrust they inspired was increased by recollections of the part they had already played in precipitating a previous failure.

ROCHEFORT.

In the Provisional Government the representation of socialism was awarded, by common consent, to Rochefort.

Every one knows the slight antecedents of Rochefort. A rakish, dueling, good-hearted, helter-skelter *boulevardier*, he emerged into public life about three years ago, as writer of political squibs for the *Figaro*. These squibs made the fortune of the paper; but in the end they irritated too severely the sensibilities of the Imperial Government. Orders were given to the proprietors of the *Figaro* to dismiss their pungent contributor under penalty of being dismissed themselves. In such an emergency the decision of Villemessant could not be doubted,—he turned his colleague out into the street, with all the energetic indignation that may be excited by paramount devotion to one's own interests. Left to his own resources on that December night, Rochefort started afresh on the capital of his martyrdom, which certainly brought in rich returns. The success of the *Lanterne* was immense. Seized at the eleventh number, it redoubled in popularity. Rochefort quarreled with the printer who refused to risk the publication of the condemned journal, and capped his refusal by insulting the editor's daughter. Blows were offered, if not exchanged. Rochefort was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, which he avoided by a timely flight to Belgium. Here he continued to write his *Lanterne*, and even contrived to send a large number of copies to France, where it was read with all the zest that could be added by a successful defiance of the police.

The popularity of Rochefort was maintained at its ancient pitch of enthusiasm, and in 1869 he was nominated candidate for the Corps

Législatif. He was elected from the 7th district of Paris over the head of Jules Favre, the rival candidate, but his legislative career was short. It comprised a *bon mot* and a popular manifestation, and terminated in a new sentence of imprisonment. The *mot* was flung at the Emperor, whom the incorrigible deputy had the ill manners to describe at a former period of his history, when "he promenaded at Strasburg with a piece of meat in his hat and a tame eagle fluttering over it."

Rochefort had been sent to the Corps Législatif for the express purpose of reviving such recollections; but the precepts of well-bred society and the principles of President Schneider were outraged. According to these principles, the members of the Legislature were assembled to enjoy the august hospitality accorded to them by the Emperor, and allusions to the peccadillos of his past were as unseemly as the *gaucherie* of a guest who should observe to his munificent host, "I remember the day when you were only a baker!"

Called to order, but not repressed, Rochefort reappeared in public at the funeral of Victor Noir, assassinated by Pierre Bonaparte. His energetic eloquence restrained the just popular excitement, and probably prevented a useless effusion of blood. Yet none the less was he impeached as a fomentor of revolt, and his colleagues at the Legislature voted to revoke his official inviolability, and to condemn him to six months' imprisonment. When this first term had expired, the Government had the effrontery to add that of four months, to which Rochefort had been sentenced previous to his flight into Belgium. The Revolution of September, that surprised the other republican deputies at the Corps Législatif, found him still languishing at St. Pélagie. The crowd rushed to the prison, forced open the doors, delivered the prisoner, and bore him in triumph to the Hôtel de Ville. Here the other deputies already installed consented to receive him as a colleague.

So in former days, the days of the Fronde, had the people of Paris delivered the old councillor Broussel, in defiance of Mazarin and Anne of Austria, because he also was considered to be "the protector of the people."

These fragmentary details constituted the entire sum and substance of Rochefort's antecedents and achievements. That this amiable duelist, superficial *boulevardier*, gay Bohemian, flashing pamphleteer, should be chosen by Fortune to represent the questions of socialism, surging from depths so profound, was certainly a most singular circumstance. As singular as that the froth on the sea should serve to indicate the march of the waves. It was indeed in this manner that Rochefort fulfilled his functions. He never had been, and never would be, anything else than a symbol. He would act like the hands on the face of the clock, to indicate the hour, without exercising the least influence on the play of the machinery. He would serve, not to advance the interests of the people, but to measure the variations in their fortunes. When these rose he would be borne to power; when they fell, he would send in his resignation.

Rochefort's popularity was, to a great extent, the product of his persecutions. His *Lanterne* had spread like wildfire as soon as it was suppressed. His candidacy had been proposed on account of his exile. His election had been triumphant, because Paris was saucily bent upon flinging as much defiance as possible into the face of the Empire. Sauciness constituted all Rochefort's prestige—now the sauciness of his constituents, now his own. This mocking disdain, that seemed more superficial, in reality sprang from a deeper root than the serious criticism of other members of the opposition. It was rooted in the self-consciousness of a rival power, bent on overturning, not a functionary, or a ministry, or a constitution, but systems, and thrones, and hierarchies. This power alone could afford to gibe and frolic with its adversary, whom it considered already as torn in pieces. Not the depth of his principles, but the coincidence between the scoff that scintillated from his easy wit, and the disdain that glowed from their laboring passion, united Rochefort and the people. But in a quarrel of dignities, what so close a bond of union as a common contempt? What could unite the people to Picard, anxious to preserve a "liberal" Empire; to Garnier Pagès, stupefied before the august tears of Louis Philippe; to Jules Fa-

vre, with his adroit reverences and supple genuflexions? Rochefort made fun of solemnities empty as a nightmare, and as overwhelming. Hence the people adored him. He represented for them "the ideal of liberty and justice," which poor Delescluze would pathetically lament to *not* find realized in the Republic of the Provisional Government. He represented the extreme limit of everything: he symbolized the revolution. The most audacious imagination could not penetrate beyond the possibilities of what would be should Rochefort only choose to do something. He never did choose, but his infallibility was preserved so much the more intact. The passage from thought to action is always a descent; how much more the attempt to realize, in one's own inadequate actions, the ideal framed by an ardent and idolatrous popular thought! The people, whose whole life is in the future, and whose actual existence has no other support than that of a distant hope, are never surprised by unfulfilled promises or continually deferred achievement. They are used to waiting for their pay—the people!

No, Rochefort did not represent socialism, but rather the present character of the people who had need of it. It was consistent that he should be uncertain, impotent, flickering as a will-o'-the-wisp that betrays the quagmires to which nevertheless it fatally conducts its victim; quite natural that he should gain isolated victories by brilliant sallies, but lack the impulse of combined, deliberate, persistent effort; that he should be successful in repartee and vanquished in council, should have the wit keen and the will feeble, the phrase picturesque and the ideas confused, the unconscious significance profound and the conscious intention superficial; should say more than he knew, and be ignorant of the powers that bore him onward. Under Rochefort's pretty, facile, flashing exterior existed much the same characteristics that we shall find in uncouth form at the clubs.

JULES SIMON.

As if to complete the typical nature of the Provisional Government, there existed in it an eleventh member, upon whom had devolved the high functions of the philosopher of the

situation. This was M. Jules Simon, Minister of Public Instruction. Philosophy stands behind all revolutions; in this case it seemed to lie on the surface. From all time philosophers have been the guides, companions, and friends of soldiers and statesmen. Alexander had his Aristotle, Frederick the Great his Voltaire, Robespierre was inspired by Rousseau: it were eminently fitting that General Trochu should receive aid and comfort from the inspirations of Jules Simon.

Member of the opposition at the Legislature before the 4th of September, the political reputation of M. Jules Simon had always been subordinated to his philosophic fame. This is the reason that he was nominated Minister of Public Instruction. Professor at the Normal School, he had, in 1854, published a volume on Duty, and, in 1856, another on Natural Religion. More recently, when the rude contact of the political world had habituated the thoughtful scholar to descend from these high themes to the consideration of the practical questions that agitated society, he had written a book on education, and finally a fourth, *L'Ouvrière*, on the condition of the working-woman in France.

All interests had thus been embraced by the comprehensive glance of this philosopher. Labor, education, morality, religion,—what more noble, what more important subjects could occupy an elevated and disinterested mind sincerely anxious to serve the cause of humanity?

The acquittal of the task seems, at first sight, to justify all the promise of its enterprise. As to the volume on *L'Ouvrière*, it is impossible not to be struck, on the very first glance, by the high tone by which it is pervaded. The very selection of the theme affords a touching revelation of the chivalrous side of M. Simon's many-faced nature. A philosopher, a professor of the Normal School, a Deputy of the Corps Législatif, he stoops from the serene heights of his habitual meditations to consider the silk-woman at Lyons, the lace-maker at Lille, the florist at Paris! He declares that he is even more pre-occupied by the moral condition of the working classes than by their physical misery. He describes and deplores the dissolution of the family, the

improvidence and excesses of the working-man, the hardships or degradation of working-women.

But a singular inconsistency, exhaling at the end in a singular vapidty of conclusion, pervades this treatise on *L'Ouvrière*. The author demonstrates that it is impossible to forbid the labor of married women, because it is impossible for the man alone to meet the expenses of the family. He none the less deplors this labor, which tends, he declares, to break up the family, and hence to demoralize the laborer. The philanthropist wails, but is unable to even suggest a remedy. He shows that all women work on starvation wages, except such as are employed in factories. Not only he proposes no plan for their relief, but he renews his wail over the evil effects of factory labor, which he declares nevertheless to be inevitable. He admires the *Cités Ouvrières* at Mulhouse, because they were founded by the patrons. Concerning co-operative associations of workingmen he does not deign to utter a word. On the whole, the accuracy of the book is illusory, its observations superficial, its reasoning leads to nothing, and its conclusions are null and void.

Is it otherwise with M. Simon's meditations on Duty?

The date on the title-page lends a painful emphasis to certain assertions in its contents. It was published in 1854, at the moment that the newly-established despotism was flaunting its most brutal and insolent triumph. Is it in imitation of the despair of the stoics that M. Simon writes: "Liberty should not be defined the power to do or not to do, but the power to wish or not to wish." "It is literally true that, before God and his conscience, the prisoner is free at the bottom of his dungeon." "A Russian (?) is like an automaton in the hands of his Czar, but before God he is free, because he is at liberty to desire good and to resist evil."

Is it with the aid of such scholastic definitions that the philosopher is justified in resigning himself to the rape of Liberty? Is it by contemplation of Siberia that he may avenge the fate of the proscribed exiles who were crowding the horrible transport ships that bore them to Cayenne? Is it by medi-

tation on the New Jerusalem that he can reconcile himself to the tortures inflicted by that unclean sea? Oh, how much more vigorous than these mild musings the rage of Victor Hugo!

"D'ailleurs, sombre mer, je te hais!"

The conclusion of this *Treatise on Duty* has become a byword; for it contains the affirmation that an oath, however taken, is sacredly binding in any circumstances. In virtue of this assertion, M. Simon refused, during a decent interval, to take oath of office under the Empire, alleging that its observance was inconsistent with his republican principles, and its violation shocking to his principles of morality. It is to be presumed that, later, a mind so comprehensive as that of Jules Simon discovered some third ground upon which he could reconcile his conscience and his ambition to serve his country. For not long afterward he accepted his election with the oath, and took his place in the Legislature at the side of Picard and Ollivier.

Toleration was indeed the cardinal principle of M. Simon's enlightenment. His philosophy was so comprehensive that it embraced every side of everything. It enabled him even to admire "the elevated character of the Catholic dogma," which he considered a superstition. It permitted him to occasionally attend mass, on condition that he say his prayers to himself, and refrain from mingling his voice with that of the uninstructed crowd.

These prayers were, moreover, as harmless as possible, as inoffensive, and, on M. Simon's showing, as thoroughly inefficacious as were his other aspirations towards any positive good. "The grand influence of prayer is subjective," says M. Simon, and he recommends fervent entreaty to heaven simply as a mental discipline possibly useful on earth.

This skepticism in regard to the success of spiritual action was the complement of the radical skepticism in regard to terrestrial matters that we have already noticed in other members of the Provisional Government. M. Picard had attacked the Empire without ever expecting to overthrow it; General Trochu had criticised the army without the smallest idea that any one would pay any attention; Jules Favre had defended the Republic while

entirely disbelieving in its right to sturdily defend itself; and Jules Simon prayed to God with the positive certainty that his prayers would never be heard.

What combined strength of impotence in this union of skeptical intentions! What rigorous powerlessness in this deliberate waste of power! What education to hypocrisy in this habit of goading the will to activity by means of orders endorsed by the forged signature of the Intellect!

This circumstance was in truth the most striking of all those in the antecedents of the members of the Provisional Government. Jules Simon in reproducing it, projected upon an immense scale, seemed to resume in himself all the germs of incapacity sown among his colleagues under other forms,—resume, typify, and explain all other feebleness by a pale and feeble philosophy, that pretended to belief and believed in nothing, not even itself; an empty jargon of ghosts, come at the close of night and before cock-crow in the morning.

Oh Faith! so beautiful, so terrible, so strong as an arch-angel! Before thee men veil their faces aghast, and setting up plaster images in thy name, bow down and worship them, and pray to be saved from thy awful presence!

This, then, was the radical vice in M. Jules Simon's philosophy,—that he did not believe in it. This homœopathic dilution of Cousin, Jeoffroy, and Roger Collard; this vaporous eclecticism that reposes on the cardinal principle of not having any vital principle whatever; this immense Missouri Compromise between everything that anybody had ever believed and its diametrical opposite; this modern bulwark of failing faith,—soft, tender, and trembling as might be a bulwark of jelly; this conciliation effected between Catholicism, Spiritualism, Materialism, Positivism, Atheism, and Pantheism; this admission of everything except the necessity of a foundation for belief, that should be not only unshaken, but unshakable; this preservation of doctrine under a glass case, ticketed with the warning to keep hands off the fragile fossil; this reduction of faith to a social convention; this hatred of living ideas because of

their life, and this sickly tenderness for the shadows of the dead,—it is evident that in all this was to be found small material to meet the rude necessities of a crisis boiling over with passion. As well hope to arrest or direct a torrent of lava, that bursts from the crater of Vesuvius, by the chill embrace of a mountain mist floated down from the Highlands of Scotland.

An idea that confessedly belongs to another epoch, and is only forced upon this by the strenuous efforts of such heroes in philosophy as Jules Simon, bears its own condemnation. Nothing is so contrary to the order of Nature as an anachronism; nothing so impossible to recapitulate as the birth of a child. Into the scholastic arguments of Abelard concerning the existence of God was poured, as into its natural channel, the most intense life of the twelfth century. But when the river has run dry, and the waters pour tumultuously elsewhere, small the merit, and small the utility of the heroism that persists in stemming the ancient channel dry shod.

The spiritual "liberalism" of France at the present day—as far removed from "Free Thinking" as is a languid fine lady from a whistling plough-boy—bears a remarkable resemblance to the cosmopolitism of the Roman Pantheon. "To the people," observes Gibbon, "all the gods were equally true, to the philosophers equally false, and to the magistrates equally useful." For a certain circle, utility is the test and measure of every good thing,—its utility, namely, as a supposed restraint upon the popular passions that are supposed to menace private property. "*Le travail est un frein*," observes Guizot with cruel precision. "The hope of immortality is *necessary*—to the poor." "The mummeries of the Catholic Church must be retained and paid for, because symbols are necessary to popular belief, and popular belief is necessary to popular morals, and these to passive acquiescence in the existing state of things." Such, more or less distinctly, is the argument of Renan.

It is not necessary to believe many things, but it is absolutely necessary to believe something. But this belief must be instinctive, inevitable, forced on the intellect by

its inherent virtue, and without any reference to its prospective advantages. It is not the ideas that a man chooses, but the ideas which choose him, that are capable of really inspiring his life. Utility is as fatal to belief as is mere legality to love. Nothing so clearly demonstrates the emancipation of the mind from any given creed as the urbane admission of the utility of this creed at a by-gone period. A belief must be a man's master, and not his servant; his god, and not his police officer. Whenever, to use Voltaire's witticism, a man has attained the consciousness of having repaid the original favor of creation by creating God in his own image, the work of his hands grows as impotent over his heart as the idol satirized by Isaiah: "Cry aloud! for he is a god! Perchance he is taking a journey!"

The other members of the Provisional Government represented special relations to the divers elements of the situation. M. Simon, as befitted the representative of Philosophy, typified the thought of the class that still dominated an epoch. On this account, his vaster individuality seems to envelop and penetrate and mingle with that of all the others. Jules Favre occupied the fauteuil of Victor Cousin at the Institute, as Jules Simon would fain occupy his chair at the Sorbonne. Jules Simon admired the elevation of the Catholic dogma; Trochu prostrated himself before the elevation of the Catholic host. Garnier Pagès strove to keep socialism out of the Republic, as Jules Simon congratulated himself on the "expulsion" of socialism from laws and institutions. Rochefort represented the interests of laborers, without having even studied the organization of labor; as Jules Simon patronized the working classes, equally innocent of all pre-occupation on this prime question, which he pronounced a "dream." Picard retained an immense affection for the Empire he had overthrown; Jules Simon an immense respect for the superstition he despised. Gambetta would be rendered powerless because com-

pelled to struggle against the weakness of his colleagues, and against the inertia of the people he attempted to save. Jules Simon's philosophic tourneys were paralyzed by the radical weakness of his brother philosophers, and by the desperate indifference of the world to whom he revealed the way of salvation.

The crowning defeat of the Provisional Government lay in the inadequacy of its conceptions;—an inadequate conception of the abomination of the Empire, of the greatness of the Republic, of the resources of Paris, of the urgency of the crisis, of the solemnity of its relations to the past, of the tremendous questions for the future involved in its solution. M. Simon resumed all these inadequacies in a single immense inadequacy of thought,—thought utterly incapable of embracing the life of the epoch to which it professedly belonged. What wonder, then, if that epoch were sterile?

For inadequacy is no slight and pardonable weakness, as many suppose. Hear how Spinoza defines its nature and effects:—

"The desires which arise from our nature, in such manner that they may be understood by it alone, are those which belong to the soul in so far as she is supposed to consist of adequate ideas. But the other desires belong to the soul in so far as she conceives of things in a manner inadequate. The force and development of these latter should be defined, not by the power of human nature, but by the power of things 'outside of ourselves.' This is why the first desires have been justly called actions, and the second passions; for the first always indicate our power, but the others, on the contrary, our impotence, and a mutilated knowledge."

Whence it might be feared that the Provisional Government, incapable of engaging in bold, decisive, and manly action, should dissolve even its sincere desires in an amiable passion of tears.

Who does not know that this is precisely what happened?

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

My home is upon the summit of a beautiful cultivated mountain, a thousand feet or more above the tides of the Hudson River. It is upon the water-shed between two broad valleys. Here a little brook, flowing from a bubbling spring among the rocks, shadowed by grand maple-trees, courses its way through corn-fields and meadows, and rocky caverns in the steep mountains, to the Weebetuc, that finds its path to the ocean through the Housatonic River. There another sparkling traveler hastens to the Wappingi, and finds its way to the ocean through the lordly Hudson.

From my porch I look down into one of the loveliest little valleys in the world, once exquisitely painted by the hand of Durand. The horizon beyond is bounded by the azure hills of Connecticut. From my lawn I can see so far down the rugged sides of the Storm-King, where the Hudson flows through the Highlands, that the reflected light from the river makes the lower rocks appear almost luminous. From a gentle ridge at the east of my window, where a herd from the prairies of Illinois are at this moment grazing, I can see the lofty dome of Round Top, the monarch of the Kaatsbergs, forty miles away in the pale north.

Here, in this lovely region of upper air, where the sun rises early and sets late, in perfect accord with the teachings of the almanac, I plant and prune and graft, with my inquisitive boy by my side,—a perpetual interrogation point that is never unanswered,—fresh and refreshing in his young life to another upon whom the western sun is shining, as is the evening dew upon the ripe grass.

Near a spring at the line of partition between our lawn and an oozy meadow I planted in a group, this morning, an alder, a white birch, and a weeping willow—the latter the *salix Babylonica* of the books. The willow is a scion from an old tree standing far away, for its chosen home is along the streams of the lowlands and not among the hills.

“Why is that called a *weeping* willow?” my boy asked me, when we had retreated

from the hot sunshine to the cool shades of the library. I turned to the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm, in which the poet refers to the grief of the Hebrew captives in a strange land, and read :—

“By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down ;
Yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.
We hanged our harps upon the willows in the
midst thereof,
For they that carried us away captive,
Required of us a song ;
And they that wasted us required of us mirth,
Saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
How shall we sing the Lord’s song in a strange
land ?”

Then I explained to my eager listener how it was that the Hebrews were captives ; how intensely they loved their own land, their royal city and their temple, and so gave him a reason for their bitter weeping under the willows that fringed the margins of the “rivers of Babylon.” It was this circumstance that gave birth to the pretty legend in the Talmud, that before the Captivity the foliage of willows along the Euphrates and Tigris, and other streams in Assyria and Babylonia, was erect like that of all others, but sympathy for the captives made them “weeping willows, and ever since their delicate branches and slender leaves have drooped toward the earth, and seem like streams of falling tears.”

“How came such willows here ?”

I perceived that I must tell a long and varied story to make the answer clear and fix it in the boy’s mind. So I said, Remember, there was a poet in England named Pope.

“And who was Pope ?” he inquired.

I told him of his birth in London, almost two hundred years ago ; the delicacy of his body, which made him, at middle age, speak of “that long disease, my life,” and of the strength of his mind, which made his name immortal. I told him how he could not play with boys, and turned to books for enjoyment ; and how he spent the earlier years of his life in Windsor Forest, where his father had a small estate, and there read Waller, Spenser, and Dryden, until he was filled with intense desires to become a poet. I told him of

Pope's first courtship of the muses, when, as he says,

"As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came ;"

and how he paraphrased several of the Psalms when he was only fifteen years of age. And so, in simple words and brief sentences, I traced his literary career upward and onward until his fame became pre-eminent among his countrymen, and from the profits of the sale of his translations of Homer's epics he was enabled to purchase a lease of a small estate near Twickenham, on the Thames, into the sunshine of which he enticed his father and mother from the shades of Windsor Forest,

"When George the First was King,
In spite of James's son,"

My boy was delighted with the narrative, for he had comprehended the facts ; but after musing a moment, when I had finished, he quietly asked :

"Well, papa, what has this to do with the Weeping Willow ?"

Much, I answered : listen.

Pope's little dwelling at Twickenham he transformed into a charming villa, as the Italians call a pleasant country-seat ; and there he was visited by ministers of state, wits, poets, and beauties. He adorned it and the surrounding grounds without stint in expense, so far as his income would allow ; and the Prince of Wales (afterward George the Second) took so much interest in his beautiful retreat, near which Queen Anne, when Princess of Denmark, had found health and recreation, that he sent him urns and vases for his garden. He took advantage of every perfection and defect. The highway passed in front of his house, cutting it off from a spacious garden, and leaving him but a small spot of ground on the banks of the river. So he connected the Thames with his garden by a tunnel under the road, and converted that subterranean passage into a grotto that enchanted its owner and delighted his friends. He never ceased to admire it. He endeavored to persuade himself and his friends that it was a silent retreat, from which cares and passions might be excluded. It was the amusement of his declining years. He wrote praises of it in prose and

verse. To his friend Edward Blount he said in a letter :—

"Let the young ladies be assured I make nothing new in my gardens, without wishing to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of them.

"I have put the last hand to works of this kind *in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto* : I there found a spring of clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill that echoes through the cavern night and day. From the river Thames you see through my arch up a walk in the wilderness to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner ; and from that distance under the temple, you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and I see the sails on the river passing suddenly, and vanishing as through a perspective glass. When you shut the door of this grotto, it becomes, in the instant, from a luminous room, a camera obscura, on the wall of which all the objects on the river, hills, woods, and boats are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations. And when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene. It is finished with shells, interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms ; and in the ceiling is a star of the same materials, at which when a lamp of orbicular figure, of thin alabaster, is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto, by a narrower passage, two porches—one towards the river, of smooth stones, full of light, and open ; the other towards the garden, shadowed with trees, and rough with shells, flints, and iron-ores. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness, to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place."

"It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue, with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of :

"Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep.
Ah, spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave,
And drink in silence, or in silence lave."

Pope also composed this inscription, to be placed within the grotto :—

"Then who shall stop where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave,—
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distill,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill—
Unpolished gems, no ray in pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow,—
Approach : Great Nature studiously behold,
And eye the mine without a wish for gold !
Approach : but awful ! Lo ! the Ægerian grot,
Where, nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought ;
Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul !

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor."

Concerning this plaything of Pope's, Doctor Johnson growled in this wise :—

"A grotto is not often the wish or pleasure of an Englishman who has more frequent need to solicit than exclude the sun ; but Pope's excavation was requisite as an entrance to his garden ; and, as some men try to be proud of their defects, he extracted an ornament from an inconvenience, and vanity produced a grotto where necessity enforced a passage."

Englishmen can afford to let the Ursus Major of their literature growl at Pope's vanity, when they consider that his grounds at Twickenham had a marked effect on English landscape gardening ; that the Prince of Wales had his garden designed after that of Pope's ; that Kent, the improver and embellisher of pleasure-grounds, received his best lessons from the Poet, and that England is indebted to him for the weeping willows that adorn its church-yards as emblems of Sorrow, or hang gracefully over its waters.

"But how did Pope get his willow?"

Be patient, my boy, and listen.

In that far-off country, in the East, where the "rivers of Babylon" flow, and the Weeping Willow flourishes, the delicious Fig abounds. From Smyrna, the famous old seaport in Asia Minor, vast quantities of dried figs have been annually exported during many centuries. In a box of this fruit a scion of a Weeping Willow was borne to England. That box had been sent to Pope by a friend who had lost his fortune by the bursting of the "South Sea Bubble," and was seeking another in the marts of traffic in the East. When Pope opened the box he found a small twig not attached to the fruit. He was then planting everything around his Villa at Twickenham. That little twig he carelessly stuck in the ground on the brink of the river close by the water-porch of the grotto. It was a spot fortunately selected, for it was a thirsty plant. It grew rapidly ; and to Pope's delight it proved to be a Weeping Willow, of which travelers in the East had charmed him with descriptions. He carefully cultivated and cherished his treasure, when known, for he was the only possessor of such in all England. And so it became the progenitor of its race in

the British Islands. The Poet lived to see it grow to the size of some upon which the Hebrews hung their harps on the banks of the Euphrates.

Sir William Stanhope purchased Pope's home at Twickenham after the poet's death, and he and his successors, Lords Mendip and Spencer, guarded the tree and all else that had been consecrated by that poet's care with great vigilance. When, in 1775, a twig was plucked from it and brought to America, and probably became the progenitor of all the Weeping Willows in this country, the one at Twickenham was a lordly tree. And when, early in this century, a titled Englishwoman uprooted it without any special motive, apparently, it was a giant among willows, and was almost as fantastically gnarled as the oaks of Windsor.

"Tell me, please, who brought that twig from Pope's willow to this country?"

Be patient, my boy, and listen.

Our country, divided into provinces as it is now into States, was once a part of that "realm of England." The English Parliament or Congress made laws for the provinces. The English monarch executed them. Duties were required of these American subjects, while corresponding privileges were denied them. They complained and were frowned at. They asked for justice, and were threatened. They rebelled, and armies were sent to enslave them.

That was in the year 1775, when American militia-men were the jailers of British troops in Boston, and the prisoners had no way of escape but by the sea. Experienced generals with gay young staff-officers selected from the families of the nobility and gentry, and experienced troops, came into that open ocean door with the expectation of stamping out the kindling rebellion in six weeks. The voyage and the land-service were regarded by those young men as no more than parts of a pleasurable holiday excursion. Some of them brought fishing-tackle with them for indulgence in sport in the waters of New England. Others came prepared to shoot buffaloes on the heights of Roxbury, Charlestown, and Dorchester, and to hunt alligators in the lagoons of the Mystic and the Charles. Others, more

warlike, expected to send home Indian scalps as trophies gathered in the wilds of Cape Cod ; and others, of a more domestic turn, had prepared to take possession of confiscated lands of the rebels, become planters, and perhaps marry Indian princesses. All this after the six weeks of fun in dispersing the rebels and hanging the leaders had been enjoyed.

Alas ! Disenchantment speedily followed disembarking. It was evident that work, not sport, was to employ the time of the young English dreamers, and that fishing, and hunting, and planting confiscated rebel lands, were likely to be remote incidents in their lives.

One of the young officers, an aide to General Clinton, who had dreamed of becoming the owner of an American plantation, had visited Twickenham just before his departure from England, and there cut a vigorous shoot from Pope's willow, for the purpose of planting it on his estate here. It was carefully wrapped, for the preservation of its vitality, in oiled silk. He was one of the disenchanted ; and the willow twig made its way into American soil and took root there, not by the work of his hands, but in this wise :

Soon after those reinforcements reached Boston, and had tried to break jail by way of Bunker's Hill, Washington was in command of the Americans that hemmed in the prisoners upon the little peninsula. Among his aides was his step-son, John Parke Custis, a well-educated young man and polished gentleman in manners. There was frequent intercourse between the chief officers of the two armies under flags of truce, and young Custis was usually employed by Washington as the bearer of his communications. He became well acquainted with, and even attached to the young officer with the willow twig ; and, a short time before the British evacuated Boston, in the early Spring of 1776, the disenchanted aide-de-camp presented that twig to young Custis as a token of friendly regard. Custis, then lately married, owned an estate in Abingdon, Virginia, which he visited soon after the American army withdrew from before Boston, and planted the twig near his house. It, too, grew into a tree as lordly in stature as its parent at Twickenham, and

became, it is believed, the progenitor of all the weeping willows in America.

"Who told you so?"

The son of that aide of General Washington, the late venerable George Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington House, Virginia, whom the Great Patriot adopted as his son. He told me the whole interesting story when, in the twilight at the close of a soft April day, more than twenty years ago, we sat near a child of the Abingdon willow, watching the light that was gently fading from Georgetown and the National Capital, and dimly shimmering on the still bosom of the Potomac before us.

And he told me more. He said that General Gates, who had been a subaltern in the British Army ; who was a leading commander in the American Army of the Revolution, and was a natural son of Horace Walpole (whose beautiful estate of "Strawberry Hill" was near Twickenham), took great pains, in after years, to transplant from Abingdon to the entrance of the lane that led to his house on Rose Hill, in the then suburbs of the city of New York, two thrifty shoots that came up from the roots of the willow. These flourished and became stately trees.

I saw Gates's mansion burn to ashes in the spring of 1845. His pleasant lane, that led from the Harlem Road to his house, had then become Twenty-second street, and was being lined on both sides with a dense population, chiefly from Ireland. One of the willows at the entrance-gate, a grand-child of Pope's famous tree, long survived the transition of the neighborhood from country to city ; and until a few years ago it stood on the corner of Twenty-second street and Third avenue, in New York, a broad and lofty tree.

"But didn't you read to us the other evening, in the newspaper, that some other man, whose name was mentioned, brought the first Weeping Willow tree to this country?"

Yes. But I think the person who said so was misinformed, because the story seems improbable. I will tell you why. It tells us that Doctor Samuel Johnson, of Stratford, Connecticut, who was the first President of Columbia (formerly King's) College, in New

York, when in England to be ordained a minister in the Anglican Church, saw Pope, who gave him some cuttings from his Twickenham willow; and that these were planted on the borders of the Housatonic River, and so became, "probably, the progenitors of all the weeping willows which are seen in that part of the country."

Now, Mr. Johnson, then a young man twenty-seven years of age, was ordained in England in the year 1723. Pope had then been at Twickenham nearly eight years. The "South Sea Bubble," as a great speculating scheme was called, collapsed in 1720-21, and involved in ruin a large number of families in England. It was after that time that Pope's friend, one of the victims, went to Smyrna, and in course of time sent to the poet the box of figs containing the willow twig, which could not have been more than six or eight inches in length. That might have been in the ground about a year when Mr. Johnson was at Twickenham—not longer—and cuttings could not have been taken from it then. Probably Pope was not yet certified of the real character of the little estray from the East. It was planted by the side of the water porch of that "subterranean way and grotto" which he described as just finished, in a letter written to his friend Blount a year after Mr. Johnson was there, and in which no such planting is mentioned.

These circumstances, and the fact that no writer before the Revolution, so far as I know, in mentioning the natural productions of this country, refers to a Weeping Willow, incline me to believe that Mr. Custis gave me a true history of the introduction of that tree into the United States.

"You said Pope's old willow was destroyed by an Englishwoman."

Yes; and she also tore down his villa, and near its place built a very common sort of a house in appearance. She had a legal right to do so when she became the owner of the property. But hear how one of her countrymen, who visited the spot twenty-six years ago, spoke of the act:—

"The house of the poet was gone—ruthlessly pulled down by a lady,—Queen of the Goths and Vandals might she well be called; a lady

of rank was she, and title; and the only object in this wanton piece of barbarism would seem to have been to demonstrate, by an overt act, how little of communion, sympathy, or feeling may subsist in the heart of some of the aristocracy of rank for the abiding-place of the aristocracy of genius. The house—that house which Lord Spencer thought it the highest honor to preserve and adorn, from respect to its great inhabitant—was leveled with the ground; the willow tree, also springing from the hand of the poet, as much one of his works as the *Messiah* or the *Windsor Forest*—whose pendent boughs overshadowed the silvery Thames—was pulled up by the roots. Of all that the poet loved or delighted to cherish, the grotto alone remains; not, however, as he left it; but still there is enough to enable us to recall the rest."

That "Queen of the Goths and Vandals" was Lady Howe—Baroness Howe—who purchased the estate in the year 1807. With a seeming determination to efface every memento of the poet, she also removed a small monument which Pope had erected on a little hillock, to the memory of his mother, whom he tenderly loved and cherished. His Willow, alone, was capable of reproduction. Its children survived the fury of the feminine iconoclast. She could not slaughter the innocents. Its descendants may now be counted by millions. Every Weeping Willow tree in England and America is a beautiful, poetic, living memorial of one of the most gifted of the English-speaking race.

My boy will never look upon the willow we planted this morning without recalling the tradition of its emigration from its native water-courses, the life of the man who cherished it in its new home, and the romantic story of its transplantation in America. And it is my earnest desire that its fellow-trees, these grand old hills, and these broad treasure-fields; this pure air and golden sunshine; the magnificent storms in summer and winter; the cloud-pictures and the stars, may so impress him with a sense of their abiding blessings for soul, body, and estate, that he may never cease to regard them as the best ministers to his earthly enjoyment. Pope at Twickenham, cultivating his willow

and other trees, and shrubs and flowers, doubtless felt and comprehended a great truth when he wrote to a feminine friend :—

“The weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this season, when every smile of the sun, like the smile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon ; and I am so much in the taste of rural pleasures, that I had rather see the sun than anything he can show me, except yourself. I despise every fine thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I see you dressed in it.

“I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow ; for I doubt not that God’s works here are what come nearest to His works there ; and that a true relish of the beauties of nature is the most easy preparation and quietest transition to an enjoyment of those of heaven ; as, on the contrary, a true town life of hurry, confusion, noise, slander, and detraction, is a sort of apprenticeship to hell and its furies.”

Sweetly did our own dear poet, Bryant, with a similar feeling, call his loved one to the country he so delights in, after telling her of the songs of birds, and the south wind softly whispering “The Spring is here !” saying :—

“Come, daughter mine, from the gloomy city,
Before these lays from the elm have ceased ;
The violet breathes by our door as sweetly
As in the air of her native East.

Though many a flower in the wood is waking,
The daffodil is our door-side queen ;
She pushes upward the sward already,
To spot with sunshine the early green.

No lays so joyous as these are warbled
From wiry prison in maiden’s bower ;
No pampered bloom of the green-house chamber
Has half the charm of the lawn’s first flower.

Yet these sweet lays of the early season,
And these fair sights of its sunny days,
Are only sweet when we fondly listen,
And only fair when we fondly gaze.

There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye ;
There is no fragrance in April breezes
Till breathed with joy as they wander by.

Come, Julia dear, for the sprouting willows,
The opening flowers, and the gleaming brooks,
And hollows green in the sun are waiting
Their dower of beauty from thy glad looks.”

A FACE IN THE STREET.

POOR, withered face, that yet was once so fair,
Grown ashen-old in the wild fires of lust—
Thy star-like beauty, dimm’d with earthly dust,
Yet breathing of a purer native air ;—
They who whilom, cursed vultures, sought a share
Of thy dead womanhood, their greed unjust
Have satisfied—have picked and left thee bare.
Still, like a leaf warped by the autumn gust,
And driving to the end, thou wrapp’st in flame
And perfume all thy hollow-eyed decay,
Feigning on those gray cheeks the blush that Shame
Took with her when she fled long since away.
Thou soughtest life and wealth in the great city :
Thou findest death—not even the world’s cold pity !

MY VOCATION, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

I.

It was not strange that people should say I married him for a home ; I was homeless enough when he took me, God knows. Worn and tired, too, with years of teaching. It had been hard—harder than you can know. It had racked me, body and mind. It had tried me, soul and spirit, until at last I almost hated the sight of the high brick walls and heavy gate that made my prison ; until at last I almost hated the faces of the children ! All my youth went there, though I clung to it ; all my beauty—if ever I had any. Nothing remained that could charm, unless it was my hair, heavy and dark and soft to the touch.

"Why do you not leave it ? Why do you not marry ?" friends would question me. They did not know—how could I tell them !—that I loved no one who asked me, until John came. And then, though they had urged it upon me, they whispered among themselves that I had married him for a home ! Perhaps because he was years older than I. Perhaps—I did not know. It troubled me, and yet what did it matter, since *he* knew.

So I left the school. The great gate clanged after me for the last time, and I could have cried with joy. Then I went to be John's wife, and to take care of little Bennie ; for he had been married before.

At first I wished it were not so. At first it gave me a pang to think of this woman who had been to him all I could ever hope to be—perhaps even more. When he asked me to be his wife, in the grave, quiet way that seemed even then so strong, so restful, he told me this. It was like him, the way he spoke of her—the young wife who had made his home so bright for a little time, and then had gone away, leaving this little child. It was as I would like to be remembered if anything should take me now from him. But I was new in my great possessions then. I was jealous of invasion or prior claim. And I cried that night when he left me because he had said, "It has been the one hope of my life to go away and meet her. Until I knew you, Esther, I did not think that anything but the child could hold me here. I should

like to stay awhile now, to brighten your life a little if I can. But I do not ask you to help me to forget her. Help me to be more worthy to meet her."

Yes : it was a strange request, perhaps, and many women would not have taken the little he had to offer. But I would rather have had that one corner than the whole heart room of any other man. Still I did cry. When we went home from the church where we were married, the first object that met my gaze was her picture. I knew it must be she, though I had never seen her face. The tears sprang into my eyes. John saw them. "Esther !" he said, and the tone of his voice, like his face, was troubled and perplexed. And then I sobbed. I, who should have been happy this one day if never again ! He was not impatient with my childishness, as many men would have been. He was disturbed and hurt only—most of all for me.

"You will not mind, in time," he said, gently, "but now—shall it be hung in Bennie's room ?"—"Wait, John, wait." The blood surged in and out my heart. It took away my breath. I went away from him and stood before the picture. It was a sweet young face, younger than mine, with that pitiful look in the soft blue eyes that seems often a premonition of early death. John had told me about her. How happy and frolicsome as a child she was. But this was one of the saddest faces I ever knew. Did it cross her mind at that moment, poor young mother, that she was to go away and leave her baby and John ? There came over me such a pity for her with the thought, such a shame of myself, that I caught Bennie in my arms and made a great vow with my face hidden in his curls.

"We will go to her some day, dear John," I said,—"*Bennie and you and I,*" and there was never anything more said about moving the picture.

I think Bennie did not seem the same to me after that. My heart had warmed towards him from the first for his father's sake ; but he was nearer, holier now—the little child whom God had intrusted to my care while

its mother dwelt with the angels. If I could only do by him as she would have done!

It was such a kingdom—that old house! I had laid aside my sceptre, but I had put on a crown. The street had crowded close against the door. The world could look in at the windows. But behind it, shut in by a crumbling wall, was an old garden, with crooked paths bordered by box that reached almost to my waist; with a couple of mis-shapen apple-trees that had somehow outgrown the limits of all apple-trees until they brooded over the whole place. They bore a glorious promise of blossoms in early summer, and later a scant fruition, speckled and sweet to the taste. Over the wall and clambering upon the houses on one side, woodbine and dainty clematis ran wild, and under the shadow of the same old wall bloomed narcissus and sweet old-fashioned pinks.

And it was mine, all mine! my home, where John and I would live, please God, for long, happy years. Where we would die. When he had gone away to his work, and Bennie was building wonderful fairy castles upon the floor, I used to walk the length of the low sunny rooms, repeating the words to myself. Once, Dolly—my one maid—came upon me suddenly as I paced the upper rooms.

"Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, Dolly, no;" I said. "I have *found* it." And so I had.

I sewed or read or taught little Bennie when I had arranged the affairs of my kingdom; sitting in a low chair by the window. Sometimes the people hurrying by glanced in. I wondered if they knew that I was John's wife; that this was my home—my very own! Sometimes when the school-bell rang and the children crowded the sidewalk, I would seem to hear again the dull drone of the scholars over their lessons. Again with tired feet I would pace up and down the familiar room. The world would narrow to those four high walls, and life seem only a burden—to be rolled off at last. Then, with my face laid close to Bennie's, he would wonder at my sudden tears.

II.

THREE years of the peaceful life that I had

planned—then John fell ill. And, the door once opened, troubles of which we never dreamed flocked in. He was not like to die; but week after week he lay quite still or crept about the house. He even gained slowly after a time. But he could not hope to work for months to come, and some craft of men, some wickedness of which I need not tell, seemed about to pull our house down about our heads, and make us beggars. Then, as if we were not desolate enough, peace went. I could not rest day or night for the question—what should we do? What should I do? To go about the house day after day in the old accustomed ways—to sit long hours pushing a bit of steel through endless seams;—all this I did; but oh, I was wild with anxiety and alarm.

I had put Bennie into his bed and read him to sleep one night, as usual. Some simple story it was, forgotten now. I only know it touched my heart, and bore me for the moment beyond my cares. When I had finished and the child slept, that poem of Uhland's floated into my mind:—

There is a land where beauty will not fade

Nor sorrow dim the eye;

Where true hearts will not shrink or be dismayed

And love can never die.

I said the words over softly to myself as I paced the floor. Through the half-shut door I could see John lying upon the sofa dimly outlined in the darkness; but with a ray from the gaslight outside falling across his white face, and touching his thin gray hair. Was there nothing I could do to help him!

Then it came to me—my vocation! I could read. I had had a gift of recitation from a child. At one time I had even given some attention to elocution, with a hope of something better than my dull school life. Other women took to the platform, why should not I? Was it helpfulness for John that made me strong with the thought, or was it the sudden mighty uplifting of forgotten ambitions?

To some, prophecy. To some, speaking with tongues. To me—this; strange that I should not have thought of it before! The German poem dropped from my lips and my thoughts. I went out, and kneeling down

by John, told him all my desire—my hope. I remember how dark and still the room was. How that one ray of light touched the girl's face upon the wall. I fancied it seemed less sad to-night. Yes; I could help him. Surely she must rejoice!

"It was a girl-dream of mine," I said at length, laying my hot cheek on his. "It is a gift, given me I never knew for what, until now."

He did not speak. Did it pain him that I had dreams unfulfilled? Oh, it must not!

"You see, John," I began again, "it is like—like—. Let me tell you a story, as though you were Bennie: Once upon a time there was a little spring that burst out of the earth. Oh, such a little spring as it was, dear! And it was years ago. No one thirsted. No one saw it but one. So this one laid over it a stone, and it dried away and was forgotten!" Something wet lay on John's cheek. Oh, he must not think I was sorry at the sealing up of the fountain! "And when it dried away (are you listening, dear?) even the place was forgotten, because all manner of pleasant plants grew over it. Not weeds; but lilies, like those that bloom in our garden in the summer. And *heart's-ease*. Yes; most of all grew *heart's-ease*, quite hiding the spot where the little spring had been.

"And after a long time the earth was dry and choked; but no one remembered the spring until a careless hand—a little hand like Bennie's—pulled away the stone, and the waters poured out—a flood! Oh, John!" I cried, "it is this desire of mine! Let me try! there is nothing else that I can do."

"You can do? But it must not come on you. Only be patient awhile longer. Only wait. I shall be out soon now. Have patience, Esther. Yes; it is hard, I know; harder than doing; but mine is a brave girl!" he said, stroking my hair.

I drew my head away. Something like willfulness stirred in me. "Only wait!" I could not. I would not.

"John, I cannot!" I wished the words back. Yet I would not recall them. He put me aside, and rose up. I could not see his face, though he stood in the window. His back was towards me.

"So you have set your heart on this, Esther?"

"Yes, John," I answered faintly.

"When I married you I hoped to make your life an easier one than it had been." His voice trembled over the last words.

"O, John!" I crept close to him. I laid my head against his arm. One moment more and I should have spoken. "I will do anything that seems best to you," I would have said. He gave a little sigh. I fear with that he laid away many hopes and all the plans that he had formed.

"I will help you, if I can."

I raised my head quickly. "Do you mean—"

"Yes, dear; you may try."

I clung about his neck, and laughed and cried together.

"Even if I have to go away from you a little while," I said at length. "You'll trust me, John?" He turned my face to where the light fell on us both. I had never thought him handsome until then. "Trust you! Trust my wife!"

And that was all he said.

III.

So one night I made my trial. How it was brought about, no matter here. Helping hands for good or evil are always ready if one but wills.

All the dizzy lights blurred into one as I crossed the platform. All the nodding heads became a mass of terror indistinguishable. My hands were ice. My jaws were locked. The arm I essayed to move was held as if by iron weights.

When this chaos had slowly resolved itself into cold expectant faces I could have fallen. I could have died there, but for the eager pained eyes that met my own, the worn face, whiter than mine, I knew so well. I could not fail with John before me! One swift thought of him, of Bennie, and my mouth was opened.

Then all the flush and warmth that I had thought gone with my youth came back to me. The faces before me were as clay. I moulded them with my hands. I breathed into them the breath of life. A brief moment

and it was over—the hour of intoxication and triumph. Followed by the chairman of the lyceum committee, waited upon by some of the dignitaries of the town where I had read, I retired to the ante-room. They were courtly, gracious gentlemen, and when John with his dear eager face all aglow stood in the doorway, I noticed for the first time that he was bent about the shoulders—that he dressed in an old-fashioned way.

"Ah, your father," exclaimed one of the gentlemen who held my shawl. There was something more than surprise in the stare that followed the words. It brought all that was good in me to the surface. I walked straight across the room and put my hand into his arm. They to judge of John! "It is my husband, gentlemen," I said, as they hastened to congratulate him upon my success.

"Well, John," when we had left them and were on our way home. I was not satisfied yet; I desired that *he* should praise me. "Did I do well?"

"Oh, very well;" and though we were out in the darkness I was sure he smiled on me. I felt it in his voice, but my vanity still craved something more.

"Were you not surprised?"

"No; I always knew you could do anything you tried." It struck me that there was an echo of sadness to his voice. How could it be when I was wild with excitement and delight!

"Do praise me, John. Tell me that I was pretty to look at, that I succeeded as no other woman ever did!" And then I astonished him by bursting into tears. We were on the train going home. The lamps over our heads had flickered and gone out. I hid my face on his shoulder and sobbed. There was a taste as of ashes to the apples I had grasped.

He soothed me. "My good girl," he said. I remembered afterwards how, when others turned my silly head with praise of the beauty that came back to me, with praise of my talents and success, I was to him "My good girl who is trying to help her husband." Faint praise, I thought sometimes. But I knew afterwards that it was the one anchor that held me, as it was the one reminder of what I had striven to do.

Of course my home was no longer now my world; no longer first in my thoughts even. I realized this with a pang sometimes. I saw John one day fingering the leaves of the ivy that had made our parlor so bright through all the long winters. It had run in a kind of revel over the windows. It had perched itself upon the top of the pictures, and thrust its shoots out from every corner. It was dead now. I had forgotten to tend it. I made as though I did not see him when he touched it, and when he had left the house I tore it down. I had no idea the room could seem so bare as it did when the grasp of the dead fingers was loosened.

And yet no one could say that I neglected my home. It was well kept and orderly. Nothing was gone but the charm of love, and that is—everything! Suddenly, too, I realized that Bennie was six years old. Almost a man, I told him. So I did not hold him in my arms, or tell him stories any more. Indeed, he did not ask it after a while; but when I walked the floor and read aloud, as I did every day now, he would steal away into a corner with some old toy held tight in his little hands, and stare out at me with wondering, almost frightened eyes. It was John who comforted him when he was hurt in these days, into whose arms he crept when the shadows fell at night, while I—oh, I won golden favors of the world.

IV.

"HERE is a round of engagements for you." It was the bristly-haired little man presiding over that place of destiny, the lyceum bureau, who spoke. I had called at the office by request.

"But where?"

"Oh, West; the best field for a novice. It is a six weeks' tour."

Six weeks! I must think of it. I must talk it over with John.

The agent stood before a desk, sharpening a pencil. He cut it carefully but briskly to a point while I pulled at the glove in my hand, and did not speak.

"Sorry to hasten your decision," in that rasping tone so confusing to women unused to the sudden combinations and hasty con-

clusions of business—"but there is a lady in the next room who will take it if you do not. You have only to sign your name here," designating the spot with his finger.

His words whistled through my head like the wind. I was thinking my own thoughts. The desire to give it all up, to creep back into the old happy life, to be hid from the world, rose strong in me. There was no longer any necessity for my work. John's health had come back to him. Our troubles had flown away as they came. My pride fought with this desire.

"Let me think of it a moment." He shrugged his shoulders, but with a "Certainly, madam," returned to his desk.

I was weary from my long walk. I was trembling with nervous excitement. For an instant everything in the room seemed rushing by. I put out my hand and clutched the window-sill. I leaned my head upon it and did not try to think. Only to wait until the roar—did it come up from the street?—had ceased. When everything was stilled—even to my heart—I said to it, "We will not go;" and then there came a thought of him who buildeth a tower and counteth not the cost—of him who putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back. I took up the pen and wrote my name. Then I came out into the street feeling as though I had bound myself with chains.

I almost hoped that John would forbid my going. I almost hoped he would blame me when I told him what I had done. But he did neither.

"I have thought of Bennie and of you," I said. But I could not meet his eyes, for mine would fill with tears. Try as I might, I could not blot out the picture of John and Bennie here alone through all the long winter evenings—of the lack of comfort, the possible contingencies of sickness and death!

But no; I would not think of it. I was called to a higher sphere; I had answered the voice. I had put my hand to the plow. I would never look back.

"There is Dolly," I went on, in the cold, hard tone of attempted composure that sounds so much like indifference. "She knows my ways. She is faithful, and six weeks will soon pass."

Oh, how endless and dark they stretched out before me, even as I said the words!

"Do you really desire to go?" There was a great pleading in John's voice. I hardened my heart against it.

"Yes;" but the word struggled in my throat.

"Because you know you need not; and—and we shall miss you. Shall we not, little man?" He bent over Bennie, who leaned against his knee.

"She's gone away," affirmed Bennie, in that slow, solemn tone peculiar to children, and without looking at me.

"No;" said John, "but we shall be very lonely if she does go."

"She's gone away," reiterated the child, and he was right.

V.

THE applause still rang in my ears. I could hear the rustle and tread of the crowd, the hum of voices as it retreated. I had read in the theater of a Western city, and now in the green-room awaited the carriage that was to take me back to the hotel.

It was a pretty tiring-room—fitted for some star, doubtless—all white and gold, with lilies upon floor and hangings, with lily cups upon the chandelier that lit up the mirrors, where I could see repeated again and again my weary face. A soft white shawl, a meshed lace-like head-covering, a pair of gloves, a bouquet—I had thrown them all down beside me, and lying back in the depths of an armchair, waited.

"You are tired to-night," said the gentleman upon the divan opposite, as he consulted his watch.

"Yes! More tired than I can tell," I answered, closing my eyes. He left me a moment.

"It was a stupid mistake of mine," he said when he returned. "I should have ordered the carriage earlier."

"Pray don't disturb yourself. It will soon come, I don't doubt."

"If I could bring you any thing. Let me see, there should be—yes; there is some wine here." He unlocked the cabinet as he spoke and took out a decanter. I shook my head. John and I held queer old-fashioned notions.

"But I insist," he said; "you must take it. You are ill."

He poured out the wine. I drank it down.

"Strange that we should have met here to-day," he said. "I've never once seen you since—Don't mind; I forgave you long ago. I kept your letter too—the tenderest saying of a *no* man ever had from woman."

"Pray don't speak of it. Why bring up what has been years forgotten?" My face was warm and conscious, I knew; though I tried to speak coldly. Perhaps it was the wine—it burned in all my veins. Perhaps it was the flowers. How strong their perfume was!

"Why not? I ought to have overcome any pain I had years ago. And you—you never cared, you know."

I felt his eyes upon me; but I would not open mine. It came to me like the far-off stretching out of hands, that I ought to rise and go away; that it was not good for me to be here. I tried to think of home. I tried to think of John, from whom I had heard nothing now for many days; but both were vague and indistinct. Nothing was real or near to me but the heavy perfume of the flowers and the face of this man watching mine. He had been walking the room as he spoke; as he came near now he leaned over my chair. He bent down and touched my hair—the hair that John had stroked!

I started to my feet. There came to me at that moment such a vision of my home, such a vision of my husband—not handsome or fine in dress as this man; but strong and true of soul!—as no woman ever had before!

"I want to go home." I gathered up the wraps lying at my side. The flowers fell to the floor. What were the sickening, sweet things to me?

"And so you shall," he answered in a light tone as he laid his hand upon my shawl.

"I want to go home to *John*!" and this time I did not fear to meet his eyes. His hand fell from the shawl. Without a word he turned and led the way down the narrow stairs to the street. The carriage was waiting.

At midnight I was on my way home.

With my face once set, I could have flown, had wings been given me. I could not bear

with the slow motion of the train—the slow drag of time. Sleep I could not. Was it the wine that burned so like fire within me? that brought strange fancies as the night wore away? I clung to the seat, laughing aloud, as we fairly bounded over the road. I could have shouted my delight as with face pressed against the window-pane I watched the dizzy, spark-lit darkness rushing past.

Through all the next day I seemed to sleep and dream. Still we went on; but now I had ceased to care. Some one spoke to me. It was a woman, gentle-faced and young. Bennie's mother, I thought, and yet I knew she was in heaven.

"You must be ill?" she said.

"Oh no; I'm going home—to John!" and then I slept again.

It was dusk when I crept up to the house. When I pushed open the heavy door I did not heed the darkness within. It was a pleasant shade. I seemed to have been walking under a scorching sun, though my feet were crusted with snow. I groped about the rooms, searching for something—I had forgotten what: I stole up the stairs. There was a dim light, a little form that lay quite still in Bennie's bed, a figure bending over it, the face hidden by the thin gray hair. I remember—no; I remember nothing more.

VI.

It was pleasant, and soft, and cool—this somewhere where I lay. I would open my eyes. Oh no; not yet. I would think. My heart gave a great bound. The eyes opened of themselves, and there was John's dear face, smiling down upon me, and Bennie's little hands creeping into mine.

I think I know how the son felt whose father met him while he was yet a great way off. Oh, when they put the ring upon his finger how it must have shamed his soiled hands! And when they hung the chain about his neck how it must have weighed him to the earth! And when they set before him the fatted calf killed in his honor, how the first morsel must have choked him!

"I am not good enough to be your wife," I sobbed; "let me take Dolly's place."

But John comforted me.

UNWEDDED.

OH, thou beloved, who shouldst have been mine own,
 Serenely beautiful and wise and strong,
 Consoler whom my life has never known,
 How have I missed thee, seeking thee alone
 All my life long?

Somewhere upon the wide and misty track
 I strayed behind, or did not wait for thee;
 And so must always mourn my bitter lack,
 For on this weary road we go not back.
 Ah, woe is me!

Often, with sorely burdened heart and mind,
 When there were none to aid or understand,
 How have I groped with tears, alone and blind,
 In the thick darkness, longing but to find
 Thy helpful hand!

For I believed that Love is doubly armed
 Against all woes, and with unshaken breath
 Could pass through pain and suffering unalarmed;
 Could take up poisonous things and not be harmed,
 And dare even death.

"And how shall Love, immortal and sublime,"
 I said, "be hindered of its best estate
 By any petty chance of space or time?"
 Alas! my life has lost its freshest prime,
 And still I wait.

How beautiful our mingled lives had been,
 Had we but found each other in our youth!
 The world had grown, despite its stain and sin,
 Sweeter because we two had lived therein
 Our utter truth.

Then all the myriad ills which Fate contrives
 Wherewith to fret men's hearts, to us had been
 But motes along the sunshine of our lives;
 Naught could have harmed us, since the true soul thrives
 By discipline.

Then this unending toil and ceaseless toss
 Had never marred my life; the hindering load
 Of worldly circumstance, of gain or loss,
 Had seemed to us but cobwebs, stretched across
 Our upward road.

To serve our party (which numbered eight, —five gentlemen and three ladies) we secured a man and a boy. Regarding the former, perhaps the more truthful assertion would be that he secured us; for, as will shortly appear, though we bought his services, he sold us in return! He was a meager, wiry fellow, with sandy hair, serviceable-looking hands, and no end of self-recommendations. As he said he had been a teamster, and knew that soup-meat went into cold water, we rushed blindly into an engagement with him, taking him for better or for worse.

The boy we obtained near Mariposa. At fifteen years, and in jackets, he was one of the keenest speculators in fire-arms I ever saw; could swap horses or play poker with anybody; and, take him for all in all, in the Eastern States, at least, I shall never look upon his like again.

We are soon in the Mariposa grove. Who can picture, in language or on canvas, the thrilling and intense surprise when the eye first looks upon this marvelous scene! Long vistas of forest shades, formed by immense trunks of trees, stretch far away: now arched by the overhanging branches of the lofty Taxodiums, then by the drooping boughs of the white-blossomed Dogwood; while one hears ever the mysterious moaning and whispering of the great pines and firs.

I have not met a single person this side the continent who believes the literal truth which travelers tell about these marvelous giants. People sometimes think they do, but that is only because they fail to realize the proposition. They have no concrete idea of how the asserted proportions look.

We rode through one tree, a distance of a hundred and fifty-three feet. A group of these trees is appropriately called "The Graces." One mighty tree that had fallen by fire and been burned out, into which we walked for a long distance, we found to be inhabited; a grizzly had made his nest there. In the language of another, "The mightiest tree that has yet been found now lies upon the ground, and, fallen as it lies, it is a wonder still; it is charred, and time has stripped it of its heavy bark, and yet across the butt of the tree, as it lay upturned, it measured thirty-

three feet without its bark; there can be no question that in its vigor, with its bark on, it was forty feet in diameter, or one hundred and twenty feet in circumference. Only about one hundred and fifty feet of the trunk remains, yet the cavity where it fell is still a large hollow beyond the portion burned off; and upon pacing it, measuring from the root one hundred and twenty paces, and estimating the branches, the tree must have been four hundred feet high. We believe it to be the largest tree yet discovered."

Leaving this spot, for some twelve miles farther on a series of tremendous climbs tasked us and our beasts to the utmost, but brought us by noon to a lovely green meadow, walled in on one side by near snow-peaks. Now on the last stage of our pilgrimage, we were nearly on a plane with the top of the mighty precipices which wall the Yo-Semite Valley, and for two or three hours longer found the trail easy, save where it crossed the bogs of summit-level springs. Plunging into the thick forest, our dense leafy surroundings hid from us the fact of our approach to the valley's tremendous battlement, till our trail turned at a sharp angle and we stood on "Inspiration Point."

Fanciful as that name had appeared, we found it then only the spontaneous expression of our own feelings. We did not so much seem to be seeing from that crag of vision a new scene on the old familiar globe, as a new heaven and a new earth into which the creative spirit had just been breathed. I cannot give vision utterance.

We stood on the verge of a precipice more than three thousand feet in height—a sheer granite wall, whose terrible perpendicular distance baffled all visual computation.

There faced us another wall like our own,—how far off it might be we only could guess,—a wall like our own, but, as yet, we could not know that certainly, for of our own we saw nothing. Our eyes were spell-bound to the tremendous precipice, which stood smiling, not frowning at us, in all the serene radiance of a snow-white granite Boodh,—broadly burning, rather than glistening, in the white-hot splendors of the setting sun. From that sun, clear back to the first trace of purple

twilight flushing the eastern sky-rim—yes, as if it were the very butment of the eternally blue Californian heaven—ran that wall, always sheer as the plummet, without a visible break through which squirrel might climb or sparrow fly—so broad that it was at first faint-lined, like the paper on which I write, by the loftiest waterfall in the world—so lofty that its very breadth could not dwarf it, while the mighty pines and Douglas firs along its edge rose mistily from the granite lid of the Great Valley's upgazing eye. In the first astonishment of the view we took the whole battlement at a sweep, and seemed to see an unbroken sky-line; but as ecstasy gave way to examination, we discovered how greatly some portions of the precipice surpassed our immediate *vis-à-vis* in height.

First, a little east of our off-look, there projected boldly into the valley from the dominant line of the base a square stupendous tower that might have been hewn by the diamond tools of the genii. Here and there the tools had left a faint scratch, only deep as the width of Broadway and five hundred feet in length; but that detracted no more from the unblemished four-square contour of the entire mass than a pin-mark from the symmetry of a door-post. A city might have been built on its granite flat top. And, oh! the gorgeous masses of light and shadow which the falling sun cast on it,—the shadows like great waves, the lights like the spumy tops and flying mist thrown up from the heaving breast of a golden sea! In California, at that season, the dome of heaven was cloudless; but I still dream of what must be done for the bringing-out of "Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah's" coronation-day majesties by the broken winter sky of fleece and fire! The height of his precipice is nearly four thousand feet perpendicular; his name is supposed to be that of the valley's tutelary deity. He also rejoices in a Spanish *alias*,—some Mission Indian having attempted to translate by "El Capitan" the idea of divine authority implied in Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah.

Far up the valley to the eastward there rose high above the rest of the sky-line, and nearly five thousand feet above the valley, a hemisphere of granite, capping the sheer wall,

without an apparent tree or shrub to hide its vast proportions. This we immediately recognized as the famous Great North Dome. Between Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah and the Dome the wall rose sometimes into great pinnacles and towers, but its sky-line is far more regular than that of the southern side, where we were standing.

But I will hasten on. To describe more fully the valley at this point, the intermediate crests and pinnacles which topped the perpendicular wall of the North Dome, as it stood within our vision like the teeth of a saw, clear and sharp-cut against the blue sky; to try to delineate the plumb-line uprightness of these mighty precipices, to describe this scene further would consume too much space now.

The Great South Dome, I believe, is generally spoken of in the masculine gender, but native tradition makes it feminine. Nowhere is there a more beautiful Indian legend than that of Tis-sa-ack.

Far below lies a sweep of emerald grass turned to chrysoprase by the slant-beamed sun. Broad and fair just beneath us, it narrows to a little strip of green between the butments that uplift the giant domes. Far to the westward, widening more and more, it opens into the bosom of great mountain ranges,—into a field of light, misty by its own excess,—into an unspeakable suffusion of glory, rising from the phoenix-like pile of the dying sun. Here it lies almost as treeless as some rich old clover-mead; yonder its luxuriant smooth grasses give way to a dense wood of cedars, oaks, and pines. Not a living creature, man or beast, breaks the visible silence of this inmost paradise; but for ourselves, standing at the precipice,—the great world petrified, as it were, rock on rock,—might well be running back in stone-and-grassy dreams to the hour when God had given him as yet but two daughters, the crag and the clover. Earth below was as motionless as the ancient heavens above, save for the shining serpent of the Merced, which silently trailed along the middle of the grass, and twinkled his burnished back in the sunset wherever for a space he glided out of the shadow of the woods.

To behold the promised land proved quite

a different thing from possessing it. Only those who have had such a journey can understand how much like a nightmare of endless roof-walking was the descent down the face of the precipice. A painful and most circuitous dug-way, where our animals constantly had to stop, lest their impetus should tumble them headlong, all the way past steepes where the mere thought of a side-fall was terror, brought us in the twilight to a green meadow, ringed by woods, on the banks of the Merced.

Here we pitched our first Yo-Semite camp. Horses and mules were dismissed to the deep green meadow, with no further qualification to their license than might be found in ropes seventy feet long fastened to deep-driven pickets. We soon had a roaring fire and something to eat, after which we selected a cedar-canopied piece of flat sward near the fire for our bed-room, and, as high up as we could reach,*despoiled our fragrant *balzacchini* for the mattresses, which were sweet enough to rest upon.

During our whole stay in the valley we made it our practice to rise early, take breakfast,—we generally had game,—next the horses (even the mules were "horses" here) were brought up from picket; then together or separately we rode away whither we listed.

But, our man! Our stores began to fail. One morning we equipped him with a horse, a pack-mule, and sundry commissions, bidding him good speed on the trail to Mariposa. He was to return in five days. On the morning of the seventh one of the party started either in pursuit, or to meet him on the way. We were getting ominously near the bottom of our flour-bag. In five days more the gentleman returned, leading an extra mule loaded with reinforcements; but our traitorous "man" we saw no more.

Five miles farther up this valley we came to the Yo-Semite Fall proper, but, in the Indian, "Cho-looke." By geological survey this fall is credited with the astounding height of twenty-eight hundred feet! In the spring and early summer no more magnificent sight can be imagined than is obtained from a standpoint right in the midst of the spray, driven, as by a wind blowing thirty miles an hour, from

the thundering basin of the lower fall. At all seasons "Cho-looke" is the grandest mountain waterfall in the known world.

Near here is also another fall called "Po-ho-no," or "The Bridal Veil." As "Tis-sack" is a good, so is "Po-ho-no" an evil spirit of the Indian mythology. The savage lowers his voice to a whisper and crouches tremblingly past "Po-ho-no;" while the very utterance of the name is so dreaded by him that the discoverers of the valley obtained it with difficulty. This fall descends in an unbroken sheet of nearly a thousand feet perpendicular, thus being the next in height among all the valley cataracts to the Yo-Semite itself. Its name of "The Bridal Veil" is very appropriate; for, to one viewing it in profile, its snowy sheet, broken into the filmy, silvery lace of spray, and falling quite free of the brow or the precipice, might well seem the veil worn by the earth at her granite wedding—commemorating the one-thousandth anniversary of her nuptials. Near by stands a nameless rock, three thousand feet in height; and yet another, called "Sentinel Rock," a solitary truncate pinnacle, towering thirty-three hundred feet.

A lovely place in the valley is the shore of Lake "Ah-wi-yoh," a crystal pond of several acres in extent, lying right at the mouth of the narrow strait between the North and South Domes. What a spot here by this tranquil water for an artist! Such a play of color! Our artist friend rose at dawn and worked solely for the love of his art. After passing the great cleft eastward, we found the river more enchanting at every step. We were obliged to penetrate in this direction entirely on foot, clambering between squared blocks of granite dislodged from the wall beneath the North Dome, any one of which might have been excavated into a commodious church, and discovering, after a reconnaissance of five miles, some of the loveliest shady stretches of singing water, and some of the finest minor waterfalls in our American scenery.

Our last camp was pitched among the crags and forests behind the South Dome. We were compelled, in some places, to squeeze sideways through a narrow crevice in the rocks, at imminent danger; in others we became

quadrupedal, scrambling up acclivities with which the bald main precipice had made but slight compromise. We went on and on, but look where we would, impregnable battle-

ments hemmed us in. Oh, mighty Yo-Semite! Higher still might we see, glittering like diamond lances in the sun, the eternal snow-peaks themselves.

BLIND.

ALL the looks those eyes can cast
Must on precious faces fall.
O Remembrance! fix them fast—
Pictures on the inner wall.

What can move him more than this?
Sons and daughters from afar
Bring their youngest, lest he miss
Seeing what their treasures are.

None too soon. Poor yearning eyes,
All their seeing has been done!
But the inner light shall rise,
That shall be the blind man's sun.

Little Mary, grandpa's pet,
Softly climbs upon his chair.
Oh! how close a child can get
Without breaking in on prayer.

Lips are moving close to hers,
And though large eyes open wide,
Yet she neither speaks nor stirs,
Since she's found a place to hide.

'Twixt his bowed head and the breast
She has wedged her golden hair,
On his silver locks to rest,
Casting added glory there.

Lying there so quietly,
Mary hears her own sweet name,—
Looks up eagerly to see
For what end the summons came:

Thinking not, though she'd been told,
Of a some one gone before,
Whose dear name she has in hold,
For whose sake she's loved the more.

Blind, all blind, yet, little one,
To a Mary he can see
Do these prayerful whispers run,
Though he loves you tenderly.

LIVING AMERICAN ARTISTS.

NO. II.



HENRY PETERS GRAY.

HENRY PETERS GRAY, PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

FEW men have attained reputation and easy circumstances with so little apparent effort as the subject of the present sketch—Henry Peters Gray,—at this writing the President of the National Academy of Design, and ranking fairly among the first of living portrait painters.

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Mr. Gray is the son of George W. Gray, a New York merchant, and grandson, on his mother's side, of Mr. Harry Peters, whose farm forty-five years ago, later the site of Vauxhall Gardens, embraced many acres east of Broadway, the homestead occupying the position of the dwelling now opposite the New

York Hotel. Mr. Gray was born in 1819, in Greenwich street, which contained the residences of the wealthier merchants of that day, sharing favor only with State street and Bowling Green. He finished his education at Clinton. His love of art developed soon, for we find him exhibiting at the Academy in 1839, when he was but twenty years old. On this occasion he exhibited five pictures—four portraits and one composition, "Le Chapeau." Immediately after his election as an Associate he visited Europe, accompanying Huntington and Ver Breckin on the voyage. In Europe he remained some eighteen months, studying assiduously and returning with many evidences of his industry and of the rapid development of his talent as an artist. In 1842 he was elected an Academician, and before the close of that year had completed seventy-five paintings. So much at least in evidence of the working energy so characteristic of him.

In 1843 he married Miss Clark, a lady of kindred tastes, and to-day a leader among our woman artists and President of their Association.

After his marriage Mr. Gray visited Boston, and painted numerous portraits there. In 1845 he went a second time to Europe to study, accompanied this time by his wife. He studied closely the works of the old masters in the famous galleries and chapels of Rome and Florence, making copies of them and painting original compositions, many of which were highly valued then and are still much esteemed. In Rome his second son was born. He returned to New York in 1846. From this time until 1861 he worked indefatigably, gaining reputation steadily and taking an active part in the affairs of the Academy, being frequently a member of its Council. During this period, although his chief labor was portrait painting, he painted a large number of important compositions, classic, historic, and *genre*. Among these may be named his "Immortality of the Soul," and "Our Father who Art in Heaven," painted in 1847; "Wages and War," "The Apple of Discord," and "Repose," in 1849, the last named being

exhibited in England in 1851. In 1854 he painted the "Wood Spirit;" in 1856, "Hagar and Ishmael;" in 1858, "The Anointing," "Roman Peasants," "Pride of the Village," and "Building of the Ship;" in 1860, "Sussannah," "Charity," and "Venus and Paris." Add to these and other compositions of less note three hundred and eighty portraits, and Mr. Gray's claim to genius, on the score of industry alone, is indisputable, surely.

In 1861 he was elected Vice-President of the Academy, in place of the venerable Chas. C. Ingham. This office Mr. Gray held until the election of 1870, when he was chosen President, on resignation of Mr. Huntington. He contributed two paintings to the Paris Exposition of 1867, the "Venus and Paris," and "Pride of the Village," above noted.

As Vice-President of the Academy, the same indomitable energy characterized his labors for the benefit of that institution. Mr. Huntington and Mr. Gray were the originators of the Fellowship Fund, to which the Academy owes its material prosperity. Of this fund he still continues Treasurer.

Important among the artist's compositions, more recent than those named, are his "Origin of the American Flag," "America in 1862," "Portia and Bassanio," "St. Christopher," "Geneviève," and "Cleopatra." But, as we have already said, his later years have been chiefly occupied in portrait painting, his work being highly esteemed for general delicacy of treatment and purity of color. A good example of his best qualities as an artist is his cabinet "Portrait of an Old Lady," at the Spring Exhibition of this year.

Mr. Gray is a man of noticeably fine physique, massive head, well-cut features, and a keen, if somewhat restless eye. He unites, in a rare degree, the artist and the man of the world. His sensitiveness is no barrier to his progress; he believes in work and does it, in his studio and out of it, and proceeds to conclusions with determination. The honors conferred on him by his brother Academicians are the legitimate reward of his faithful labors as their Associate and of his great industry and talent as an artist.



J. Q. ADAMS WARD.

J. Q. ADAMS WARD.

Who will gainsay us when we boldly state it as part of our belief, that had there not been a good bank of clay near the old saw-mill at Urbana, thirty years ago, Chatfield, the potter, would not have settled there, but would have gone farther on? "What then?" Just this: that America would have had to-day, in all probability, one sculptor less—and she has none too many who deserve the name.

For in Urbana, at that time, was the home of Farmer Ward, whose boy Quincy was nearing the age of twelve, and tall and strong enough, for his years, to suggest the material for a sturdy farmer. And a farmer Quincy would have been no doubt, but for the genius which was in him, the bank of clay we spoke of, and the potter Chatfield.

And how it came to pass that the farmer's

son became a sculptor is what we have sat down to tell. It is a simple story, yet one full of interest and inspiration,—the history of him whose latest work—his statue of Shakespeare—is ranked amongst the first of modern works of art.

John Quincy Adams Ward was born in Urbana, Champaign County, Ohio, on the 29th day of June, 1830. His father, the inheritor of three hundred acres, and a man of culture, was thoroughly appreciative of the value of a good education, and did the best by his children that the place afforded. Quincy distinguished himself less in school than out of it, however. He had acquired a village reputation, the envy of his playmates, long before he awoke the jealousy of his classmates. For the potter's shop had been his favorite haunt, and here he had acquired a skill at modeling which astonished the older heads, and was a fruitful source of pleasure to the younger. The potter's work had a charm for him which even play had not. It was a rare delight to him to see the shapeless clay develop into graceful form in the workman's hands. He was in his glory when he was permitted to handle the plastic stuff and "make something." The clay bank—the store-house of the potter—was near the homestead, and here, during all the pleasant months, had Quincy a workshop of his own, of which he did not fail to profit. Some of his early efforts at creation were ambitious ones. Churches, saw-mills, and whole villages of people fashioned he, to the wonder and delight of all the lazy rogues who came to watch him. It was here the potter first saw Quincy's work. As a matter of course he became his friend and patron, and gave him the freedom of his workshop. Here in every leisure moment Quincy reveled among the clay, and learned to turn pots with skill, preferring the job immeasurably to the pursuit of vulgar fractions. Here he acquired his first knowledge of tools less primitive than his fingers, and, in early proof of his skill in using them, he ornamented some pots with bas-reliefs, which called general attention to his work, and gave him undisputed rank among his comrades ever after. A *chef d'œuvre* at this time was his representation of

a train of cars, then rather a novelty to the western villagers. Even the potter, who was something of a critic, could afford to admire this effort, and, as the height of *his* ambition for the young artist, suggested that he should be sent to Cincinnati to learn toy-making. "There is money in that business," quoth the potter.

But Cincinnati had no attractions for Quincy, nor had the money of *that* business. His father had no decided views as yet about the future of the boy, nor did his success in modeling suggest any. On the contrary, the family rather disliked Quincy's weakness for the clay. But there was time enough, he was but entering on his teens. And so Quincy continued to attend his school, and to potter away his leisure hours, making clay figures of men on horseback, cattle, and whole theaters occasionally, which he traded off among the village boys for toys of their making or their purchase.

Like all imaginative children, our young artist was passionately fond of reading; but, luckily for him, he had not the privilege of too many books. He had, however, a library in a single work—his father's *Cyclopædia Britannica*. In this he read of drawing, modeling, and of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. Here he had his first revelation of the possibilities of Art, and henceforward his thoughts began to shape into more definite purpose, and his desire to grow stronger that one day he too might become a sculptor.

Quincy was not the only member of the family with artistic tastes; hence he had sympathy and encouragement at home. His sister had learned to make wax-flowers, as was the fashion with young ladies, more than than now,—and hereby hangs a tale. For upon this wax-flower making the young modeler had often cast a hungry eye. He had longed to attempt a statuette in wax, and here was the material for his purpose. Wax could be had for flowers; but in the quantity and quality for figure-making, that was another affair and not to be spoken of. It might be thought about, however, and brooding thereupon begot the ways and means. Somehow the wax disappeared mysteriously from the sister's box, and found its way into Quincy's hands.

Having no vulgar prejudice against color, and being economical of scraps, in a few months he found himself in possession of enough material for his figure. But he had no model. To steal *that* by piecemeal was impossible; so he had to content himself with reference to engravings and occasional consultation of his own proportions, which we may presume were delicate enough at fifteen to suggest, in some degree, the fairer ones of the Venus non-comeatable.

This work, as you may presume, had to be done in secret; hence was it the labor of many months. A shady spot in a distant field was the artist's workshop, where, day after day, he labored to give form to his ideal of female beauty, hiding his statuette in the grass, when too late to work longer at it, to return to it again upon the morrow. It disappeared one day. The artist was in despair, and it is presumed gave some hint of the nature of his loss at home; for although he found the figure some days afterwards in the long grass,—where he himself had placed it, doubtless,—it soon after disappeared, this time to return no more. This was his last great effort at Urbana.

Quincy was sixteen years old when he was taken from school that he might help upon the farm. He tried hard, he says, to content himself with the dull routine of farm life; but, as a farmer, gave promise only of ignominious failure. His heart was not in the work, and the struggle of duty with inelination was most painful. He did his best, however, for three years, but grew more and more discontented daily. His unspoken wish was still to be a sculptor, but there seemed no outlet now from his farmer's life. A change came at last. Seeing how unhappy he was in his effort to reconcile himself to his work at home, it was proposed by the family that he should study medicine; and for a brief time he gave himself to this, thereby educating himself unconsciously for his future work, by becoming familiar with the anatomy of the human form. Whilst thus engaged his health gave way, and during his illness his sister, who lived in Brooklyn, visited her father's home. She expressed her anxiety about Quincy's future, and asked him to tell her of his troubles. He

was too timid and too hopeless then to suggest his wishes, but the kind woman got to the bottom of his heart before she left, and promised him her help. She would call on H. K. Brown, whose studio was in Brooklyn, and whom she knew well.

Faithful to her promise, and accompanied by her husband, Mrs. Thomas waited upon the sculptor Brown, then rising into fame. He gave her but cold encouragement for Quincy; told her that the artist had a hard road to travel, and that success was not always at the end of it. So she wrote to her brother: "If you think you have genius of the highest order, then you may come on and study." He didn't think he had, poor fellow, so buried his hopes once more, and tried to work on manfully in the rough harness of his country life. But the effort cost him dearly. He fell ill again; and at the fall of the year most gladly accepted his sister's invitation to visit her home in Brooklyn. This was in 1849. Soon after his arrival his sister asked him to call at Brown's studio with her; but at first he refused to go,—his ambition had all but left him. Ultimately, however, he was prevailed upon to pay the visit, and was duly introduced to Mr. Brown, by whom he was received in the kindest way.

Here for the first time he saw the "properties" of a sculptor's studio—the blocks of marble and heaps of clay, the modeling tools and other necessities of the art. One young man was cutting at a block of stone; another was fashioning clay into some desired shape. Ward thought he could do this or that, even as he saw it done, and his courage grew. It was a revelation of the processes of artistic labor, which inspired confidence and awoke ambition once again!

Before leaving, Brown told him to get something and copy it. He might tell him then whether or not he had sufficient talent for a sculptor in him. With this advice, and with kind, encouraging words from the sculptor, all of which Quincy as tenderly stored away, our young aspirant left the studio of the master.

It was not long, you may be assured, until something was found to copy—a cast of the Venus de Medici, such as was readily obtain-

able, then as now, for a few shillings, of the Italian figure-venders. With his old love for the nude, and his intuitive perception of the beautiful, Quincy thought little of the difficulty in the task thus self-imposed. He only knew that this Venus was a pretty thing to copy, and he carried the stucco beauty to his sister's home in triumph. Another journey and he returned with clay from the potter's, —then set to work.

His model finished, he carried it to the sculptor's. Brown was out; but he found no lack of approval of his effort from the men and boys who were at work. He left his Venus for the master to see when he returned. In a few days he called again, with beating heart. The sculptor expressed his gratification, said some flattering things, and ended by offering to take Quincy as a pupil. Ward went to work at once, and remained with H. K. Brown for nearly seven years.

He speaks in the most grateful way of the master's kindness, of his most excellent counsel, and of the encouragement he ever gave him; nor is he stinted in his admiration of the sculptor's genius and of his thoroughness as a teacher. With Brown he learned not only to model in clay, but in wax likewise; to set up large figures, also to cut in marble and to work in bronze. In all the mechanical work, in fact, he received the most thorough drilling.

Quincy began as a paying pupil, but before the first year was out he was receiving wages for modeling. He then felt that he must stand alone, and that the struggle of his life had begun indeed.

During his stay with Brown, the sculptor received his commission for the equestrian statue of Washington for Union Square, New York. At this Ward worked as a skilled assistant.

When Mr. Brown left Brooklyn, which he did about the close of Ward's seventh year as his pupil, the latter continued to occupy the studio, where he received commissions for portrait busts and other work, more or less routine in character. While here he also made his first studies for the "Indian Hunter," the Pioneer Simon Kenton, and several other compositions. But it was still up-hill

work as far as money-getting was concerned, and our artist was yet unknown to fame.

In 1859 he went to Washington, and modeled several busts there. Just about this time the Art Commission to superintend the decoration of the Capitol was appointed. The young sculptor dared to hope that there was some chance for him, and made several designs which he submitted to the Commissioners, but nothing came of them. His time in Washington was not lost, however, even if he knew "the proud man's contumely," "the insolence of office," and "the spurns which patient merit from the unworthy takes," — which we do not say he did, whatever we may think about it. Certainly *he* makes no complaint. On the contrary, he has a grateful remembrance of the patronage he received; for while there he made busts of T. P. Hale, Joshua Giddings, Alexander H. Stephens, and others. His bust of the latter was not finished, however, until some time after, when he visited Mr. Stephens in his home in Georgia, and there completed it. Here also he made copies, in bronze, of his statuette model of the Indian Hunter, which were flatteringly received and well paid for. This was the first appearance of this design, and its reception encouraged him to essay the life-size figure on his return to New York. He did not return that year, however, but spent the winter in Columbus, Ohio, where he modeled a bust of Governor Dennison.

In New York again, in 1860, Ward rented a studio in Dodworth building, where he was chiefly occupied during that year at portrait busts, giving all his spare time to study. During the year following he made an engagement with Messrs. Ames & Co. to model designs for presentation swords for them exclusively. This was fairly profitable work, for the demand for these costly gifts was good during the early portion of the war. Among his designs were those for swords for Admiral Foote and General Oglesby. The mountings of these swords were of solid gold, and they cost each about \$3,000. During this year he made a study for his figure of the Freedman, and during this and the following he made busts of Rev. Dr. Dewey, Dr. Mott, Dr. Webster, and others. This was

a season of hard work and of but limited income ; but the time was nearing, fruitful of reward for all this patient toil and noble effort. Ward was elected an Academician in 1863. He now felt that it was due to himself to make a struggle to set up his Indian life size, but he saw the necessity of special study for the work before commencing it in earnest. So, as soon as possible, and even then at no little sacrifice of his means, he left for the Northwest, where he spent several months among the Red men, studying their habits and making wax models of them, which have since been pronounced marvels in truthful delineation of form and character.

It was not until 1864, therefore, that "The Indian Hunter" was finished in the clay. The artist felt that on its reception, favorable or otherwise, his immediate future in a great measure must depend ; so he spared neither thought nor labor to realize his ideal.

It was exhibited in plaster at the gallery of John Snedcor, on Broadway, where, as all interested in the growth of art and acquainted with its later history know, it received an enthusiastic reception from art lovers generally, and won unqualified admiration from the critics. It was exhibited here but a few days when the proposition was made, by several of our wealthy citizens, to purchase it for the Central Park.

In the mean time Ward, thus warmly encouraged, proceeded to have the statue put in bronze, at his own expense. The work was finished before the opening of the Paris Exposition in 1867, and the sculptor, who in the mean time had agreed to the terms of purchase, was permitted to send the statue to Europe for exhibition. Its exposition there did our country honor, and confirmed the artist's reputation and his right to rank among the first of living sculptors.

And now it was no longer the struggle for bread or reputation ; both in the future were well assured. Orders came in beyond the artist's ability to execute. The Academy had already conferred the fullness of its honors.

Whilst the Indian, in plaster, was still on exhibition in the Broadway gallery, Mr. Belmont, the banker, gave Ward a commission

for the heroic statue of Commodore Perry, since executed in bronze, and erected at Newport on a temporary pedestal: the elaborate work on that intended to support it being even yet unfinished. Of this pedestal, however, we shall speak hereafter.

About the same time that he received this important commission he received one also for his "Good Samaritan," designed to commemorate the discovery of ether as an anæsthetic, since erected on a pedestal illustrated with bas-reliefs in the Public Garden at Boston.

On the return from Paris of the American works of art exhibited there, they were placed in the National Academy, conspicuous among them the Indian Hunter. At the close of this exhibition the statue passed into the hands of the Central Park Commissioners, by whom it was placed in the position it now occupies, west of the south end of the Mall, near the Marble Arch, where it is pointed to with pride as the first unmistakable expression of American art in sculpture—American in subject, by the son of a western farmer, the pupil of a native sculptor—a work thoroughly unconventional in treatment, bearing no impress whatever of the influence of a foreign school, an indigenous expression of the New World's genius.

Soon followed the commission for the statue to commemorate the bravery of the Seventh Regiment of the N. Y. S. N. G., a heroic figure in bronze, some time since completed by the artist, but yet to be erected in the Park. Before the completion of this commission, the statue of Shakespeare for the Park was talked of, and for this Ward made several designs, one of which was approved of by the Commissioners. To execute this work a larger studio was necessary, and as our artist was now comparatively wealthy, and the future looked fair indeed, he purchased the site on Forty-ninth street near Fifth avenue, where he erected a home for himself and for one who, during the long years of his trials, had sustained him as a woman's loving, hopeful nature only can sustain. Here also he built his studio, in the rear of his dwelling-house, and prepared to put his noblest thought in the colossal shape in which it is to be given to

the people. There was but little to wish for now, save that the future should fulfill the promise of the present; and there was no cloud above all the broad horizon. But, alas! the storm was near which was to make this fair home desolate. His wife died after a brief illness. That this was a bitter loss all felt who knew this noble lady. Her influence on the artist's thought and work was known to all who knew him. A woman of rare mental gifts and exalted nature, she inspired his thoughts and supported him in his labors. No sacrifice was too great that aided his advancement.

Devoted to her husband and to his glorious art, her faith was inexhaustible; her courage never failed. To her clear and wholesome criticism he owes much of his success; to her woman's tenderness he owes it that his dark hours were but few in the least hopeful of his days of struggle.

It was in 1869 that Ward began his work on the Shakespeare statue, of which the praises of the critics to whom it was exhibited in plaster but a few months ago, still echo in our ears. This statue was to have been unveiled on the 23d of April last—the anniversary of the Poet's birthday—but the bronze was not finished in time. So we shall probably have to wait until the same date of next year.

The sculptor is now at work upon a colossal figure of General Reynolds, who was killed on the field of Gettysburg, whereon this monument will be erected. He also works, at intervals, on the bas-relief of the pedestal for the Perry statue, illustrating the important events in the life of the great Commodore.

As this is the age of figures, we would never be forgiven if we omitted a seasoning of them to give our story spice,—and so we throw in a handful. For his first great success, "The Indian Hunter," Ward received

\$10,000; for his plaster model of "The Good Samaritan," \$5,000; about \$17,000 will pay him for his figure of Commodore Perry and the pedestal; \$23,000 was his commission for the Seventh Regiment Statue, and \$20,000 for the Shakespeare. So adding to these sums those paid him for his minor works,—his group for the Equitable Insurance Company, now on its way here from Rome, where it was cut; his numerous portrait busts and designs,—it will be seen that Ward has worked industriously for his reputation, and, as the figures show, to profitable end.

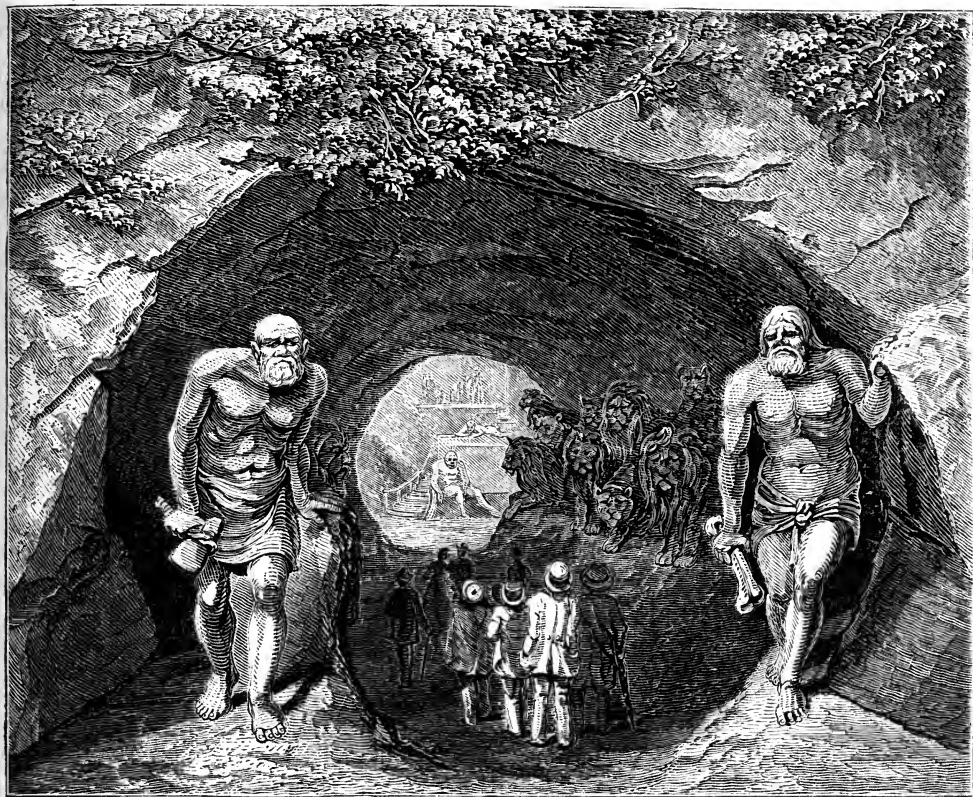
A brief description of the man, for the sake of those too far removed to meet him, for he is accessible to all who court his kindly presence, and our task is done.

Ward is somewhat above the middle height, with the form of an athlete and the grace of movement of one. He is fair, in features Celtic rather than Saxon, reddish-yellow beard close cropped, and pendulous moustache in shade to match. His manner indicates the high-strung nervous temperament; he talks rapidly and well, as one with whom words, at best, but ill translate the plenitude of thought, and yet are never fashioned to disguise it. His conversation has the rare charm of thorough earnestness. He neither waits to choose the better word, nor shapes his phrase conventionally. You know more of him in an hour than you could of most men in a lifetime. His world is one of good fellows generally; he talks about it as he finds it, and helps to elevate one's standard of average human nature.

Ward was elected Vice-President of our National Academy in 1870, and re-elected this year. He is closely identified with all progressive movements in the Academy, where his advice is sought and prized.

AN AMERICAN MUSEUM OF ART.

THE DESIGNS SUBMITTED BY WM. H. BEARD.



MAIN ENTRANCE.

"To use an expressive Americanism," says Mr. Jarves in his *Art Thoughts*, "Central Parks pay. So do National Museums, as that city will discover which is the first to found one on a Central Park scale of organization and administration." This is not the noblest way of looking at such a subject; but it is at any rate worth while to inquire what proportion of the populace can be attracted by a museum which shall be not merely a collection of curiosities, but a school of the very highest culture. Mr. Jarves gives some curiously interesting facts about the visitors to the famous galleries of Europe, though accurate statistics are unfortunately not attainable. At the museums of the Louvre and Versailles, 300,000 francs are realized annually from the sale of catalogues, which are not bought by one visitor

in twenty. Before canes and umbrellas were admitted with their owners, 100,000 francs were taken in one year from their deposit at the doors. At the current fee of two sous each, this sum would represent 1,000,000 persons who brought these articles with them. A vast majority of the visitors to such places are always strangers, the Parisians themselves not furnishing one-tenth of the whole number. The statistics of the British Museum give corresponding results. Certain continental towns, especially in Italy, may almost be said to live on their art collections, for they have little other support than the travelers whom these collections attract. "Were one of our towns to own a great museum, visitors would flock thither from all parts of the Union in such numbers as would soon repay its outlay, and

leave it, as it were, a free gift to posterity, with a prolific income for the benefit of the citizens at large."

The Central Park, being a free pleasure-ground, can have no direct income, but in a single generation it will nearly repay the city all that it has cost. To say nothing of the enhanced price of the lots immediately around it, whatever adorns and improves the city as a whole, whatever makes New York pleasanter for a permanent residence and more attractive as an occasional resort, must add to the value of every house in it. We are beginning already to realize how much the Central Park has done for us, and to appreciate the importance of the arts and elegances of life, judged even from the low stand-point of the vulgar money-getter. When therefore it was recently proposed to found in this city a great Museum of Art, which should hold at least as high a place among the famous collections of the world as our Park is to hold among the public gardens of modern times, the project was soon recognized as practical. The first report of the Committee to whom the preparation of the scheme was intrusted, expressed a fear that an undertaking so difficult and costly might be opposed as visionary. "If the ideas of the Committee," said these gentlemen, "appear at a first view to be on too large a scale, and to involve an expenditure for which the public mind is unprepared, whether as a private or a public undertaking, they would refer to the analogous case of the Central Park, and ask, How many persons, five years before it became a fact, would have supposed it possible to realize that magnificent project on the scale and with the completeness we now see? The institution which we hope in due time to see equally successful calls for no such vast means, but contains within itself possibilities of equally extended usefulness." But the fears of the Committee were not justified by the event. The people have accepted their ideas with something like enthusiasm, and the opening of the Museum is now only a question of time—and a very short time at that.

The foundation of such a work is not often the realization of any one man's scheme. It is the fruit of much general preparation, and often of some crude experiment; and the

historian of art may deem himself fortunate if, in awarding the glory for such an enterprise, he be not called upon to decide the conflicting claims of several independent founders. Perhaps when the Metropolitan Museum of Art shall have taken its rank among the great galleries, we may puzzle ourselves with vain efforts to determine whose enthusiasm gave it the first impulse, and whose intelligence presided over its plan. The public is satisfied now with knowing that the scheme came to light at a meeting of the Union League Club, early in 1869, and was matured by a committee of that body, embracing several well-known artists and gentlemen prominent in other walks of life. It is not generally known, however, how the subject was first brought to the notice of the Club. The printed report of the Executive Committee only informs us that the suggestion came from a letter written by "some American citizens in Paris" to Mr. John Jay, then President of the Club. Those citizens were Mr. Albert Bierstadt, the artist, and Mr. Bowles, one of the well-known bankers. The letter was referred to the Art Committee, consisting at that time of George P. Putnam, J. F. Kensett, J. Q. A. Ward, W. Whittredge, George A. Baker, Vincent Colyer, and Samuel P. Avery. By their recommendation a meeting was held in the Club Theater on the 23d of November, 1869. Mr. Bryant presided. Professor George F. Comfort delivered an address on the subject of Art Museums, and explained the feasibility of founding one in New York. A committee of fifty eminent citizens was chosen to draw up a scheme of organization. And finally, on the 31st of January, 1870, the "General Committee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art" was organized, with John Taylor Johnston for President, and a long list of other officers, representing the best culture of New York. The Committee was afterwards enlarged. A sub-committee was charged with the practical management; there were numerous meetings and consultations; a great deal was done by the personal efforts and solicitations of the gentlemen most deeply interested in the project; and so in a few months the work was fairly in hand. The difficulties seemed more and more formidable the closer

they were examined, and the great difficulty of all was of course to get the money. Even the erection of a suitable building would cost a fortune; for the building itself ought to be the chief feature of one of the most important departments of the Museum—the best example of architectural art which America was capable of producing. It was decided, first, to invite subscriptions from the rich men of the United States, the payment of \$1,000 to constitute any one a Patron of the Museum, \$500 to found a Fellowship in perpetuity, and \$200 to establish a Fellowship for life. Secondly, an appropriation must be asked from the Legislature as soon as the voluntary subscriptions reached a respectable sum. Thirdly, a Loan Exhibition was proposed, if it should seem on investigation that a fair profit could be obtained from it with little risk.

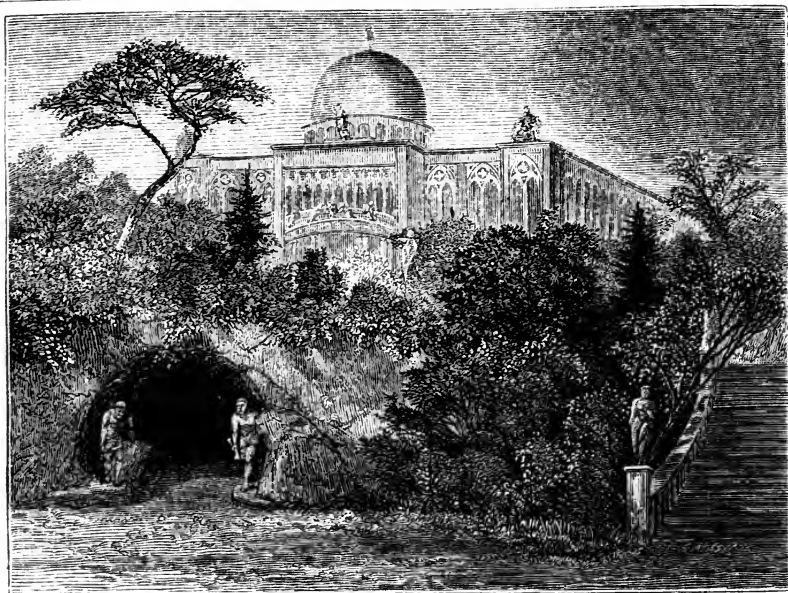
The subscription list grew longer and faster than even the most ardent friends of the Museum expected. Already the contributions

from this source amount to about \$250,000, and when the Committee went to Albany with a request that the Legislature would now vote some of the people's money for what was so clearly a means of popular education, they could show that private munificence had done its full share. The result was one of the most magnificent appropriations ever made at one time for the encouragement of art,—we do not say by an American legislature, but by any government in the world. Half a million of dollars was set apart for the erection of the Museum building, with the condition that the expenditure should be under the control of the Department of Public Parks. An equal sum was voted at the same time for a Museum of Natural History.

As the matter now stands, the Governor, the Mayor, the President of the Department of Parks, the Commissioner of Public Works, the President of the National Academy of Design, and the President of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Archi-



SECOND ENTRANCE.



MAIN ENTRANCE AND BUILDING.

fects, are ex-officio members of the Board of Trustees; and the gentlemen upon whose good judgment the choice of an architect and the character of the building chiefly depend are Mr. P. B. Sweeny, the President, and Judge Hilton, the Secretary, of the Department of Parks. The manner in which the Central Park has been managed during their term of office, and the cordial support which they have given to the very competent architect of that beautiful pleasure-ground, Mr. Jacob Wrey Mould, encourage us to hope the best results from their co-operation with Mr. Johnston, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Putnam, Mr. Detmold, Mr. Blodgett, and other representatives of the original promoters of the enterprise. It should be understood, however, that the gift from the State in no wise obliges the private contributors to accept whatever plans the agents of the State may adopt. The purchase of statuary, pictures, and other works of art, the arrangement of the Museum, the rules of exhibition, are altogether under the control of the Committee, and if they be not satisfied with the building provided for them, they are at liberty to withdraw their funds and seek hospitality elsewhere.

The site has already been selected. Manhattan Square, that rough, broken piece of

ground on the west side of the Eighth Avenue, between Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first street, opposite the lower end of the smaller Receiving Reservoir, is to be devoted to the Museum of Art and the Museum of Natural History, and workmen are now clearing the land. Besides the approach from the street, there will be an entrance from the Central Park by means of a subterranean passage under the Eighth Avenue.

But while one party of artists and connoisseurs has made so much progress, another has been working towards the same end with very fair prospects of success, making no public appeals, but getting the co-operation of liberal patrons of art, and looking after certain collections which may be bought when the proper time comes. Mr. Albert Bierstadt is one of the chief leaders in this movement; Mr. William H. Beard is another. Mr. Beard, however, seems to have been the first in the field, and some important parts of his scheme for a museum were put upon paper long before the meeting at the Union League Club, whose results we have just been tracing. Several years ago the late Mr. Henry Keep purposed devoting some of his wealth to the foundation of an Art Gallery, and it was for him that Mr. Beard first sketched the remarkable plans which we have chosen to illustrate this article.

Entering heartily into the views and aspirations of his friend Bierstadt, he has since completed the rough draughts of the Keep Museum, and laid them before the enthusiastic coterie which, without State help, or even recognition, is laboring so earnestly for the æsthetic culture of the people. Let us say at once, however, that between the Metropolitan Museum Committee and the leaders of what, for want of a better name, we may call the Beard movement, there is no hostile rivalry. They originated independently and thus far they have worked independently, but there is no reason why they should not come together after a while and unite their efforts for a common cause. Neither has yet developed its plans in full, and it may be found that both are tending towards precisely the same objects by nearly the same road.

The essential feature of Mr. Beard's design is the underground approach, and how closely that accommodates itself to the scheme of a Museum on Manhattan Square we need not pause to explain. In one of the views which we have engraved, the elevation of a building is seen in the background, but this is a mere fancy sketch, added by the artist to show the relation of the gallery and its approaches, and not intended as an architectural plan. Let us assume that Mr. Beard's suggestions are adopted by the Committee. The assumption we know is perfectly gratuitous, for the Committee has not even considered the drawings, and only two or three of its members have seen them; but for the sake of convenience we take their adoption for granted. Entering the Museum from the Park, we find, somewhere near the Eighth Avenue wall, the opening of a wide and well-ventilated tunnel. Vines and shrubbery hang over the arched entrance. On either side stands a colossal stone figure: Ignorance, with threatening aspect, and Superstition, with repulsive mien, barring the avenue to æsthetic culture. Passing these grim giants, we find ourselves in an irregular and slightly tortuous subterranean roadway, with rough-hewn rocky sides—not a mere straight gallery, for Mr. Beard borrowed the idea from neither a railway tunnel nor a prim arcade. In the obscurity of this passage, symbolical of the rude origin of art, huge

carven forms of beasts glare upon us from the shelving rock. The whole way is lined with figures, typical of the difficulties to be overcome before the student enters into the real enjoyment and comprehension of the beautiful. In the distance is seen a light ante-chamber, where another colossal figure, a benign old man, who may represent perhaps the guardian genius of the place, sits by a staircase, surrounded with fragments of ancient armor. The recumbent image of a naked youth looks upon him from above, and strange animals crouch upon the rocks by his side. Here the visitor finds himself at the portals of Art. The winding steps at the back of the old man lead to an elevated gallery of statues, effigies possibly of the famous characters of recent times. A tablet of stone bears the names of the founders of the Museum, and beneath it Time lies sleeping—a delicate intimation of the immortality of fame which will reward the gift of a thousand dollars or so to the Museum. Various passage-ways branch off from the room. One, guarded by grotesque antediluvian animals of immense size, leads out to the open air, and through it there gleams a vista of trim lawns and waving trees. Another mounts by broken flights of steps to galleries of sculpture, and so into the Museum proper.

Mr. Beard, it will be seen, has turned to account, in this design, his well-known taste and skill as a delineator of animal life, but it is not for these curious forms alone that his work has interest and value. It solves the problem of the subterranean entrance, which is not a mere freak, but a matter of convenience. It is almost essential that an entrance should be provided from the Park, and it can only be done by a pathway underground. Mr. Beard shows how this passage can be made an important adjunct to the Museum—quite as good in its way as any department of the building to which it leads. It will suit any style of architecture, any arrangement of the collections, and any kind of ground, for the necessary rock can of course be had elsewhere, if nature has not put it where it is wanted. Mr. Beard has also observed the historical order of the arts. Architecture, indeed, is the earliest of all, but it is to the Mu-



THE APPROACH TO THE ART MUSEUM.

seum building itself that we must look for our only specimen of that art. Sculpture comes next, and our designer meets us at the very threshold with specimens of the successive schools, from the representation of natural objects up to the realization of ideal forms, and the embodiment in marble of the purest poetic conceptions. From sculpture we pass on to painting and to the minor arts of design, such as pottery, mosaic, ornamental work in metals and textile fabrics, and the many other branches that must be embraced in any great art collection.

But whether this peculiar scheme be followed or not, the Museum is soon to be built, and the work of collection will quickly follow,—nay, in an indirect way, has already begun. If a loan exhibition should be decided upon, private collectors will be urged to lend their treasures for a few months, and dealers will doubtless contribute some things, with the un-

derstanding that they may be removed if they find a purchaser. A sub-committee reported some time ago in favor of such an exhibition, and a little inquiry proved that the value and number of the works of art in the country which would probably be available for such a purpose were unexpectedly great. There are rich collections of paintings, both ancient and modern; there are collections of rare engravings, of fine old wood carvings, of engraved gems and enamels, of porcelain, of tapestries, of oriental art; and there are some excellent sculptures. Enough of these might be brought together, not indeed to form a complete historical museum of art, but at least to make a deeply interesting exhibition, and to give a fresh stimulus to the public desire for a grand permanent gallery. The country is ripe for it, and we have no hesitation in predicting that all the money which may be wanted can easily be obtained.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 316.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TAPESTRY.

HAVING heard what I was about at the Hall, Charley expressed a desire to take a share in my labors, especially as thereby he would be able to see more of his mother and sister. I took him straight to the book-rooms, and we were hard at work when Clara entered.

"Here is your old friend Charley Osborne," I said. "You remember Miss Coningham, Charley, I know."

He advanced in what seemed a strangely embarrassed—indeed rather sheepish manner, altogether unlike his usual bearing. I attributed it to a doubt whether Clara would acknowledge their old acquaintance. On her part, she met him with some frankness, but I thought also a rather embarrassed look, which was the more surprising as I had let her know he was coming. But they shook hands, and in a little while we were all chatting comfortably.

"Shall I go and tell Mrs. Osborne you are here?" she asked

"Yes, if you please," said Charley, and she went.

In a few minutes Mrs. Osborne and Mary entered. The meeting was full of affection, but to my eye looked like a meeting of the living and the dead in a dream—there was such an evident sadness in it, as if each was dimly aware that they met but in appearance and were in reality far asunder. I could not doubt that however much they loved him, and however little they sympathized with his father's treatment of him, his mother and sister yet regarded him as separated from them by a great gulf—that of culpable unbelief. But they seemed therefore only the more anxious to please and serve him—their anxiety revealing itself in an eagerness painfully like the service offered to one whom the doctors have given up, and who



IN THE ARMORY.

may now have any indulgence he happens to fancy.

"I say, mother," said Charley, who seemed to strive after an airier manner even than usual—"couldn't you come and help us? It would be so jolly!"

"No, my dear; I mustn't leave Lady Brotherton. That would be rude, you know. But I dare say Mary might."

"Oh, please, mamma! I should like it so

much—especially if Clara would stop! But perhaps Mr. Cumbermede—we ought to have asked him first."

"Yes—to be sure—he's the foreman," said Charley. "But he's not a bad fellow, and won't be disobliging. Only you must do as he tells you, or it'll be the worse for us all. I know him."

"I shall be delighted," I said. "I can give both the ladies plenty to do. Indeed I

regard Miss Coningham as one of my hands already. Won't Miss Brotherton honor us to-day, Miss Coningham?"

"I will go and ask her," said Clara.

They all withdrew. In a little while I had four assistants, and we got on famously. The carpenter had been hard at work, and the room next the armory, the oak-paneling of which had shown considerable signs of decay, had been repaired, and the shelves, which were in tolerable condition, were now ready to receive their burden, and reflect the first rays of a dawning order.

Plenty of talk went on during the dusting and arranging of the books by their size, which was the first step towards a cosmos. There was a certain playful naïveté about Charley's manner and speech when he was happy which gave him an instant advantage with women, and even made the impression of wit where there was only grace. Although he was perfectly capable, however, of engaging to any extent in the *badinage* which has ever been in place between young men and women since dawning humanity was first aware of a lovely difference, there was always a certain indescribable dignity about what he said which I now see could have come only from a *believing* heart. I use the word advisedly, but would rather my reader should find what I mean than require me to explain it fully. Belief to my mind lies chiefly in the practical recognition of the high and pure.

Miss Brotherton looked considerably puzzled sometimes, and indeed out of her element. But her dignity had no chance with so many young people, and was compelled to thaw visibly; and while growing more friendly with the others, she could not avoid unbending towards me also, notwithstanding I was a neighbor and the son of a dairy-farmer.

Mary Osborne took little part in the fun beyond a smile, or in the more solid conversation beyond an assent or an ordinary remark. I did not find her very interesting. An onlooker would probably have said she lacked expression. But the stillness upon her face bore to me the shadow of a reproof. Perhaps it was only a want of sympathy with what was going on around her. Perhaps her soul was either far withdrawn from its present

circumstances, or not yet awake to the general interests of life. There was little in the form or hue of her countenance to move admiration, beyond a complexion without spot. It was very fair and delicate, with little more color in it than in the white rose, which but the faintest warmth redeems from dead whiteness. Her features were good in form, but in no way remarkable; her eyes were of the so-called hazel, which consists of a mingling of brown and green; her figure was good but seemed unelastic, and she had nothing of her brother's gayety or grace of movement or expression. I do not mean that either her motions or her speech was clumsy—there was simply nothing to remark in them beyond the absence of anything special. In a word, I did not find her interesting, save as the sister of my delightful Charley, and the sharer of his mother's griefs concerning him.

"If I had as good help in the afternoon," I said, "we should have all the books on the shelves to-night, and be able to set about assorting them to-morrow."

"I am sorry I cannot come this afternoon," said Miss Brotherton. "I should have been most happy if I could. It is really very pleasant—notwithstanding the dust. But Mrs. Osborne and mamma want me to go with them to Minstercombe. You will lunch with us to-day, won't you?" she added, turning to Charley.

"Thank you, Miss Brotherton," he replied; "I should have been delighted, but I am not my own master—I am Cumbermede's slave at present, and can eat and drink only when and where he chooses."

"You *must* stay with your mother, Charley," I said. "You cannot refuse Miss Brotherton."

She could thereupon scarcely avoid extending the invitation to me, but I declined it on some pretext or other, and I was again, thanks to Lilith, back from my dinner before they had finished luncheon. The carriage was at the door when I rode up, and the moment I heard it drive away, I went to the dining-room to find my coadjutors. The only person there was Miss Pease. A thought struck me.

"Won't you come and help us, Miss Pease?" I said. "I have lost one of my assistants, and

I am very anxious to get the room we are at now so far finished to-night."

A smile found its way to her cold eyes, and set the blue sparkling for one briefest moment.

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Cumbermede, but——"

"Kind!" I exclaimed—"I want your help, Miss Pease."

"I'm afraid——"

"Lady Brotherton can't want you now. Do oblige me. You will find it fun."

She smiled outright—evidently at the fancy of any relation between her and fun.

"Do go and put a cap on, and a cotton dress, and come," I persisted.

Without another word she left the room. I was still alone in the library when she came to me, and having shown her what I wanted, we were already busy when the rest arrived.

"Oh Peasey! Are you there?" said Clara, as she entered—not unkindly.

"I have got a substitute for Miss Brotherton, you see, Clara—Miss Coningham—I beg your pardon."

"There's no occasion to beg my pardon. Why shouldn't you call me Clara if you like? It is my name."

"Charley might be taking the same liberty," I returned, extemporizing a reason.

"And why *shouldn't* Charley take the same liberty?" she retorted.

"For no reason that I know," I answered, a trifle hurt, "if it be agreeable to the lady."

"And the gentleman," she amended.

"And the gentleman," I added.

"Very well. Then we are all good boys and girls. Now Peasey, I'm very glad you're come. Only mind you get back to your place before the ogress returns, or you'll have your head snapped off."

Was I right, or was it the result of the slight offense I had taken? Was she the gracious, graceful, naïve, playful, daring woman—or could she be—or had she been just the least little bit vulgar? I am afraid I was then more sensitive to vulgarity in a woman, real or fancied, than even to wickedness—at least I thought I was. At all events, the first *conviction* of anything common or unrefined in a woman would at once have placed me beyond the sphere of her attraction. But I had no time

to think the suggestion over now; and in a few minutes—whether she saw the cloud on my face I cannot tell—Clara had given me a look and a smile which banished the possibility of my thinking about it for the present.

Miss Pease worked more diligently than any of the party. She seldom spoke, and when she did, it was in a gentle, subdued, almost mournful tone; but the company of the young people without the restraint of her mistress was evidently grateful to what of youth yet remained in her oppressed being.

Before it was dark we had got the books all upon the shelves, and leaving Charley with the ladies, I walked home.

I found Styles had got everything out of the lumber-room except a heavy oak chest in the corner, which, our united strength being insufficient to displace it, I concluded was fixed to the floor. I got all the keys my aunt had left behind her, but sought the key of this chest in vain. For my uncle, I never saw a key in his possession. Even what little money he might have in the house, was only put away at the back of an open drawer. For the present, therefore, we had to leave it undisturbed.

When Charley came home, we went to look at it together. It was of oak, and somewhat elaborately carved.

I was very restless in bed that night. The air was close and hot, and as often as I dropped half asleep I awoke again with a start. My thoughts kept stupidly running on the old chest. It had mechanically possessed me. I felt no disturbing curiosity concerning its contents; I was not annoyed at the want of the key; it was only that, like a nursery rhyme that keeps repeating itself over and over in the half-sleeping brain, this chest kept rising before me till I was out of patience with its intrusiveness. It brought me wide awake at last; and I thought, as I could not sleep, I would have a search for the key. I got out of bed, put on my dressing-gown and slippers, lighted my chamber candle, and made an inroad upon the contents of the closet in my room, which had apparently remained undisturbed since the morning when I missed my watch. I believe I had never entered it since. Almost the first thing I came upon

was the pendulum, which woke a strange sensation for which I could not account, until by slow degrees the twilight memory of the incidents connected with it half dawned upon me. I searched the whole place, but not a key could I find.

I started violently at the sound of something like a groan, and for the briefest imaginable moment forgot that my grannie was dead, and thought it must come from her room. It may be remembered that such a sound had led me to her in the middle of the night on which she died. Whether I really heard the sound, or only fancied I heard it—by some half mechanical action of the brain, roused by the association of ideas—I do not even yet know. It may have been changed or expanded into a groan, from one of those innumerable sounds heard in every old house in the stillness of the night; for such, in the absence of the correction given by other sounds, assume place and proportion as it were at their pleasure. What lady has not at midnight mistaken the trail of her own dress on the carpet, in a silent house, for some tumult in a distant room? Curious to say, however, it now led to the same action as the groan I had heard so many years before; for I caught up my candle at once, and took my way down to the kitchen, and up the winding stair behind the chimney to grannie's room. Strange as it may seem, I had not been in it since my return; for my thoughts had been so entirely occupied with other things, that, although I now and then looked forward with considerable expectation to a thorough search of the place, especially of the bureau, I kept it up as a *bonne bouche*, the anticipation of which was consolation enough for the postponement.

I confess it was with no little quavering of the spirit that I sought this chamber in the middle of the night. For, by its association with one who had from my earliest recollection seemed like something forgotten and left behind in the onward rush of life, it was, far more than anything else in the house, like a piece of the past embedded in the present—a fragment that had been, by some eddy in the stream of time, prevented from gliding away down its course, and left to lie forever in a

cranny of the solid shore of unmoving space. But although subject to more than the ordinary tremor at the thought of unknown and invisible presences, I must say for myself that I had never yielded so far as to allow such tremor to govern my actions. Even in my dreams I have resisted ghostly terrors, and can recall one in which I so far conquered a lady ghost who took every means of overcoming me with terror, that at length she fell in love with me, whereupon my fear vanished utterly—a conceited fancy, and as such let it fare.

I opened the door then with some trembling, half expecting to see first the white of my grannie's cap against the tall back of her dark chair. But my senses were sound, and no such illusion seized me. All was empty, cheerless, and musty. Grannie's bed, with its white curtains, looked as if it were mouldering away after her. The dust lay thick on the counterpane of patchwork silk. The bureau stood silent with all its secrets. In the fireplace was the same brushwood and coals which Nannie laid the morning of grannie's death: interrupted by the discovery of my presence, she had left it, and that fire had never been lighted. Half for the sake of companionship, half because the air felt sepulchral and I was thinly clad, I put my candle to it and it blazed up. My courage revived, and after a little more gazing about the room, I ventured to sit down in my grannie's chair and watch the growing fire. Warned however by the shortness of my candle, I soon rose to proceed with my search, and turned towards the bureau.

Here, however, the same difficulty occurred. The top of the bureau was locked as when I had last tried it, and not one of my keys would fit it. At a loss what to do where to search, I dropped again into the chair by the fire, and my eyes went roving about the room. They fell upon a black dress which hung against the wall. At the same moment I remembered that when she gave me the watch, she took the keys of the bureau from her pocket. I went to the dress and found a pocket, not indeed in the dress, but hanging under it from the same peg. There her keys were! It would have been a marvel to me

how my aunt came to leave them undisturbed all those years, but for the instant suggestion that my uncle must have expressed a wish to that effect. With eager hand I opened the bureau. Besides many trinkets in the drawers, some of them of exceedingly antique form, and, I fancied, of considerable value, I found in the pigeon-holes what I was far more pleased to discover—a good many letters, carefully tied in small bundles, with ribbon which had lost all determinable color. These I resolved to take an early opportunity of reading, but replaced for the present, and, having come at last upon one hopeful-looking key, I made haste to return before my candle, which was already flickering in the socket, should go out altogether, and leave me darkling. When I reached the kitchen, however, I found the gray dawn already breaking. I retired once more to my chamber, and was soon fast asleep.

In the morning, my first care was to try the key. It fitted. I oiled it well, and then tried the lock. I had to use considerable force, but at last there came a great clang that echoed through the empty room. When I raised the lid, I knew by the weight it was of iron. In fact, the whole chest was iron with a casing of oak. The lock threw eight bolts, which laid hold of a rim that ran all round the lip of the chest. It was full of "very ancient and fish-like" papers and parchments. I do not know whether my father or grandfather had ever disturbed them, but I am certain my uncle never had, for as far back as I can remember, the part of the room where it stood was filled with what had been, at one time and another, condemned as lumber.

Charley was intensely interested in the discovery, and would have sat down at once to examine the contents of the chest, had I not persuaded him to leave them till the afternoon, that we might get on with our work at the Hall.

The second room was now ready for the carpenter, but, having had a peep of tapestry behind the shelves, a new thought had struck me. If it was in good preservation, it would be out of the question to hide it behind books.

I fear I am getting tedious. My apology

for diffuseness in this part of my narrative is that some threads of the fringe of my own fate show every now and then in the record of these proceedings. I confess also that I hang back from certain things which are pressing nearer with their claim for record.

When we reached the Hall, I took the carpenter with me, and had the book-shelves taken down. To my disappointment we found that an oblong piece of some size was missing from the center of the tapestry on one of the walls. That which covered the rest of the room was entire. It was all of good Gobelin work—somewhat tame in color. The damaged portion represented a wooded landscape, with water and reedy flowers and aquatic fowl, towards which in the distance came a hunter with a crossbow in his hand, and a queer, lurcher-looking dog bounding uncouthly at his heel: the edge of the vacant space cut off the dog's tail and the top of the man's crossbow.

I went to find Sir Giles. He was in the dining-room, where they had just finished breakfast.

"Ah, Mr. Cumbermede!" he said, rising as I entered, and holding out his hand—"here already?"

"We have uncovered some tapestry, Sir Giles, and I want you to come and look at it, if you please."

"I will," he answered. "Would any of you ladies like to go and see it?"

His daughter and Clara rose. Lady Brotherton and Mrs. Osborne sat still. Mary, glancing at her mother, remained seated also.

"Won't you come, Miss Pease?" I said.

She looked almost alarmed at the audacity of the proposal, and murmured, "No, thank you," with a glance at Lady Brotherton, which appeared as involuntary as it was timid.

"Is my son with you?" asked Mrs. Osborne.

I told her he was.

"I shall look in upon you before the morning is over," she said quietly.

They were all pleased with the tapestry, and the ladies offered several conjectures as to the cause of the mutilation.

"It would be a shame to cover it up again—would it not, Sir Giles?" I remarked.

"Indeed it would," he assented.

"If it weren't for that broken piece," said Clara. "That spoils it altogether. I should have the books up again as soon as possible."

"It does look shabby," said Charley. "I can't say I should enjoy having anything so defective always before my eyes."

"We must have it taken down very carefully, Hobbes," said Sir Giles, turning to the carpenter.

"*Must* it come down, Sir Giles?" I interposed. "I think it would be risky. No one knows how long it has been there, and though it might hang where it is for a century yet, and look nothing the worse, it can't be strong, and at best we could not get it down without some injury, while it is a great chance if it would fit any other place half as well."

"What do you propose then?"

"This is the largest room of the six, and the best lighted—with that lovely oriel window: I would venture to propose, Sir Giles, that it should be left clear of books and fitted up as a reading-room."

"But how would you deal with that frightful *lacuna* in the tapestry?" said Charley.

"Yes," said Sir Giles; "it won't look handsome, I fear—do what you will."

"I think I know how to manage it," I said. "If I succeed to your satisfaction, will you allow me to carry out the project?"

"But what are we to do with the books then? We shan't have room for them."

"Couldn't you let me have the next room beyond?"

"You mean to turn me out, I suppose," said Clara.

"Is there tapestry on your walls?" I asked.

"Not a thread—all wainscot—painted."

"Then your room would be the very thing!"

"It is much larger than any of these," she said.

"Then do let us have it for the library, Sir Giles," I entreated.

"I will see what Lady Brotherton says," he replied, and left the room.

In a few minutes we heard his step returning.

"Lady Brotherton has no particular objection to giving up the room you want," he said.

"Will you see Mrs. Wilson, Clara, and arrange with her for your accommodation?"

"With pleasure. I don't mind where I am put—except it be in Lord Edward's room—where the ghost is."

"You mean the one next to ours? There is no ghost there, I assure you," said Sir Giles laughing, as he again left the room with short, heavy steps. "Manage it all to your own mind, Mr. Cumbermede. I shall be satisfied," he called back as he went.

"Until further notice," I said with grandiloquence, "I request that no one may come into this room. If you are kind enough to assort the books we put up yesterday, oblige me by going through the armory. I must find Mrs. Wilson."

"I will go with you," said Clara. "I wonder where the old thing will want to put me. I'm not going where I don't like, I can tell her," she added, following me down the stair and across the hall and the court.

We found the housekeeper in her room. I accosted her in a friendly way. She made but a bare response.

"Would you kindly show me where I slept that night I lost my sword, Mrs. Wilson?" I said.

"I know nothing about your sword, Mr. Cumbermede," she answered, shaking her head and pursing up her mouth.

"I don't ask you anything about it, Mrs. Wilson; I only ask you where I slept the night I lost it."

"Really, Mr. Cumbermede, you can hardly expect me to remember in what room a visitor slept—let me see—it must be twelve or fifteen years ago! I do not take it upon me."

"Oh! never mind then. I referred to the circumstances of that night, thinking they might help you to remember the room; but it is of no consequence; I shall find it for myself. Miss Coningham will, I hope, help me in the search. She knows the house better than I do."

"I must attend to my own business first, if you please, sir," said Clara. "Mrs. Wilson, I am ordered out of my room by Mr. Cumbermede. You must find me fresh quarters, if you please."

Mrs. Wilson stared.

"Do you mean, miss, that you want your things moved to another bedroom?"

"That is what I mean, Mrs. Wilson."

"I must see what Lady Brotherton says to it, miss."

"Do, by all means."

I saw that Clara was bent on annoying her old enemy, and interposed.

"Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton have agreed to let me have Miss Coningham's room for an addition to the library, Mrs. Wilson," I said.

She looked very grim, but made no answer. We turned and left her. She stood for a moment as if thinking, and then, taking down her bunch of keys, followed us.

"If you will come this way," she said, stopping just behind us at another door in the court, "I think I can show you the room you want. But really, Mr. Cumbermede, you are turning the place upside down. If I had thought it would come to this——"

"I hope to do so a little more yet, Mrs. Wilson," I interrupted. "But I am sure you will be pleased with the result."

She did not reply, but led the way up a stair, across the little open gallery, and by passages I did not remember, to the room I wanted. It was in precisely the same condition as when I occupied it.

"This is the room, I believe," she said, as she unlocked and threw open the door. "Perhaps it would suit you, Miss Coningham?"

"Not in the least," answered Clara. "Who knows which of my small possessions might vanish before the morning!"

The housekeeper's face grew turkey-red with indignation.

"Mr. Cumbermede has been filling your head with some of his romances, I see, Miss Clara!"

I laughed, for I did not care to show myself offended with her rudeness.

"Never you mind," said Clara; "I am *not* going to sleep there."

"Very good," said Mrs. Wilson, in a tone of offense severely restrained.

"Will you show me the way to the library?" I requested.

"I will," said Clara; "I know it as well as Mrs. Wilson—every bit."

"Then that is all I want at present, Mrs. Wilson," I said, as we came out of the room. "Don't lock the door though, please," I added. "Or, if you do, give me the key."

She left the door open, and us in the passage. Clara led me to the library. There we found Charley waiting our return.

"Will you take that little boy to his mother, Clara?" I said. "I don't want him here to-day. We'll have a look over those papers in the evening, Charley."

"That's right," said Clara. "I hope Charley will help you to a little rational interest in your own affairs. I am quite bewildered to think that an author, not to say a young man, the sole remnant of an ancient family, however humble, shouldn't even know whether he had any papers in the house or not."

"We've come upon a glorious nest of such addled eggs, Clara. Charley and I are going to blow them to-night," I said.

"You never know when such eggs are addled," retorted Clara. "You'd better put them under some sensible fowl or other first," she added, looking back from the door as they went.

I turned to the carpenter's tool-basket, and taking from it an old chisel, a screw-driver, and a pair of pincers, went back to the room we had just left.

There could be no doubt about it. There was the tip of the dog's tail, and the top of the hunter's crossbow.

But my reader may not have retained in her memory the facts to which I implicitly refer. I would therefore, to spare repetition, beg her to look back to Chapter XIV., containing the account of the loss of my sword.

In the consternation caused me by the discovery that this loss was no dream of the night, I had never thought of examining the wall of the chamber to see whether there was in it a door or not; but I saw now at once plainly enough that the inserted patch did cover a small door. Opening it, I found within, a creaking wooden stair, leading up to another low door, which, fashioned like the door of a companion, opened upon the roof:—nowhere, except in the towers, had the Hall more than two stories. As soon as I had drawn back the bolt and stepped out, I found

myself standing at the foot of an ornate stack of chimneys, and remembered quite well having tried the door that night Clara and I were shut out on the leads—the same night on which my sword was stolen.

For the first time the question now rose in my mind whether Mrs. Wilson could have been in league with Mr. Close. Was it likely I should have been placed in a room so entirely fitted to his purposes by accident? But I could not imagine any respectable woman running such a risk of terrifying a child out of his senses, even if she could have connived at his being robbed of what she might well judge unsuitable for his possession.

Descending again to the bed-room, I set to work with my tools. The utmost care was necessary, for the threads were weak with old age. I had only one or two slight mishaps, however, succeeding on the whole better than I had expected. Leaving the door denuded of its covering, I took the patch on my arm, and again sought the library. Hobbes's surprise, and indeed pleasure, when he saw that my plunder not only fitted the gap, but completed the design, was great. I directed him to get the whole piece down as carefully as he could, and went to extract, if possible, a favor from Lady Brotherton.

She was of course very stiff—no doubt she would have called it dignified; but I did all I could to please her, and perhaps in some small measure succeeded. After representing, amongst other advantages, what an addition a suite of rooms filled with a valuable library must be to the capacity of the house for the reception and entertainment of guests, I ventured at last to beg the services of Miss Pease for the repair of a bit of the tapestry.

She rang the bell, sent for Miss Pease, and ordered her, in a style of the coldest arrogance, to put herself under my direction. She followed me to the door in the meekest manner, but declined the arm I offered. As we went I explained what I wanted, saying I could not trust it to any hands but those of a lady, expressing a hope that she would not think I had taken too great a liberty, and begging her to say nothing about the work itself, as I wished to surprise Sir Giles and my assistants. She said she would be most happy to help me,

but when she saw how much was wanted, she did look a little dismayed. She went and fetched her work-basket at once, however, and set about it, tacking the edges to a strip of canvas, in preparation for some kind of darning, which would not, she hoped, be unsightly.

For a whole week she and the carpenter were the only persons I admitted, and while she gave to her darning every moment she could redeem from her attendance on Lady Brotherton, the carpenter and I were busy,—he cleaning and polishing, and I ranging the more deserted parts of the house to find furniture suitable for our purpose. In Clara's room was an old Turkey carpet which we appropriated, and when we had the tapestry up again, which Miss Pease had at length restored in a marvelous manner—surpassing my best hopes, and more like healing than repairing,—the place was to my eyes a very nest of dusky harmonies.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE OLD CHEST.

I CANNOT help dwelling for a moment on the scene, although it is not of the slightest consequence to my story, when Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton entered the reading-room of the resuscitated library of Moldwarp Hall. It was a bright day of autumn. Outside all was brilliant. The latticed oriel looked over the lawn and the park, where the trees had begun to gather those rich hues which could hardly be the heralds of death if it were the ugly thing it appears. Beyond the fading woods rose a line of blue heights meeting the more ethereal blue of the sky, now faded to a colder and paler tint. The dappled skins of the fallow deer glimmered through the trees, and the whiter ones among them cast a light round them in the shadows. Through the trees that on one side descended to the meadow below, came the shine of the water where the little brook had spread into still pools. All without was bright with sunshine and clear air. But when you turned, all was dark, sombre, and rich like an autumn ten times faded. Through the open door of the next room on one side, you saw the shelves full of books, and from beyond, through the narrow uplifted door, came the glimmer of

the weapons on the wall of the little armory. Two ancient tapestry-covered settees, in which the ravages of moth and worm had been met by skillful repair of chisel and needle, a heavy table of oak, with carved sides, as black as ebony, and a few old, straight-backed chairs were the sole furniture.

Sir Giles expressed much pleasure, and Lady Brotherton, beginning to enter a little into my plans, was more gracious than hitherto.

"We must give a party as soon as you have finished, Mr. Cumbermede," she said; "and——"

"That will be some time yet," I interrupted, not desiring the invitation she seemed about to force herself to utter; "and I fear there are not many in this neighborhood who will appreciate the rarity and value of the library—if the other rooms should turn out as rich as that one."

"I believe old books *are* expensive now a days," she returned. "They are more sought after, I understand."

We resumed our work with fresh vigor, and got on faster. Both Clara and Mary were assiduous in their help.

To go back for a little to my own old chest—we found it, as I have said, full of musty papers. After turning over a few, seeming, to my uneducated eye, deeds and wills and such like, out of which it was evident I could gather no barest meaning without a labor I was not inclined to expend on them,—for I had no pleasure in such details as involved nothing of the picturesque,—I threw the one in my hand upon the heap already taken from the box, and to the indignation of Charley, who was absorbed in one of them, and had not spoken a word for at least a quarter of an hour, exclaimed—

"Come, Charley; I'm sick of the rubbish. Let's go and have a walk before supper."

"Rubbish!" he repeated; "I am ashamed of you!"

"I see Clara has been setting you on. I wonder what she's got in her head. I am sure I have quite a sufficient regard for family history and all that."

"Very like it!" said Charley—"calling such a chestful as this rubbish!"

"I am pleased enough to possess it," I said; "but if they had been such books as some of those at the Hall——"

"Look here then," he said, stooping over the chest, and with some difficulty hauling out a great folio which he had discovered below, but had not yet examined—"just see what you can make of that."

I opened the title-page, rather eagerly. I stared. Could I believe my eyes? First of all on the top of it, in the neatest old hand, was written—"Guilfrid Combremead His Boke. 1630." Then followed what I will not write, lest this MS. should by any accident fall into the hands of book-hunters before my death. I jumped to my feet, gave a shout that brought Charley to his feet also, and danced about the empty room hugging the folio. "Have you lost your senses?" said Charley; but when he had a peep of the title-page, he became as much excited as myself, and it was some time before he could settle down to the papers again. Like a bee over a flower-bed, I went dipping and sipping at my treasure. Every word of the well-known lines bore a flavor of ancient verity such as I had never before perceived in them. At length I looked up, and finding him as much absorbed as I had been myself.

"Well, Charley, what are you finding there?" I asked.

"Proof, perhaps, that you come of an older family than you think," he answered; "proof certainly that some part at least of the Moldwarp property was at one time joined to the Moat, and that you are of the same stock a branch of which was afterwards raised to the present baronetage. At least I have little doubt such is the case, though I can hardly say I am yet prepared to prove it."

"You don't mean I'm of the same blood as—as Geoffrey Brotherton!" I said. "I would rather not, if it's the same to you, Charley."

"I can't help it: that's the way things point," he answered, throwing down the parchment. "But I can't read more now. Let's go and have a walk. I'll stop at home to-morrow, and take a look over the whole set."

"I'll stop with you."

"No, you won't. You'll go and get on with your library. I shall do better alone."

If I could only get a peep at the Moldwarp chest as well !”

“But the place may have been bought and sold many times. Just look here though,” I said, as I showed him the crest on my watch and seal. “Mind you look at the top of your spoon the next time you eat soup at the Hall.”

“That is unnecessary, quite. I recognize the crest at once. How strangely these cryptographs come drifting along the tide, like the gilded ornaments of a wreck after the hull has gone down !”

“Or, like the mole or squint that reappears in successive generations, the legacy of some long-forgotten ancestor,” I said—and several things unexplained occurred to me as possibly having a common solution.

“I find, however,” said Charley, “that the name of Cumbermede is not mentioned in your papers more than about a hundred years back—as far as I have yet made out.”

“That is odd,” I returned, “seeing that in the same chest we find that book with my name, surname and Christian, and the date 1630.”

“It is strange,” he acquiesced, “and will perhaps require a somewhat complicated theory to meet it.”

We began to talk of other matters, and, naturally enough, soon came to Clara.

Charley was never ready to talk of her—indeed avoided the subject in a way that continued to perplex me.

“I confess to you, Charley,” I said, “there is something about her I do not and cannot understand. It seems to me always as if she were—I will not say underhand, but as if she had some object in view—some design upon you—”

“Upon me !” exclaimed Charley, looking at me suddenly and with a face from which all the color had fled.

“No, no, Charley, not that,” I answered, laughing. “I used the word impersonally. I will be more cautious. One would think we had been talking about a witch—or a demon-lady—you are so frightened at the notion of her having you in her eye.”

He did not seem altogether relieved, and I

caught an uneasy glance seeking my countenance.

“But isn’t she charming ?” I went on. “It is only to you I could talk about her so. And after all it may be only a fancy.”

He kept his face downwards and aside, as if he were pondering and coming to no conclusion. The silence grew and grew until expectation ceased, and when I spoke again, it was of something different.

My reader may be certain from all this that I was not in love with Clara. Her beauty and liveliness, with a gayety which not seldom assumed the form of grace, attracted me much, it is true ; but nothing interferes more with the growth of any passion than a spirit of questioning, and that once aroused, love begins to cease and pass into pain. Few, perhaps, could have arrived at the point of admiration I had reached without falling instantly therefrom into an abyss of absorbing passion ; but with me, inasmuch as I searched every feeling in the hope of finding in it the everlasting, there was in the present case a reiterated check, if not indeed recoil ; for I was not and could not make myself sure that Clara was upright ;—perhaps the more commonplace word *straightforward* would express my meaning better.

Anxious to get the books arranged before they all left me, for I knew I should have but little heart for it after they were gone, I grudged Charley the forenoon he wanted amongst my papers, and prevailed upon him to go with me the next day as usual. Another fortnight, which was almost the limit of their stay, would, I thought, suffice ; and giving up everything else, Charley and I worked from morning till night, with much though desultory assistance from the ladies. I contrived to keep the carpenter and housemaid in work, and by the end of the week began to see the inroads of order “scattering the rear of darkness thin.”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MARY OSBORNE.

ALL this time the acquaintance between Mary Osborne and myself had not improved. Save as the sister of my friend I had not, I repeat, found her interesting. She did not

seem at all to fulfill the promise of her childhood. Hardly once did she address me; and, when I spoke to her, would reply with a simple, dull directness, which indicated nothing beyond the fact of the passing occasion. Rightly or wrongly, I concluded that the more indulgence she cherished for Charley, the less she felt for his friend—that to him she attributed the endlessly sad declension of her darling brother. Once on her face I surprised a look of unutterable sorrow resting on Charley's; but the moment she saw that I observed her, the look died out, and her face stiffened into its usual dullness and negation. On me she turned only the unenlightened disc of her soul. Mrs. Osborne, whom I seldom saw, behaved with much more kindness, though hardly more cordiality. It was only that she allowed her bright indulgence for Charley to cast the shadow of his image over the faults of his friend; and except by the sadness that dwelt in every line of her sweet face, she did not attract me. I was ever aware of an inward judgment which I did not believe I deserved, and I would turn from her look with a sense of injury which greater love would have changed into keen pain.

Once, however, I did meet a look of sympathy from Mary. On the second Monday of the fortnight I was more anxious than ever to reach the end of my labors, and was in

(To be continued.)

the court, accompanied by Charley, as early as eight o'clock. From the hall a dark passage led past the door of the dining-room to the garden. Through the dark tube of the passage, we saw the bright green of a lovely bit of sward, and upon it Mary and Clara radiant in white morning dresses. We joined them.

"Here come the slave-drivers!" remarked Clara.

"Already!" said Mary, in a low voice, which I thought had a tinge of dismay in its tone.

"Never mind, Polly," said her companion—"we're not going to bow to their will and pleasure. We'll have our walk in spite of them."

As she spoke she threw a glance at us which seemed to say—"You may come if you like;" then turned to Mary with another which said: "We shall see whether they prefer old books or young ladies."

Charley looked at me—interrogatively.

"Do as you like, Charley," I said.

"I will do as you do," he answered.

"Well," I said, "I have no right——"

"Oh, bother!" said Clara—"You're so magnificent always with your rights and wrongs! Are you coming, or are you not?"

"Yes, I'm coming," I replied, convicted by Clara's directness, for I was quite ready to go.

PETER CRISP.

A COMIC EPISODE OF ITALIAN TRAVEL.

COLONEL M. and myself descended from the cabriolet of a vehicle, wherein we had been ensconced since daylight, at a miserable little inn on the road to Naples, when, to our consternation, at the same moment the *bête noir* of our Roman sojourn emerged from the *intérieur*, took out his phrase-book, and, repeating to himself the needed sentence, approached a fat, cross-looking woman, his fellow-passenger, and offering his arm and a *Voulez-vous promenade, Madame?* began to stride with her up and down the road before the door, while the horses were drinking. There have been many piquant chapters writ-

ten on bores, but the traveling bore has never been adequately described. He has a singular advantage over his *confrères* who stay at home, inasmuch as the claim of a common nationality—especially before the tide of American continental travel had grown so full and pervasive—is one not easily repudiated; and, on the strength of it, if the victim be a good-natured man, an unlimited amount of intrusion and extortion may be practiced with impunity. It was on these grounds that Vernon, than whom a more thorough gentleman and agreeable companion cannot be imagined, had suffered himself tacitly to

accept, in the double capacity of *attaché* and *protégé*, a little pretentious and ignorant fellow-countryman, a sign-engraver by trade, who, having prospered in his calling, became ambitious to see the world and make what he called the *grand tour*. It was a mooted question whether the pleasure of Vernon's society, prized as it justly was, compensated for the vexations incident to that of his companion; and whether the latter were not, on the whole, counterbalanced by the amusement his absurdities occasioned; but practically the matter was settled by the laws of good-fellowship, which made us patient under an infliction that would otherwise be unmitigated to our amiable and accomplished countryman. To leave him to the tender mercies of Crisp would be anything but fair play; yet had we conceived the idea that he would follow Vernon to Naples, and secretly obtain a seat in the same carriage, we should long ago, in self-defense, have had recourse to the cut direct. However, we consoled ourselves with the resolve quietly to give him the slip on our arrival; and meantime beguiled the way by recalling Peter's ridiculous manoeuvres at Rome, which, we agreed, would furnish a playwright with abundant materials for a farce, if not a comedy.

The first time we ever saw him was one morning when he appeared at our lodgings in search of Vernon, who could not hide his mortification at being thus discovered as an involuntary bear-leader. Peter Crisp was a dapper little man, with a face curiously made up of material shrewdness and complacency, —with a fussy manner and an affectation of style in dress which only served to emphasize his vulgarity. Vernon was ill when he encountered him at a hotel at Lyons, and became indebted for services then and there rendered, which made it seem ungrateful not to accept his proposition to become his *compagnon de voyage* and act as his interpreter of foreign lingos. By the time the poor fellow reached Italy he repented of his acquiescence; and at Rome appealed half comically and half in earnest to our forbearance; so that when Crisp came jauntily in and claimed acquaintance with us all, first as fellow-countrymen and then as friends of Vernon, we re-

signed ourselves to the penance with a good grace. "Some of you gentlemen," said he, with a patronizing glance around, "are invalids, I believe. No doubt you have found it hard to take exercise in these dirty streets. I have discovered a fine walk, and will show you the way whenever you like. You go to a square near here, and up a flight of steps, and there are clean paths in plenty." This offer of the freedom of the Pincian, and the novelty of the information, at once enlightened us as to the verdancy of our uninvited guest. Carriages were now announced for the day's excursion, which included a visit to the English Cemetery and the Forum. Of course Crisp took possession of the vacant seat, and Vernon exchanged looks of dismay with us as we rolled through the Piazza d'Espagna. Sauntering among the ruins for an hour, we saw Crisp standing apparently spell-bound before the arch of Septimius Severus, and gazing at the entablature through a double eye-glass. Regarding this as a mere piece of affectation, and yet curious to know what he made of the Latin inscription, we approached the archæological enthusiast, who exclaimed with professional zest: "Them ancients cut letters well!" Scarcely had the smiles excited by this original commentary subsided, when, speaking of Shelley and Keats, whose graves we were about to visit, the former name caught the ear of Crisp. "Ah," said he, "is Shelley in town? I had made a memorandum to call on him." And when we reached the pyramid of Caius Cestus, he ostentatiously transferred to the back of a letter the lines from the *Tempest*, on the slab which covers Shelley's heart, as an original epitaph written by Lord Byron; and when, returning, Shakspeare happened to be mentioned, he shook his head and gravely observed, that, from all he had heard, the bard "was very wild as a young man." Crisp's one political idea and national watchword was General Jackson. He challenged a comparison with him beside the sarcophagus of Scipio and the tomb of Hadrian; he proposed substituting the battle of New Orleans as a subject of the bas-reliefs on the column of Trajan, and shouted the name of his hero on the most inappropriate occasions, and to audiences igno-

rant thereof, with a complacency and a confidence that were amusing to us and bewildering to them. When hundreds of Italian voices were calling a favorite *prima donna* before the curtain, "Hurra for Jackson!" was the incongruous cry intermingled with those euphonious plaudits; and many a stolid Englishman became pugnacious when summoned to compare the old Roman of Tennessee with Nelson and Victoria. In vain was Peter reminded that the poor Capuchin he bullied, or the sarcastic beggar who improvised jokes at his expense, understood not a word of English; he only talked the louder, and rivaled Beppo, the lame mendicant on the Piazza steps, every time he passed him, in vociferous and unintelligible objurgations. Despite remonstrance, he insisted upon going to hear the Miserere, at the Sistine Chapel, in a green frock coat; and when the Swiss guard lowered his halberd and declared a black dress coat and gloves were required for admission, he looked gravely in his face—the speech having been translated—and replied in English, "Whatever you may think of this coat, I wore it at a levee of General Jackson." But on this occasion the name served as a password, for the soldier, thinking he claimed the privilege of military rank, raised his spear and answered apologetically—"Ah! *generale, passez*;" and doubtless to this day Crisp imagines that etiquette was waived in his favor out of respect to the old hero's name. Not for a moment did he forget to draw invidious comparisons between Rome and New York. Fleas he considered as an offset to pictures; Orvieto wine was contemptible beside Albany ale; the oysters were detestable after Shrewsburys and Saddle Rocks; and a Broadway omnibus the grand locomotive desideratum of the Eternal City. He contrasted the mole-like process of the lazy excavators at the Forum with the Celtic drain-diggers of the American metropolis; and his one *mot* was calling the climbing devotees of the Ara Coeli stairs the *ne plus ultra* of superstition. He sighed for Wall Street in the Via Appia, and declared if once Mayor of Rome he would whitewash all the walls and ruins, and drive the street-cobblers in-doors, abolish saints' days, and expel the odor of incense

and garlic by daily distribution of chloride of lime; prohibit itinerant musicians, and substitute anthracite and furnaces for peripatetic *scaldini*.

It was funny to hear Crisp's art comments. He used to con his guide-book, and then extemporize in the galleries. One day he glanced hastily at the catalogue, and mistook the description of a Psyche for that of a Venus emerging from her ablutions, in the next vestibule; and, when a group of visitors passed before the former, volunteered to enlighten them: "This," said he, "is one of the most remarkable statues in Rome; it represents Frisky a-coming out of a bath." He exhibited what he asserted was a bust of himself—a declaration only sustained by the pug nose and the smirk. "Instead of paying a thousand dollars to Powers," he remarked, "I ordered this, at an alabaster shop on the Lung' Arno, for eighty; and do you know why it looks so lively? I found out that the way to get a good expression when sitting to an artist, is to imagine yourself some great man in a great fix. When I sat for that bust I thought myself Napoleon crossing the Alps." He was indignant at the mutilated antiques, and called them "a sell," especially the Hercules torso in the Vatican, and a copy of the Venus de Milo. "Who wants to see a man's belly and shoulders?" he asked, and "Why don't they put arms on that woman?" He laughed at a fellow-countryman who paid five hundred *scudi* for an "old master," a foot and a half square, when he had bought a young one, six feet by four in dimensions, for fifty; and displayed with great complacency a fragment of delf—part of a broken plate left by an English lunch party at Pompeii—as a bit of ancient pottery which, despite the vigilance of the guard, he had surreptitiously conveyed away as a trophy and relic. Ludicrous were the mistakes arising from Crisp's improvised Italian. One day when dining at a by-way *osteria*, his wry face and sputterings led to the discovery that, having perceived that cloth, tea, and various other commodities, when called for of English quality, were superior, he took it for granted that the adjective *Inglese* was the magic word to evoke from shopkeeper and landlord the best of

their stock ; and, on this occasion, finding the salt very dingy of aspect, he thought to substitute a purer article by shouting for *sale inglese* ; whereupon he was, after much delay, served with an ounce or two of Epsom salts, and had flavored his soup therewith to such a degree that its bitterness excited frequent anathemas against the Italian *cuisine*. When at a loss for a word he consulted his dictionary, and being ambitious to inaugurate an old-fashioned Christmas dinner at the "Leprè," he made a list of the ingredients of a plum-pudding, and anticipated the agreeable surprise which would delight the party, owing to his secret order to the chief cook. Unfortunately, however, Crisp had either forgotten or knew not how to direct the cooking of the rich materials, which, to his dismay and our diversion, were served in a crude and liquid state in an enormous tureen. But the climax of his rage against Italian viands arose from his obstinate attempt to Italianize our vernacular by some euphoni-ous vowel termination—an expedient he had found successful in more than one instance when balked in attempts to make himself understood by the urbane natives. A sound of violent altercation greeted our entrance to the *trattoria* one day. Crisp was seated flushed and swearing—not according to the heathen, but the Christian vocabulary—flourishing a napkin indignantly and gazing with despair upon a plate of indigo. It seemed he desired turkey for dinner. Instead of *gallinaccio*, the legitimate Italian for that precious domestic bird, he had ordered persistently *tur-chino*, notwithstanding the shrugs of the waiter, who was so accustomed to his eccentricities as to believe him capable of any diet, and therefore after vain remonstrances, had taken him at his word. One morning the *Caffè del Greco* was crowded, but above the hum of conversation, and through the dense cloud of tobacco-smoke, rose a voice too well known to our little breakfast group, importunately crying "*brava, bravissima, ancora!*" Every one looked up from toast and omelet; every pipe was withdrawn; the waiters grinned; the John Bulls laid down *Galignani*; the Italians paused in their game of dominoes, and artistic arguments were brought to a sudden end. Louder and more

frequent grew the clamor, and all peered curiously towards the vociferous quarter, until we begged the reluctant Vernon to go and stop his noisy *protégé*, who, when asked the meaning of his exclamations, replied, "Why, did they not call out *brava* and *ancora* at the opera when they wanted a thing over again? I want another cup of coffee, to be sure." This explanation circulated at once, and an Englishman of our acquaintance came pensively towards us with his hand pressed against his ribs. "Gentlemen," said he, "that countryman of yours will be the death of me. I sat beside him in the parquette last night, and although I assured him over and over again that my eyesight was excellent, and I was using it to the best advantage, he continued to thrust his sharp elbow into my side, with a 'Look there!' every time the *ballerina* made a pirouette, or raised her leg to a level with her eye; and the consequence is, I am sore and black and blue; and this morning he has spoiled my digestion by making me laugh, while eating, over his preposterous but elegantly got up note-book, wherein, among other impressions of travel, I read this:—'*Item*. The Vatican built by several Popes prior to the French Revolution.'"

At Naples, as usual, Crisp quartered himself upon Vernon. One day that victim of his own good-nature, looking up from his writing-table, beheld his chum at the window of their common sitting-room going complacently through an enigmatical pantomime. Placing his hand on his heart, he bowed and smiled, then opened his arms for an imaginary embrace, and ended by lifting up his eyes as in adoration, falling on his knees, and wafting kisses from his jeweled fingers. Vernon was mortified and alarmed, on approaching the window, to find that it overlooked the *palazzo* of a well-known and highly respected marquis, and that half a dozen *gamins*, a street musician, a water-carrier, a soldier, and a friar were watching Crisp from the opposite sidewalk. "Attend to your own affairs," was the latter's irritable answer to Vernon's remonstrance; "I've been reading about this country; this is the way they make love; you have frightened away a pretty woman who was doubtless on the point of reciprocating my advances." At that mo-

ment a knock was heard at the door, and in walked the landlord, pallid and trembling, with two gendarmes. "O Signore!" exclaimed the frightened Boniface, "I am a ruined man; the Marquis has complained to the police that his wife has been insulted by one of my guests, and a warrant for his imprisonment has come." All the possible scandal of this adventure flashed upon Vernon, while the gay Lothario became agitated and speechless. His more self-possessed com-

panion resorted to a desperate expedient; taking the landlord aside, he whispered that Crisp was mad, and that he should take him by steamer that afternoon to Leghorn and put him in charge of the American Consul, to be sent home. A colloquy with the *gendarmes* ensued; an explanatory message was sent to the Marquis; and the result was that, after an hour's suspense, the officials retired with a shrug of compassion, and murmuring, "*Povero Americano—pazzo per amore!*"

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

THE Treaty of Washington is not, as some have said, a final adjustment of all questions between England and the United States, but it goes much farther in that direction than could have been reasonably expected six months ago. It is a triumph of Christianity and common sense over the old barbarism of war and the standing folly of international jealousy, and stands out in shining contrast to the bloody arbitrament between France and Germany that the last twelve-month has looked upon with horror and surprise. It may be said, however, that we conquered this peace with England as Germany conquered hers with France, —only our war was waged against our own countrymen. When we subdued the rebellion and restored peace, without revenge upon the authors of our civil war, we practically achieved this diplomatic victory over the old pretensions of England, which has now been announced in the formalities of a treaty. It has taken six years to bring England to the point of confession and open concession; and, in the interval, our own antagonism to our cousins across the water has been a good deal softened, and we have learned to concede something too. The Treaty, as it stands, is a work of mutual concession, and the fruit and token of international good-will. As such it bears an honorable distinction among the treaties of recent and of former times.

Although the British and Canadian press now insist stoutly that the terms of the new Treaty are harder upon the other two sides of the triangle than upon ours, we doubt that it will prove so. As between Canada and the United States, we believe the advantages of it will ultimately rest with Canada, especially if it should lead, as it now seems possible, to an early union between us and our northern neighbors. As between us and England, no doubt the points conceded by the British Government are much more important at present than those which we have waived. But we have restricted ourselves for the future more than England, inasmuch as our opportunities were likely to be greater. On both sides, however, the points conceded are in the interest of humanity and for the abridgment

of belligerent claims; and the establishment of the American rule of international law, which the Treaty will ultimately insure, is a great step towards checking war and the extension of war to neutral nations. The settlement of the Alabama controversy and the certain amendment of the international law of neutrality are the main features of the Treaty, though the rest is important enough. In view of all that it secures and all that it averts, no treaty so momentous has been framed in modern times, and it should be the prayer of good men everywhere that it may be perpetual.

THE PIKE IN LITERATURE.

THE "Pike" (by which we do not mean the creature known in ichthyology by that familiar name, but a newly-discovered human species) has produced a strange and startling sensation in recent literature. Consternation, indeed, not dissimilar to that which his fishy namesake occasions by his sudden appearance among the smaller fry of less voracious habits, this awkward, inconsiderate, and profane person has excited in the quiet waters of our polite poetry. For a while he threatened to become the tyrant of our current verse, as Pope has named "the pike (with a small p) the tyrant of the flood." With great celerity he has darted through the columns of our newspapers, the pages of our magazines, while quiet, well-behaved contributors have stood one side and let him have his own wild way. And it began to seem, at one time, as if the ordinary, decent virtues of civilized society could stand no chance in comparison with the picturesque heroism of this savage in "dialect."

Presently, however, and naturally enough, a reaction from the wonder and silent acquiescence with which the appearance of the "Pike" had been received began to make itself felt, in the form of criticism and protest. And it is possible that the reaction may have gone, as reactions so often do, too far. At any rate, the time seems to be fit for a more careful and dispassionate examination of him.

We knew him first, transplanted from his native home, and playing his fantastic tricks and speaking his outlandish speech on the shore of the Pacific. Mr.

Bret Harte found him and made him public, and is responsible for his introduction into polite society. Whether all the "dialecticians" of Mr. Harte's volume are Pikes we will not affirm, but some of them certainly are. Dow of "Dow's Flat" confesses it, not without a certain pride in the avowal. And Mr. William Nye and the veracious James would seem to have been Dow's neighbors of a more or less unworthy sort.

But Mr. John Hay shows us the Pike before he is transplanted, with his foot still upon his native prairie, and his ingenious profanity and copious expectorations still mingling with the familiar waters of his muddy river. We must confess that he is a less attractive object here than in his ultramontane sphere. He changes, not his sky only, but his temper and habits somewhat, when he crosses over the Sierras. He loses something of his coarseness, and acquires a certain delicacy and subtileness of flavor when we find him in the Pacific waters. He does not swear so loud, nor bully us so vehemently. And his claim to the crown of heroism, and indeed of saintship, is rather insinuated, or left to be inferred, than clamorously or even defiantly asserted. For this very reason he is probably more easily and accurately studied in the county where he originated, and where, we believe, Mr. Hay was his appreciative fellow-citizen, than on the golden sands and amid the golden light which Mr. Harte's pictures reveal to us.

Undoubtedly the Pike is a fact. And if "the proper study of mankind is man," this peculiar species is certainly worth our careful scrutiny. We acknowledge, therefore, our obligation to the genius of the two writers we have named, for the fidelity with which they have depicted him. He is admirably, even fearfully real. Tilmon Joy and Jim Bludso are men whom Mr. Hay has seen with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, and become familiar with, so that he can record with artistic minuteness and scientific coolness their amazing and grotesque oaths, their shocking and scandalous behavior, as he certainly could not if he had only heard and seen them once or twice. It is easy to see that he must have stood spectator of the fight at Gilgal, although he claims no more than to have heard the various versions of the story out of which his coherent narrative is constructed. The "mystery," even to an eye-witness, may well have been a mystery still. If the Pike had to be depicted,—and we admit that he had to be,—it is well that it could be done with an accuracy so complete and even so painful. He stands on record now the most eloquent and effective illustration of the fact, pointed out so many years ago by Dr. Bushnell in one of his most characteristic discourses, that in the march of Empire westward, in the hard work of subduing the wilderness and laying the foundation of new States, barbarism is the first danger to be met and averted—the barbarism of the very adventurers who start as the pioneers of civilization and religion.

For the Pike (as we understand him) was not always a Pike. He used to speak a smoother speech and to speak it with purer lips. His coarseness and profaneness are the *detritus* of a morality which once had strength, of a religion which once had sacredness. Strength and even sacredness there are left in him still, discoverable amid the rubbish of words and the lawlessness of conduct which are most obvious. In the disintegration of character which he has suffered, all is not lost. Perhaps even the reconstructed character, which we cannot but hope for in him, may be on a larger scale, with traits of manly courage and generous heroism grander than those to which in our more finished civilization we have been accustomed.

And so we begin to discover why it is that we cannot refuse to Jim Bludso, for example (who, more than any of his fellows, is the typical Pike), our admiration and even our hope. For the doctrine that one virtue can compensate for the absence of another—that bigamy can be condoned by bravery, or infidelity to one's wife be atoned for by fidelity to one's business—we have only horror and disgust. If that is the doctrine of the last stanza of Jim Bludso (as perhaps the popular reader may easily enough have imagined), then it is simply mischievous and odious. That a deplorable sinner can leap to heavenly perfectness by some act of splendid heroism *in extremis*, is a doctrine which even those who do not disavow the name of "Universalist" have, for the most part, ceased to hold. We prefer not to understand Mr. Hay as asserting it, though we could wish that he had guarded himself more carefully against mischievous misapprehension. It is only the ambiguity of the "moral" which makes it dangerous.

"A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright, But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

And out of the "moral" of Jim Bludso it may be worth our while to extract and to treasure what is valuable.

For the lesson, then, which the Pike teaches by his more or less "horrid" example, that as in every saint there may be something sinful, so in every sinner there may be something good, let us be duly thankful. It cannot be taught too often. There is no duty more obvious than the duty of judging charitably if we are to judge at all; but there is also no duty more frequently neglected or disobeyed. That it is not always the most sensual vice which is the most fatal, and that Jim, with the unselfishness of his heroic sacrifice, might stand where the meanness of a smug hypocrisy could get no foothold, may be true enough. That virtue is admirable even when it is found in company with vice, in a savage, or in a degenerate Anglo-Saxon, is worth remembering. And that men are punished by the divine law for the sins which they have and not for those which they have not, for their vices and not for their virtues,—this, too, is a distinction which, though obvious enough when it is put into words, is not always observed in thought. Certainly it is not for his cowardice that we disapprove the Pike, for, whatever else he was, he was no coward. Let us give him his due, as best we may,

and be sure that in the judgment which is "just and perfect altogether," he will have it also.

We must say, however, that we think the Pike appears to the least advantage as a preacher. Gown and bands do not become him. And his views of practical morality are not well proportioned. If only, in future, Mr. Hay would be content to paint him without attaching to the picture any explanatory legend,—to record, and not to interpret him,—we should feel easier about him, and less reluctant to admit him to our drawing-rooms and libraries,—where indeed he scarcely feels at ease himself. Above all things, let him not mount the pulpit, lest we be compelled to denounce him as an impostor, and (what he would regard as even worse) a bore!

POLITICAL BIGOTRY.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM is dead; and the little accident of the pistol has restored to conscientiousness and candor the press that has been so fertile and constant in its censure of him for many years. The man who, while living, was denounced as a demagogue without principle, a politician without patriotism, a traitor without shame, an intriguer for power for his party and place for himself through every range of political inconsistency and villainy, is now regarded as one who was thoroughly earnest and honest, even when he was in the wrong;—nay, as one who, when he became aware of his mistakes, had the manliness and boldness to rectify them publicly. "The new departure," as it is called, of the Democratic party was inaugurated by this man; and it certainly was no less than a public confession of error, and the definition of a new course for himself and for his party, so far as he represented it. Indeed, if we read alone the presses that once condemned him, we shall conclude that our bad Vallandigham is become quite a saint. The public heart warms towards the traitor, and begins to suspect that it has been bereft of a patriot.

Why this haste—this almost indecent haste—to eat one's words, and do justice to one to whom earthly justice is no longer of consequence? We suppose it must arise from a consciousness that the man was, while living, unjustly treated. Death makes us candid. The man's power to harm being gone—his influence to thwart our own selfish or party plans being destroyed by the dread power that will soon destroy us all—our motive to misrepresent is gone, and we hasten to be true. Articles written to-day in all the capitals of the civilized world on Louis Napoleon—written by those who dislike him, and published in journals opposed to him—could not possibly be written to-morrow if, in the mean time, some accident should stop the beating of his heart. Even his present powerlessness is not enough to quench the rancor of slander, or remove the motive of detraction. He must die before he can be treated decently, or win the credit of possessing a single humane or patriotic motive. If some benign accident should remove General Butler from the sphere of his

earthly activities, the tide of eulogy would sweep around the nation. With all his egotism and meddlesomeness and bluster, it would be found that he was at heart a patriot, that he had served the nation well in many ways, and that, on the whole, the removal of his life from our national history would be a loss and not a gain.

This abuse of political men while living, and this laudation of them when dead, convict the political press of the nation of a bigotry of which it ought to be thoroughly ashamed. It all comes of our self-conceit. We make no room for opinions that differ with our own. To every man opposed to us we attribute unworthy motives. Our political opponents are regarded as men without principle. Their motives are more than questioned—they are denounced. Our active politicians seem to be knaves to thousands of their fellow-countrymen, and are treated as knaves by hundreds of presses; and so habitual and persistent are misconception and maltreatment in this respect, that men of sensitive natures and a tender regard for their own good names and reputations shrink from all participation in politics. It is true beyond dispute that a man of the most stainless character and the purest motives has only to become a candidate for office, or to participate influentially in political affairs, to become the target of a great army of dirt-throwers, who lose no opportunity to soil his name and blacken his motives. The fact shows how disgracefully our political conflicts are conducted, and how much their methods need reformation. We talk and write and act like children, and like very bad children, too. Each party in a conflict assumes the possession of all the patriotism, all the principle, and all the virtue, and denies to its opponent every good and laudable motive. The courtesies of life are laid aside. It is no longer a matter of difference of opinion among gentlemen, in which no one loses his respect for his neighbor and himself, but it is a degrading squabble, from which no one comes with name untarnished and with hands unsoiled.

If the lesson which Vallandigham's death teaches us could inaugurate a "new departure" in the conduct of our political and party contests, his death would not be in vain. Are we not old enough as a people, and have we not learned enough from the events of the past few years, to be ready to go into the Presidential conflict that lies not far before us with something of fairness and dignity? It is a shame to us that our best men are disgusted with politics, and it is a shame to us that every prominent public man is subjected from the beginning of his career to the end to the grossest misconstructions and misrepresentations, which are never retracted until death strikes him down. We have only to make as much room for the opinions of our neighbor as we claim for our own, and accord to him the same purity of motive which we are conscious of possessing, to make politics respectable, and bring into public life those who will serve the country in the pure spirit of the fathers of the Republic.

THE OLD CABINET.

WHAT becomes of the soul of a man when he gets to be a sign-board? In the patent duplex ventilating chimney, with the tin whirlygig atop, that passes up and down Broadway on two legs all day long, are there separate identities of man and chimney? Does the latter walk the streets at night—in spirit—after the legs have stepped from under it? And does the man take perforce to his pipe when he goes back at last to his own family and fireside? Is it a man with the soul of a chimney, or a chimney with the soul of a man; or is it something altogether solitary and soulless?

We wonder how the old fellow felt when he first paraded in his bright wooden uniform; through what stages of mortification he passed, what martyrdoms of manhood! Or, may be—more pathetic still—it was a fine thing from the beginning; quite a social uplift, a most distinguished occupation. For he is proud enough of it now. You can see that in his martial mien; in the occasional patronizing recognition of a rival peripatetic sign-board,—like the Iron Duke's reply to the salute of a London cabby.

Perhaps you knew old Tom who flagged at the Cherry street crossing; a withered, leathery old Irishman who had lived on and around the railroad ever since it was built. He began by stealing coals and peaches, and adventurous rides; was promoted to water-boy; after that, wielded pick and hammer on the track. There was a bad smash-up of flat-cars one day, and Tom, with a wooden leg, the gift of the Company, suddenly found himself at the summit of his ambition, in charge of the Cherry-street crossing; his own trim shanty not far off.

It was a lesson in life, just to see Old Tom announce the coming of a train. A glance up the road, a portentous stride across the track toward the depot, a pause, a pucker of the brow, a sudden straightening of the lank form, and the sentence—half menace, half command—is jerked forth, startling as the clang of a locomotive bell: "*ALL* aboard for New York." A dignified hobble back, and the shabby white flag is unfurled as by one who has announced the king's approach, and now stands proudly waving the royal standard before him.

One morning a new flagman appeared at Cherry street. A group of early passengers gathered around him. "It was the two comin' to once on him, and the down train bein' an extra like, and not lookin' that way, and—" he pointed to an ominous dark spot on the planks between the rails.

The new flagman had a spic and span new flag—Old Tom's flag and Old Tom had gone together. But somewhere and sometime we think we shall see him wave it again, with the old proud look on his leathery face.

DID it never strike you that there were necessary blessings as well as necessary evils in this world;

certain good things that we cannot escape any more than we can certain so-called evil things; benefits that we accept with the same lack of responsibility, something of the same spirit of resignation, that we do the trouble we are called upon to bear? Sombre indeed would be the round of the seasons to some of us were it not for pleasures that needs must be devised and entered into for the sake of friends and guests beloved; and oh, the delicious holidays of convalescence! Are there not those who know the blessed relaxation of some morbid self-discipline, through the interposition of a master soul; those who, perplexed and irresolute while duty and desire debate at the parting of the ways, have joyfully welcomed the clear decision that directs them at last into the path leading through the green pastures and beside the still waters!

WHEN a man has genuine "jasm" and irrepressibility, a way of carrying out big enterprises to brilliant and successful issues—and combines with a dazzling audacity a certain downright manner and an off-hand air of generosity—we are apt to wink at his processes and praise his pluck. So, although the man be a reproach to the community in many unspeakable ways, we sometimes say: "Well, the fellow's no sneak; and if he had been given a different bent he would have 'run' his moralities with the same vim that he does his vices."

Perhaps in our day shamelessness is a recommendation: perhaps it is a manly and clever thing to bind one's dishonor as a crown about the brow! However that may be, we have no objection to giving the devil his due,—and we have a thousand times more respect for the good-natured knave himself than for those who march in his train.

Suppose that a fellow of the kind we have described, at the same time the most notorious scamp in a city where scamps were not a few, and who added an inordinate and ridiculous vanity to his other qualities, should choose to make a spectacle of himself by donning royal trappings and prancing down Broadway, on a warlike charger, to the brazen music of a hired band—do you imagine that a thousand men could be found in all the town who, for any mortal consideration of profit, pleasure, or *éclat*, could be induced to swell the impudent pageant?—in the broad daylight we mean—not when darkness would hide their faces from the gaze of honest and self-respectful men, and from the eyes of their wives and children? And if the thousand men were found, whom would you despise, or pity, most—the brilliant buffoon on horseback, or the crowd at his horse's heels?

DEAR NED:—In doleful dumps, eh? Well, well; it is the healthful kind, I guess. Nothing to do with indigestion, or that sort of thing. Occasional blues won't hurt you, my boy! In the "see-saw" of life the board that takes you lowest lifts you

highest, you know. Don't you remember little Dick Stryker's famous text, that he used to preach from so solemnly, enrobed in his mother's white dinner-cloth?—"When it's up it's down, and when it's down it's up!" Dicky's sermons were rather inconsequent, but there's a heap of philosophy in the text.

And so you are impatient of your tread-mill in the office of the *Weekly Vindicator*; you are tired of this "feeble fabulation" in the literary "slush;" you want to be doing better literary work, or none at all. "Words, words, words!" you cry (in your echo of Carlyle), a fig for all this periodic ginger-pop! You think of cracking stones on the turnpike, or taking to the peanut-business. The sentiment does you credit, Ned. It is the artist within you that protests.

But I suspect that a part of your discontent arises from another source. I suspect—for I know something of your grit—that you have reached a point where many a man before you has stood in long, intense, terrible debate—"I cannot both live and utter it"! Which shall it be with me for life: word or deed?"

Now my dear fellow, you know we have to take this world pretty much as we find it; and you and I find it, in our generation, universally addicted to periodicals of every cycle and sort. Thus a new art has arisen: the JOURNALISTIC ART,—a little off, it may be, of the line of "pure literature," so called,—but still an art, with its rules, its limitations, its mission;—an art most difficult, most noble, most potent. And in the practice of it, either as editors or writers for the press, what is there to prevent our being true to the highest principles, to everything that is finest and fittest? Is it not in the interest of culture that a leader or a local item should be pure in English and in tone?

And, moreover, do you not see now the word and the deed made one? To help give right direction to the current of opinion, to influence beneficently the life of a community by timely utterance—is this only "words, words, words!"

Courage, mon ami! It is just such men as you who are wanted in just such places—men who carry into journalism the artistic sense, the high purpose, and as (under the circumstances) the best evidence of these—the liability to the blues.

Yours sincerely,

O. C.

THE editor of the *Boston Congregationalist*, in a letter to his own paper, from London, gives an interesting description of George MacDonald in the pulpit. According to Mr. Dexter, MacDonald was bred a Congregational minister, is a graduate of a Congregational college, and was for several years pastor of a Congregational church in Sussex. Now, however, his name does not appear upon the official yearly list; but he still preaches occasionally, and Mr. Dexter was present when, one Sabbath evening, he officiated for Mr. Allon, at Canonbury:

"The large audience-room was very full. Mr.

MacDonald wore no gown nor bands—as Congregational ministers are quite apt to do here, and as is the usual custom in that pulpit—and had nothing in any way distinctively clerical in his look or manner. He is of a little more than medium height, with a full and flowing dark beard and moustache, and quite long hair; an eminently handsome man, with a general look which suggests the scholar, if not—I do not know that he *writes* poetry—the poet. His voice is rather husky—I fancied a little abnormally so, as he seemed to have a cold. His reading was, to me, very impressive—not that it was faultless, or in any vocal respect near perfection, but that the Scriptures selected were striking, and their rendering somehow singularly earnest. From the Old Testament he read the 5th of Amos, and from the New a portion of the Revelation of John, including the description, in the 14th chapter, of the treading of the great wine-press of the wrath of God, when the blood came out 'even unto the horse-bridles,' etc.; and there was something in his emphatic tones, his Scotch pronunciation—decided, but not amounting to a 'brogue'—and his hirsute front, which gave him a weird seeming, something as if from among the herdmen of Tekoah, or the Isle that is called Patmos, one of the old prophets were come again to warn the wicked.

"His sermon was founded upon 2 Peter iii. 8. 'But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.' Having read the text, he closed the Bible, and, leaning over upon it, began a discourse purely extempore, so far as visible notes were concerned, speaking somewhat thus: The metaphysicians tell us, though I could never quite make sure, that I understood it, while I have had an occasional glimmer of an idea what they mean by it, that there is no such thing as what we call time or space, to the Infinite. But this I can comprehend must be true, that in God's eyes a thousand years and a single day must be alike, in that He can see with one glance all that goes to fill up and make out the one as easily as the other; that, as one might say, it is no harder for Him to cognize the one than the other. Well, if this be so, I think it must follow thence that God is never in a hurry. It comes of our unbelief in Him that we are so apt to be in such a hurry. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' If we look at the history of the material world, or the intellectual world, or the social world, or the moral world, or the religious world, nothing is clearer than that God never was in a hurry, and that He can afford to wait. * * * As we contemplate the seething sum of all social wrong and bitterness and abomination, we are apt to get impatient with it all, and be eager to undertake some great and sudden thing against it. We cannot persuade ourselves to be willing to work slowly upon it from within, as the leaven works upon the loaf, as the life-principle of the mustard-seed pushes itself up into the tree; but we want to attack and vanquish it all somehow from the outside. But that was not

the way which Jesus took; He never attacked any thing from the outside, and he did the will of His Father.

"Ah, I would have you think less about being 'good,' and being 'kind,' and more about being *just*. I would have you earnest, not simply to talk about religion, but to be more honest toward the little despised, neglected duties of each, day by day. *

"You feel out of heart, sometimes, that you don't get faster on. And yet likely you have not made any really great effort, after all. You say, perhaps: 'Ah, it's hardly any good trying!' But then you are almost always driven, when you sit down calmly to think of it, to the confession that you haven't been trying much notwithstanding.

"You get discouraged, very likely, because there are so many people in the world who do not seem to be really capable of such a thing as a genuinely spiritual idea. But let God mind His own; we have nothing to do with that. We must not be discouraged, because of the great things we cannot do, into omitting the little things we can do.

"It seems to me, sometimes, as if God had taken great trouble to make us. The problem was how to do it. I hope you don't think God made us, and made the world, out of nothing. I don't believe God made anything out of nothing; I think He made all things out of *Himself*. And making us thus out of Himself, the problem was how to make us so that we should be *ourselves*; and so I sometimes think He took a great trouble to throw us off, as it were, so far out of Himself as that we might become ourselves, and develop a will and a free will of our own, and with that free will turn around and seek Him. Men often confound will with impulse, as if these were identities, instead of opposites. As when they say of a child that continually goes astray: 'What a determined will it has towards evil:'—the fact being, all the while, that the child has no power of will at all, to resist the dominion of unbridled passion that leads it continually astray.

"Now, friends, you who want to be good, to be just, to be faithful, where lies your hope of deliverance? I do not speak to you—as a motive—of a hell, for I do not think you need it. But, do you know, I think from the extreme of the old-fashioned teaching that God made men on purpose to damn them, some modern theologians are much exposed to the going over to a very dangerous opposite extreme, and teaching that God will not damn men at all! I do not seek to drive you

towards goodness with this fear of God's damnation, but let the man who persists in hardness and impenitence, and who goes on and on and out of the world scorning and neglecting the mercy of our Heavenly Father, be sure that there will be for him a future condemnation terrible to bear. But you, who are tender-hearted, and who want to be true, and are trying to be, learn these two things from our text: never to be discouraged because good things get on so slowly here, and never to fail to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Do not be in a hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime patience of the Lord! Be charitable in view of it. Be earnest in the faith of it. God can afford to wait, why cannot we—since we have Him to fall back upon! Let patience have her perfect work, and bring forth her celestial fruits. Trust God to weave in your little thread into the great web, though the pattern show it not yet. When God's people are able and willing thus to labor and to wait, remembering that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, the grand harvest of the ages shall come to its reaping, and the day shall broaden itself to a thousand years, and the thousand years shall show themselves as a perfect and finished day!

"The sermon, which was about thirty-three minutes in length, was of a character essentially unreportable, and I am sensible that the above sketch is very imperfect in its suggestion of it; but I believe it fairly conveys its prominent ideas in very nearly the order of their occurrence, and with something of the flavor of their speech. It was streaked everywhere with fine touches of poetic expression, which no report can convey, and held the closest attention of his listeners. The manner of its delivery was somehow fragmentary and twitchy, with frequent pauses, which—and his prayers had the same peculiarity—were a little displeasing at first, as suggesting a view to effect, but which gradually failed to give that idea as he warmed into his subject. I think my readers will agree with me that there was very little tendency toward Universalism in the discourse; and that it rather confirms a report which I have heard, that Mr. MacDonald, if he ever leaned in that direction, has seen the error of that way. I am sure he would be heard with deep interest in our American pulpits."

About MacDonald as a poet we may have something to say in a later number.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

QUEEN SUMMER.

THERE are lands where Summer, beautiful Queen, never leaves her throne. Her fearless blossoms flout the day; her bees and birds possess the land in fee-simple, and drink from honeyed cups which know nor blight nor frost.

But in those lands she rules a despot. Her sun-

tipped scepter is raised to destroy as often as to bless. Danger lurks in the fascination of her smile, and behind her shining seat, Death, a rival potentate, couches, and menaces with fleshless arm, and grins among the flowers.

To us Summer comes in different guise. Her short, sweet reign, hemmed in on the one hand and the

other by Spring and Autumn, exemplifies the good effects of "rotation in office." She comes rather as guest than sovereign, and, laying by her insignia of terrible beauty, dons a simpler garb, is tender, loving, beneficent. Mother-sweetness breathes in her smile; she will not command—she stoops to win, and her hands are heaped with gifts for us all.

Not merely gifts, but grants. She opens to us the doors, fast locked all winter-time, which lead to the out-door world. From our warmed and sheltered burrows we step into the very arms of Nature, all dews and stars, all sunsets and sunrisings, all affluence and fresh growth being ours. The weakest and the poorest may come. Queen Summer gives the Fête—spreading couches for tired limbs and a feast for the hungry, providing orchestras in which bird and breeze and rolling surf perform gratuitous harmonies, throwing open picture-galleries without admission-fee, and giving personal welcome to each new-comer. There is no condescension in her air. She not only invites, she woos and pleads, entreating us to come, to profit by the sweet opportunity, and to take what she alone can give.

It is a baptism to new life which she offers—a renovation—a cure. The consuming earthliness of things drops away like a scale under her touch; our weariness and cares and frets lift their heavy wings and are gone. We are made over afresh, with stronger fiber and better purpose—to re-commence, as commence we must, the inevitable strife with ourselves, with the Devil, with circumstance. The battle must begin again. It is much that we have rested, that royal hands help us don again our armor, and that it is lighter than before.

Where do we find this wonderful guest and mistress of ours? She is everywhere, yet many miss her. In shabby courts and dingy alleys she is met; the squalid children playing there are filled with vague rapture by her unseen presence. She sits beside us on the rocks, in the woods; she swings in tree-tops and looks in at garret windows with a smile. But to ball-rooms and hot assemblies she never comes. She eschews "hops," and answers no fashionable cards of invitation. The dancers, passing flushed and heated from the hot rooms, catch a glimpse of her wondering, moon-lit face; but she comes no nearer; the presence-chamber is elsewhere, and they who seek shall discover.

When a few more fast-vanishing weeks shall be past, Queen Summer will have left us. Let those of us who love her, therefore, hasten to kiss the hand of this our bounteous mistress, lest when she is gone our hearts shall reproach us with coldness and ingratitude and our empty lives for the neglect of her beautiful favors.

ICES.

It is one of life's smaller compensations that luxuries—so-called—change place now and then with necessities—are cheaper, easier to come by, open to all.

As in the tropics oranges dangle and bananas ripen for all the world, and no little black hand need lack a cooling palm-leaf, so in our land of plentiful winter,

ice, elsewhere a choice rarity, has become a matter of every-day necessity—used by the poorest. How greatly it can relieve the heats of fervid summer only an American can fairly appreciate, for only in America are its innumerable applications made a subject of systematic study.

Iced water, iced soda, iced butter, ice-chests—how should we dispense with these, having once known their value?

"Ice-Cream!" has become a recognized street cry in our cities, vended by peripatetic salesmen from wheelbarrow freezers. And ices, once regarded as exclusively the province of the confectioner, are rapidly taking rank in public favor as the coolest, most delightful, and easiest of home-made summer desserts.

Given a "Five-minute Freezer" and a shilling's worth of ice, and other material costs almost nothing. With lemons at ninepence a dozen, Sicily oranges fourteen for a quarter of a dollar, currants and raspberries reddening in the garden, and strawberries at every corner, a mould of ice costs less than a pudding or a pie, and involves less heat and trouble of preparation. A bit of carpet and a mallet, a few minutes' pounding and stirring—your freezer is ready—your mixture poured in and covered over; you come and go leaving it to itself, with now and then a twirl of the dasher—half an hour and it is ready. The ghost of last winter has entered your kitchen and done his spiriting deftly.

The varieties of material are many. They sound the gamut of the seasons. There is an "Ice" for every month of the year, and a dozen for those in which ice is most palatable and welcome.

As for instance,—all the winter long, lemon and orange ices can be had, made simply of the juice of the fruits, cold water, and sugar. A little sweetmeat, or the left-over syrup from a can of peaches, may be added to enhance or vary the flavor, and the stiffly-beaten white of an egg makes the composition lighter and more delicate. Later, pine-apple ice comes on; then strawberry, raspberry, cherry—made precisely in the same way. Currant-juice well sweetened and frozen *without* water forms a ruby cone delightful to look and taste. Frozen peaches sliced into cream and well sweetened are delicious; and apple-sauce and cream is not to be derided. In fact there is no fruit or mingling of fruits which will not blend harmoniously under the magic influence of the freezer. The most unlikely things turn out most toothsome. We distinctly remember once eating a mixture of wonderful goodness, which proved on investigation to be compounded of milk, flour, a little melted butter, a *very* little cream, sugar, sliced peaches, and the juice of stewed pears! After that who shall hesitate?

One word more. Pound your ice very fine, and add plenty of *rock* salt, packing it close with a stick or broom-handle. These precautions taken, the freezing becomes a very easy affair.

A DELSARTE FOR EVERY DAY.

WHY should we not have one? We mean a Pro-

fessor, who should carry out the theory of facial expression invented by M. Delsarte, and teach us the proper look and gesture for the *rôles* we happen to be enacting in daily life.

For example : We are supposed to be of the happy and fortunate people of earth. We wear purple and fine linen, and roll, sumptuous as Cinderella, in "Chariots of Heaven," with footmen, coachmen, and long-tailed steeds. Our visible occupation—our only one, at these precise moments—is to be happy. Our faces, attitudes, our whole atmosphere should express this ; it should dimple in our cheeks and ring in our laughter. But as things stand we do not look happy in the least. Our countenances as we languidly press the silken cushions express nothing, unless it is, to use Col. Higginson's apt phrase, "the renunciation of all human joy." We do not smile nor speak ; we look sourly ahead, as if riding at our own funerals. A carriage load of us professedly "happy" people is a gloomy sight to the lookers on. Delsarte would mend all this !

But again, there are occasions in life when it is appropriate to look gloomy. For instance, we attend the obsequies of an acquaintance, somebody whom we liked well enough, but who had no ancestral or blood-relation's claim upon our tears. Still the decencies of death demand a decorous gravity, and we observe it so long as we are in the darkened house, with its hush, its smell of flowers and geranium-leaves, and its subdued and mysterious tramp of boots going up and down stairs. But when, formally summoned by an usher with a list, we emerge again into the light and air, and are put into a hack with three other acquaintance, we forget to be solemn. They talk, we talk. The hackman slowly guides his horses in the long procession. Subdued laughs are audible. The passers-by catch glimpses of animated faces and nodding bonnets. We appear infinitely more cheerful than we did when merely driving for pleasure ! Delsarte is needed to mend this also.

Then there are weddings. The bride must be trained to look timid and the bridegroom blest. The attending parents should exhibit the fine lines of parental struggle, the brooding mother-look, the father's blent with love and pain—

"As the dear wonted smile
Fades from his hearthstone to rejoice
A stranger's."

Nowadays we seem intent on our clothes and our bills. Men of wealth should pose after the portraits of Mæcenas (if any exist) or those of the Medici. Men of letters (in twelve lessons) should be instructed to look like Apostles of the Truth, and not, as at present, like the queer brown efts who inhabit old books. Men

of the law should resemble Justice—unblindfolded, it is true, and wearing pantaloons, but bearing Fairbanks's patent scales—warranted. Men of genius should glow, scintillate, dazzle ; no longer, smug and shaven, should they be passed unrecognized in the crowd of every-day men. They should assume rightful position. Delsarte will see to that.

All of us will look like what we are doing, if not like what we are. Our theory of what this is may—nay, probably will—differ from Brown's theory of the same thing. But there will be this advantage : Brown, and Jones too, will see at a glance what our mental position with regard to ourselves happens to be, and this very fact will spare us a multitude of rubs. By all means let us have a Delsarte.

CUT FLOWERS.

THE first thing to be considered in arranging cut flowers is the vase.

If it is scarlet, blue, or many-colored, it must necessarily conflict with some hue in your bouquet. Choose rather pure white, green, or transparent glass, which allows the delicate stems to be seen. Brown Swiss-wood, silver, bronze, or yellow straw conflict with nothing. The vase must be subordinate to what it holds.

A bowl for roses. Tall-spreading vases for gladiolus, fern, white lilies, and the like. Cups for violets and tiny wood flowers. Baskets for vines and gay garden blossoms. A flower-lover will in time collect shapes and sizes to suit each group.

Colors should be blended together with neutral tints, of which there are abundance—whites, grays, purples, tender greens—and which harmonize the pinks, crimsons, and brilliant reds into soft unison.

Certain flowers assort well only in families, and are spoiled by mixing. Of these are balsams, hollyhocks, and sweet peas, whose tender liquid hues are as those of drifting sunset clouds. Others may be massed with good effect. In arranging a large basket or vase it is well to mentally divide it into small groups, making each group perfectly harmonious with itself, and blending the whole with green and delicate colors. And, above all, avoid stiffness. Let a bright tendrill or spray of vine spring forth here and there, and wander over and around the vase at its will.

The water should be warm for a winter vase—cool, but not iced, for a summer one. A little salt or a bit of charcoal should be added in hot weather, to obviate vegetable decay, and the vase filled anew each morning. With these precautions your flowers, if set beside an open window at night, will keep their freshness for many hours even in July, and reward by their beautiful presence the kind hand which arranged and tended them.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE student of Art attempting to get an intelligible idea of the general value of the painting of England, can hardly do worse than to begin with the Academy exhibition. Scarcely in the range of modern art can another annual exhibition be found which shall convey such evidence of poverty of thought in conception, and journeyman rashness and coarseness in execution, as is shown in an average R. A. exhibition. It is, for concurrent reasons, the school of mediocrity and frivolous conceits—on one side because an association of commonplace intellects will not brook the leadership of original minds, and on the other because the Academy is a shop where the end of labor and the proof of success are in the sales effected and the prices obtained. The title of R. A. is worth so much per cent. on one's untitled income; it imposes on an unthinking and unæsthetic public by the exaggeration of its pretensions, and the mass of Royal Academy goers take the painters at their own terms, and consider admission to the galleries an indefeasible proof of greatness.

And all this in spite of evidence which would satisfy any mind which was capable of changing a prepossession, that the best painters of England are not in the Academy, and that their works are generally proscribed there. Landscape, which is the only art in which the English school really excels, is not in favor in the R. A., and it is merely by a kind of enforced condescension to the only genuine taste which England shows, that now and then a second-rate landscapist enters their body. The great landscape names since Turner (who belonged to another kind of Academy) do not appear on the Academy rolls, and Linnell, Anthony, Palmer, and the list of water-color landscapists, the truest and most artistic of them all, have to give precedence to Vicat Cole, scarcely a second-rate painter, but the best of the Academy.

In the higher class of figure painting the same rule obtains,—Rossetti and Burne Jones, the two most remarkable colorists and painters of ideal subjects England possesses, never even exhibiting at the Academy, while in general excellence the water-color societies display a much higher average than the Academy.

The most patent defects of the English school as such are want of artistic training,—of culture, to use a term better understood in its relations to literature; with consequent want of tone and refinement, an incessantly intruding vulgarity and exaggeration in execution, in color, and in action, and an almost universal deficiency in sense of the beautiful and noble in subject. One goes through a French exhibition with a sense that the art has refined the artist—that a serious artistic aspiration has been the dominant motive in the body of workers; the culture appears in all directions; but in the Academy rooms one sees a huge mass of violent effort, of straining color, one picture competing with another like bidders at an auction, in violence of color and effect, to attract, not the eyes of an educated

public taste, but of a class of exhibition-goers who are taken more by eccentricity than excellence, and whose appreciation goes more by the catalogue than the pictures.

To any one accustomed to continental art, and to the dignity and serene splendor of the old art, the Academy is painfully garish, frivolous, and convulsive as a whole; and when one comes to study out the details there is a great want of intellectual effort and an ostentation of erudition; revivals of past times, without sincerity or genuine appreciation, mingle with commonplace *genre* and obdurate realizations of the most commonplace incidents and scenes of to-day. Here and there, like poets lost in a crowd of shopkeepers, are a very few works of genuine artistic power and completeness; for as the English people, *ignobile vulgus*, is the most crude and hopeless of vulgarities, but with the rarest and finest *échantillons* of humanity occasionally cropping out, so that a thorough English gentleman is proverbially the most nearly perfect of gentlemen; so amid all their vulgar and uncultured shop art there comes now and then even in the Academy exhibition a work of genuine artistic inspiration and training. A little picture by Mason, an artist unknown in America, "A Milkmaid," is one of the most admirable pieces of pure low-toned color which we have ever seen in modern art—almost Venetian in richness and harmony of tone, reminding one in feeling of Gainsborough, though not at all in manner of execution. The portraits of G. F. Watts, again, are of a noble type, grave, largely treated, and indicative of a great artistic power, with as incomplete a scholastic training as one can find in any great work—feebleness of drawing even at times, and a most annoying incompleteness of accessory painting. The draperies and backgrounds of his portraits in this exhibition have all the modern carelessness of treatment, and even unusual crudeness and chalkiness—the points which show more than anything else the difference between modern and Venetian portraiture. The latter was as perfectly studied out as the most earnest religious pictures; the art was always the same—complete throughout, every point made effective and kept in its due relations to all the rest; like the chords of a sonata, no note irrelevant. Watts's portraits are the best, almost the only good in England—certainly the only ones in the exhibition, yet even they show at once the weakness of English art—its radical want of primary training. To the men of the old schools,—perfectly trained from youth, and taught to consider their work as a whole, and to draw and color for drawing's and color's sake—the power of doing appears in the least thing done as well as in the greatest—the painting of a button is as great as that of a head; while in all English work, though in the more important passages the weakness may be disguised by intense application and care in execution, the weakness becomes apparent as soon as the importance of the object is lost and the pains-

taking of hand is relaxed. This executive weakness is apparent throughout the whole school, and in no case does English art rise to a point where comparison with the old schools is possible. When one recalls the pictures which hung in the Academy rooms last winter, and remembers the brush-work of Rubens's wolf-hunt before the canvases of Ansdell or Landseer; the portraits of Rembrandt before those of Watts, and the execution of Velasquez or even Raphael before a picture of Millais, the impassable abyss between the old and the new schools becomes evident, and one feels that the day has gone by when art was the work or interest of the great minds of the day. Political life, religious reform, humanitarianism, carry away the earnest men, and even Ruskin, who once hesitated whether he should give his devotion to art or the church, now loses his enthusiasm for his early pursuits in the human interests which his surroundings present to him. Plastic art can be to modern men only an amusement, a thing for weary hours, and the English temperament, practical and intellectual above all, has even less aptitude than any other for those idle emotions which are the especial objects of pure plastic art. Now and then comes a mind of exceptional make, like Reynolds or Turner, which recognizes art as its especial sphere, and refuses to obey allegiance to the greater facts of life; but in general the modern mind only knows the side of art which conveys scientific or historical facts. Portraiture is to it only a greater photography, and historical painting really exists no longer; landscape alone has a certain recreative interest, but it is not to be doubted that, in all its essential elements, painting is one of the arts lost to general knowledge or appreciation of the practical world; and as the English is the most practical of all practical nations, art is, in spite of all effort, more completely an exotic in England than in any other country, and the feeling for art in any shape, music, architecture, painting, sculpture, etc., is lower and more forced there even than in America, where a large infusion of all other national temperaments saves us from the ban of our original stock.

In the present theme of discussion, the general tone of portraiture is the best of proofs of what we have said. Except Watts's, there are no portraits in the Academy worth noticing save as mechanical products and with reference to their originals—none which compare, for artistic and pictorial completeness, with those of the President of our National Academy, or for insight into character with those of Rowse.

The man who more than any other engages the suffrages of the Academy-goers is Millais; yet Millais, since his early pictures, in which a sustained concentration in study and a rare (to the English public) sense of the value of local color, made him a merited reputation, has every year run more and more into mere brush-work, and become more and more reckless of any purpose or artistic refinement in his pictures. His great picture of this year, Aaron and Hur sustaining the hands of Moses, represents all that is bad and vulgar

in English art, as well as all that is most powerful in mere execution. The characters are not even conceived—they are taken from the models; and the action is the most trumpery of theatrical pose—Hur resembling a stock ranter playing Shylock and swearing he will have his bond. His Sonnambulist is a picture which but for its being *his* would scarcely have been admitted even to the Academy—commonplace, without the merit of good painting even, except in a candlestick which she carries half inverted in one hand.

Leighton, who promises, it is said, to be the next President of the Academy, is out in force with several classical pictures. He is the artist on whose work hopes of a restoration of a pure classical style and subjective dignity to English art have been formerly laid by some of the truest critical English minds; but, like all the rest, once his position made and his reception assured, he has run off into extravagant exaggeration of his best points, until there is scarcely anything but a caricature of the classical renaissance left. The subject of the principal picture is Hercules struggling with Death for the life of Alcestis. The composition, in the usual style of classic painters, pseudo-Raphaelesque, shows the body of Alcestis stretched on the bier in the center; on the right Hercules, wrestling with Death, who is treated in a solid matter-of-fact style instead of the traditional bones and skull, overturns his grim adversary with an ease which in no way accounts for the exuberant muscle and grotesque *flair* of the demi-god. The head of Death is a good point—a vague, ashy face, frightful with its undirected and stony stare. On the left the attendants huddle together in a well-rendered fright, which is the most successful part of the picture; the rest consists of skillfully-posed but unskillfully-painted models to make up the "harmony" of the composition. The color is simply atrocious—a glare of glazes in which all execution and solidity is lost; in which there is no sense of harmony of color, only an exaggeration of tone with the most distant allusion to nature.

And when these three, Watts, Millais, and Leighton, are the *Dii Majores* of the Academy, what shall we expect of the *Minores*? Of Mason, whose "Milkmaid" we have alluded to, we can hardly expect more than he has given—the simplest of subjects treated in the most tender, if not the highest of poetic aspects. He has another picture, in which a landscape motive of great *naïveté* is treated with a simplicity and general manner so like the more happily-conceived "Milkmaid" that we quickly discover his limitation.

A picture by Walker, "At the Bar," gives at once an example of what is most genuine and powerful in English art, and what is most faulty in the treatment, from the point of view of plastic dignity and completeness. It is a large picture, with a woman at the bar waiting for the verdict or the sentence, as the case may be,—a haggard, ragged outcast caught out of the slums of London, plunged into the more despairing filth of the dungeon, and, worn and half-crazed, brought up for the word of life or death. She waits it with

a feverish intensity, a greed of even that wretched life of hers, the rendering of which is so perfectly dramatic, so instinct with imaginative reality, that one comes away from the Academy with the remembrance of it as the one real, living work there. But the picture has no "composition," no arrangement of any kind. The culprit leans on a bar, looking straight out of the picture, with a plain flat background, and no accessories except a ruffianly looking jailer, who sits in the lower left-hand corner of the picture. The painting of the whole is on the simplest planes, low-toned and pure in color and masterly in handling.

Taking out this picture and Mason's, some faint emulation of the French revivals of Pompeian art by Moore, there is nothing in the general impression of the Academy exhibition much at variance with the general tenor of the exhibitions of the New York Academy, except that it is more staring and crude in color and more caricatured in vigor of execution.

Fortunately for British art, the Academy is not the last tribunal of taste or excellence, and we shall find in the water-color exhibition (and the work of the men who do not exhibit anywhere) some material for sincere study and more grateful appreciation.

THE BATTLE OF DORKING.

COL. HAMLEY—if it is really Col. Hamley, who in the prophetic *Battle of Dorking* (reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* by the Putnams) has startled England to such a sense of her military weakness—certainly chose the most effectual, if not the kindest, way of accomplishing his purpose. After the subsidence of last summer's scare, when all parties had stiffened their backs with repeated "Who's afraid!" and persuaded themselves that the fate of France could never overtake England, his clever stroke of imagination sets them to trembling again in a way that must be as gratifying to the writer as humiliating to the government. The weak attempts to draw comfort from the assertion that the author lays on too much dark color, only testifies to the probable accuracy of the picture he draws. The story of the battle and the sudden overthrow of England by United Germany, three years after the fall of France, is told after the lapse of half a century by an old volunteer whose children are about to emigrate. The present condition of England is described with a few graphic touches—how trade increased and riches flowed in from every quarter. "Fools that we were! We thought that all this wealth and prosperity were sent us by Providence, and could not stop coming. In our blindness we did not see that we were merely a big workshop making up the things which came from all parts of the world; and that if other nations stopped sending us raw goods to work up we could not produce them ourselves." The war was precipitated by the blustering of the press upon the annexation of Denmark and Holland by Germany. The folly of the course was manifest, yet "we had always got out of scrapes before, and we believed

that our old luck and pluck would somehow pull us through." But it didn't. The sudden bursting of the storm, for which the Germans were prepared and the English were not; the destruction of the fragment of the British fleet hastily got together,—the greater part of it being scattered to the four quarters of the globe, as ours was when the rebellion broke out,—the invasion, and the utter defeat of the English army hastily and confusedly thrown to the line of chalk hills near Dorking—are described with a rare combination of professional knowledge, creative power, and skillful handling of details. Those of our readers who had experience of volunteer fighting under bad generalship during our late war will appreciate the vivid truthfulness of the old volunteer's representation of the mythical fight at Box Hill, the Bull Run retreat upon London, and the street fighting in Kingston, where our two-days soldier ends his military career. "After the first stand in line, and when once they had got us on the march, the enemy laughed at us. Our handful of regular troops was sacrificed almost to a man, in a vain conflict with numbers; our volunteers and militia, with officers who did not know their work, without ammunition or equipment, or staff to superintend, starving in the midst of plenty, we had soon become a helpless mob, fighting desperately here and there, but with whom as a manœuvring army the disciplined invaders did just what they pleased." What makes the natural and minutely realistic description which the author gives of this imaginary reverse so stinging to all classes, is the too evident probability that an actual invasion would result in much the same way.

PANGENESIS.

ONE of Darwin's own disciples has lately dealt his favorite hypothesis of "pangenesis" a stunning blow. Denying, as Darwin does, the existence of a special vital principle, he was obliged to explain how each plant or animal is built up in its own manner. He therefore assumed the provisional hypothesis of "pangenesis," by which he means the doctrine that each portion of every organism gives off inconceivably minute gemmules like itself, which pass through the circulating fluids in infinite numbers, and which are transmitted from parent to offspring. Thus, by "pangenesis," millions of gemmules, representing all possible portions of a poppy or of an oak, are collected into its pollen and ovules, and thus pass into the ripening seed or acorn. Then, as the seed or acorn grows, these gemmules, which meanwhile have the convenient power of multiplying themselves, are severally attached where they belong. The gemmule which originated in the bark of the parent oak seeks the right spot to build up bark in the young tree, and the end of a bud attracts the floating gemmule necessary to complete its growth. Such, in popular language, is "pangenesis." Now, Mr. Galton, who by his book arguing the hereditary character of genius, had done Mr. Darwin good service, concluded to put this through a crucial test. When two breeds of rabbits are crossed,

the mongrel offspring show plainly enough that the difference of breed does not interfere with the free action of the "gemmales" of both parents. Now, if the blood swarms with these gemmales, it will not be necessary to cross two breeds to get a mongrel offspring. All that would be necessary is to transfuse the blood of one breed into the veins of a rabbit of another breed, and so we have both sorts of gemmales circulating in its system; and its offspring, though paired with one of its own kind, ought to be a mongrel. This experiment Mr. Galton tried repeatedly, nearly draining his rabbit of its own blood before making the transfusion. In order to make the interchange of blood more complete, he even pierced the carotid arteries of two rabbits of different breeds (a silver-gray and a yellow), and by connecting them by cross-tubes caused the blood of each to circulate for thirty-five minutes through the veins of the other. But in every case the offspring of the poor creatures experimented on proved to be utterly untainted by any sign of false blood. Mr. Galton publishes this as a complete refutation of pangenesis. And we are surprised that Mr. Darwin, with less than his usual candor, does not yield the point. His only plea in defense is, that it is quite conceivable that the gemmales may circulate in the cells and tissues of the body without inhabiting the blood. Quite inconceivable it will seem to almost everybody else.

THE new buildings for the English International Exhibitions are of a more substantial character than those experimenta previously constructed for that purpose. Beside the Royal Albert Hall, there is a large quadrangle of galleries enclosing the grounds of the Royal Horticultural Society, with an immense conservatory. This will be a permanent attraction to the South Kensington district, where the art museum and picture galleries, already existing, are of so great value; the buildings nearly completed for the natural history collections now in the British Museum forming another feature. When all is finished the quarter will be, indeed, so far as the interest of the collection and exhibitions go, unequaled in the world. Unfortunately, the buildings are, without exception, of a poor and trivial architectural character, and unworthy their uses.

Every new attempt at architectural display only proves more and more conclusively the unartistic character of the English mind. Let the system be what it will—competitive or by commission—nothing comes out well, and the public monuments in general are quite worthy of Washington—lower one cannot go in the scale of taste. The exhibition of this year is quite a failure, so far as the *general* foreign contributions are concerned. The display of machinery is very meager, and save for the Indian work, which in matter of tissues and ornament is very lovely, and the picture collection, there is little to tempt study. The ceramic collections are very complete, but mostly English. The art collections are exceedingly interesting, and include

pictures even by deceased artists, and which have been exhibited before in London, so that it becomes a sort of review exhibition. One finds here in the French collection the well-known pictures of Delacroix, Delaroche, Jules Dupré, etc., with those by the still living men, most of whom are represented. There is a wonderful moonlight by Daubigny, which three years ago was sent to the Royal Academy, whence it was about to be summarily expelled, and was only finally hung at the top of the room at the earnest intercession of one of the Academicians, a personal friend of the painter. Yet it is now generally admitted to be one of the finest landscapes in the International, and is certainly the most incomparable moonlight to be seen in any of the exhibitions of the year. There is an astonishing picture by Regnault (killed in the siege of Paris), a Moorish decapitation.

THE famous collection of jewels, vases, and terracottas from the excavations of Greece, Etruria, and Græcia Magna, belonging to the Castellani family, and well known to all visitors to Rome, is now in London for sale, the British Museum not having concluded the purchase, which has been pending for two years. This collection is not only the most complete, out of the great national museums, but is likely never to be equaled by future collections, as the ground of all the ancient cities has been, during the thirty or forty years which have been employed in making it, so thoroughly explored that few discoveries are likely to be made in future; while the Castellanis have had the pick of the Roman and Neapolitan market for two generations of collectors. Its price is large, £37,000, but not large considering the number and exquisite beauty of the gems and antique jewelry, which is of all ages, from the mythic to the 16th century, with several beautiful Greek statues, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, etc., etc. The English exchequer seems to forbid the purchase; it would be a wise thing in our great capitalists if they would secure it for our new art museum, and half a dozen New York merchants could do the work. Another such opportunity will never offer, and the collection could no doubt be sold for much more in detail, so that no re-collection could be made at anything like the same terms. The prices of such treasures rise every year.

AND apropos of prices, that of Millais's "Moses," described in the R. A. notice, is £5,000, the same as that of his last year's principal picture, "The Knight and Lady," which it is a genuine satisfaction to find unsold in the International of this year. No painter in England is so overrated as Millais, and the prices he puts on his pictures are sheer impertinence, considering their power and relative artistic excellence.

PICTURE buying and selling has assumed in England the character of a commerce in which enormous capital is invested and in which fortunes are made. No investment is so profitable as that in the work of a young man of rising reputation and great power of execution or originality. Many of the best painters of England work entirely for the dealers at regular prices, with sale

secured of every picture. They pass from hand to hand, and occasionally absurd prices are reached. It is like the tulip mania in Holland—only not so well justified, for tulips are always beautiful, while some of the pictures are far from it. Every spring-time a certain number of collections are brought to the hammer, and it is often found that the prices realized are six, eight, and even ten times the price first paid. The capitalist buys as he buys stocks.

Ruskin, in one of his piquant letters called *Fors Clavigera*, alludes to the sale of pictures at high prices in the following terms:—"Now it is perfectly true that you may sometimes sell a picture for a thousand pounds, but the chances are very much against your doing so—much more than the chances of a lottery. In the first place you must paint a very clever picture; and the chances are greatly against your doing that. In the second place you must meet with an amiable picture-dealer; and the chances are somewhat against your doing that. In the third place the amiable picture-dealer must meet with a fool; and the chances are not always in favor even of his doing that."

THE GATES OF PARIS being again opened to the world, there is much interest in the investigation of her literature during the period of war. The quantity is larger than we could have expected, but with the exception of a few scientific novelties in the sphere of medicine and natural science, there is a real dearth of anything of interest. In the matter of jurisprudence and theology there is absolutely nothing, and indeed the same may be said of solid works in all branches of knowledge. Politics and social suffering are the pivots around which all the literature seems to turn, and a blind rage or an absolute cynicism seems to form the spirit of nearly everything that leaves the press. The present revolution appears to have produced no Mirabeau or Rouget de Lisle. Victor Hugo exhausted himself in silly egotism and hollow phrases, and was only outdone in rhetorical flights by the irrepressible Gambetta. It would seem to have been a splendid opportunity for the favorites of the people to produce something grand and inspiring in the line of threats to tyrants, but the epoch is barren of everything but almanacs, wheezy odes to victory, and satires on Napoleon. There are a few valuable treatises on the treatment of the wounded and the hygienic needs of Paris, as well as plans for raising the siege and driving away the Germans. There are, moreover, a flood of pamphlets and caricatures, and a multitude of new journals bearing the strangest titles; these latter have already had their day, and their antics have passed into history.

LITERARY PORTRAITS, after the manner of Sainte-Beuve, are becoming very popular abroad. The activity everywhere being developed on the continent produces a growing interest in those men who are representative, and the people are anxious to make a nearer acquaintance with those from whom they learn, or under whose literary or political guidance they have placed themselves. The journals of the day give oc-

casional traits of these personalities in connection with their labors, but these are fragmentary, and therefore unfinished and unsatisfactory.

In accordance with this feeling, a German publicist of note, Von Wurzbach, announces a forthcoming series of "Portraits" of famous contemporaries, or, at least, of characters quite recently deceased, who have adorned the fields of literature, art, science, or politics, and given to them a characteristic trait or coloring. The first series is to consist of twelve numbers, each one containing a complete biography of sixty or seventy pages with portrait, and to be sold at the marvelously low price of one shilling gold, so as to bring them within the reach of all, and insure a wide circulation. Each number is complete in itself, and may thus be obtained by the admirers of its subject without the necessity of buying the whole. The series begins with Uhland, announced as the greatest lyric and political poet of the period. His recent death seems not to have diminished his influence with the people. Then follows Vogt, as the most active champion in the field of "liberal" science in its present interesting contest with religion. He is just now the most daring and reckless of the antagonists of the Bible in the arena of German thought; but he is at times as visionary in science as in politics, and spoils his cause by his manifest impracticability. Lasalle, though little known among us, is now exerting a large influence in the socialistic movements in Germany, and in the renewed political activity of the country is destined to be heard beyond the boundaries of his own land. Dumas, son, then comes in as the champion of the modern drama; Rossini as one of the most creative spirits in the realm of tones, and Gutzkow as the most significant representative of German novelistic literature. The series closes with Kaulbach as the great historical painter of the epoch, and Wagner as pathfinder in the sphere of dramatic music; Dawson as one of the most prominent dramatic artists of the present, and lastly, the famous Countess Hahn-Hahn as type of the most interesting feminine individualities of the period. This rare chance to get a view of the more intimate life and character of these prominent personages will doubtless be embraced by many, and a large sale of the series is expected.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN of Berlin is to be adorned with a splendid victory column to be crowned by a statue of *Borussia*—the Latin name for Prussia. The work is now in the hands of Drake, the most eminent sculptor of the Prussian capital. The column will be about one hundred and twenty feet in height, resting on a quadrilateral substructure fifty feet high. *Borussia* herself, to crown such a column, will need to be colossal, and we are told that she will be about thirty feet in height. She is represented as a young woman of mighty form and noble features, and is clothed not in armor but in antique garb. Her garments are gathered around the waist by a broad girdle, the front folds of which are ornamented in high relief by an eagle with outspread wings. The figure rests lightly on the left

foot, while the left hand bears the national standard, and the right a laurel wreath.

HUNGARIAN LITERATURE is making rapid advances since the political resurrection of the nation. We perceive no less than three new works just from the press, and all of historical or political importance. The first is entitled *Hungary under Maria Theresa and Joseph the Second*. It is a vivid portraiture of the struggles under these rulers, and a succinct account of the conflicts for provincial independence against the efforts for centralization. The second bears the title: *Count Andrássy and his Policy*. Its object is to defend Andrássy, the Hungarian Premier, in his conflicts with Von Beust, the Austrian Chancellor. It represents him as much more inclined to maintain the peace towards Europe and the Germans than his noted rival. And lastly we have: *The European Mission of Hungary*. The drift of this work seems to be the ambition of Hungary to extend her influence back over Europe rather than down the Danube and over Turkey. The real mission of this gallant nation seems to be to form a barrier between the Mohammedan and the Christian, and her statesmen are divided in their views regarding their neighbors, some seeing a wider field of influence with the Turk, and others clinging to the history and culture of the Occident.

TURKISH LITERATURE has just been enriched by a reprint of the oldest intellectual monument of the Turks of Inner Asia. It was found by Vambery, the famous wanderer of the Steppes, and by him deciphered from its ancient and obsolete script. It is a guide to rulers, and its wisdom is imparted by four characters bearing the names of Reason, Justice, Fortune, and Contentedness. It seems to be a production of the eleventh century, and is a sort of didactic poem penetrated with the spirit of Islamism. A few of its rules

for prudence and virtue will give us an idea of the general spirit of this monument of Turkish wisdom:—"He who forgets death conquers his enemy. If a prince finds pleasure in the Sweet, his people will soon find their lot to be Bitterness. A ruler punishes the crimes of the people, but who is to punish the crimes of the ruler?"

A PERSIAN POEM has just been discovered in an old manuscript in the library of Breslau, in which the story of Tell and the Apple is distinctly told. It is supposed to have been brought to Europe by the early Crusaders, and to have formed the framework for the famous epic of Switzerland. The tale runs thus:—"A mighty king once loved a page so tenderly as not to permit his absence for a moment, and he adorned him with a splendor outshining that of all other pages. But when the king amused himself in archery the poor page almost died of terror, for the arrow's goal was ever an apple on the page's head. The arrow always split the apple, but the suffering page was blanched with deathly fear."

THE FLEMINGS of Belgium seem greatly excited in regard to their vernacular, which is closely allied to the Holland Dutch. Of late years the French language has made such strides in Belgium as to exclude the native tongue from the courts, the schools, the churches, and the large cities generally. Just now there is an exciting movement on the part of the lovers of the ancient tongue to reintroduce it into the Chambers and the schools; and orators and poets are trying their hand at it with a view of reviving a love for it. The latest announcement is a book of poems in Flemish, by two sisters named Loveling. The critics praise the ingenious manner in which the language is handled, but complain of an excess of sentiment.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

THE ALBERT-TYPE.

FOR a long time it was assumed by most people that the mission of photography was accomplished in giving us unstable reflections of things animate and inanimate on plates of silver, of glass, and on paper. One thing more might be secured, they hoped,—permanency for these sun-pictures. Few, even of those most sanguine of results from the new art, fancied that within a score of years it would become what it now is,—one of the leading art-industries of the world. And yet it would seem that we are but at the beginning of the great results which are to owe their existence to the parent art—Photography. We are strongly impressed with this by what is being accomplished by the photo-printing process, lately invented by Joseph Albert, of Munich, photographer to the King of Bavaria and Czar of Russia, and now practiced in this city by his accredited agent for the United States, Mr. Edward Bierstadt, at the rooms of the Photo-Plate Printing Co., Broadway. This new process promises to make

a complete revolution in the art of illustration, by enabling us to print, in an ordinary lithographic press and with photographic accuracy of light and shade, all objects which can be photographed; and this, too, with a rapidity equal to that with which the commonest lithographic work is done. The process may be described, in general terms, as follows:

The operator is provided with a "negative"—say of a portrait—one, if you like, which the photographer has already printed with, by exposing the sensitive paper underneath it to the action of the light. On a piece of thick plate glass as large as the "negative," or larger, if he wishes to increase the margin around the head or bust or figure, the operator now pours a preparation of gelatine and bi-chromate of potash. This he does in a chemically dark room,—one illuminated with yellow light only. When the gelatine on the plate is sufficiently firm, the "negative" is laid upon it and exposed to the light. The bi-chromate of potash being, like the salts of silver in the paper process, sensitive

to the action of the light, a certain chemical change takes place in those portions of the gelatine upon which the light falls. This change renders the gelatine insoluble in water in precise proportion to the amount of light to which it has been subjected. As for example: the high lights of the negative, *i. e.*, facial prominences, linen, etc., being opaque, the gelatine immediately underneath is unchanged, remains soluble; whilst that beneath the transparent portions of the negative, the black, becomes insoluble; the intermediate shades are of course represented by degrees of solubility. When the exposure is sufficient the plate is laid in a water bath to remove the bi-chromate. This done, it is removed from the bath and allowed to dry thoroughly, when it is ready to print from. The plate, being now placed in the press, is carefully wetted with a sponge. The insoluble gelatine, owing to the chemical change, rejects the water; the other portions receive it in proportion to the absence of the change. It will be obvious now, that when the roller, covered with fatty ink, is passed over the plate, the ink will be received most freely by the chemically changed gelatine, and by all other parts in the degree in which they rejected the moisture from the sponge; and thus we have the plate in that condition which when printed from gives us a result as correct in every way as the familiar photographic print. From one of these plates as many as two thousand prints may be obtained, and a boy or girl may turn off five hundred daily. As the "negative," or original picture, is in no way injured by the process, gelatine plates can be prepared *ad libitum*; so that by adding to the number of plates, an edition embracing many thousand copies of any subject can be printed with great rapidity, independent of light or weather, to which the sun printing process is so amenable. Mr. Bierstadt has already four presses employed, from which he is turning out most satisfactory work, including portraits, copies of drawings, and quite lately excellent *fac-similes* of important maps of great size and wonderful detail. Yet no steel plate could have given reproductions of this work so accurate as those produced by this process at a mere fraction of the cost to engrave them.

It will thus be seen that a new era in illustration is begun, which must be prolific of great results.

Those immediately interested in the process hope to see the day when the plate can be used in conjunction with letter-press; and talk of the "coming newspaper," appearing in the morning with pictures of the riot or procession of yesterday, in which the very faces of the participants can be readily recognized.

THE MORSE TESTIMONIAL.

To few men is it given to wear the crown which their life-struggle has fairly earned. Few inventors receive from an ungrudging world a full acknowledgment of their genius and a grateful return for their service to mankind. But to one man all this has come in our time; indeed, it happened but yesterday. An old man—a genius—whose invention had revolutionized

the commercial and social interchanges of the world, stood among a vast concourse of those for whom he had created an industry, and with plaudits and music, and banners and flowers, and eloquent voices, received his crown. The young maiden who dictated the first message: "What hath God wrought!" had had only time to become a young matron meanwhile, and sat with moistened eyes to witness the triumph of her old friend. How fitting the response to this first message in the words: "Glory to God in the Highest: on earth peace, good-will to men." It all reads like a poem, because the story of a great life is rounded, and justice is done to genius and to toil; and an age that has had much said against it, and a country prone to forgetfulness, have vindicated their claim to respect. Blessings on the old man, and on the land that thus rewards him!

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

THE Modern American child is quite likely to take whatever of privilege he can lay his hands on, but he certainly has rights to which very little respect is paid, and which his own little hands are quite powerless to achieve for himself. Mrs. George Vandenhoff tells us all about it in her lecture—a lecture which ought to be heard wherever children are reared. Particularly she tells us about the right of children to a healthy parentage and a happy childhood. The carelessness with which men and women abuse their bodies by all kinds of excesses, and then assume the functions and responsibilities of fatherhood and motherhood, together with the reckless cruelty with which they introduce these innocent ones to a childhood of vicious or miserable conditions, are subjects that need to be talked about and considered all over the land. It is a momentous thing to call into existence a human being, and to become, in a very important sense, responsible for the conditions through which it is to reach its own self-government and self-support. How thoughtlessly this is done, all the frivolous associations of courtship and marriage bear witness. The appeal which our lady lecturer makes on this, and on many other points, is timely and Christian, illustrating as well her own culture of mind and heart as the general progress in the methods of reform.

SOME FIGURES.

WE commend some facts and figures lately collected to our social reformers, begging them to inform us what bearing they have upon the question of female suffrage. Last Summer Mr. Thomas Meehan, one of our best American botanists, told the American Scientific Association, that in the case of pines and of some other trees which he had examined, in which the male and the female flowers or catkins are borne on separate shoots, only the most vigorous shoots produced female flowers, while, if a tree happened to be stunted, with thin spindling branches, these depauperated shoots produced only male blossoms. It was evident to him that the female element was in these cases much more

vigorous than the male. This seemed quite the contrary to what we know of the comparative vigor of the two sexes in the animal kingdom. But now we are informed on the best authority that in the human family the female sex has more natural vitality and vigor than the male; and figures seem to prove it. Why is it that in every country that has ever taken a census, and that, too, irrespective of the ravages of war, there are more females than males, while, on the other hand, there are always more males born than females? In England, during ten years, there were 104.5 males born to 100 females; in France, during forty-four years, there were 106.2 males to 100 females; in Prussia, 108.9 males to 100 females. But the male children die off faster than the female, showing that they possess less natural vigor of constitution. In the case of still-births the proportion is from 135 to 145 still-born males to 100 females; and during the first four or five years of life, while their treatment is precisely the same, 126 boys die in England to 100 girls, and in France the proportion is still more unfavorable. As a result of this smaller vitality men soon lose the advantage of numbers which they have at birth, and in savage or civilized countries the females preponderate. Still Nature does her best to correct the disturbed balance. Is it not she that a few years ago taught our women to kill themselves off as rapidly as possible by avoiding the fresh air, and by tight lacings and thin shoes, and are not the present reforms in these matters a "reform against Nature?"

WAKE-ROBIN.

ON a summer Sunday, some years ago,—how many we do not know, and have no right to guess,—a boy lying on his back in the woods saw a strange bird flying over his head. He saw it but for a moment, noted a white spot on its wing, and it was gone. The boy's brothers were lying by his side, and doubtless saw the same bird, but to them it was simply a bird whose name they did not know. To him, it was a messenger from a world into which he must enter: so subtly and so surely is Wisdom known of her children, wherever she finds them.

This boy was John Burroughs, "seeker of birds" from that day forth: and because of that little bird's chance flying over John Burroughs' head on that Sunday afternoon, he has written, and we hold in our hands to-day, a most delicious book for summer reading, called "Wake-Robin." (Hurd & Houghton.) "Wake-Robin" is the common name of the white Trillium, which is in bloom in all our woods when the birds arrive. Mr. Burroughs finds in it, therefore, a fitting title for a book mainly about birds; but he gives this explanation half apologetically, and says that a "more specific title" would have suited him better. If he had found that "more specific title" his book would have lost, to our thinking, a part of its subtle charm. Nothing could be more daintily delightful on a title-page than is the word "Wake-Robin," (with its initial letters in scarlet, red-

breasted, as one might say), and with a canopying bar overhead, in which a tiny Jenny Wren, under a sunshade, listens to the love-making of Robin himself. It is to be questioned whether "specific titles" to books are not mistakes in nine cases out of ten, as indeed all specifics are in danger of being. At any rate, the books most enchanting in atmosphere and spirit are the books to which it is impossible to give titles which are technical or specific. Such books are also difficult to describe or analyze. *Wake-Robin* is especially so. With comparatively little which could be called exact ornithological information, it yet is so graphic in its touches that one rises from it feeling as if he knew all about every bird mentioned in it. This is because the "touches" are from the hand of a student who might have written an ornithology if he had chosen. But many men have written ornithologies who could not have written *Wake-Robin*. Mr. Burroughs loves all nature, and is at home in all her ways.

"I sit down, with hands full of the pink azalea, to listen," he says. That is the difference between the mere man of specialties and the lover. The man with his hands full of pink azalea will hear more than he who passes the azalea by: "secrets lurk on all sides; there is news in every bush," for him. To him also will be given a fine felicity of descriptive phrase, such as lifetimes of patience less warm-hearted could never compass. This is perhaps the most notable charm in Mr. Burroughs's book. Witness these few sentences taken almost at random:

"That free, fascinating, half work and half play pursuit,—sugar-making." "Even the hen has a homely, contented carol." "Few writers award any song to that familiar little sparrow the Socialis; yet who that has observed him, sitting by the wayside, and repeating with devout attitude that *fine sliding chant*, does not recognize the neglect?" "It is Downy beating a reveille to Spring;" (the woodpecker's note early in March). "The strange clairvoyant call," (of the cuckoo). "The poet of the plain unadorned pastures," (the field-sparrow). "The parodist of the woods," (the cat-bird). "The ground warblers all have one notable feature,—very beautiful legs, as white and delicate as if they had always worn silk stockings and satin slippers." "A little grassy lane, golden with buttercups, or white with daisies, or *wading waist-deep* in the red raspberry bushes." "That scene-shifter, the wind." "What can be more welcome to the ear than these early first sounds? They have such a *margin of silence*." "The flowers that overleap all bounds in this section are the Houstonias. By the first of April they are very noticeable in warm, damp places along the borders of the woods, and in half-cleared fields, but by May these localities are clouded with them. They become visible from the highway across wide fields, and look *like little puffs of smoke* lying close to the ground."

All lovers of the Houstonia will linger with delight over this sentence. We know of no other which gives

fitting picture of the evanescent look of that lowly fairy blossom.

The chapter, "In the Hemlocks," closes with this paragraph: "Mounting toward the upland again, I pause reverently as the hush and stillness of twilight come upon the woods. It is the sweetest, ripest hour of the day. And as the hermit's (the hermit thrush) evening hymn goes up from the deep solitude below me, I experience that serene exaltation of sentiment of which music, literature, and religion are but the faint types and symbols."

This paragraph reminds one, in its "serene exaltation," of some of the prose which Col. Higginson writes when he writes of Nature. We cannot give it higher praise. In fact, we recognize all through the book so much and so rare kinship of occupations and loves, and even of expression, between the two men, that it is a surprise to find Mr. Burroughs making a hardly courteous mention, and an interpretation not quite fair, of a statement in the *Out-Door Papers* in regard to the trill of the hair-bird. The sentence referred to is perhaps ambiguously worded, but it certainly does *not* say that the trill of the hair-bird is "produced *by*" the fluttering of its wings on its sides, but that it is produced "with the aid of" a fluttering motion of the wings, like that which insects make in chirping. Whether this motion of the wings has or has not anything to do with the trill, it has certainly been observed to take place at the same time.

It is a little unfortunate that in the same sentence where Mr. Burroughs mentions this supposed mistake of a brother lover of birds, he should have overlooked so considerable an error (typographical, we presume) as the printing of the hair-bird's generic name "Fringillia," instead of "Fringilla."

There are other beauties, other portions of "Wake-Robin" which we had meant to notice; but we must leave them to speak for themselves to the fortunate finders of the book. All lovers of woods will be sure to find it sooner or later; and to all those poor souls, spiritually halt and maimed, who do not love woods, we recommend it as heartily as we would recommend crutches for cripples, or glasses for eyes blinded by shortness of sight.

LITTLE MEN.

WHOEVER wishes to enjoy a vivid sensation can do so by ordering a copy of Louisa M. Alcott's new book, *Little Men* (Roberts Bros., Boston), and opening the package in presence of children who have read *Little Women*, but do not yet know "Jo's boys." We enjoyed this sensation last week. We shall not forget it. The three little girls who gathered around our chair seemed multiplied into dozens by their darting and climbing and crowding to get a glimpse of the pages; the three little voices, usually the gentlest and sweetest little voices in the world, rose into a Babel of clamor.

"Oh, let me have the first reading!"

"No! I spoke first."

"Oh, that's too mean. You had first reading of *Little Women!*" and the book bade fair to be an apple of discord.

"Nobody is to have the first reading. Nobody can read all the time. You must take turns;" decided the wise mamma, impartial referee in all troublesome questions. And "turns" it was! From 6 A.M. till inexorable bedtime, not an hour in which some child might not be found curled up in some corner of that house, so buried in that book that she could only be roused sufficiently to ejaculate, "Oh, it's perfectly splendid!"

"I wish Miss Alcott would write a new book every week," said one.

"Why don't she?" said another; "I'm sure she could. I've read *Little Women* all through, eleven times, and this is nicer than that."

So it is. Charming as was *Little Women*, *Little Men* is in many ways better. Artistically, it is done with a more even hand; morally, it has a distincter and surer aim. It is not possible for any earnest and loving mother of boys to read the story of Jo's family without having her work made easier for the rest of her life. It is one of the best of the many good points in Miss Alcott's writing, this teaching fathers and mothers by winning the children first. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings she perfects her lessons, and so subtly that nobody suspects he is being instructed. Didactic would be the last adjective ever applied to her stories. People often resent even the word "instructive," used in description of them. It is better so. The beautiful healing will sink deeper for being undetected. If the titles had read "Little Women; or, How to Make Home Happy," and "Little Men; or, How to Bring up Boys," the pride of the Natural Man and the Natural Woman would have taken fire instantly, and have rejected the gratuitous advice. But no one who loves and comprehends children, and (therefore) grieves over the sad failure of the average parent, the average home, can read these stories carefully without seeing that they are brimful of cure for the common evils and mistakes in family management.

Another notable charm in Miss Alcott's stories is their absolute fidelity to real life. She is entitled to greater praise as an artist than has been bestowed upon her; ultimately she will be recognized as the very best painter, *en genre*, of the American domestic life in the middle classes; the very faithfulness, the aliveness—there *ought* to be that word—of her pictures prevents their having full justice done them at once; also the fact that, thus far, they are only simple "studies," and of very narrow range. It is so with Teniers's and Gerard Dow's pictures. One can look at them for weeks and enjoy them, without fully finding out how true they are. But go to the Pinacothek on a festa day when the peasants are allowed to go in, and you *shk* with surprise! You think they have stepped out of *oil* very frames on the walls!

That Miss Alcott has sufficient artistic pov_y to suc-

eed in a longer story, with more variety, incident, and machinery, it would not be safe to infer: she certainly did not when she wrote *Moods*. But between that and her later works is an almost immeasurable advance: we say immeasurable, because it seems a positive change in *kind* as well as in quality of work. However, while she will give us simple stories which all boys and girls read with delight and profit, and all fathers and mothers laugh and cry over after their boys and girls have gone to bed, we may well be content, without desiring that she should attempt that almost impossible thing, the American Novel.

THE YOUNG MECHANIC.

THE highest enjoyment of a genuine boy is to do something that men do. If he is too small to do the real thing, he "makes believe,"—goes through the motions with imaginary tools, busying himself for hours together with a serious enjoyment older heads have little conception of. So long as imagination rules the little brain, such mock-labor answers every purpose. But the time comes when the would-be workman must see tangible results. His labor must be productive—of chips, at least. Happy is he then if he owns a knife and is master of a place where whittlings are permissible; thrice happy if he knows some lazy, genial Rip Van Winkle who will guide his feeble efforts in the manufacture of wind-mills, water-wheels, bows and arrows, darts, pop-guns, fly-traps,—all the implements of juvenile savagery. Parents mistake in neglecting to provide the necessary means for advancing these early lessons in the constructive art. The cost is slight, and in no way can money be more profitably spent—not even on books and schooling—than in aiding the boy to find pleasure in so wholesome, rational, and instructive a pursuit. Even if he will never need to turn his mechanical skill to the stern work of earning daily bread, it will be to him a source of beneficent enjoyment, a relief from other labors, all his life. With a pocket-knife, a gimlet, a hammer, a square, a small saw, and the *Young Mechanic*, all costing perhaps five dollars, a boy may be started on a course of constructive enjoyment practically limitless. The last-named book (G. P. Putnam & Sons) is, we trust, the precursor of a new line of juvenile literature specially adapted to the necessities of Young America. At first sight we thought the author had forgotten that average boys had very little money to spend on even such profitable luxuries as carpenters' and turners' tools: but we misjudged him. "Small boys need few tools, but much perseverance," is his motto; and he cleverly explains how to make the few tools mentioned above, or even fewer, go a great way in training the young mechanic. The elementary processes of wood-working are introduced by degrees, until the pupil has gone from the simple to the complicated, and mastered the main principles of the art of carpentry. Then the author's favorite instrument, the lathe, is introduced, and the tools, materials, and processes of turning are clearly described. In the last chapters the author explains the principles and construc-

tion of a steam-engine so deftly that any ingenious boy, following his directions, can make one that will not merely run, but work. The book is neatly illustrated, printed, and bound; and is one of the best works for a boy's library that can be found.

LANGÉ'S JOHN.

A CERTAIN mournful interest is awakened by the appearance of the *Commentary on the Gospel of John*, as one of the series of volumes in the great work of *Langé*, (Charles Scribner & Co.). It was on this volume that the Rev. Dr. E. D. Yeomans, of New Jersey, was engaged when the fatal disease, which carried him away in the very fullness of his activity and power, discovered itself. A touching note to the general editor, Dr. Schaff, in which the Christian scholar relinquishes reluctantly the labor in which he had found so much delight and profit, is given in the special introduction to the present volume. The work which was interrupted by the death of Dr. Yeomans was committed to skillful hands; but it has also received, no doubt, a greater share of the attention of the accomplished general editor than would have been thought necessary except for this interruption. How laborious and careful has been the attention which Dr. Schaff has given to it, is evident at a glance. The copious additions to the commentary, in the body of the work and in the margin, bearing his initials, are so numerous that it is in effect a new work—made over again in its American form, and enriched with the latest results of biblical discovery and scholarship which have accumulated since the German author dismissed it as complete. Those who know Dr. Schaff will recognize it as a cause for peculiar congratulation that the Gospel of John, which pre-eminently among all the books of Scripture needs not only the keen eye but the loving heart for its interpretation, should have had his personal attention and supervision to so great an extent. He has the German thoroughness without the German obscurity. We need only add that the study of the Gospel of John was never more important or more full of vital interest than it is to-day. And not only clergymen but thoughtful laymen will welcome any such assistance as the publication of this volume offers.

THE WONDER LIBRARY.

THE latest volume of the Wonder Library (C. Scribner & Co.) takes up the survey of *European Art* begun in the volume on Italian Art published last year, and critically reviews the masterpieces of the Spanish, German, Flemish, Dutch, and French schools. The names of over two hundred painters appear in the index in evidence of the wide range of the author's studies. The list of illustrations comprises eleven well-cut engravings after Murillo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Claude Lorraine, and others. Calling for no technical knowledge of art, and aiming at general instruction rather than minute criticism, this work, like its predecessor, serves admirably for the purposes of a popular series.



1st Mile



2^d Mile



3^d Mile



4th Mile



5th Mile



6th Mile



7th Mile



8th Mile



Recuperated

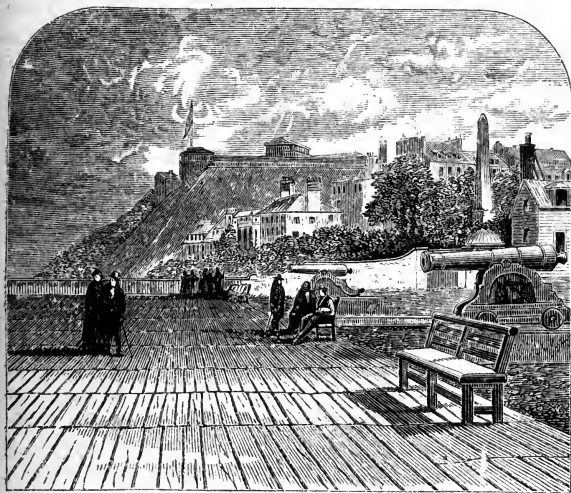
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PICTURES FROM CANADA.



THE CITADEL, QUEBEC, FROM DURHAM TERRACE.

HAVE you ever in your holiday ramblings made one of the fashionable American tours, from the Falls of Niagara to the sea? Join me where "Utawa's tide," of which Moore sings in the "Canadian boat song," meets and marries the blue St. Lawrence; flounder down rapids, glide on calm waters, until anchor is cast at Kakouna, the Canadian Saratoga, or Gaspé, the land's-end where Jacques Cartier first planted the *fleur-de-lis* of France, over three hundred years ago. Sail down the majestic Saguenay, whose bosom receives in its course the waters of thirty rivers, and whose bottom has never been touched by plummet. Wander through villages and towns lying on both sides of the St. Lawrence; visit the ancient capital Quebec, with its towering citadel and twisted streets; stroll through the handsome metropolis Montreal, into the shops, hotels, and courts; read the signs as you pass, and the sainted and foreign names of streets and squares, and you are impressed with the uniqueness of this Province of Quebec, the

striking contrast to the Province of Ontario or to the United States, and the strong foreign flavor in manners and customs, in architecture, language, and law.

Lower Canada, as it was called before the Confederation of the Provinces of British North America, is neither English nor French, but both blended in one, and yet without coherence. It combines in itself the prominent characteristics of London and Paris, with a dash of Rome, Dublin, and Edinburgh. It is distinctly neither ancient nor modern, but a curious jumble of both. Quebec city resembles Boulogne in the mixed French and English character and speech of its inhabitants. A traveler may imagine himself at once in Europe and in America: French vivacity cheek by jowl with English phlegm; manners and customs which revive recollections of La Vendée as well as of Devon. The Anglo-Saxon tongue is heard with the French; and do not be astonished, *mon ami*, if in conversation you do not quite comprehend the latter, though you were educated in Paris, or taught French in the orthodox number of lessons by an imported Monsieur or Madame. If you speak English only, you will find yourself as much misunderstood in many country districts, and even in the suburbs of the cities, as if you spoke Russian. All the surroundings are opposed to your idea of an English colony. The tricolor is nearly as prevalent as the Union Jack.

Quebec city is no more like New York than the Province of Quebec, or Lower Canada, is like the Province of Ontario, or Upper Canada. There is much less of the antique and anomalous in the Upper Province,



SIR GEORGE CARTIER.

and there is more of progress, and an utter absence of the foreign and religious landmarks which characterize the Province of the French Canadian. Fashions are preserved in Lower Canada ten years after they have become obsolete in Upper Canada; and while in architecture and public improvements the city of Montreal is unrivaled in the whole Dominion, yet, outside of the metropolis, one feels that he has fallen among a people who, in many notable respects, are behind the times, and too strongly wedded to foreign associations and a religious autocracy to appreciate or take part in the growth and development of the country. The impress made by the early French settlers has not been effaced, even in the aspect of the cities and towns. Quebec city is equal to a Chinese puzzle, in the ramifications and distortions of the streets and buildings; and even the expropriating policy of the last ten years, and the necessities of the last thirty, have not been able entirely to rid Montreal of the narrow streets and close houses which represented the mind of the early French inhabitants.

Most of the early French emigrants to Canada originally came from Normandy and Brittany, and so many resemblances still exist that travelers who have visited these ancient prov-

inces of France and also Lower Canada, have been forcibly struck with the many identical characteristics, and the resemblances in the agriculture of the two peoples. At the time of the conquest of Canada, in 1759, there were 80,000 French in the colony, the majority of whom were soldiers; and in a little over one hundred years this number has increased to over 1,000,000, and that without any emigration from France. The fecundity of the French Canadian beside the St. Lawrence has long ago passed into a proverb, as the fecundity of the Egyptian beside the Nile. The proportion of women in the above early census was very small, and the French government, about that time, instigated several female emigrations, and allowed the troops to marry. Intermarriages of red and white skins also occurred, some of the soldiers preferring the native to the imported wife, and to this day there are old families in the province who easily trace their Indian descent. The intermarriage of the French and Indian was facilitated by the fact that long before the Conquest the red-skins spoke a French *patois*, and professed the Roman Catholic faith—a community of interest which exists to this day—exerting a similar matrimonial influence in and near the Indian settlements of Caughnawaga, St. Regis, the Lake of Two Mountains, and Loretto, among Iroquois, Algonquins, and Hurons.

Here and there we find families who claim descent from the brilliant emigrations sent out by Louis the Fourteenth. Sir George Cartier, Minister of Militia for the Dominion, asserts himself to be a lineal descendant of one of Jacques Cartier's nephews; and other leading French Canadian politicians claim to have family alliance with the old nobility of France, who were attracted to Canada, or New France as it was first called, when the *fleur-de-lis* waved triumphant from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi. Affecting to be Parisian was the fashion among young French Canadians about ten years ago, but Parisians ridiculed the poor imitation, and it went out of vogue.

It may here be interesting to advert to the consanguineous sympathy thought to exist between the French of France and Canada. It is altogether confined to the latter. The con-

quest separated every political and social tie, and drew a line of demarkation as distinct as that made by the American Revolution between England and the seceding States. A Frenchman of France is as much a foreigner in Canada as a Turk. Personal intercourse has been rare; intermarriages are almost unknown; and any leading commercial relationship is mostly monopolized by English merchants and resident Parisians. French historians and politicians as well as French sovereigns have, as a rule, treated the French in Canada contemptuously. Chateaubriand did them the great injustice of saying that they were a doomed race, destined to dwindle away like the aborigines, with whom they mingled and sympathized; and other leading writers, at the time of the conquest and after, prejudiced the French nation against the Canadian people.

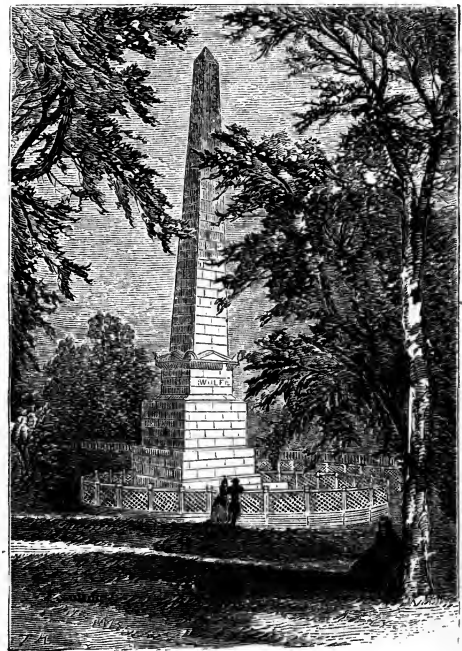
The French Canadians, as we find them to-day, are a very different people from what they were fifty years ago. With respect to the state of education, commercial enterprise, and agriculture among them half a century ago, the less said the better. We will take them as any traveler will find them to-day.

They are of the average height; stouter and stronger than the people of France, though lacking the gracefulness of carriage and *tout ensemble* of the Frenchman. The prevailing type of face is distinct from that of the English Canadian. It is dark and stern, while a gloom hangs over the countenance, which, however, is often relieved by a pleasant versatility of expression peculiar to the French character. The hair is remarkable for its luxuriance, darkness, and tendency to curl.

The French Canadians manifest a hereditary pride in dress. The upper class dress without fault; but the middling and lower classes verge upon the vulgar. A French servant-girl will appear on Sundays and church holidays in all the colors of the rainbow,—enormous chignon, crinoline, *et cetera*, in the most extravagant extreme. Butcher-boys and cabmen strut around in conspicuous suits of the brightest yellow, brown, and velvet, with black beaver hat, and a lavish display of pure oriole. The poorer classes strive and strain to keep

up appearances beyond their means, and periodically the French clergy censure their extravagance from the pulpit. The days of beef-moccasins and home-spun cloth have vanished, even among the laborers. The interesting "Jean Baptiste" of twenty or thirty years ago, clad in the primitive gray or blue flannel coat and breeches, and the peculiar worsted cap called a "tuque," variegated colored sash, has become traditionary in the cities. It has even disappeared from the cabstands and wharves of Quebec city, and those who wish to see it must look at its representation on the copper coins of the "Banque du Peuple," in the masquerades in the skating rinks, or in the water-colors of Kreighoff and Jacobi. Within the last twenty years, English and French Canadians have become so blended in many social respects that old distinctions of dress have been almost entirely obliterated, and there is not the same effort made to retain unsuitable fashions simply because they happen to be French.

The French of the cities do not, as many suppose, speak pure French. I have heard Parisians affirm that at first they had some difficulty in understanding perfectly the most of what educated French Canadians would



WOLFE AND MONTCALM MONUMENT, QUEBEC.

say, owing to the introduction of a peculiar idiom and the intermixture of English, producing a *patois* different from anything heard in France. They speak faster than the old French; their preachers and lawyers plead in a high vehement tone and with an excessive display of emphasis, which to the quieter Anglo-Saxon seems extravagant and somewhat absurd. They gesticulate in Quebec precisely as they do in Paris, and use many expletives in ordinary conversation. In the politest assemblies "Mon Dieu" is a common expression of astonishment, dread, and sorrow. They learn the English language much easier than the English seem to learn French, and for every English Canadian who speaks French there are twenty French who can converse fluently in English. As a traveler gravely remarked, "even the little French children speak French." There is a liveliness in their conversation which we do not hear in the English.

They are excessively fond of fêtes and holidays, shows and processions. Business is willingly suspended at the call of the Church to commemorate the birthday or death of a saint, the morning being spent in church, and the

rest of the day wherever and however they please. They have an Athenian *penchant* for the theatre. They enjoy their holidays to perfection, and are the most easily amused people on earth. They are passionately fond of vocal and instrumental music and dancing, and have an especial capacity for these "gay arts." They are born musicians. The piano and violin are their favorite instruments. Doubtless this taste for music is greatly cultivated by the early and regular training of the ear by the magnificent music of their church choirs.

The courtesy of all the French Canadian citizens, rich and poor, is proverbial. The very beggars constrain you by their civility to give them alms, and the cabmen cajole you by their politeness to increase their fare. They are a very sociable people, delighting in company at home and abroad, in clubs and associations. Nothing makes Lower Canadian society more agreeable, especially in the fashionable assemblies of winter, than the intermingling of the two races, with their divergent characteristics and different shades of manner. Looking at the sociable record of the past fifty years as it has existed, with few interruptions, between French and English Canadians, one almost forgets the history of Wolfe and Montcalm; and when young French Canada is seen retrieving the laurels his sires lost on battle-fields by conquering the affections of English maidens, and British officers preferring and winning "la belle Canadienne," one is forcibly struck with the social changes wrought by time and necessity, and the discomfiture of Lord Durham's predictions of an endless "contest of races" in Canada.

The French Canadians have a strong predilection for the professions, and even the sons of many humble farmers forsake the farm and attend the cheap Catholic colleges which abound in the province, with a view to becoming lawyers, physicians, or priests. To the mind of young French Canada there is a mysterious dignity in the professions, and a public notoriety peculiarly attractive. The bench and bar, the pulpit and college have French Canadian representatives of no mean order; but a large class, especially of lawyers, consists of mere adventurers, who earn a precarious



FRENCH CANADIAN COLLEGE-BOY AND GENTLEMAN, 1803.

living, and whose one aim is to secure a comfortable berth under the pay of Government; or, like Sancho Panza, feeling themselves strong enough to rule kingdoms, they have no hesitation in contesting a constituency with the oldest politician in the country. Law students are as thick as berries, who with inordinate "cheek" announce themselves ready to devote their talents to the service of the country, and some of the Lower Canadian constituencies are represented by several of these long-haired, ambitious upstarts, who mistake fluency for eloquence, and excessive confidence for wisdom. The history of Lower Canada agitations is the history of individual cliques, instigated by just such beardless boys, and not the general *vox populi*. Politics is the attractive goal for the French Canadians. They are divided into two principal parties—the *Rouge* and the *Bleu*. The former, which is naturally in the minority in a Roman Catholic province, has also been called the annexation, reform, republican, and liberal party, and was represented during the struggle with Britain by Louis Joseph Papineau, the leader of the French Canadian Rebellion of 1837. It has always been opposed to priest power, and therefore has not flourished. The Bleus have been also called the priest, conservative, and confederation party,—composed of the Roman Catholic clergy and the large majority of French Canadians. The favor shown to the Confederation of the British American Provinces by the priests can now easily be understood. The class of men now returned to Parliament—even the briefless barristers before referred to—must have more education than was required by French Canadian constituencies fifty years ago, when many of their representatives could neither read nor write.

The spirit of commercial and social progress has recently taken hold of the French Canadians. Enterprise among them was rare until within the last twenty years. Some of the old merchants made fortunes, but a great many failed for want of the cosmopolitan spirit of business which is so essential to mercantile success. Within the memory of young men in their teens, the French Canadian was a by-word of reproach; their legislators opposed



FRENCH CANADIAN LADY AND PRIEST, 1803.

movements designed for improving public roads, making turnpikes, and opening and colonizing the country. Tumble-down shops, narrow and unmacadamized streets, bad roads, and dull times were directly traceable to the "*laissez faire*" policy of the French race. Unprejudiced travelers have attributed the backward condition of the Province either to the French race, or to the powerful sway of the Roman Catholic clergy. Better days have, however, dawned. Magnificent shops and terraces and wide streets have replaced very much of the old style. Several of the most flourishing banks have been established by French Canadian enterprise; the only well-managed line of steamers between Montreal and Quebec is owned by a French Canadian company. They are now less afraid of investing money in public enterprises, and the natural consequences of such advancement are being reflected upon the character and happiness of the people.

Leaving the French Canadian citizen, let us journey into the country among the agricultural class, who best typify the French Canadian of early history. A very plain distinction



OLD-TIME HUCKSTERS.

exists between the English and French farmer of Lower Canada. The former are pretty much like English-speaking farmers elsewhere in Canada and the United States; the latter are *par excellence* the most interesting peasantry on this continent.

The personal appearance of *les habitants*, as they are called, has been well portrayed on canvas by artists. The aquiline nose, small black or gray lustrous eyes, thin compressed lips, high cheek-bones, prominent chin, caused often by the loss of teeth, face wrinkled beyond the reach of arithmetic, shaggy black or gray hair, is the *habitant* and no one else. They are below the average height, with a dash of the Indian in the contour of the face, but none in the general figure.

They are tough as iron, and endure the extremes of heat and cold without discomfort, it being quite a common sight to see them splitting wood in the depth of winter, with their hairy bosoms exposed, when the thermometer is perhaps twenty degrees below zero. Indeed, there is this peculiarity about the constitution of the *habitants*, that they stand extremes of temperature, wet feet and clothes,

with impunity, and survive accidents and illness which would kill nine out of every ten English farmers.

The *habitants* dress in *étouffe du pays* of blue or gray, the traditional *tuque* or cap, beef moccasins, and the characteristic sash around the waist. But the *tuque* is disappearing, we are sorry to say, and ordinary caps are taking its place. It alone served to mark the *habitant*. It is something like a long stocking, knit and closed at both ends, and one end being pushed into the other to double it, it is drawn over the head, down the back of the neck, and indeed over the whole face and shoulders if necessary. The beef moccasins answer for wet as well as dry weather. The sash keeps the body warm, and has been adopted as an ornamental and useful appendage by the citizens; and the snow-shoe clubs have adopted the *tuque*. Home-made clothing has given way considerably to the cheapness of mill manufacture; the growing taste for finery and colors tempts a more frequent visit to the village or city shops; and with

the growth and development of the country, the French Canadian peasant and family imbibed a love for better apparel than their own humble ingenuity and industry can produce. The wooden shoe, which is generally in use among the peasants of Normandy, is commonly used by the French Canadian women in sloppy weather, or when working in the fields, and is also used as an outer shoe by the market women. The women also wear a curious old-fashioned cloak, level with the heels, which is often seen in Brittany.

The habitation of the *habitant* bears a striking resemblance to the dwellings of the Normandy peasants. In France, the flooring is always of brick or flat stones; in Canada, invariably of wood; but with this single exception, almost every other arrangement is identical. The poorest peasants build of logs or planks, and the wealthier of stone. The houses are commodious as to elbow-room, but the ceilings are seldom eight feet high, and therefore most uncomfortably hot in summer as well as in winter. One story suffices for the modest demands of the peasant and his family. The houses are almost

invariably whitewashed ; have a bit of a rude garden and fence in front. Straggling pigs and hens grunt and cackle ; a woful-looking dog stands at the fence on the watch for something to bark at ; and numerous children flatten their noses at the window-panes, or chase the pigs in the garden as you pass. Nearly all the houses have a simple bake-house detached, built of stone and mortar, with an oven in the center, and a space underneath to build a fire. This is used altogether in summer for baking bread. A well with an ancient hoister is seen in rear of the house.

Down about Quebec, and in other old districts, it is common to see large wooden crosses erected near the houses, with a superstitious reverence peculiar to the character of the Canadian peasant. These crosses sometimes bear full-sized wooden representations of the cock that crowed when Peter denied Christ ; the nails that were driven through our Saviour's hands and feet ; the hammer, sponge, spear, and crown of thorns.

The door of the *habitant's* house opens into the principal room. The floor is painted yellow, and, covered here and there with strips of home-made rag carpeting, always presents a neat appearance. Large beams run across the ceiling without the usual covering, and do not improve the appearance of the interior ; but, after all, are they not preferable to rats ? A gigantic double stove stands on one side of the room during winter, and is conspicuous by the brilliancy of its polish. The bed-rooms are separated from this large room—which, by the way, is kitchen, dining and sitting room combined,—by thin wooden partitions, and are kept beautifully clean, the linen bedding and curtains being spotless as snow. The furniture is plain and simple, often home-made. A large pine table, and numerous rush-bottomed chairs stand in the front room, with a clock that would serve for a coffin if the works were taken out,—which works, by the way, are often of wood. There are one or two large cupboards ; a plain assortment of brightly polished kitchen utensils ; a gun and powder-flask above the cupboard ; the inevitable draught-board in one corner ; a few pictures of loved virgins,

and some plaster images, and a crucifix on the wall, and several boxes of beautiful flowers at the windows, having all the advantages of a conservatory, as the house is kept hot. The culinary utensils, plates, spoons, bowls, and cups are of tin, crockery, or wooden ware.

A few special domestic virtues of the *habitants'* better-halves commend them to good Christians, especially their absolute cleanliness and industrious ingenuity. They are generally models of toil and economy, and are never seen idle or moping around their homes. They sew and patch and plan, and in many a way utilize every spare ribbon and bit of cloth which many cast away. Warm quilts and rag carpets are made out of rags ; nothing is wasted. The industrious will exhaust every resource to send their little children, from nine years of age, to what is called their "première communion"—a religious festival—dressed in immaculate white from head to toe ; and in many a flounce and ribbon and bow one can see the tidy finger-work of the *habitant's* good wife. The beautiful neatness and cleanliness of the interior of their houses have often been remarked by travelers, and the clean and tidy exteriors of their



OLD-TIME CABMEN.



THE OLD FRENCH CANADIAN TRAPPER. (FROM A PORTRAIT STATUETTE.)

cottages are among the prettiest sights on either shore as one sails down the St. Lawrence, or rides along the country roads. Frequently I have seen the women on their knees scrubbing the very sidewalks in front of their humble homes; while the repeated scrubblings make the stone steps leading up to their doors shine like polished pine.

The food of the *habitant* in summer consists chiefly of the productions of his farm: fresh and salt meat, fish, and oatmeal porridge. Though they do not stint, they deny themselves many of the best farm productions, in order to

realize money for them in the markets. In winter their supplies are more limited. Formerly, when roads were bad and markets distant, they only raised enough farm produce for their own consumption, but the English farmers introduced a spirit of traffic among them, and better communication has stimulated them to increase, though not to improve, their products. The *habitants* are miserable agriculturists, and with few exceptions resist all attempts to raise them from the mire of conservative ignorance. Although wooden ploughs and rotten barns no longer characterize the majority of farms, the *habitants* are a standing reproach to Lower Canadian agriculture, and the hereditary division and subdivision of land, which has cut up the original farms of one hundred years ago into lots for each member of the family, each member wanting a frontage on the road or river, has had its worst results on the French Canadian peasants. They are suspicious of any reform, and seldom being able to read or write, and generally only acquainted with their own language, have a very limited sphere of operation, and do not try to learn

improvement,—“do not seem to know,” said a traveler, “that any improvement has been made in agriculture since Noah planted his vineyard.” The women and children do a great deal of hard work in the potato-fields, with a hoe called a *pioche*. They prefer a small piece of cleared land to treble its size of standing timber-land. Within the last twenty years some change has been slowly effected among the most intelligent farmers, and there are certainly model farms and worthy exceptions; but, taking the mass of *les habitants*, one cannot but regret that they did not follow the old *noblesse*.

who returned to France after Quebec was ceded to Britain, though France would not have had any cause to feel grateful for their allegiance. Scarcely a French Canadian peasant could be persuaded, not many years ago, to invest in labor-saving implements of any kind. Change was distasteful, and the same trait is the greatest drawback to the progress of Lower Canadian agriculture to-day. Along the banks of the St. Lawrence, the traveler on the steamer may see the housewife sitting opposite her cottage door, using the old spinning-wheel. Content with old methods and means is the bane of the *habitant*. He is impatient of severe farming toil, and yet dislikes to purchase the very means to save him labor.

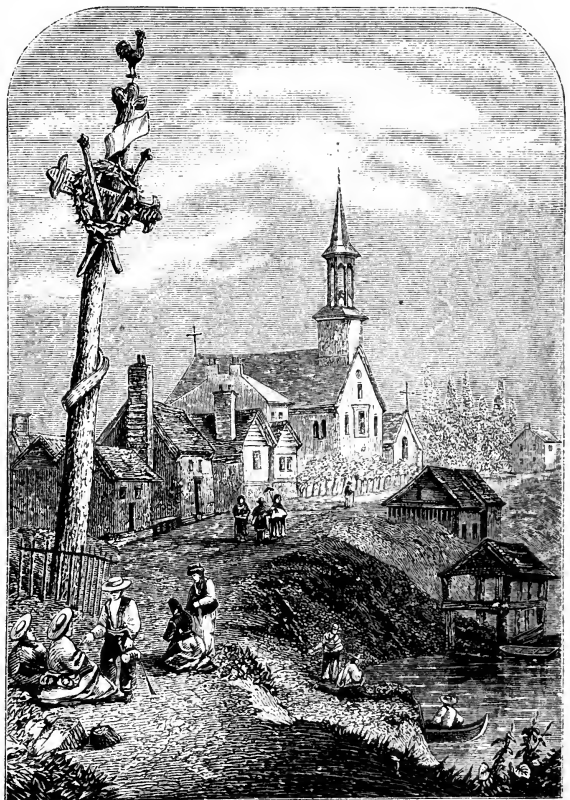
It may seem a strange antithesis to say that the peasants toil hard and yet are indolent; but it is so. Their hard toil *on the farm* is simply necessary to existence; their indolence is shown in a neglect to extend, improve, and develop their resources. They let tares grow; they half do whatever they undertake, and have little or no idea of improving their living stock. A traveler observes, that if they happen to have a stony field they seldom think of building a fence with the stones, but they heap them in an immense pile and draw wooden rails from even two miles' distance. Agricultural societies and exhibitions are aiding greatly to teach the *habitants* how to improve, but the great improvement is to arrive when the present generation are gathered to their fathers, with their antiquated ideas and superstitious ignorance.

The families of the *habitant* are co-workers in the house and on the farm. They make linen from their own flax, and wool from their own sheep; they make their own hats from straw and fur; moccasins, socks, and gloves; soap and sugar from the maple; and tan hides for their own use. They are very anxious to make money, but have a miserable system of doing it. They bring small loads to market in a one-horse cart or sleigh, and hardly

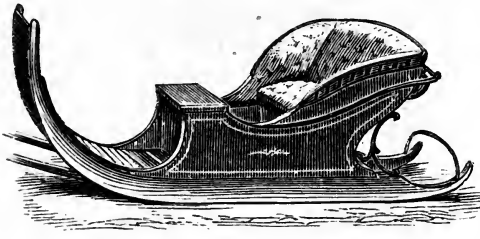
ever are there seen among the French Canadians the large double teams and loads used by the English-speaking farmers of Upper and Lower Canada. They are beginning to learn more about finance, but many do not know a one-dollar bill of the "Bank of Montreal" from a "ten" of the "Bank of Love."

They have a traditionary consolation in their old clay pipes. As a rule, the French Canadian people are inveterate smokers, many of the old market-women indulging to excess. Their domestic simplicity is remarkable, and in delightful contrast to the show and sham of the town. What Sir Hugh Bonnycastle said of them in 1845 still holds true. that "they are the most contented, most innocent, and most happy yeomanry and peasantry of the whole civilized world."

They are the most gentlemanly peasantry to be found when they like, but they can be the reverse. If they meet you on the country roads, they touch or lift their caps and say,



A FRENCH CANADIAN VILLAGE.



FRENCH CANADIAN CARIOLE.

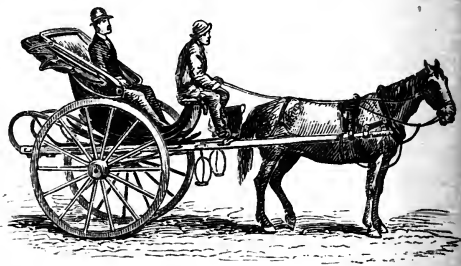
"Bon jour, monsieur." They always extend their hand to greet you, and never receive the slightest favor without "Je vous remercie;" and if they should happen to trouble you in any way, instantly they touch their caps and say, "Pardon, monsieur." Visit their homes and you will receive the best seat at their humble board; praise their children and you will make them the firmest friends. But if you wish to see how much the *habitants* can dislike you, sneer at their superstitious veneration for their priest, and talk of the French Canadians as a "degenerate race."

In all seasons of the year the violin and dance may be heard in every village, and merry parties assemble to enjoy themselves as only French Canadians can. Pleasure is with them a serious business, while their amusements are simple, natural, and peculiarly French. They have a curious game of draughts, in which they use double the ordinary number of pieces, which is a favorite among all classes and conditions of the people. Games of cards have an especial attraction for them, and indeed all games of chance. Winter is their chief time for enjoyment; and when the snow has put an end to agricultural labors, the *habitants* settle down seriously to enjoy themselves. The light cariole carries pleasant parties from house to house, and every house is hospitable. After Lent comes "*jour de gras*," or day of feasting, when daily, for weeks, a perfect carnival of pleasure is proclaimed. They are very fond of a homely kind of dancing, in which old and young participate, amid loud exclamations and a revel of laughter. Just before Lent the engaged couples marry in haste, and the whole neighborhood is aroused to celebrate the event. Feasts and dances follow, and are often kept up for several nights, as among the Indians of Canada, whose marriages are

not considered an accomplished fact until the end of the third day. Baptisms and deaths draw out the sympathies and sociable character of the people; the former uniting them in festivity, the latter in mourning.

The French Canadians have an inherited taste for fishing, and many earn their living with net, or rod and line. Spearing fish at night is very interesting, and well worth trying to see, and if possible to share in. Any fine summer night you may see dozens of bright flaming specks at the head of canoes out on the rivers and lakes, and, if near enough, the sudden stroke of the spearsman, and the captured fish lifted into the canoe. In winter they catch the *petite moreau*, or tommy cod, a sweetish little fish, which, if not bruised after caught, will revive in cold water after having been frozen stiff for three days. In the vicinity of Quebec and Three Rivers it is common to see temporary huts built over holes cut in the ice, where, with a stove to keep them warm, and a strong light burning at the edge of the hole to attract the fish, the *habitants* put down their lines or nets, and bring large quantities of the fish to the surface.

In a country like Canada, where the crop of snow is brought to such perfection, sleighing is naturally a general necessity, and likewise a general amusement. But the French Canadians are greater lovers of the horse as a racing animal than the English, and during the cold snaps are in their glory. Their favorite sleigh is the cariole,—low, small and comfortable, painted red, and often decorated with representations of plants which neither Linnæus nor his disciples could classify. Often when the rivers are beginning to "take" or freeze, the *habitants* will venture out on the frail ice in these sleighs, to meet at some friendly house on the other side. Nothing



A CANADIAN CALÈCHE.



THE "HABITANT" ON SNOW-SHOES.

daunted by moving cakes of ice, they pick out a road as best they can, trusting to good luck and the instinct of their ponies for a safe landing. Frequently horse and sleigh break through the ice, when, with the most perfect *sang froid*, the *habitants* drag them out if they can, and proceed on their journey !

The *calèche*, which is used in summer only, and which was once fashionable among the cabmen, has disappeared from Montreal and vicinity, though still used in and about Quebec. It is the shape of a large spoon without the handle, supported on two strong leather straps for springs. These straps, which are secured by two iron rollers, can be loosened and tightened from behind, so as to give the driver every variety of jolt, from a gentle dandling to an upset. Wings extend from both sides over the wheels, to prevent the mud splashing upon the occupant. A *calèche* holds two and the driver.

As a rule the French Canadians have little taste for purely physical recreations, and although a score of snow-shoe clubs exist in Canada composed of English members, there is only one small body professing to be a French Canadian club. They are not cricketers, lacrosse, or base-ball players ; though they readily take to gymnastics. Young English Canada is perhaps a little too much disposed to extremes in physical exercise ; is

fond of athletics of all kinds, and the best classes are proficient in the use of their "bunches of fives." Young French Canada is more of a Frenchman ; more fastidious and not so fond of hard work in his amusements.

I have said that the French Canadians are a musical people ; a trait by which they came legitimately. Some of the village songs translated into English have not one particle of wit or humor in them, but they are popular among the *habitants*, and do not die out like the comic and sentimental songs of the cities. Many of their old airs may still be heard in Normandy. What some of them call their "National" air is the most generally popular among all classes. It runs as follows :—

LA CANADIENNE.

Vive la Canadienne,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Vive la Canadienne,
Et ses jolis yeux doux !
Et ses jolis yeux doux,
Tout doux,
Et ses jolis yeux doux !

Nous la menons aux noces,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Nous la menons aux noces,
Dans tous ses beaux atours.
Dans tous, etc.

Là, nous jasons sans gêne,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Là, nous jasons sans gêne,
Nous nous amusons tous.
Nous nous, etc.

Nous faisons bonne chère,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
Nous faisons bonne chère,
Et nous avons bon goût.
Et nous, etc.

On passe la bouteille,
Vole, mon cœur, vole,
On passe la bouteille,
Nous chantons nos amours.
Nous chantons, etc.

This song has an endless number of verses, and has a peculiarly jaunty air, not unlike that of "Yankee Doodle."

There are two remaining subjects which may appropriately be considered in connection with the French Canadians as a people,—one is their language, the other their religion. If there are two points upon which they are sensitive and jealous, it is the preservation of "notre langage, notre religion ;" but it is very easy to show how extreme worship of both has retarded their progress, and must continue to be an obstacle to the development of

the people. Lord Sydenham thought that the union of the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada would effect a fusion of the two races ; but it had not the slightest visible effect. Back as far as 1799, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec said, "This total ignorance of the English language on the part of the Canadians draws a distinct line of demarkation between them and their English neighbors," and his Lordship proposed a systematic method of instructing the French children. At that time there were only one or two English members of the House of Assembly who spoke their own tongue, knowing they would nor be understood. At present many members speak only their own language, and important measures are debated "in the clouds." The greatest drawback to the French Canadian farmers, mechanics, and laborers has been their ignorance of *the* language of the American continent. Instances might be multiplied to show how trade and commerce, and every art and science, is seriously affected by the want of unity of speech, and how the expenses of municipalities and legislatures are exactly doubled by the necessity of printing every scrap of paper and public document in two languages. Unprincipled men have put themselves into prominence among the *habitants*, and misinterpret the views and feelings of an English opponent. They make the question of language and religion *derniers ressorts* when everything else seems to fail.

When the United States Government purchased Louisiana, the French language was abolished in the courts of law and public offices, and to-day the Louisiana French enjoy the benefits of competing on an equality with their English-speaking neighbors. If we look at this question dispassionately, we see as great an impediment existing to French Canadian progress, as was the exclusive use of the Gaelic in Scotland and the Welsh in Wales. I do not attempt here to exhaust the arguments in favor of the French Canadians using the English language in the courts of justice, and the legislatures, and of all public documents being printed in that language only. The proposition is of momentous interest to the present and future generations of French

Canadians. The continent is English ; the English language is in reality the ruling tongue of commerce, of civilization. The French Canadians cannot afford to do without it ; and many of the most intelligent use it alone, believing that it is for the best interests of their race to understand it thoroughly.

The religious question has been much discussed among the French Canadians, and a great change is evidently working. A large number have been converted to Protestantism ; a French Protestant church exists in Montreal which would have been demolished twenty years ago ; missions are established in different parts for spiritual and secular education ; and among those who still profess the Roman Catholic faith an anti-priest party has been formed, composed of intelligent French Canadians, under the name of the "Institut Canadienne." "Straws show which way the winds blow." Despite wholesale excommunication this institute flourishes, possesses a fine reading-room and library—both containing many interdicted newspapers and books. The members profess to be Roman Catholics, but not bigots, and hold the doctrine that the clergy have no right to interfere with the temporalities of their flock, or to dictate what books they shall read, or how they will manage their private and public secular institutions.

Take the French Canadian agricultural classes for all in all, they are a most devoted people, and reverence their church and clergy with a feeling bordering on the superstitious. They are taught from childhood to pay the utmost homage to their religion. They hold sacred the very walls of the church, and devotedly prostrate themselves on their knees in any corner of the building, and even on the steps and ground outside, on great occasions when the churches are filled and the people crowd around the doors. They always raise their hats when passing a Roman Catholic church. They may be seen, rich and poor, wending their way to early vespers at four or five o'clock in the morning. Their religion is sincere according to their light. Some below Quebec have social family worship, night and morning. Along the country roads there may still be seen a stray wooden cross here and there, originally erected by the clergy, where

the people would stop to say their prayers. On the summit of Belœil mountain, thirty miles distant from Montreal, an immense tinned cross was placed many years ago, which the *habitants* in the vicinity adored from their huts. This absolute subservience of the *habitants* to the will of their clergy is not generally the case in the cities and large towns, and we may expect to see a still mightier revolution for liberty of mind and estate within the next few years.

The unanimity with which the French Canadians enjoy their religious and national holidays is remarkable. They observe with an equal amount of respect the holidays prescribed by the church and the Sabbath appointed by the Lord, and consume more time in the discharge of their religious duties than is required by Scripture, or consistent with their temporal prosperity. The loss to the industry of the country by these holidays is immense in the aggregate, because in many establishments where French Canadians predominate other workmen have to cease from labor. Every holiday replenishes the coffers of the church. These many demands upon the time and purse constitute one reason why so many of the poorer classes emigrate to the

United States—a marked change, by the way, as the French race are not partial to emigration.

No doubt the clergy exact too much from the people, and interfere too much with freedom, just as they did during the French *régime*. They endeavor to monopolize and bring secular matters under their "patronage," which is equivalent to bringing them under their rule. A year or so ago the Attorney-General of Lower Canada—a French Canadian—was brought to account by the press for first consulting the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec with reference to the propriety of submitting a certain measure to the local legislature, in which important interests of Protestants were concerned. Other matters have come to light to prove that the Roman Catholic clergy of Canada take more interest in its politics than is consistent with their position. They own newspapers, avowedly for the purpose of circulating their opinions on politics; they speculate in buying and selling of lands granted to them for church purposes, leasing many of the finest shops and terraces in Montreal and Quebec.

This church question is destined to be *the* great question of the day in Lower Canada.

MERCATOR, THE PATH-FINDER OF THE SEAS.

THE new German Empire has still other ambitions than the proud attainments of its armies in the late deadly struggle, which virtually gave it the rule of the continent of Europe. Germania desires also to have its due influence on the waves, though it does not, like Britannia, aspire to rule them.

The consolidation of the various German States has given to the nation one fleet and one flag. Already German craft have penetrated the frozen region in quest of the northern passage and the Pole, while the commercial marine of the Fatherland is keeping up almost daily communication with our own great metropolis.

The Baltic will ere long become a German lake, for even now a line of steamers starts from Stettin, on the northern shore of Prussia, and, touching at Copenhagen and the

ports of Sweden and Norway, winds its way through the intricate passages of their seas, and thus reaches the Atlantic and our own coasts. A ship-canal is already projected through Holstein to the North Sea direct, which will give a short and rapid communication to all the Baltic ports with the broad ocean and the wide world.

In these hours of promise for the German marine, it is quite natural that her sailors should regard with increased interest and pride the history and fame of one of her own sons, who well deserves to be entitled the Pathfinder of the Seas. When the mariner on the ocean would know whither his trackless way is leading him, and with what accuracy and success he is pursuing his journey, he resorts to his inseparable companion, the famous chart known as "Mercator's Projection."

When the incipient navigator of even the British Isles presents himself for examination as to his capacity to guide their vessels to distant ports, the first question directed to him is invariably the one concerning the principles of Mercator's Projection, and his ability to put them to practical use.

If we open an extensive collection of maps of any land, nearly the first one that will meet our eye will be Mercator's, giving us the earth on a plane surface, so that the most unlettered navigator can at once determine the distance from place to place in a straight line, and decide, for instance, that England's shortest route to her great possessions in Australia is directly across the Atlantic, our own continent, and the Pacific Ocean.

To the novice this may seem a very simple thing, and quite unworthy of fame, but to the scientific navigator the skillful computation of the variation of latitude and longitude from the equator to the pole, stamps the discovery and the system of the chart as a work of immortal genius. It has stood for three centuries as a land-mark in the history of science, and it is as popular and useful to-day as when it first gave to the early navigators the unerring means of finding their way on the trackless ocean.

Now, the Germans are proud to claim Mercator as their own, though he was born in the Netherlands, while his parents were on a hurried visit to that country. His home was on the banks of the Rhine, and there he lived and died, the greatest of early German geographers. Until his advent, the most learned men in his favorite science fell into the strangest errors, and it was reserved for him to initiate a reform in geography, and pave the way to an accurate passage of the seas.

But his patient labors have never received a fitting recognition until now, when his disciples in Germany have resolved to celebrate the third centennial anniversary of the appearance of the famous Mercator's Projection by erecting a monument to the memory of its author. This revival of interest in the old navigator has led the Director of one of the first Nautical Schools of Germany, Dr. Breusing, of Bremen, to present to the world a history of his life, entitled *Gerhard Kremer,*

called Mercator, the German Geographer. This is full of interesting details regarding the old veteran, and proudly states that when the Netherlands claimed the honor of his birth, that he himself would be none else than German, though for a while his cradle was rocked in the Low Lands.

According to the custom of that day, he translated his name into Latin on taking his place among scholars, and thus he became "Mercator." He was a man of deep religious convictions, and determined to devote a good portion of his life to combating the Aristotelian philosophy, which was then in vogue. As a means of support he became a teacher of mathematics; and to sustain his increasing family he made mathematical instruments and engraved maps. His interest in Biblical studies led him to publish, in 1537, a map of Palestine, and shortly afterwards he presented the world with another of Flanders.

Until that period Gothic characters had been used on all charts, but with great inconvenience; he was the first to introduce the Roman characters for that purpose, which soon became universal. He was extremely successful as a scientific mechanician, and made globes and other scientific instruments for Charles the Fifth.

In 1546 he ascertained the variation of the magnetic needle. This fact had been observed by Columbus, in his famous voyage of 1492, but during the whole of the sixteenth century scientific men had no accurate conception of it, and Mercator was the first to call general attention to the fact. He was also the first to introduce the elements of the theory of terrestrial magnetism, and finally calculated the position of the magnetic pole, the determination of which he considered a matter of transcendent importance. The peculiar portrait that we present of him is taken from an old engraving, representing him with a terrestrial globe, on which he is measuring with his compass the position of the magnetic pole.

His next great work was a large map of Europe, which is unfortunately only preserved on a small scale, but which settled his fame as the greatest map-maker of his time. He was then called to the chair of mathema-

ics of the famous Gymnasium of Duisburg, which he filled with great acceptance for three years, after which the Duke of Lorraine called him into his service to map out his land from a careful scientific survey.

Mercator was a man of the most varied talents, and seemed at home in every branch of science that in the least pertained to his favorite work. He was at once astronomer and chronologist, historian and theologian, mathematician and surveyor, map-drawer and engraver. And all these heterogeneous qualities he finally made subordinate to the great object of his life, which was the production of a cosmography or description of the universe, which should be a complete history of the heavens, of earth, and of man. The first volume of this appeared in 1568, on the subject of chronology, illustrated by many curious plates, and completed with a perfect harmony of the Gospels, showing that in all Mercator's labors his Biblical studies had a prominent part.

This was of great value for the period, but it was reserved for the following year for him to give to the world his famous chart, that was to form an epoch in the history of geography and navigation of the seas. Thence dates the reform in the science of chart-making, that presents no work of like import in all its history. After navigation of the sea had become possible by the discovery of the compass, the navigator could venture into the open ocean. But the charts that were to be his guide proved extremely unreliable, and only in rare cases did they lead him to his goal. Nothing seemed to come out right, and no chart-maker could make it do so until Mercator solved the riddle.

He found out the cause of the errors in the ancient charts, and invented the means through which alone they could be avoided; he not only presented the proper principle for the projection according to which marine charts must be laid out, but also gave full directions for its use. He illustrated the principles of his chart by explaining that his main object was to spread out the exterior of the globe on a plane surface, so that the position of all points might not only correspond to reality in latitude and longitude, but that also in

respect to their direction and distance from one another they might be, as near as possible, like that of the surface of the globe.

This important object he effected in the projection that bears his name, in which the degrees of latitude are enlarged towards both poles in the same proportion that they hold in their relation to the equator. He gave a very clear exposition of the principles that guided him, and evidently showed that he was the first to comprehend them, although envious rivals have endeavored to rob him of this honor.

Thus Mercator continued to labor,—all that he produced bearing the stamp of genius. He examined ancient maps very closely, and especially those of Ptolemy, and corrected them where they did not correspond with the text; and thus he published in 1578, in Cologne, revised maps of Ptolemy, which are acknowledged to the present day. And as he cast light over ancient geography, so he planned an entire new collection of modern maps, and worked at them for a quarter of a century, each one in its turn being an advance in geographical science. But he was not permitted to finish this great enterprise. He sickened and died in 1594, at the advanced age of 84 years. His last intelligible words were a request to the clergyman at his side to remember him in his prayers.

A son followed in the footsteps of the father and finished the work laid out. He published the entire collection under the name of "Atlas," which was chosen by Mercator before his death; and since that time every collection of maps bears the name of "Atlas," so that the whole race of Atlas-makers, down to the famous Stieler, and Kiepert, and Berghaus of the present hour in Germany, can trace back their lineage to their great father, Mercator.

For three hundred years the principal navigators of the world have acknowledged their indebtedness to Mercator, and the mariners of all nations mention his name with respect and gratitude; while Germany proudly claims him as her own. This gratitude towards the great reformer in the science of navigation

WHOSE WIFE WAS SHE?

I WAS on my knees before my chrysanthemum-bed, looking at each little round, tight disk of a bud, and trying to believe that it would be a snowy flower in two weeks. In two weeks my cousin Annie Ware was to be married: if my white chrysanthemums would only understand and make haste! I was childish enough to speak words to them to that effect; but the childishness came of love,—of my exceeding, my unutterable love for Annie Ware; if flowers have souls, the chrysanthemums understood me.

A sharp, quick roll of wheels startled me. I lifted my head. The wheels stopped at our gate; a hurried step came down the broad garden-path, and almost before I had had time to spring to my feet, Dr. Fearing had taken both my hands in his, had said,—“Annie Ware has the fever,”—had turned, had gone, had shut the garden gate, and the same sharp quick roll of wheels told that he was far on his way to the next sufferer.

I do not know how long I stood still in the garden. A miserable sullenness seemed to benumb my faculties. I repeated,—

“Annie Ware has the fever.” Then I said,—

“Annie Ware cannot die; she is too young, too strong, and we love her so.”

Then I said again,—

“Annie Ware has the fever,” and all the time I seemed not to be thinking about her at all, but about the chrysanthemums, whose tops I still idly studied.

For weeks a malignant typhus fever had been slowly creeping about in the lower part of our village, in all the streets which had been under water in the spring freshet.

These streets were occupied chiefly by laboring people, either mill-operatives, or shop-keepers of the poorer class. It was part of the cruel “calumny” of their “poverty” that they could not afford to have homesteads on the high plateau, which lifted itself quite suddenly from the river meadow, and made our village a by-word of beauty all through New England.

Upon this plateau were laid out streets of great regularity, shaded by grand elms,

many of which had been planted by hands that had handled the ropes of the *Mayflower*. Under the shade of these elms stood large old-fashioned houses, in that sort of sleepy dignity peculiar to old New England. We who lived in these houses were also sleepy and dignified. We knew that “under the hill,” as it was called, lived many hundreds of men and women, who were stifled in summer for want of the breezes which swept across our heights, cold in winter because the wall of our plateau shut down upon them the icy airs from the frozen river, and cut off the afternoon sun. We were sorry for them, and we sent them cold meat and flannels sometimes; but their life was as remote from our life as if they never crossed our paths: it is not necessary to go into large cities to find sharp lines drawn between the well-to-do and the poverty-stricken. There are, in many small villages, “districts” separated from each other by as distinct a moral distance as divides Fifth Avenue from the Five Points.

And so it had come pass that while for weeks this malignant typhus fever had been creeping about on the river shore, we, in our clearer, purer air, had not felt even a dread. There had not been a single case of it to west of the high-water mark made by the terrible freshet of the previous spring. We sent brandy and wine and beef-tea into the poor, comfortless, grief-stricken houses; and we said at tea-time that it was strange people would persist in living down under the bank: what could they expect? and besides, they were “so careless about drainage and ventilation.”

But now, on the highest and loveliest spot, in the richest and most beautiful house, the sweetest and fairest girl of all our village lay ill of the deadly disease.

“Annie Ware has the fever.” I wondered if some fiend were lurking by my side, who kept saying the words over and over in my ear. With that indescribable mixture of dulled and preternaturally sharpened sense which often marks the first moments of such distress, I walked slowly to my own room, and in a short time had made all the necessary preparations for leaving home. I felt like a thief as

I stole slowly down the stairs, with my traveling-bag in my hand. At the door I met my father.

"Hey-day, my darling, where now? Off to Annie's, as usual?"

He had not heard the tidings! Should I tell him? I might never see him again; only too well I knew the terrible danger into which I was going. But he might forbid me.

"Yes, off to Annie's," I said in a gay tone, and kissing him sprang down the steps.

I did not see my father again for eighteen days.

On the steps of my uncle's house I met old Jane, a colored woman who had nursed Annie Ware when she was a baby, and who lived now in a little cottage near by, from whose door-steps she could see Annie's window, and in whose garden she raised flowers of all sorts, solely for the pleasure of carrying them to Annie every day.

Jane's face was positively gray with sorrow and fear. She looked at me with a strange sort of unsympathizing hardness in her eyes. She had never loved me. I knew what she thought. She was saying to herself: "Why not this one instead of the other?"

"O auntie!" I said, "I would die for Annie; you know I would."

At this she melted. "O honey! don't ye say that. The Lord—" but she could say no more. She threw her apron up over her head and strode away.

The doors of the house stood open. I walked through room after room, and found no human being. At last, at the foot of the stairs in the back part of the house, I came upon all the servants huddled together in a cowering, weeping group. Flat on the floor, with his face to the wall, lay black Cæsar, the coachman. I put my hand on his shoulder. He jerked away impatiently.

"Yer jest lemme lone, will yer?" he said in a choking voice; then lifting up his head, and seeing it was I, he half sprang to his feet, with a look of shame and alarm, and involuntarily carrying his hand to his head, said:—

"O miss! who's gwine to think yer—" but here he too broke down, and buried his face in his great hands.

I did not speak, but the little group in-

stinctively opened to let me pass up the stairs. I had a vague consciousness that they said something as I turned into a little cross-hall which led to Annie's room; but without attending to their words I opened her door. The room was empty; the bed stripped of clothes; the windows wide open. I sank into a chair, and looked from side to side. I was too late, after all! That was why none of the servants dared speak to me. A little slipper of Annie's lay on the floor by the bed. I took it up and turned it over and over in my hands. Then I became conscious that my Aunt Ann was speaking to me,—was calling me by name, earnestly, repeatedly, with terror in her voice.

"My dear, dear child; Helen, Helen, Helen, she is not dead. She is in my room. Come and see for yourself."

I had seen my Aunt Ann every day for nineteen years,—I never knew her until that moment; I never saw her real face until that moment.

I followed her slowly through rooms and passage-ways till she reached her own chamber. The door was open; the room was very dark. On the threshold she paused, and whispered, "You must not be frightened, darling. She will not know you. She has not known any one for six hours."

I knelt down by the bed. In a few moments my eyes became used to the darkness, and I saw Annie's face lying motionless on the farther edge of the bed, turned to the wall. It was perfectly white except the lips, which were almost black, and were swollen and crust-ed over with the fearful fever. Her beautiful hair fell in tangled masses, and half covered her face.

"She seems to be lying very uncomfortably," said Aunt Ann, "but the doctor ordered that she should not be disturbed in any way."

I looked at my aunt's face and listened to her voice in bewilderment. The whole world had for years called her, and with apparent justice, "a hard and unsympathizing woman." No human being had ever seen a really free unconstrained smile on her face, or heard from her lips an impulsive word. When it was known that the genial, rollicking, open-

hearted Henry Ware was to marry her, everybody shuddered. As years went on, everybody who sat by Henry Ware's fireside, and was kindled and made welcome by his undiminished and unconquerable cheeriness, felt at the same time chilled and paralyzed by the courteous, unexceptionable dignity of Mrs. Ware. Even I, having the freedom of a daughter in their house, and loving my uncle hardly less than I loved my father, had never once supposed it possible that anybody could love Aunt Ann, or that she would have permitted it. I always felt a little terror when I saw Annie kiss her, or my uncle put his arm around her. My own loving, caressing, overflowing mother had given me by inheritance, and had taught me by example, a type of love which knew no life without expression. And very well I knew that that sweet mother of mine, whom the whole town loved, and who herself loved the whole world, seemed always turned into stone by the simple presence of Aunt Ann.

And now Aunt Ann was sitting on the floor by my side, clinging to my hand, resting my head on her bosom, and, as I felt instantly and instinctively, revealing in her every tone, look, word, such intensity and passionateness of feeling as I had never in my whole life seen before. I saw then that she had always held me side by side with her own child in her heart, and that she knew the rare quality of the love I had for Annie.

"I ought not to have let you come here," she said, more as if speaking to herself than to me; "they, too, have but one."

"But, Aunt Ann, you could not have kept me out," I whispered.

"Yes, I knew that, my child," she replied; "but no one else would know it."

From that moment there was between my Aunt Ann and me a subtle bond which partook of all the holiest mysteries of love. There were both motherhood and the love of lovers in my love for Annie. Annie's mother felt them, and was willing to have her own motherhood added to and ministered to by them. From that moment I believe not even her husband seemed so near to her in her relation with her child as I did.

I will not write out the record of the next

two weeks. They seemed, as they passed, two thousand years; and yet, in looking back on them, they seem only like one terrible breathless night. My aunt and I alone did all that was done for Annie. There were whole days and whole nights during which she talked incessantly, sometimes with such subtle semblance of her own sweet self that we could hardly believe she did not know what she said; sometimes with such wild ravings that we shook in terror, and could not look at her nor at each other. There were other days and nights through which she lay in a sleep, which seemed no more like real sleep than the shrill voice of her ravings had seemed like her real voice. These were most fearful of all. Through all these days and nights two men with white faces and folded arms walked up and down in the rooms below, or crouched on the thresholds of our doors, listening for sign or word from us. One was Annie's father, and the other was her lover, George Ware. He was her second cousin, fifteen years older than she, and had loved her since the day she was one year old, when at the ceremony of her christening, he, a proud shy boy of sixteen, had been allowed to carry her up-stairs with her sweet name resting fresh and new on her little dewy forehead. Ah, seldom does such love spring and grow and blaze on this earth as had warmed the very air around Annie from the moment of her birth. George Ware was a man of rare strength, as this love showed; and with just such faithfulness as his faithfulness to Annie he had loved and cared for his mother, who had been for twenty years a widow. They lived on the outskirts of the town, in a small house almost buried in the heart of a pine wood. The wood was threaded in all directions by miles of narrow paths which shone in the shaded sunlight as if they were satin-floored. For nineteen years it had been George Ware's joy to roam these paths with his cousin Annie; first, the baby whom he drew in her wicker wagon; next, the wayward little child who walked with stumbling steps and clung to his finger; next, the gay school-girl who brought all her perplexities and all her joys to be confided to him under the pines; next, the shyer and

more silent maiden who came less often, but lingered helplessly until twilight made the fragrant aisles solemn and dim as closed cloisters; at last, the radiant, the child-like woman! The promised wife!

No winter could set a barrier across these pine-wood paths. When the whole country about lay blocked and drifted, and half buried with snow, all these spicy foot-roads were kept clear and level, and ready for Annie's feet. Whole days of George Ware's strength went into the work and the joy of doing this. In open spaces where the snow had drifted deep, he wrought it into solid walls almost as high on either hand as Annie's head. In dark nooks, where the spreading pines and hemlocks lay low and wide, he tossed the snow into fantastic and weird masses on the right and left, and cleared great spaces where he knew the partridge berry would be ready with a tiny scarlet glow to light up the spot.

This was George Ware's wooing. It never stepped into the glare, the contention of profaner air. It was not a seeking, a finding, a conquest; but a slow, sure growth of possession, which had as eternal foundation and seemed as eternally safe as the results of organic law.

George's picture hung in Annie's room, opposite the foot of her bed. Opposite the foot of the bed in her mother's room hung a large engraving of the Sistine Madonna. I fancied that in Annie's quieter moments her eyes rested with a troubled look upon this picture, and one day, when she was in a deep sleep, I exchanged the pictures. I felt as if even lifeless canvas which had George's face painted upon it might work her good.

At last there came a night,—they said it was the fourteenth, but the words conveyed no meaning to me,—there came a night when Dr. Fearing, who had been sitting by Annie's bed for two hours, watching her every breath, sprang suddenly to his feet, and beckoned to my aunt and me to follow him into the next room. He shut the door, walked very swiftly up to us, looked first into her face, then into mine; then felt her pulse, and then mine, and then turning to me, said,—

"It will have to be you." We looked at

him in sudden terror. The tears were rolling down his wrinkled cheeks.

"What is it, William?" gasped Aunt Ann.

"It will have to be you," he went on, looking me in the face, and taking no notice of her question; "your pulse can be trusted. There has been a change. When Annie wakes out of this sleep she will know you. It may be in two hours, and it may not be for six. But if in that first moment she is alarmed, or agitated in any way, she will die."

"O William, let me stay. I *will* be calm," moaned my poor aunt.

Then I observed, for the first time, that she had called him "William." And then, for the first and last time, I heard Dr. Fearing call my Aunt Ann "darling," and I remembered in that instant that it had been said once in my hearing, that it was because of his love for Mrs. Henry Ware that Dr. William Fearing had lived and would die a lonely man.

"Darling," he said, and put one hand on her shoulder, "you would kill your child. I forbid you to cross the threshold of that room till I come back. You will thank me tomorrow. Can you not trust me, Ann?" and he looked down from his full height, this lonely, brave old man, into the face of the woman he had loved, with a look like the look of one who dies to save another. It was but for one second, and then he was again the physician, and turning to me, went on, "I have another patient to whom I *must* instantly go, and whom I may not be able to leave for hours. You can do all that I would do,—I believe,"—then he felt my pulse again, and nodding his head with a sort of grim professional satisfaction, which no amount of sentiment could wholly divert from its delight in the steady nerves and undisturbed currents of a healthy body,—resumed, "You have but one thing to do: when she wakes, look perfectly composed; if she speaks, answer her in a perfectly natural voice; give her two drops of this medicine, and tell her to go to sleep again. If you do this, she will fall asleep at once. If you show the least agitation, she may die,—probably will!"—and Dr. Fearing was gone.

My aunt sat silently weeping. I kissed her without speaking, and went back to my chair

by Annie's bed. I dropped the two drops of medicine into a spoon, and propped the spoon carefully on a little silver waiter, so that I could reach it instantly. It was just three o'clock in the morning. Hour after hour passed. I could not hear Annie's breath. My own dinning in my ears like the whirr of mills. A terror such as I can never describe took possession of me. What if I were to kill Annie? How could I "look composed"; "speak naturally"? What would she say? If I could but know and have my answer ready!

I firmly believe that the dawn of light saved my senses and Annie's life. When the first red beam shot through the blinds at the farther end of the room, tears came into my eyes. I felt as if angels were watching outside. A tiny sun-beam crept through the slats and fell on the carpet. It was no more than a hair's breadth, but it was companionship to me. Slowly, steadily it came towards me. I forgot all else in watching it. To this day I cannot see a slow-moving sun-beam on a crimson floor without a shudder. The clock struck six, seven, eight, nine. The bells rang for schools; the distant hum of the town began. Still there was no stir, no symptom of life, in the colorless face on the pillow. The sunbeam had crept nearly to my feet. Involuntarily I lifted my right foot and stretched it out to meet the golden messenger. Had I dared to move I should have knelt and reached my hand to it instead. Perhaps even the slight motion I did make hastened Annie's waking, for at that instant she turned her head uneasily on the pillow and opened her eyes. I saw that she knew me. I wondered how I could have distrusted my own strength to meet her look. I smiled as if we were at play together, and said—

"Good morning, dear."

She smiled languidly and said, "How came I in mamma's bed?"

I said, quietly, "Take this medicine, darling;" and almost before the drops had passed her lips her eyes closed, and she had fallen asleep again.

When Dr. Fearing came into the room at noon he gave one swift, anxious glance at her face, and then fell on his knees and folded

his face in his hands. I knew that Annie was safe.

Then he went into the next room, silently took Aunt Ann by the hand, and leading her back to Annie's bed-side, pointed to the little beads of moisture on her forehead and said—

"Saved!"

The revulsion was too much for the poor mother's heart. She sank to the floor. He lifted her in his arms and carried her out, and for the rest of that day my Aunt Ann, that "hard and unsympathizing woman," passed from one strange fainting-fit into another, until we were in almost as great fear for her life as we had been for Annie's.

At twilight Annie roused from her sleep again. She was perfectly tranquil, but too weak to lift even her little hand, which had grown so thin and so wrinkled that it looked like a wilted white flower lying on the white counterpane.

But hour by hour she gained strength under the powerful restoratives which were used, and still more from the wonderful recuperativeness of her elastic temperament. From the very first day, however, an indefinable terror of misgiving seized me as often as I heard her voice or looked into her eyes. In vain I said to myself: "It is the weakness after such terrible illness;" "it is only natural." I felt in the bottom of my heart that it was more.

On the fourth day she said suddenly, looking up at the picture of George Ware,—

"Why! Why is Cousin George's picture in here? Where is the Madonna?"

I replied: "I moved it in here, dear, for you. I thought you would like it."

"No," she said, "I like the Madonna best: the dear little baby! Please carry George back into my room where he belongs."

My heart stood still with terror. She had never called George Ware her cousin since their engagement. She especially disliked any allusion to their relationship. This was her first mention of his name, and it was in all respects just what she would have said a year before. Dr. Fearing had forbidden us to allude to him, or to her wedding-day, or, in fact, to any subject calculated to arouse new trains of thought in her mind. I wondered

afterward that we did not understand from the very first how he had feared that her brain might not fully recover itself, as the rest of her exquisitely organized body seemed fast doing.

Day after day passed. Annie could sit up; could walk about her room; she gained in flesh and color and strength so rapidly that it was a marvel. She was gentle and gay and loving; her old rare, sweet self in every little way and trait and expression; not a look, not a smile, not a tone was wanting; but it was the Annie of last year, and not of this. She made no allusion to her wedding, the day for which had now passed. She did not ask for George. The whole year had dropped out of her memory; part of her brain was still diseased. No human touch could venture to deal with it without the risk of the most terrible consequences.

Dr. Fearing's face grew day by day more and more anxious; he was baffled; he was afraid. He consulted the most eminent physicians who had had experience in diseases of the brain. They all counseled patience, and advised against any attempt to hasten her recollections upon any point; they all had known similar cases, but never one so sharply defined or so agonizing as this. Still they were unanimous in advising that nothing should be said to startle her; that all must be trusted to time.

Through these terrible days George Ware was braver than any one else. His faith in the absoluteness of his relation with Annie was too great to be disturbed. He was by nature as patient as he was resolute. He had not wooed his wife for eighteen years to lose her in any way now except by death. He comforted us all.

"Do be brave, sweet mother of Annie," he used to say to my poor Aunt Ann; "all will be well. It is nothing to me to wait another year, after having waited all these. It is not even hard for me to go without seeing her, if that is best."

For all that, his face grew thin and his form bent, and his eye heavy, as week after week passed, and he came daily to the house, only to be told the same weary thing, that Annie had not asked for him. The physicians had said that it would be better that she should

not see him until she had of her own accord mentioned his name. Her nerves were still in such a state that any surprise threw her into palpitation and alarm which did not pass off for hours. No human being could tell how great might be the shock of seeing his face; how much it might recall to her; and whether if it recalled all, she could bear it. From the outset George believed the physicians were wrong in this; but he dared not urge his instinct against their knowledge; and he was patient of nature, and so the days went on, on, on; and there was no change except that Annie grew steadily better, and our hearts grew steadily sicker and sicker until we almost looked back with longing on the days when we feared she would die. And yet in every single respect, except the memory of her lover, Annie was the same as before. The closest scrutiny could discover no other change in her, except perhaps that she seemed even gayer than she used to seem, and a shade less tender, but this also was as she had been before she had promised to be George Ware's wife.

One morning George brought me a small bunch of lovely wild things from the pine woods. Tiarella leaves just tipped with claret color by the early frosts, sprays of Linnaea, two or three tiny white maiden's hair ferns, all tied by a knot of partridge-berry vines thick-set with scarlet berries.

"Give these to Annie for me, will you, dear Helen?" he said, "and observe very carefully how she is affected by them."

I remembered that it was just one year ago that day, that he had asked her to be his wife, and I trembled to think of what hidden meanings I might be messenger in carrying her this silent token. But I too felt, as George did, that she was drifting farther and farther away from the memories we desired she should regain; and that no physician's knowledge could be so true as love's instinct; and I asked no counsel of any one, but went swiftly to Annie with the leaves in my hand.

"O you darling! How perfectly lovely," she exclaimed with a laugh of delight. "Why, these must have come from George's woods. Have you been up there?"

"No, dear," I said, "George brought them for you, this morning."

"Oh, the good darling!" she exclaimed. "Is it decided about his going to India?"

I could not repress a little cry of anguish and terror. A year ago there had been a plan for his going out to India on a mercantile venture, which promised great profit. It had been given up, partly because his mother felt that she could not live without him, partly because he felt that he could not longer live without Annie.

"What is it, dear?" she said, in her exquisite sympathizing voice, with a little flush of alarm on her pale cheek; "what hurt you? are you ill? Oh, my poor Helen, you are all worn out with nursing me. I will nurse you presently."

"Only a little twinge of my old neuralgia, sweet," I said faintly; "these autumn winds are setting it at work again."

She looked anxiously at me for a few seconds, and then began to untie the bunch of leaves, and spread out the long vines on the bed.

"Oh, if I only had some moss," she said.

I ran to the green-house and brought her handfuls of beautiful dripping mosses from the rocks in the fernery. She filled a saucer with them, putting the *Tiarella* leaves all round the rim, and winding the *Linnea* vines in and out as they grow in the woods. Then she leaned back on her pillows and began breaking the partridge-berry vines into short bits, each with a scarlet berry on it. These she set upright in the moss, changing and rearranging them so often that I wondered what could be her purpose, and leaned forward to see.

"No, no," she said playfully, pushing me back, "not till it is done."

Presently she said, "Now look!"

I looked and saw a perfect, beautifully formed G made by the scarlet berries on the green moss.

"There," she said, "I'll send that back to George, to show him that I found him in the berries; or, no," she added, "we'll keep it till he comes to see me. The doctor said I could be carried down-stairs to-morrow, and then I shall begin to 'receive,'" and she laughed a gay little laugh, and sank back tired.

This moment stands out in my memory

as the saddest, hardest one of all. I think at that moment hope died in my heart.

When I told George of this, and showed him the saucer of moss—for she had ordered it to be set on the drawing-room table, saying, "It is too pretty to stay up here with bottles and invalids,"—he buried his face in his hands for many minutes. When he lifted it, he looked me steadily in the eye, and said,

"She has utterly forgotten this whole year. But I will win her again."

Then he knelt down and kissed every little leaf and berry which her hands had touched, and then he went away without speaking another word.

It was decided after this that it could do no harm for him to see her. Indeed, he now demanded it. His resolution was taken.

"You need not fear," he said to Dr. Fearing, "that I shall agitate her by approaching her as if she were my own. She is not my own. But she will be!"

We all sat with trembling hands and beating hearts as the hour approached at which we knew the experiment was to be made.

Annie had been carried down-stairs, and laid upon a lounge in the western bay-window of the library. The lounge was covered with dark green damask. Old Cæsar had so implored to be allowed to carry her down, that Annie had insisted that he should be gratified; and she went down as she had so often done in her childhood, with her soft white face lying close to his shining black one.

As he put her down, in her rose-colored wrapper, on the dark green damask, he knelt before her and burst out, in spite of himself, into a sort of wild chant of thanksgiving; but as we entered the door he sprang up ashamed, and turning to Aunt Ann, said: "Beg pardon, missis, but this rose yere was too much pink rose for old Cæsar!"

It was "too much pink rose" for any human eyes to see unmoved. We all cried: and Annie herself shed a few tears, but finally helped us all by saying gayly,

"You'll make me ill again if you all go on like this. I hate people that cry."

No stranger's eye would have detected the thousandth part of a second's pause which

George Ware's feet made on the threshold of that room when his eyes first saw Annie. Before the second had ended he was simply the eager, glad, affectionate cousin, and had taken calmly and lovingly the child's kiss which Annie gave him as she had done every day of her life.

We could not speak. My uncle pretended to read his newspaper; my aunt's hands shook in their pretense of sewing; I threw myself on the floor at the foot of Annie's lounge and hid my face in its cushions.

Brave George Ware's brave voice went steadily on. Annie's sweet glad voice, weak and low, but still sweeter than any other voice I ever heard, chimed in and out like fairy bells from upper air. More than an hour passed. I do not know one word that we said.

Then George rose, saying: "I must not tire you, little Annie, so I am going now."

"Will you come again to-morrow?" she asked as simply as a little child.

"Yes, dear, if you are not the worse for this," he replied, and kissed her forehead, and walked very quickly away without looking back. I followed him instantly into the hall, for I had seen that in his face which had made me fear that, strong man as he was, he would fall. I found him sitting on the lowest step of the staircase, just outside the door.

"My God, Helen," he gasped, "it isn't only this last year she has forgotten. She has gone back five years."

"Oh no, dear George," I said; "you are mistaken. She remembers everything up to a year ago. You know she remembered about your going to India."

"That is nothing," he said impatiently. "You can't, any of you, see what I mean, I suppose. But I tell you she has forgotten five years of me. She is to me just as she was when she was fourteen. Do you think I don't know the face and voice and touch of each day of my darling's life? oh, my God! my God!" and he sank down on the stair again in a silence which was worse than groans. I left him there and went back to Annie.

"How old Cousin George looks," she was saying, as I entered the room; "I didn't re-

member that he was so old. Why, he looks as old as you do, sweet papa. But then," reflectively, "after all, he is pretty old. He is fifteen years older than I am—and I am nineteen: thirty-four! that is old, is it not, sweet papa?" said she, half petulantly. "Why don't you speak, any of you?"

"You are getting too tired, my darling," said her father, "and now I shall carry you up-stairs."

After Annie was asleep, my Aunt Ann and I sat for hours in the library, going over and over and over, with weary hopelessness, all her words and looks, and trying to comfort each other. But I think each knew the utter despair of the other's heart.

From this time George came and went with all his old familiarity: not a day passed without his seeing Annie, and planning something for her amusement or pleasure. Not a day passed without her showing in many ways that he made a large part of her life, was really a central interest in it. Even to us who knew the sad truth, and who looked on with intentness and anxiety hardly less than those with which we had watched her sick-bed weeks before—even to us it seemed many times as if all must be right. No stranger but would have believed them lovers; not a servant in the house dreamed but that Miss Annie was still looking forward to her wedding. They had all been forbidden to allude to it, but they supposed it was only on account of her weakness and excitability.

But every day the shadow deepened on George Ware's face. I could see, though he would not admit it, that the same despair which filled my soul was settling down upon his. Dr. Fearing, too, who came and spent long evenings with us, and cautiously watched Annie's every tone and look, grew more and more uneasy. Dr. —, one of the most distinguished physicians of the insane in the country, was invited to spend a few days in the house. He was presented to Annie as an old friend of her father's, and won at once her whole confidence and regard. For four days he studied her case, and frankly owned himself baffled, and unable to suggest any measure except the patient waiting which was killing us all.

To tell this frail and excitable girl, who had fainted more than once at a sudden noise, that this man whom she regarded only as her loving cousin had really been her promised husband—and that having been within two weeks of her wedding-day, she had now utterly forgotten it, and all connected with it—this would be too fearful a risk. It might deprive her forever of her reason.

On the other hand, she seemed in every respect, even in the smallest particular, herself. She recollected her music, her studies, her friends. She was anxious to resume her old life at all points. Every day she made allusions to old plans or incidents. She had forgotten absolutely nothing excepting the loverhood of her lover. Every day she grew stronger, and became more and more beautiful. There was a slight under-current of arch mischievousness and half petulance which she had never had before, and which, added to her sweet sympathetic atmosphere, made her indescribably charming. As she grew stronger she frolicked with every human being and every living thing. When the spring first opened and she could be out of doors, she seemed more like a divine mixture of Ariel and Puck than like a mortal maiden.

I found her one day lying at full length on the threshold of the green-house. Twenty great azalias were in full bloom on the shelves—white, pink, crimson. She had gathered handfuls of the fallen blossoms, and was making her gray kitten, which was as intelligent and as well trained as a dog, jump into the air to catch them as she tossed them up. I sat down on the grass outside and watched her silently.

"Oh, you sober old Helen," she said, "you'll be an owl for a thousand years after you die! Why can't you caper a little? You don't know how nice it is."

Just then George came slowly walking down the garden path, his hands clasped behind him, his head bent forward, and his eyes fixed on the ground.

He did not see us. Annie exclaimed,

"There's Cousin George, too! Look at him! Wouldn't you think he had just heard he was to be executed at twelve to-day! I don't see what ails everybody."

"George, George," she called, "come here. For how many years are you sentenced, dear, and how could you have been so silly as to be found out?" And then she burst into a peal of the most delicious laughter at his bewildered look.

"I don't know, darling, for how many years I am sentenced. We none of us know," he said, in a tone which was sadder than he meant it should be, and sobered her loving heart instantly. She sprang to her feet, and threw both her arms around his right arm, a pretty trick she had kept from her babyhood, and said:—

"Oh you dear, good darling, does anything *really* trouble you? How heartless I am. But you don't know how it feels to have been so awfully ill, and then to get well again. It makes one feel all body and no soul: but I have soul enough to love you all dearly, you know I have; and I *won't* have you troubled: tell me what it is this minute;" and she looked at him with tears in her eyes.

One wonders often if there be any limit to human endurance. If there be, who can say they have reached it? Each year we find that the thing which we thought had taken our last strength, has left us with strength enough to bear a harder. It seemed so with such scenes as this, in those sunny spring days when Annie Ware first went out into life again. Each day I said, "There can never be another moment quite so hard to meet as this!" and the next day there came a moment which made me forget the one which had gone before.

It was an evil fate which just at this time made it imperatively necessary for George to go to the West for three months. He had no choice. His mother's whole fortune was at stake. No one but he could save it; it was not certain that he could. His last words to me were:—

"I trust more in you, Helen, than in any other human being. Keep my name constantly in her thought; write me everything which you would tell me if I were here."

It had become necessary now to tell the sad story of the result of Annie's illness to all those friends who would be likely to speak to her of her marriage. The whole town knew

what shadow rested on our hearts; and yet, as week after week went by, and the gay, sweet, winning, beautiful girl moved about among people again in her old way, people began to say more and more that it was, after all, very foolish for Annie Ware's friends to be so distressed about her; stranger things had happened; she was evidently a perfectly well woman; and as for the marriage, they never liked the match—George Ware was too old and too grave for her; and, besides, he was her second cousin.

Oh, the torture of the "ante-mortems" of beloved ones, at which we are all forced to assist!

Yet it could not be wondered at that in this case the whole heart of the community was alive with interest and speculation.

Annie Ware's sweet face had been known and loved in every house in our village. Her father was the richest, most influential man in the county, and the most benevolent. Many a man and woman had kissed Henry Ware's baby in her little wagon, for sake of Henry Ware's good deeds to them or theirs. And while Mrs. Ware had always repelled persons by her haughty reticence, Annie, from the first day she could speak until now, had won all hearts by her sunny, open, sympathizing atmosphere. No wonder that now, when they saw her again fresh, glad, beautiful, and really looking stronger and in better health than she had ever done, they said that we were wrong, that Annie and Nature were right, and that all would be well!

There came to our town this spring a family of wealth and position who had for many years lived in Europe, but who had now returned to make America their home. They had taken a furnished house for a year, to make trial of our air, and also, perhaps, of the society, although rumor, with the usual jealousy, said that the Neals did not desire any intimacy with their countrymen and women. The grounds of the house which they had hired joined my uncle's, and my Aunt Ann, usually averse to making new acquaintances, had called upon them at once, and had welcomed them most warmly to her house. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Neal and two sons, Arthur and Edward. They were

people of culture, and, of course, of wide experience; but they were not of fine organization nor of the highest breeding; and it will ever remain a mystery to me that there should have seemed to be, from the outset, an especial bond of intimacy between them and my uncle and aunt. I think it was partly the sense of relief with which they welcomed a new interest—a little break in the monotony of anxiety which had been for so many months corroding their very lives.

Almost before I knew that the Neals were accepted as our familiar friends, I was startled one morning, while we were at breakfast, by the appearance of Annie on her pony, looking in at our drawing-room window. She had a pretty way of riding up noiselessly on the green grass, and making her pony, which was tame as a Newfoundland dog, mount up on the stone steps, and tap with his nose on the panes of the long glass door till we opened it.

I never saw her so angelically beautiful as she was this morning. Her cheeks were flushed and her dark blue eyes sparkled like gems in the sun. Presently she said, hesitating a little,—

"Edward Neal is at the gate; may I bring him in? I told him he might come, but he said it was too like burglary;" and she cantered off again without waiting to hear my mother's permission.

All that morning Annie Ware and Edward Neal sat with me on our piazza. I looked and listened and watched like one in a dream or under a spell. I foresaw, I foreknew what was to come; with the subtle insight and knowledge of love, I saw all.

Never had I seen Annie so stirred into joyousness by George's presence as she seemed to be by this boy's. The two together overflowed in a sparkling current of gayety, which was contagious beyond any one's power to resist. They seemed two divine children sent out on a mission to set the world at play. What Edward Neal's more sensuous and material nature lacked, was supplemented by the finer, subtler quality of Annie's. From that first day I could never disguise from myself that they seemed, so far as mere physical life goes, the absolute counterparts of each other.

I need not dwell on this part of my story.

When young hearts are drawing together, summer days speed very swiftly. George Ware, alas! was kept at the West week after week, until it came to be month after month. My uncle and aunt seemed to have deliberately resolved to shut their eyes to the drift of events. I think they were so thankful to watch Annie's bounding health and happiness, to hear glad voices and merry laughs echoing all day in their house, that they could not allow themselves to ask whether a new kernel of bitterness, of danger, lay at the core of all this fair seeming. As for the children, they did not know that they were loving each other as man and woman. Edward Neal was twenty-one, Annie but nineteen, and both singularly young and innocent of soul.

And so it came to be once more the early autumn; the maple leaves were beginning to be red, and my chrysanthemums had again set their tiny round disks of buds. Edward and Annie had said no word of love to each other, but the whole town looked upon them as lovers, and people began to reply impatiently and incredulously to our assurances that no such engagement existed.

Early in October George came home, very unexpectedly, taking even his mother by surprise. He told me afterwards that he came at last as one warned of God. A presentiment of evil, which he had struggled against for weeks, finally so overwhelmed him that he set off for home without half an hour's delay. I found him, on the night after his arrival, sitting in his old place in the big arm-chair at the head of Annie's lounge; she still clung to some of her old invalid ways, and spent many evenings curled up like a half-shut pink daisy on the green damask cushions. He looked worn and thin, but glad and eager, and was giving a lively account of his Western experiences when the library door opened, and coming in unannounced, with the freedom of one at home, Edward Neal entered.

"O Edward, here is Cousin George," exclaimed Annie, while a sea of rosy color spread all over her face; and half rising, she took George's hand in hers as she leaned towards Edward.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Mr. Ware," said Edward, with that indefinable tone of

gentle respectfulness which marks a very young man's recognition of one much older, whom he has been led to admire. "Annie has been talking to me about you all summer. I feel as if I knew you almost as well as she does. I'm heartily glad to see you."

A nature of finer grain than Edward Neal's would have known the whole truth in that first second, by the blank, stern look which spread like a cloud over George Ware's face; but the open-hearted fellow only thought that he had seemed too familiar perhaps, and went on,—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Ware. It must appear strange to you that I took the liberty of being so glad; but you don't know how kindly I have been allowed to feel that your friends here would permit me to call all their friends mine," and he glanced lovingly and confidently at my aunt and uncle, who answered by such smiles as they rarely gave. Oh, no wonder they loved this genial, frank, sunny boy, who had brought such light into their life.

In a moment George was his courteous self again, and began to express his pleasure at meeting Mr. Neal, etc., but Annie interrupted him.

"Oh, now don't be tiresome; of course you are to be just as good friends with Edward as you are with me: sit down, Edward. He is telling us the most delicious stories. He is the dearest Cousin George in the world," she added, stroking his hand, which she still kept in hers.

It gave Edward no more surprise to see her do this than it would have done to see her sit in her father's lap. Even I felt with a sudden pang that George Ware seemed at that moment to belong to another generation from Edward and Annie.

Edward seated himself on a low cricket at the foot of the lounge, and, looking up in George's face, said most winningly—

"Please go on, Mr. Ware." Then he turned one full, sweet look of greeting and welcome upon Annie, who beamed back upon him with such a diffused smile as only the rarest faces have. Annie's smile was one of her greatest charms. It changed her whole face; the lips made but a small part

of it; no mortal ever saw it without smiling in answer.

It was beyond George Ware's power to endure this long. Probably his instinct saw in both Edward's atmosphere and Annie's more than we did. He rose very soon and said to me, "If you are going home to-night, Helen, will you let me walk up with you? I have business in that part of the town; but I must go now. Perhaps that will hurry you too much?" he added, with an inquiring tone which was almost imploring.

I was only too glad to go. Our leave-taking was very short. A shade of indefinable trouble clouded every face but Edward's and Annie's.

George did not speak until we had left the house. Then he stopped short, took both my hands in his, with a grasp that both hurt and frightened me, and exclaimed,—

"How dared you keep this from me! How dared you!"

"O George," I said, "there was nothing to tell."

"Nothing to tell!" and his voice grew hoarse and loud. "Nothing to tell! Do you mean to say that you don't know, have not known that Annie loves that boy, that puppy?"

I trembled from head to foot. I could not speak. He went on:

"And I trusted you so; O Helen, I can never forgive you."

I murmured, miserably, for I felt myself in that moment really guilty,—

"What makes you think she loves him?"

"You cannot deceive me, Helen," he replied. "Do not torture me and yourself by trying. Tell me now, how long this 'Edward' has been sitting by her lounge. Tell me all."

Then I told him all. It was not much. He had seen more that evening (and so had I) than had ever existed before. His presence had been the one element which had suddenly defined an atmosphere which had before been hardly recognized.

He was very quiet after the first moment of bitterness, and asked me to forgive his impatient words. When he left me he said,—

"I cannot see clearly what I ought to do.

Annie's happiness is my only aim. If this boy can create it, and I cannot—but he cannot: she was as utterly mine as it is possible for a woman to be. You none of you knew how utterly! Oh, my God, what shall I do!" and he walked away as feebly and slowly as an old man of seventy.

The next day Aunt Ann sent for me to come to her. I found her in great distress. George had returned to the house after leaving me, and had had almost a stormy interview with my uncle. He insisted upon asking Annie at once to be his wife; making no reference to the past, but appearing at once as her suitor. My uncle could not forbid it, for he recognized George's right, and he sympathized in his suffering. But his terror was insupportable at the thought of having Annie agitated, and of the possible results which might follow. He implored George to wait at least a few weeks.

"What! and see that young lover at my wife's feet every night!" said George, fiercely. "No! I will risk all, lose all, if need be. I have been held back long enough," and he had gone directly from my uncle's room to Annie herself.

In a short time Annie had come to her mother in a perfect passion of weeping, and told her that Cousin George had asked her to be his wife; and that she had never dreamed of such a thing; and she thought he was very unkind to be so angry with her: how *could* she have supposed he cared for her in that way, when he had been like her elder brother all his life.

"Why, he seems almost as old as papa," said poor Annie, sobbing and crying, "and he ought to have known that I should not kiss him and put my arms around him if—if—" she could not explain; but she knew!

Annie had gone to her own room, ill. My aunt and I sat together in the library silently crying; we were wretched. "Oh, if George would only have waited," said Aunt Ann.

"I think it would have made no difference, aunty," said I.

"No, I am afraid not," replied she, and each knew that the other was thinking of Edward Neal.

George Ware left town the next day. He

sent me a short note. He could not see any one, he said, and begged me to give a farewell kiss for him to "the sweet mother of my Annie. For mine she is, and will be in Heaven, though she will be the wife of Edward Neal on earth."

When I next saw our Annie she was Edward Neal's promised bride. A severe fit of illness, the result of all these excitements, confined me to my room for three weeks after George's departure; and I knew only from Aunt Ann's lips the events which had followed upon it.

George Ware's presence on that first night had brought revelation to Edward Neal as well as to all the other members of that circle. That very night he had told his parents that Annie would be his wife.

The very next night, while poor George was being swiftly borne away, Edward was sitting in my uncle's library, listening with a blanched cheek to the story of Annie's old engagement. My uncle's sense of honor would not let him withhold anything from the man seeking her for his wife. The pain soon passed by, however, when he was told that she had that very day refused her cousin, and betrayed almost resentment at his offer. Edward Neal had not a sufficiently subtle nature, nor acquaintance enough with psychological phenomena to be disturbed by any fears for the future. He dismissed it all as an inexplicable result of the disease, but a fixed fact, and a great and blessed fortune for him. My uncle, however, was less easily assured. He insisted on delay, and upon consulting the same physicians who had studied Annie's case before. They all agreed that she was now a perfectly healthy and strong woman, and that to persist in any farther recognition of the old bond, after she had so intelligently and emphatically repudiated all thought of such a relation to her cousin, was absurd. Dr. Fearing alone was in doubt. He said little; but he shook his head and clasped his hands tight, and implored that at least the marriage should be deferred for a year.

Annie herself, however, refused to consent to this: of course no satisfactory reason could be alleged for any such delay; and she said as frankly as a little child, "Edward and I

have loved each other almost from the very first: there is nothing for either of us to do in life but to make each other happy; and we shall not leave papa and mamma: so why should we wait?"

They were not married, however, until spring. The whole town stood by in speechless joy and delight when those two beautiful young beings came out from the village church man and wife. It was a scene never to be forgotten. The peculiar atmosphere of almost playful joyousness which they created whenever they appeared together was something which could not be described, but which diffused itself like sunlight.

We all tried resolutely to dismiss memory and misgiving from our hearts. They seemed disloyalty and sin. George Ware was in India. George Ware's mother was dead. The cottage among the pines was sold to strangers, and the glistening brown paths under the trees were neglected and unused.

Edward and Annie led the same gay child-like lives after their marriage that they had before: they looked even younger and gayer and sunnier. When they dashed cantering through the river meadows, she with rosy cheeks and pale brown curls flying in the wind, and he with close crisp black hair, and the rich, dark, glowing skin of a Spaniard, the farming men turned and rested on their tools, and gazed till they were out of sight. Sometimes I asked myself wonderingly, "Are they ever still, and tender, and silent?" "Is this perpetual overflow the whole of love?" But it seemed treason to doubt in the presence of such merry gladness as shone in Annie's face, and in her husband's too. It was simply the incarnate triumph and joy of young life.

The summer went by; the chrysanthemums bloomed out white and full in my garden; the frosts came, and then the winter, and then Annie told me one day that before winter came again she would be a mother. She was a little sobered as she saw the intense look on my face.

"Why, darling, aren't you glad? I thought you would be almost as glad as I am myself?" Annie sometimes misunderstood me now.

"Glad! O Annie," was all I could say.

From that day I had but one thought, Annie's baby. Together we wrought all dainty marvels for its wardrobe; together we planned all possible events in its life: from the outset I felt as much motherhood to the precious little unseen one as Annie did. She used to say to me, often:

"Darling, it will be half my baby, and half yours."

Annie was absolutely and gloriously well through the whole of those mysterious first months of maternity which are to so many women exhausting and painful. Every nerve of her body seemed strung and attuned to normal and perfect harmony. She was more beautiful than ever, stronger than ever, and so glad that she smiled perpetually without knowing it. For the first time since the old days, dear Dr. Fearing's face lost the anxious look with which his eyes always rested upon her. He was at ease about her now.

Before light one Sunday morning in December, a messenger rang furiously at our bell. We had been looking for such tidings, and were not alarmed. It was a fearful storm; wind and sleet and rain and darkness had attended the coming of Annie's little "Sunday child" into its human life.

"A boy—and Miss Annie's all right," old Cæsar said, with a voice almost as hoarse as the storm outside; and he was gone before we could ask a question farther.

In less than an hour I stood on the threshold of Annie's room. But I did not see her until noon. Then, as I crept softly into the dimly-lighted chamber, the whole scene so recalled her illness of two years before that my heart stood still with sudden horror, in spite of all my joy. Now, as then, I knelt silently at her bedside, and saw the sweet face lying white and still on the pillow.

She turned, and seeing me, smiled faintly, but did not speak.

A speechless terror seized me at her first glance. *This* was my Annie! The woman who for two years had been smiling with her face had not been she! The room grew dark. I do not know what supernatural power came to my aid that I did not faint and fall.

Annie drew back the bed-clothes with a

slow, feeble motion of her right hand, and pointed to the tiny little head nestled in her bosom. She smiled again, looked at me gently and steadily for a second, and then shut her eyes. Presently I saw that she was asleep; I stole into the next room and sat down with my face buried in my hands.

In a moment a light step roused me. Aunt Ann stood before me, her pale face all aglow with delight.

"O Helen, my darling! She is so well. Thank God! thank God!" and she threw her arms around me and burst into tears.

I felt like one turned to stone. Was I mad, or were they?

What had I seen in that one steady look of Annie's eyes? Was she really well? I felt as if she had already died!

Agonizingly I waited to see Dr. Fearing's face. He came in before tea, saw Annie for a few minutes, and came down-stairs rubbing his hands and singing in a low tone.

"I never saw anything like that child's beautiful elasticity in my life," he said. "We shall have her dancing down-stairs in a month."

The cloud was utterly lifted from all hearts except mine. My aunt and uncle looked at each other with swimming eyes. Edward tried to laugh and look gay, but broke down utterly, and took refuge in the library, where I found him lying on the floor, with his face buried in Annie's lounge.

I went home stupefied, bewildered. I could not sleep. A terror-stricken instinct told me that all was not right. But how should I know more than physician, mother, husband?

For ten days I saw my Annie every day for an hour. Her sweet, strange, gentle, steady look into my eyes when we first met always paralyzed me with fear, and yet I could not have told why. There was a fathomless serenity in her face which seemed to me superhuman. She said very little. The doctor had forbidden her to talk. She slept the greater part of the time, but never allowed the baby to be moved from her arms while she was awake.

There was a divine ecstasy in her expression as she looked down into the little face; it never seemed like human motherhood.

One day Edward came to me and said : "Do *you* think Annie is so well as they say? I suppose they must know ; but she looks to me as if she had died already, and it were only her glorified angel body that lies in that bed?"

I could not speak to him. I knew then that he had seen the same thing that I had seen : if his strong, rather obtuse material nature had recognized it, what could it be which so blinded her mother and father and the doctor? I burst into tears and left him.

At the end of a week I saw a cloud on Dr. Fearing's face. As he left Annie's room one morning, he stopped me and said abruptly,—

"What does Annie talk about?"

"She hardly speaks at all," I said.

"Hm," he said. "Well, I have ordered her not to talk. But does she ask any questions?" he continued.

"No," I said ; "not of me. She has not asked one."

I saw then that the same vague fear which was filling my heart was taking shape in his.

From that moment he watched her hourly, with an anxiety which soon betrayed itself to my aunt.

"William, why does not Annie get stronger?" she said suddenly to him one day.

"I do not know why," he answered, with a solemn sadness and emphasis in his tone which was, as I think he intended it to be, a partial revelation to her, and a warning. Aunt Ann staggered to a chair and looked at him without a word. He answered her look by one equally agonized and silent, and left the room.

The baby was now two weeks old. Annie was no stronger than on the day of his birth. She lay day and night in a tranquil state, smiling with heavenly sweetness when she was spoken to, rarely speaking of her own accord, doing with gentle docility all she was told, but looking more and more like a transfigured saint. All the arch, joyous, playful look was gone ; there was no additional age in the look which had taken its place ; neither any sorrow ; but something ineffably solemn, rapt, removed from earth. Sometimes, when Edward came to her bedside, a great wave of pitying tenderness would sweep over her face,

with such a Christ-look that he would fall on his knees.

"O Helen," he said once, after such a moment as this, "I shall go mad if Annie does not get well. I do not dare to kiss even her hand. I feel as if she never had been mine."

At last the day and the hour and the moment came which I had known would come. Annie spoke to me in a very gentle voice, and said :

"Helen, darling, you know I am going to die?"

"Yes, dear, I think so," I said, in as quiet a voice as hers.

"You know it is better that I should, darling?" she said, with a trembling voice.

"Yes, dear, I know it," I replied.

She drew a long sigh of relief. "I am so glad, darling ; I thought you knew it, but I could not be sure. I think no one else understands but you. I hope dear mamma will never suspect. You will not let her, if you can help it ; the dear doctor will not tell her ; he knows, though. Darling, I want you to have my baby. I think Edward will be willing. He is so young, he will be happy again before long ; he will not miss him. You know we have always said it was partly your baby. Look at his eyes now, Helen," she said, turning the little face towards me, and into a full light.

I started. I had never till that moment seen a subtle resemblance in them to the eyes of George Ware. We had said that the baby had his mother's eyes—so he had ; but there had always been a likeness between Annie's eyes and George's, though hers were light-blue, and his of a blue so dark that it was often believed to be black. All the Wares had a very peculiar luminousness of the eye ; it was so marked a family trait that it had passed into almost proverbial mention, in connection with the distinguished beauty of the family. "The Ware eye" was always recognizable, no matter what color it had taken from the admixture of other blood.

At that moment I saw, and I knew that Annie had seen, that the baby's eyes were not so much like her own as like the deeper, sadder, darker eyes of her cousin—brave,

hopeless, dear George, who was toiling under the sun of India, making a fortune for he knew not whom.

We neither of us spoke; presently the little unconscious eyes closed in sweet sleep, and Annie went on, holding him close to her heart.

"You see, dear, that poor mamma will not be able to bear seeing him after I die. Common mothers would love him for my sake. But mamma is not like other women. She will come very soon where I am, poor mamma; and then you will have to take papa home to your house, and papa will have comfort in little Henry. But he must be your baby, Helen. I shall speak to Edward about it soon."

She was not strong enough to talk long. She shed no tears, however, and looked as calm as if she was telling me of pleasant plans for a coming earthly summer. I also was perfectly calm, and felt strangely free from sorrow. The absolute spirituality of her whole atmosphere was contagious. It was as if I spoke with her in heaven, thousands of centuries after all human perplexities had passed by.

After this day she grew rapidly weaker. She had no pain. There was not a single physical symptom in her case which the science of medicine could name or meet. There was literally nothing to be done for her. Neither tonic nor stimulant produced the least effect. She was noiselessly sinking out of life, as sometimes very old people die, without a single jar or shock or struggle. Her beautiful serenity and entire freedom from suffering blinded Aunt Ann's eyes to the fact that she was dying. This was a great mercy, and we were all careful not by a word or look to rouse her to the truth. To all her mother's inquiries Annie invariably replied, "Better, dear mamma, better, only very weak," and Aunt Ann believed, until the very last, that the spring would make her well again.

Edward Neal's face during these weeks was like the face of a man lost in a trackless desert, seeking vainly for some sign of road to save his life. Sickness and death were as foreign, as inconceivable to the young, vital, irrepressible currents of his life, as if he had

been a bird or an antelope. But it was not now with him the mere bewildered grief of a sensuous animal nature, such as I should have anticipated that his grief would be. He dimly felt the truth, and was constantly terrified by it. He came more and more reverently into Annie's presence each day. He gazed speechlessly into her eyes, which rested on him always with angelic compassion and tenderness, but with no more look of human wisely thought than if they had been kneeling side by side before God's white throne. Sometimes he dared not touch even so much as the hand on which his own wedding-ring rested. Sometimes he would kneel by the bedside and bury his face and weep like a little child. Then he would throw himself on his horse and gallop away and not come home until twilight, when he was always found on Annie's lounge in the library. One night when I went to him there he said, in a tone so solemn that the voice did not sound like his:

"Helen, there is something I do not understand about Annie. Do people always seem so when they are going to die? I do not dare to ask her if she loves me. I feel just as much awe of her as if she had been in heaven. It seems sometimes as if I must be going mad, for I do not feel in the least as if she had ever been my wife."

"She never has, poor boy," I thought, but I only stroked his hair and said nothing; wondering in my heart at the subtle certainty with which in all natures love knows how to define, conquer, reclaim his own.

The day before Annie died she asked for her jewel-case, and spent several hours in looking over its contents and telling me to whom they should be given. I observed that she seemed to be searching uneasily for something she could not find.

"What is it, dear?" I said. She hesitated for a second, and then replied:

"Only a little ring I had when I was a girl."

"When you were a girl, my darling!" I exclaimed. She smiled gently and said:

"I feel like an old woman now. Oh, here it is," she added, and held it out to me to open for her the tiny padlock-shaped locket which hung from it. It had become so tightly

fastened together that it was with great difficulty I could open it. When I did so, I saw lying in the hollow a little ring of black hair, and I remembered that Annie had worn the ring when she was twelve years old.

She asked me to cut a few of the silky hairs from the baby's head, and then one little curl from her own, and laying them with the other, she shut the locket and asked for a piece of paper and pencil. She wrote one word with great difficulty, folded the ring in the paper, wrote another word on the outside, and laid it in a corner of the jewel-case. Then she sank back on the pillows, and slipping her left hand under her cheek said she was very tired, and almost instantly fell into a gentle sleep. She did not rouse until twilight. I was to sleep on the lounge in her room that night, and when she waked I was preparing it.

"Darling," she said, "could you sleep as well in my big chair, which can be tipped back?"

"Certainly, sweet," I said; "but why?"

"Because that can be drawn up so much nearer me; it will be like sleeping together."

At nine o'clock the wet nurse brought the baby in and laid him in Annie's bosom, sound asleep. She would not allow him to lie anywhere else, and was so grieved at any remonstrance, that the doctor said she must be indulged in it. Whenever she was awake and was not speaking to us, her eyes never left the baby's face.

She turned over with her face to the chair in which I was lying, and reached out her left hand towards me. I took it in my right one, and so, with our hands clasped above the little sleeping baby, we said "good-night" to each other.

"I feel much better to-night than I have for some days, dear Helen," she said; "I would not wonder if we all three slept until morning."

Very soon I saw that she was asleep. I watched her face for a long time; it was perfectly colorless and very thin, and yet there was not a look of illness on it. The ineffable serenity, the holy peace, made it look like the face of one who had been transfigured, translated; who had not known and who never could know any death. I cannot ac-

count for the sweet calm which I felt through all these weeks. I shed no tears; I did not seem even to sorrow. I accepted all, as Annie herself accepted it, without wonder, without murmur. During the long hours of this last night I lived over every hour of her precious, beautiful life, as I had known and shared it, until the whole seemed to me one fragrant and perfect flower, ready to be gathered and worn in the bosom of angels. At last I fell asleep.

I was wakened by a low murmur from the baby, who stirred uneasily. Annie's hand was still locked in mine; as I sought to disengage it cautiously, I felt, with a sudden horror, that the fingers were lifeless. I sprang to my feet and bent over her; she did not breathe. Out of that sweet sleep her body had passed into another which would know no waking, and her soul had awakened free. Slowly I withdrew the little sleeping baby from her arms and carried it to the nurse. Then I went to Dr. Fearing's room,—(he had slept in the house for a week); I found him dressed, but asleep on a lounge. He had slept in this way, he told me, for four nights, expecting that each would be the last. When I touched him on the shoulder he opened his eyes, without surprise or alarm, and said,—

"Did she wake?"

"No," I replied, and that was all.

The morning was just dawning, as the dark gray and red tints cleared and rolled away, and left a pale yellow sky, the morning star, which I could see from Annie's bedside, faded and melted in the pure ether. Even while I was looking at it it vanished, and I thought that, like it, Annie's bright soul, disappearing from my sight, had blended in Eternal Day.

* * * * *

This was four years ago. My Aunt Ann died, as Annie had said she would, in a very few months afterward. My uncle came, a broken and trembling man, to live in our house, and Edward Neal gladly gave his little son into my hands, as Annie had desired. He went abroad immediately, finding it utterly impossible to bear the sight of the scenes of his lost happiness. But he came back in two years, bringing a bright young wife with him, a sunny-haired English girl, who, he said, was

so marvelously like Annie. She is like the Annie whom he knew !

Every day their baby boy is brought to our house to see his brother ; but I think two children of one name never before looked so unlike.

My little Henry is the center of his grandfather's life and of mine. He is a pensive child, and has never been strong ; but his beauty and sweetness are such that we often tremble when we look in his face and remember Annie.

George Ware is still in India. Every ship brings brave, sweet letters, and gifts for the

baby. I sent him the little paper which I found in the corner of Annie's jewel-case, bearing his name. I knew that it was for him when I saw her feeble hands laying the baby's hair and hers together in the locket.

In November Annie's grave is snowy with white chrysanthemums. She loved them better than any other flowers, and I have made the little hillock almost into a thicket of them.

In George Ware's last letter he wrote :—

"When the baby is ten years old I shall come home. He will not need me till then ; till then, he is better in your hands alone ; after that I can help you."

MOUNTAIN VIEWS AND ADVENTURES.

MOUNTAINS have a peculiar fascination about them, whether we look up to their serene summits from below, or down from their lofty elevation on the spreading landscape at their base.

Lifting their dreamy tops far up into the heavens, there seems to be a conscious majesty about them. Keeping ward and watch over the world below, they stand

"Like earth's gigantic sentinels,
Discouraging in the skies."

The desire to stand on these great outlooks is almost universal, and the greater difficulties and dangers they present, the greater seems to be the desire to surmount them.

Perhaps no one view combines more of the sublime and beautiful than that from the Righi Culm at sunrise.

Standing on the brow of this lofty precipice in the cold, gray light of early morning, you see on your right the whole range of the Bernese Alps, stretching for nearly a hundred miles, white and ghostly in their robes of virgin snow. On the left, the whole land of the Swiss, with its lakes, streams, and hallowed associations, spreads on and on, till lost in the distance. At length a golden streak begins to tinge the east, that seems farther off than the zenith above. It grows steadily brighter, until at last the farthest sky-piercing peak catches the glow, and flames up over the snow-fields beneath. Suddenly another flashes out

beside it ; and then another and another receives the same fiery baptism, till nearly for a hundred miles, from the Sentis to the Jungfrau, the whole range of giant summits stand bathed in a deep rose-color against the background of blue sky, while gleaming glaciers go streaming down into fathomless abysses, and white snow-cliffs lean out over shadowy gorges. As one gazes on that hundred miles of rose-colored mountains, that in the increasing light seem to melt and flow together, the senses grow bewildered ; it seems as if God had thrown the robe of His glory over them. And when the fiery orb itself, that has wrought all this wondrous beauty, rolls into view, and floods the whole landscape with his radiance, sweet valleys, lakes nestling amid the hills, and broad plains break on the astonished sight as it wanders entranced over a space nearly three hundred miles in circumference, crowded in every direction with beauty and sublimity.

Totally unlike this is the view from some of our mountain summits. From the top of Tahawus, in the Adirondacks, the sweep of the eye is just about as extended as from the Righi Culm, yet the whole vast area embraced is a sea of verdure. With the exception of two craggy peaks that shoulder up almost against you, there is not a barren summit or naked cliff, nor a hand-breadth of cultivation in sight. There are numberless lakes, but all framed in green foliage ; there are mountain

ranges, but their rough outlines are concealed and softened down by heavy forests, till they roll away like vast green billows along the blue and distant heavens. You cannot see even a river—you only know where its torrent rolls by a deep gash in the forest.

The Alps, not only from the isolated character of their peaks, thus furnishing unobstructed views, but from their proximity to civilization, are visited by more travelers, and have been the scene of more adventures than any other group or chain of mountains in the world. Mont Blanc is the king of these lordly peaks; and though many lives have been lost in attempting its ascent, yet scarcely a year passes that some hardy traveler does not scale its summit; even women attempt it, and one not long ago perished upon it. The sad fate that recently overtook three gentlemen,—one of them a clergyman and another a physician,—with eight guides, when near the summit, is still fresh in our memory. One moment their friends in the vale of Chamouni, through their glasses, saw them,—mere black specks hanging along the white dome,—the next, a sudden snow-storm swept over them, wrapping them from sight. Hour after hour it raged on, and when it cleared up nothing living was visible on the smooth white surface.

The ascent of the Galenstock in 1845, by three gentlemen, named Desor, Dollfus-Ausset, and Daniel Dollfus, was attended by a thrilling adventure which came near having a tragical termination. This peak is 15,853 feet high, and though of less elevation than many others, owing to its peculiar formation, the last 3,000 feet, being a steep unbroken slope of ice, is very difficult to climb, while its isolated position gives it a wide, commanding view. Unable to mount this smooth inclined plane of ice, excepting by cutting steps the entire way with their hatchets, and fearing to do this, lest the notches should



ASCENT OF THE GALENSTOCK.

become rounded and smoothed by the heat while they were taking their observations on the top, and thus make the descent impossible, they were compelled to wait for a fresh fall of snow of such consistency that the foot would not slide beneath it. This occurred the latter part of August, and the four gentlemen, with five guides, set out on their perilous expedition. Starting at three o'clock in the morning, they reached the Col du Grimsel at four. The sky was clear, and the fires of the rising sun made the chain of Monte Rosa appear like "an immense fire of red-hot coals." Crossing the glacier of the Rhone, they reached the base of the Galenstock, and began the ascent. The snow would yield two or three inches, just enough to make easy and

firm stepping, and by eleven o'clock they reached the summit, a cupola of pure snow. They stayed here for nearly two hours, making their observations and enjoying the wondrous spectacle beneath and around them. Beetling cliffs, gorges whose depths the eye could not penetrate, gleaming glaciers, and a wild chaos of ragged snow-peaks met the eye at every turn.

In descending they were careful to follow the track they had made in coming up. Chatting merrily over the success of their expedition, and the achievement of having ascended a peak never before trodden by men, they were making their way rapidly down the slope, when, caused doubtless by the jar of their weight, a mass of ice and snow split transversely across the mountain, eighty feet thick, tumbled over upon the steep slope and went roaring down towards its base. Desor was in front with the leading guide, and so near to him did this snow-cliff split from the mass above that it grazed his foot, while it actually opened between the legs of the guide, and would have carried him down with it had he not fortunately fallen up-hill, against the slope. A clear azure cliff gleamed out for a moment, as the loosened mass parted, and then there came a blinding shower of snow up from where it struck, obliterating everything from sight, and shutting each from the view of the others. Not a cry broke from the appalled party. But when their horror-struck countenances at length were revealed to each other, one was found to be missing, his staff alone remaining, sticking out of the snow. At first they expected every moment to see a new split run along the mountain, but none occurring, they began to take hope, and then to see what had become of the missing one, who was the son of Mr. Dollfus. Tying a rope around his waist, and bidding the guide hold on, Desor threw himself on his face, and stretching his head and neck over the icy cliff, endeavored to pierce the turbulent depths beneath him. Three thousand feet below that whirling mass was driving on its stormy way, in the midst of which, in all probability, young Dollfus was borne onward. After a little while, however, he detected through the gradually settling snow-drift, eighty feet below,

a dark object sticking above the white surface. Gazing steadily upon it, he at length discovered that it was the head and shoulders of Dollfus. A single jutting rock lay in the path of the avalanche, over which it rolled, leaving a portion of its mass upon it, and young Dollfus with it. Had he fallen a few feet either one side or the other, he would have been carried three thousand feet down, and left a mangled mass among the rocks. But was he even now alive? As Mr. Desor called out that he saw him, the father exclaimed in anguish, "Is he alive?" The former could not answer, for all below was now still as the snow-heap. At length he perceived a motion of the head and arms. "He lives!" he shouted back. In an instant a dark form darted past, and disappeared over the cliff, while a cry of horror burst from all. It was the young man's favorite guide, who, with a devotion sublime as rare, with one leap darted to his side. Fortunately he struck in the débris of the avalanche, half-way down to his friend, and sank so deep in it that he could not extricate himself.

Young Dollfus at length recovered from the stunning effects of his fall, and looking up, saw Desor peering over the cliff above him. In a moment, forgetting his own perilous position, he called out, "Is father safe?" When told that he was, he took courage and tried to rise, but found that he could not use his right arm. Desor hallooed to know if it were broken or put out of joint?

He could not tell, but with noble self-forgetfulness replied, "Broken or dislocated, it is nothing, since there is no one hurt but me." The next thing was to get him up. A guide with a rope round him was first let down thirty feet to the one who had daringly leaped over the cliff, and dug him out. The two, with the skill and care of experienced chamois-hunters, then felt their way down to Dollfus, whom they disinterred. Although they found one of his legs as well as an arm so injured that he was almost entirely helpless, yet by dint of main strength they got him up to the perpendicular face of the cliff, when a rope was fastened round him and he was drawn up. The guides were then hoisted to the top in the same way. Hours had now passed, and

the sun was just sinking behind a distant peak, when they again began their way homeward. Young Dollfus was unable to walk, so one of the guides took him on his back and bore him down the mountain.

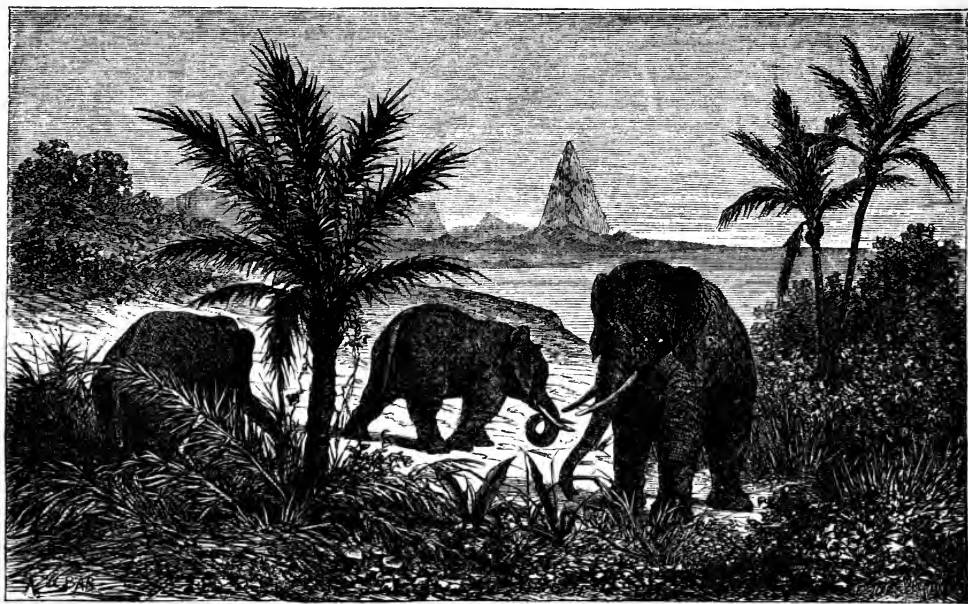
The death of Lord Douglas and Mr. Hudson, a clergyman, and two others, a few years ago, on the Matterhorn, is still fresh in the memory of many. One of the survivors gave a detailed account of the tragic event in the *London Times*. The party reached the summit, about 14,000 feet high, in safety, and after enjoying the sublime spectacle presented to them at that great elevation, commenced their descent. There were six in all, and for greater security they tied themselves together with a long rope, about twenty feet apart. They descended by the steps they had cut in the ice as they went up, and to lessen the chance of accident, and to be sure that only one should slip at a time, when the head one moved, the rest, strung back up the slope for a hundred feet, held firmly in their places.

The strongest, boldest guide went first, and next to him a gentleman named Hadow, who was the least able to take care of himself. Creeping cautiously down in this manner, it seemed that the head guide stopped to assist Hadow, by placing his feet in the steps cut in the ice. He then turned to resume his place, when the latter, becoming terrified, slipped, and fell on him, knocking him over. The guide uttered one quick, startling cry, and then shot like an arrow downward. The sudden tightening of the rope, with such a heavy jerk, drew the clergyman, and after him Lord Douglas, from their feet. It was all the work of a moment, but Mr. Whympers and his guide, the instant they heard the cry of the leading guide, knew what it meant, and braced themselves with all their might to resist the shock when it came. It was a terrible moment, for with a single glance they saw their companions flying down the mountain.

Could they hold the weight or not, flashed like lightning through their minds. In a twinkling they felt the sudden heavy strain. The rope snapped asunder at the first jerk, and the guide, Mr. Hadow, the clergyman, and Lord Douglas shot unchecked away. For a few seconds only they were seen, vainly stretching out their hands as they slid downward, to lay hold of something to stop their progress, and then one after another shot over the precipices, their speed accelerating as they flew on towards the glacier that waited for them four thousand feet below. The survivors, horror-struck, remained where they were for half an hour, gazing down that dizzy descent. The two guides that remained cried like infants, and were so unnerved that not only were they unable to help Mr. Whympers, but were in danger of slipping themselves, and for two hours he expected to join his companions



AN AVALANCHE ON THE PEAK OF MORTERATSCH.



ADAM'S PEAK, CEYLON.

below. All the bodies were afterward recovered but that of Lord Douglas, who still sleeps amid the avalanches of the Matterhorn.

Three chief perils assail the climber of the Alps: losing foothold on the steep slopes, where it is next to impossible to stop his descent until precipitated over some cliff, and buried or crushed to pieces at the bottom of an abyss; falling into deep crevices concealed by snow, and the danger of avalanches. The death of these adventurers resulted from the first. The lady who perished last year on Mont Blanc stepped into a crevice. By having good guides, and following their instructions, the latter danger may be usually avoided, as well as that arising from falling avalanches. The track of these can be calculated very accurately, and unless caught on some exposed spot, which they are compelled to cross, experienced mountaineers manage to dodge them. We remember once wishing to ascend the Col de Balme, when, though in July, the usual path was so blocked with snow it could not be traversed. Our guide declared the ascent impossible; but unwilling to lose one of the grandest views in the Alps, which was to be obtained from it, we sought out a peasant who lived at its base, and asked him if he could not guide us up.

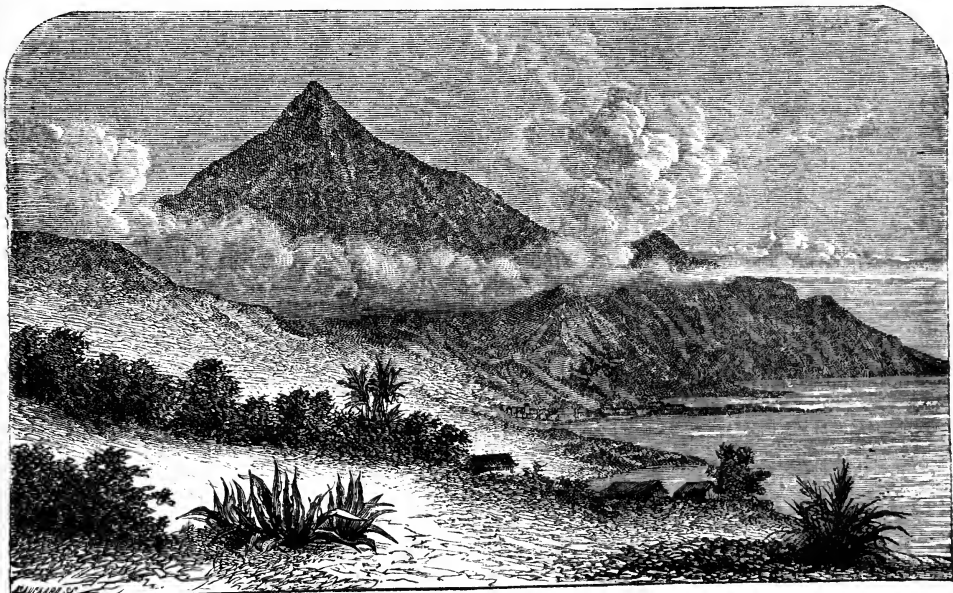
He replied that none but a chamois-hunter had ventured on it that year; still he would try. He led us, however, to a chamois-hunter, who agreed to take charge of us on condition that we would rigidly follow his directions. He said there was only one way of reaching the top, and that was by climbing an ascending gorge between two mountains, till we came to the white, snow-covered peak; then pressing up that by sheer strength. This gorge was filled with the débris of avalanches, and the least commotion in the air would bring one down at any moment. We must therefore agree not to shout, nor converse in a loud tone, and moreover we must keep the center of the chasm, so that if he detected an avalanche beginning to move on either mountain, we might flee to the base of the opposite one. By obeying these instructions we accomplished the ascent in safety, and were rewarded by one of those views that time can never wholly efface.

A few years ago a party, having ascended the Morteratsch, a mountain in the center of the Grisons, had an experience with an avalanche that came near ending fatally. By the letter of Mr. Tyndall, one of the party, to the *London Times*, it seems that three gentlemen, with only two guides, reached the summit

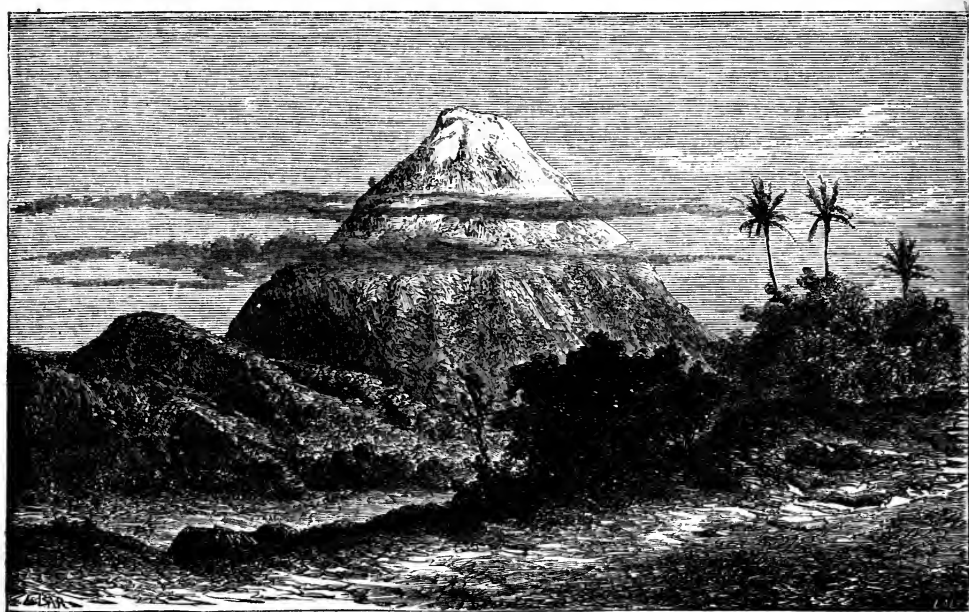
without difficulty. In descending they left the track by which they had gone up, and crossing a piece of ice, by steps cut in it with a hatchet, struck a slope of snow that yielded just enough to give them foothold. To help each other in case of accident, they were all five tied together by a rope. Jenny, an experienced guide, took the lead. They had proceeded some distance in this way, the one behind carefully stepping in the tracks of the one preceding him, when Jenny turned around, and cautioned them not to miss a step, for the shock of the fall might bring down an avalanche. The words were scarcely out of his mouth when one of the men slipped and fell. In an instant an avalanche, loosened from its resting-place, thundered down upon them. The three in the rear were whirled in a tangled mass past the two in advance. These instinctively braced themselves to resist the shock, when the rope should become taut. But it was all in vain; the impetus of the three descending men jerked them from their foothold, and away all went together on the "back of the avalanche." Hatchets driven into the ice as they rolled over, to arrest their progress, and their alpenstocks thrust wildly out for the same purpose, were jerked from their hands, and now sliding, now rolling over and over, they shot

rapidly downwards towards fearful chasms. "The three foremost men rode upon the forehead of the avalanche and were at times almost immersed in the snow." They were carried with such velocity that the whole five were borne bodily across a crevasse, barely hitting the farther edge. This, however, checked their speed a little, and Jenny, partly recovering himself on the edge of another fissure, jumped boldly into it. He knew the rope attached to those who had been carried over it would keep him from going to the bottom, while the weight of his body, he being a heavy man, hanging in the crack, he hoped would arrest the downward progress of the rest. It was a quick, heroic thought, and bravely carried out. But it was of no avail—the momentum of the descending bodies jerked him out as though he had been an india-rubber ball—the sudden terrible tightening of the rope almost taking the breath out of his body. He however struggled desperately to his feet. Being last of all, the snow of the avalanche in which the others were submerged was mostly in front of him, and he endeavored to drive his heels at every plunge into the hard crust, shouting all the time at the top of his voice!

Before the slope down which they were driving reached the brow of the precipice, be-



THE PEAK OF TENERIFF.



CHIMBORAZO.

yond which was death, it became less steep, and the avalanche slackened its speed. Hope revived in all. The mighty mass, however, did not halt, but, crossing this partially level spot, began again to accelerate its motion. Seeing this, the two forward friends threw their arms around each other, and resigned themselves to their terrible fate. Tyndall struggled desperately to unbuckle his belt to which the rope was attached, but finding it impossible, he braced himself with all his might. Jenny, however, with wonderful self-possession and coolness, had succeeded, in this short lull of their descent, in getting a firm foothold, and heaving on the rope with his great weight, he brought the whole to a stand-still just on the verge of the precipice, over which a few seconds more would have carried them. They arose stunned and bruised, but not seriously wounded, and reached the bottom in safety, after certainly one of the most extraordinary slides on record.

Adam's Peak, in Ceylon, is distinguished for being the highest mountain in the island, and for the sacred character attached to it, rather than for any great difficulty in ascending it. It is sixty miles distant from Colombo, the chief seaport, and capital of the island. The summit is comparatively level, with the exception

of a rock about seven feet high in the center, and is seventy-four feet long by twenty-four wide—the whole surrounded by a stone wall. The Buddhists assert that the founder of their religion descended upon this mountain, and left the impress of his foot on the rock, still existing, they say, in a slight hollow, a little over five feet and a half long and two and a half wide. This is rimmed with brass and studded with gems, and covered with a roof supported by four pillars. Thither pilgrims constantly resort, and go through certain religious ceremonies with a priest, concluding with friendly salutations to each other.

The view from the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe is said to be peculiarly grand and beautiful. The naked mountain stands in the midst of a smiling country, dotted with towns and villages; the harbor below is white with sails, while beyond, the ocean, sprinkled over with the Canary Isles, stretches away till it melts into the far horizon. It is over 12,000 feet high, and its last peak difficult of ascent. First, one ascends an elevation called Monte Verde—afterwards the Mountain of Pines, and then reaches a plain out of which shoots up the peak proper. Near the top there is nothing but, pumice-stone—the summit itself consisting of a crater some eight

miles in circumference and nine hundred feet deep, out of which rises the Peak, three thousand feet high, sending up its steady column of smoke. This is the statement of Berthelot, who made the ascent twice, and is endorsed by the French Geographical Society. He went down into this enormous crater and looked up to the mighty rim, nine hundred feet above him, and to the smoking peak, three thousand feet higher still, with feelings of mingled awe and wonder. "Truly," he exclaimed, "an astonishing spectacle! If in imagination we go back to the ages of geological disturbance in which this frightful volcano was in all its activity, we shall not be able to think without horror of that flaming gulf of more than twenty-seven miles in circumference and nine hundred feet in depth. Out of this seething, boiling sea of fire, this mighty peak doubtless sprang, overtopping with its fiery shaft the burning, tossing flood below. What Titanic forces were at work below the bottom of the sea that could rend the crust of the earth, drive back the waves, and pile this mountain mass more than two miles high in the heavens!"

The cold of this high region acts as a condenser on the mists that rise from the warm plains and rich vegetation below, and as the sun advances in its course, white clouds roll up around the base, so that one above can see only a white undulating sea, where in early morning was a panorama of almost unequaled splendor.

But in the new world still more remarkable peaks lift themselves into the regions of perpetual snow. Chimborazo, almost from under the equator, sends its serene top nearly four miles and a half into the tropical heavens, and even in this burning region is covered with perpetual snow nearly three thousand feet from the summit. And yet, so genial is the climate, that inhabited cultivated farms are found at an elevation equal to that of most of the Alpine peaks. Only a little over a thousand feet lower than the top of the Jungfrau, men start with mules to make the ascent.

In 1802, Humboldt and Bonplan attempted to reach the top; but when they attained an altitude of 19,300 feet, the highest point

ever before trodden by man, they were met by a fearful chasm, five hundred feet wide. Though the extreme rarity of the atmosphere, at this great elevation, was such that the blood oozed from their eyes, lips, and gums, it was with the deepest disappointment that they were compelled to turn back without reaching the summit, that rose so mockingly near. In 1831, Boussingault made a similar attempt. He carried his mules to an elevation equal to the summit of Mont Blanc. But the hurried, panting breath of the animals, and the constant wistful turning of their heads towards the plain below, admonished him to abandon them, and he continued on foot. But mighty precipices barring his progress, around or over which he was compelled to climb, while the treacherous snow slipped beneath him at almost every step, increased the danger with each advance, until at last, envired with precipices, he was compelled reluctantly to abandon the enterprise, having reached a point only about three hundred feet higher than that attained by Humboldt. Even after nearly an hour's rest, his pulse was over a hundred. It is impossible to describe the wonderful view that is presented at this height.

After the rains of winter are over, and the atmosphere is spiritually clear, this mountain,



THE CONDOR.

with its enormous circular summit standing out against the deep blue sky, presents a magnificent spectacle from the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

But of all the gigantic peaks of the Andes, Cotopaxi is the most wonderful. A perfect cone, it rises right from under the equator nearly four miles into the clear atmosphere, while the smoke of the volcano that slumbers in its heart floats above it like a plume. The thick layer of snow that covers it conceals all irregularities, and, smooth and white as a model, it gleams in the tropical sun. Its eruptions have been terrific. In 1803, Humboldt heard the churning of the tremendous engine that hurled its fires into the heavens more than a hundred and fifty miles. Its roarings have been heard 600 miles, and once its mighty tongue of flame shot nearly 3,000 feet into the heavens.

As every foot of the earth's surface teems

with animal life, so even these vast elevations unreachd by man are not a perpetual solitude. As the Lämmergeier of the Alps scale their loftiest summits, so the Condor hovers above the serene heights of the Andes.

When Humboldt, with the blood oozing from his face, was looking up to the summit of Chimborazo, that he could not reach, he saw to his amazement a condor sailing above it. Stretching his enormous wings to an extent of twelve or fourteen feet, heedless alike of the cold and extreme rarity of the atmosphere, he slowly fanned the air, as his bright piercing eye surveyed the earth beneath. Why he seeks this rare, cold atmosphere is a mystery. Serene as the sublime untrodden heights around him, he sails alone where the eye of man cannot pierce, and in an untroubled atmosphere sees the lightnings leap and play, and hears the thunder burst and the hurricane roar far, far below him.

THE SONGSTER.

A MIDSUMMER CAROL.

I.

WITHIN our summer hermitage

I have an aviary,—

'Tis but a little, rustic cage,

That holds a golden-winged Canary :

A bird with no companion of his kind.

But when the warm south wind

Blows, from rathe meadows, over

The honey-scented clover,

I hang him in the porch, that he may hear

The voices of the bobolink and thrush,

The robin's joyous gush,

The bluebird's warble, and the tunes of all

Glad matin songsters in the fields anear.

Then, as the blithe responses vary,

And rise anew, and fall,

In every hush

He answers them again,

With his own wild, reliant strain,

As if he breathed the air of sweet Canary.

II.

Bird, bird of the golden wing,

Thou lithe, melodious thing !

Where hast thy music found?
 What fantasies of vale and vine,
 Of glades where orchids intertwine,
 Of palm-trees, garlanded and crowned,
 And forests flooded deep with sound—
 What high imagining
 Hath made this carol thine?
 By what instinct art thou bound
 To all rare harmonies that be
 In those green islands of the sea,
 Where thy radiant, wildwood kin
 Their madrigals at morn begin,
 Above the rainbow and the roar
 Of the long billow from the Afric shore?

Asking other guerdon
 None, than Heaven's light,
 Holding thy crested head aright,
 Thy melody's sweet burden
 Thou dost proudly utter,
 With many an ecstatic flutter
 And ruffle of thy tawny throat
 For each delicious note.
 —Art thou a waif from Paradise,
 In some fine moment wrought
 By an artist of the skies,
 Thou winged, cherubic Thought?

Bird of the amber beak,
 Bird of the golden wing!
 Thy dower is thy caroling;
 Thou hast not far to seek
 Thy bread, nor needest wine
 To make thine utterance divine;
 Thou art canopied and clothed
 And unto Song betrothed!
 In thy lone ærial cage
 Thou hast thine ancient heritage;
 There is no task-work on thee laid
 But to rehearse the ditties thou hast made;
 Thou hast a lordly store,
 And, though thou scatterest them free,
 Art richer than before,
 Holding in fee
 The glad domain of minstrelsy.

III.

Brave songster, bold Canary!
 Thou art not of thy listeners wary.
 Art not timorous, nor chary
 Of quaver, trill, and tone,
 Each perfect and thine own;

But renewest, shrill or soft,
Thy greeting to the upper skies,
Chanting thy latest song aloft
With no tremor nor disguise.
Thine is a music that defies
The envious rival near ;
Thou hast no fear
Of the day's vogue, the scornful critic's sneer.

Would, O wisest bard, that now
I could cheerly sing as thou !
Would I might chant the thoughts which on me throng,
For the very joy of song !
Here, on the written page,
I falter, yearning to impart
The vague and wandering murmur of my heart,
Haply a little to assuage
This human restlessness and pain,
And half forget my chain :
Thou, unconscious of thy cage,
Showerest music everywhere ;
Thou hast no care
But to pour out the largesse thou hast won
From the south wind and the sun ;
There are no prison-bars
Betwixt thy tricky spirit and the stars.

When from its delicate clay
Thy little life shall pass away,
Thou wilt not meanly die,
Nor voiceless yield to silence and decay ;
But triumph still in art
And act thy minstrel-part,
Lifting a last, long pæan
To the unventured empyrean.
—So bid the world go by,
And they who list to thee aright,
Seeing thee fold thy wings and fall, shall say :
“The Songster perished of his own delight !”

SCENES FROM THE MARBLE FAUN.



HILDA'S TOWER.

PASSING one day along a narrow Roman street leading from the neighborhood of the Palazzo Borghese to the city post-office, I noticed the name "Via Portoghese" painted on the corner of a street stretching at right angles to the one along which I was lounging. Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* had been published but a few months previously, and, fresh from its perusal, I at once thought of the "Via Portoghese" in which the author had located his "Hilda's Tower." Looking up, I was surprised and delighted to find the tower standing close before me.

The Via Portoghese is a short street, fifty or sixty feet in length, which divides at its western end into two other streets diverging from it at an angle like the upper strokes of a Y. Precisely at the point of junction of these three streets, and looking down the Via Portoghese, stands the tower,—square, grim, and battlemented, as Hawthorne has described it. On the summit is the shrine of the Virgin, with its attendant lamp. Immediately below the battlements is a small window, which, on the day when I discovered the tower, was

half-draped with a white curtain which Hilda's fair hands might have looped up. The white doves were "skimming, fluttering, and wheeling about the topmost height of the tower," and nothing was wanting to complete the scene but the delicate figure of Hilda herself, leaning out of the window and calling her feathered companions to their morning meal.

Subsequent inquiry showed that this was really the tower which Hawthorne had in mind when he drew "St. Hilda's shrine." It is known in Rome as the "Torre della Scimia," or the Monkey's Tower, and owes its name to a legend that the child of one of its former proprietors was once carried to the top of the tower by an ape, but was miraculously saved in consequence of a vow made by the judicious parent that he would place a picture of the Virgin on the summit and burn a lamp before it forever, on condition that his child should escape uninjured. The lamp, however, has long been extinguished; and in this respect Hawthorne, who makes quite a feature of the ever-burning lamp, has varied slightly from the prosaic truth. An examination of the interior of the tower showed another instance of poetic license on the part of the novelist. The room which he allotted to Hilda is nearly uninhabitable. The ceiling is but a few feet in height, and the



ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE.



THE "BRAZEN PONTIFF" AT PERUGIA.

small window admits but a feeble glimmer of light. It was, at the time of my visit, used merely as a storeroom, and was choked with broken furniture and sacks of grain. The use made by Hawthorne of this tower is, however, an instance of his peculiar method of blending the most conscientious realism with the most poetic romanticism. Neither the Puritan of the *Scarlet Letter* nor the Monkey Tower of the *Marble Faun* would suggest to unpoetic minds anything of romance; but while Hawthorne paints them with careful fidelity, he throws about them an atmosphere in which they blend harmoniously with the purely ideal creations of his poetic imagination.

In the chapter entitled "On the Edge of a Precipice," "Donatello" is made to hurl "Miriam's" persecutor over the edge of the Tarpeian Rock. This rock Hawthorne locates on the western side of the Capitoline Hill, in

the narrow courtyard adjoining the Palazzo Caffarelli; or at least he makes Kenyon prefer "this to any other site as having been veritably the Traitor's Leap." There is a steep precipice at the place, but Hawthorne may not have been ignorant that the antiquaries have agreed that the actual Tarpeian Rock was on the southern side of the hill. In fact, the precise locality where Manlius hurled the Gauls from the sacred hill is now pointed out in the gardens of that part of the Capitoline now called Monte Caprino. However, the description given by Hawthorne of the lonely spot where the crime of "Donatello" and "Miriam" was accomplished, is minutely accurate.*

While speaking of the *Marble Faun*, its readers may not be uninterested in the accompanying sketch of the statue of Pope Julius III. in the great square of Perugia. Perhaps the most dramatic and picturesque chapter in the book is that which describes the meeting of "Miriam" and "Donatello" under the shadow of the "Brazen Pontiff's" outstretched arm.

To Perugia, as well as to Rome, Hawthorne has given a new interest; and it is not until the tourist who journeys northward from Rome has crossed over Monte Beni—on the road from Florence to Bologna—that he passes beyond a region which owes one of its chiefest charms to the rare genius of the author of the *Marble Faun*.

* "The path ascended a little and ran along under the walls of a palace, but soon passed through a gateway, and terminated in a small paved courtyard. It was bordered by a low parapet. . . . On one side was the great height of the palace, with the moonshine falling over it, and showing all the windows barred."—*Marble Faun*, Vol. I., p. 210.

CHINESE SKILLED LABOR.

THE utility and economy of Chinese labor have been fully demonstrated on the Pacific Coast. The forty thousand Chinamen in California have found employment in almost every branch of domestic and skilled labor and in some departments of agriculture. They do all the laundry work and make all the cigars, lucifers, and paper collars for San

Francisco. They are the best house-painters, the most economical harness-makers, and the quickest carpenters and joiners in California; and the latest information represents that they have taken to making watches, displaying marvellous alacrity and delicacy of touch in handling the implements of the jeweler.

Since to establish the practical value of any

system of labor is to ensure its ultimate adoption in spite of the most energetic and malignant opposition, it is safe to assume from the facts cited above that all doubts of the future stability of Chinese industry, in California at least, are put to rest. Two notable experiments in the East have lately demonstrated, in the face of a noisy if not virulent social, political, and industrial antagonism, that it can be safely engrafted upon the more firmly established labor system of the older States of the Atlantic Coast.

The first of these experiments to bring the question of Chinese labor to the attention of Eastern manufacturers was begun at North Adams, Massachusetts, by Mr. Charles T. Sampson, a shoe manufacturer. The first year of trial has just ended in such complete success that the undertaking is about to be extended by the introduction of an additional force.

Mr. Sampson started out with the design of breaking up the Trades' Unionism which had previously dictated to him whom he should employ and what prices he should pay, and he has succeeded so far as at least to relieve himself from dependence on a class of workmen who, by organization, had nearly made themselves masters of an important branch of Massachusetts manufactures. Fortunately for the success of the experiment, its manager was a man of wealth, enterprise, and determination. He began life as a farmer at eighteen, with only his father's debts as a legacy. These he assumed, though not legally or morally bound to do so, paying all off to the last penny, and finally establishing himself as a manufacturer of shoes. Ten years ago, before improved machinery became common in shoe factories, he had the hardihood to introduce the first of Well's pegging-machines against a determined strike. Every man in his employment left his shop, declaring the use of machinery would eventually destroy their industry; thus attempting at this late hour in this enlightened country the ignorant strikes against labor-saving machinery which had failed in England many years before. Mr. Sampson persisted against all opposition, declaring his machinery would elevate and create labor, and offered to employ more men than

he had ever hired before. Finally the men returned to work, and there has been no "strike against machinery" in Massachusetts from that day to this.

Mr. Sampson was also the first manufacturer in Massachusetts to resist a Trades' Union "strike against one workman," as attempts of the Knights of St. Crispin to dictate the dismissal of journeymen not of their order has been called. He employed a man named St. John who was a good shoe-maker, though evidently not a very moral man, and who, to crown his many offences, refused to be a Crispin. The lodge demanded his dismissal, and, when Mr. Sampson refused, directed its members to leave the shop. He kept the factory running with that one man for three weeks; but at the end of that time St. John was attacked and badly beaten by the strikers, and, on recovering, played the traitor to the man who had sustained him, accepting a bribe, disappeared, and Mr. Sampson was then compelled to fill his shop with other workmen, who proved in time to be Crispins, though denying or renouncing membership with that order on entering his service. These subsequently attempted to compel him to pay higher wages by resorting, under the direction of their lodge, to an old trick of Trades' Unions—that of turning out inferior work. On remonstrating with the men on the character of their work they answered that they were "not allowed to make any better shoes until the prices were advanced." He discharged them and engaged another force from a neighboring town. The Union, however, directed these hands not to begin work at Mr. Sampson's, as his old employes were on a "strike;" the new force therefore declined to go to the benches. "Act your pleasure," said the manufacturer, vexed beyond endurance at this dictation of the Union. "If you go back I shall just as surely enter a wedge that will destroy your order in five years. I have made my last proposition, and shall do no more."

The men left North Adams; and the same day Mr. Sampson's foreman started for San Francisco to secure a force of Chinese. It was in this way, and under these circumstances, that the experiment

was forced on the manufacturer by the journeymen.

The first application for the new force was made to a shoe manufacturer of San Francisco named Battles, who employed Chinese, and who commended them as "imitative but not ingenious," and workmen who "could imitate anything they see." He introduced the agent to Ah Yung, of the house of Kwong, Chong, Wing & Co.; and after two days' delay, spent in investigating Mr. Sampson's character and credit (for "they are very particular where they send their men, and mean to be sure that their people will get their pay and be treated well"), the firm furnished seventy-five young fellows from eighteen to twenty-eight years of age, selected, after personal inspection by Mr. Sampson's agent, from a large number who applied. The contract was closed immediately, the firm signing on the part of the men, and binding them to Mr. Sampson for a certain number of years, after which they are to be at liberty to dispose of themselves as they see fit, or to renew the contract.

The payments, according to this agreement, are made to the men themselves through their foreman who keeps their accounts, and who pays the balance, after deducting their expenses of living, to each man.

Mr. Sampson was charged a commission of one dollar for each man obtained, and was required to pay their passage to North Adams by rail. He used two emigrant cars at an expense of about \$125 for each passenger, making an original outlay of nearly \$10,000, an unavoidable expenditure as the initial of every such enterprise. As an indication of the general appearance of this pioneer "gang" of Chinese, I may add here the remark of a conductor on the road from Omaha to Chicago, who pronounced them "the cleanest lot of emigrants that ever went over the road." On reaching North Adams (June 13, 1870), they were at once organized into "teams" of three each and set to work. They were total strangers to everything connected with shoe-making, never having seen the operation. The only possible communication with them was by signs, and each team had to be shown the process of making a shoe, the foreman and the proprietor being their tutors.

Their power of imitation was at once revealed to be marvellous; their apprehension and reasoning quick beyond conception. The first week's work was "about the average work of beginners," and the improvement was exceedingly rapid. After three months' operation they managed to turn out a larger weekly aggregate than the same number of Crispins had formerly done, though individually they proved to be slower workmen.

It was found impossible to make them understand that the same care and precision were not to be exercised on cheap shoes as on high-priced ones; they finished all classes of goods equally well. But they labored regularly and constantly, losing no blue Mondays on account of Sunday's dissipations, nor wasting hours in idle holidays; and thus they succeeded in making more shoes than their white brethren had averaged. The quality of their work was found to be fully equal to that of the Crispins. There were two reasons why this result was not unexpected. The Chinese were more pains-taking, working more slowly, and neglecting no part of a shoe, or class of goods; and the improved machinery left little depending on their skill. Hence, as the result of the first three months, Mr. Sampson found that the Chinese were producing goods at a cost of \$2 a case less than the Crispins had done. At the end of twelve months this saving in production had increased to \$7 per case. Further than this his seventy-five Chinamen made 120 cases a week, whereas the same number of Crispins had never produced more than 110 cases in the same time. The saving in the cost of production on a week's work was, therefore, \$840,—about \$40,000 a year,—in itself a handsome profit on a business which under Crispin dictation and interference, to use Mr. Sampson's expressive language, "had hardly held its own."

Apply this calculation to the entire shoe manufactures of Massachusetts, and the result is startling.

There are 115 establishments in the State, employing 5,415 men (besides women and children), and capable of producing 7,942 cases of shoes per week. Under the Chinese system of Mr. Sampson, a saving of \$69,594 per

week, or say \$3,500,000 a year, would be effected, thus revolutionizing the trade.

The benefit of this saving in the cost of production, in case the change in labor from Crispin to Chinese becomes general, would be reaped by the consumer. If it does not become general, of course the manufacturer who employs the cheap labor will be the one to benefit by it. No one contemplates seriously that the system will ever be applied to all the shoe factories in the whole State of Massachusetts, and hence the consumer will not advantage by Mr. Sampson's experiment. But this fact will all the more certainly induce other manufacturers to employ Chinese, thus displacing the Crispins. Mr. Sampson has declined to detail more fully the results of his experiment, except as to the habits and peculiarities of the Chinese; and these I do not give here, as they are familiar to most readers of this magazine, and do not properly enter into an industrial consideration of the subject.

I have been unable also to obtain as full details as I could have wished of a co-operative scheme into which Mr. Sampson's discharged operatives were forced by the advent of the Chinese. Thirty-one of the displaced workmen clubbed together, and at an original expenditure of \$196 per man established themselves in a small factory at North Adams, which they have continued to run ever since. They have become not merely better, but steadier workmen, and produce for themselves not only a superior class of goods to that which they made for Mr. Sampson, but a much larger average each week. This experiment is already pronounced one of the most successful of co-operative manufacturing schemes in that State.

The experiment of Capt. James B. Hervey at the Passaic Laundry, near Belleville, New Jersey, differs essentially from that of Mr. Sampson at the North Adams shoe factory. Capt. Hervey, like Mr. Sampson, was positive of character and persistent of purpose. He had been in early life a sea-captain, and brought to the direction of his Chinese laborers the discipline he had enforced before the mast. Later in life he had imbibed a passion for books, and became a confirmed bibliophile; but though the absorbing pursuit of illustrating

books injured his health, it does not seem to have detracted from his determination of character or rendered him in any sense irresolute. Hence, no doubts of his ability to manage the Chinese, or fears of interference or opposition on the part of white workmen, were suffered to deter him from the scheme. Unlike Mr. Sampson, he was forced to resort to Chinese labor by no "strike" or disaffection on the part of his former hands, but because of the impossibility of securing a full and constant supply of competent help. His business was the preparation for market of newly manufactured linen, principally shirts, the process being one of washing by machinery and ironing by hand. His laundry is of capacity sufficient to prepare about 3,000 dozen shirts a week and to give employment to at least 200 women, but it was impossible to obtain and retain more than 60 or 70 good workers at one time. Fresh hands were no sooner instructed than they left Belleville for laundries nearer their former homes, or in the neighboring metropolis. Usually a girl's first month in the laundry as a beginner was her most remunerative one, simply because she did not choose, when she had her first month's wages in her pocket, to work steadily through her second, but insisted on going home or to the nearest city, to spend her earnings and her time. Labor thus untrustworthy was fast compromising Mr. Hervey in his engagements, and he found that he must either "shut up shop" or employ the Chinese. Mr. Sampson had just inaugurated his enterprise at North Adams, and after consulting that gentleman as to the best means to secure a force of Chinamen, he left for San Francisco.

He applied to the same company which had supplied Mr. Sampson, and secured 68 men, paying the same commissions and expending the same sum in transportation. The contract was identically the same as that of Mr. Sampson as far as the latter is known. Mr. Hervey has not attempted to conceal that he pays his men \$30 a month and furnishes them with lodgings, but not with food. He pays \$60 a month to a foreman, who is, however, only an interpreter in fact, the management of the men demanding a white foreman. He also supplies a native cook for every

thirty men, at \$30 a month. He calculates that it cost him about \$150 each to bring his 68 men to Belleville and fit up their barracks for them,—an expenditure of over \$10,000 before he could even test their capacity. The experiences of both Capt. Hervey and Mr. Sampson show that it is useless to attempt an enterprise of this kind without a proportionately heavy risk at the start. The Chinese are not to be had in countless hordes for the mere asking, as some manufacturers have imagined.

The Chinese are eager to go wherever they can learn a trade, but are timid about concluding a bargain for the sale of their labor for several years to strangers of whose character and credit they know nothing. Men who cannot furnish ample assurances of their financial ability to carry out their contracts and protect their hands from violence, need not hope to deal successfully with these people; and all who contemplate employing Chinese labor in the East, must, first of all, resolve to risk at least \$125 per man before beginning work.

Capt. Hervey's men reached his establishment about the close of September, 1870. The spasmodic rage against the "Heathen Chinese" was then at its highest pitch, and threats were freely and openly made against him as against Mr. Sampson; but, nothing daunted, the Captain stoutly defended his place by surrounding it with a high and strong fence, and got his new hands fairly at work, without serious interruption, by the first of October.

He fitted up twelve apartments in his laundry as bed-rooms, and furnished each man with an iron bedstead and a cotton mattress. These the Chinese indignantly rejected as dirty, and fitted up beds of a pattern they had been used to. They consisted of plain boards, elevated two or three feet from the floor, on which was spread a single thickness of straw matting as a mattress. The coverings were of two or more thicknesses of blankets sewn together. The blankets and matting are daily hung in the sunlight to air and to preserve them from vermin, and the bare bed then serves as a chair and lounge. This mode of living is certainly not sumptuous, but it is cleanly. American, English, and

Irish sailors do not find on shipboard or in the boarding-houses they frequent in port as neat and cheerful bunks as those of the Chinese laundrymen at Belleville, and there are in New York city no tenement-houses containing as many persons as are here confined to one building which are as free from infectious filth and demoralizing dissensions. A mess-room was constructed from an old wash-room of the laundry, and filled with cheap pine tables and benches, and an oven for cooking, which the Chinese constructed to suit themselves. By the terms of the contract the Chinese furnish their own supplies. They live as a club, and very cheaply, rice being their bread and butter; beef, pork, mutton, and fish, with all the vegetables, their staple food, and preserved ginger and other native fruits their delicacies. Their only drink is tea, which they take after and between meals, never using water except for bathing purposes. They sip whiskey after meals occasionally, but only as a penalty for losses at their games. They do not gamble for money, but the loser at any game is compelled to take a sip of whiskey as a punishment for losing. Of course this violates all our civilized notions of gaming and drinking, but the poor savages know no better!

The same process of instruction by signs and example, which had been pursued at North Adams, was resorted to at Belleville. The Chinese learned with wonderful rapidity. They at once proved careful and correct, but not rapid workers. Their shirts at the end of two months' experience were as well finished as those of the women, not because they were as good ironers, but because they worked, so to speak, more conscientiously. They could be taught to neglect no part of a shirt because unimportant, nor to devote less care to any classes of goods because they happened to be cheap. They ironed the back of a shirt, not visible when folded or worn on the person, with as much care as they did the bosom, and the commonest colored and check shirts were as conscientiously finished as the finest frilled and ruffled linen. Of course this added nothing of cost to the manufacturer, but it subtracted very largely from the profits of the laundryman. As a natural

consequence of their indiscrimination the Chinese proved slower ironers than the girls who could be taught the "trick of the trade." The best of the Chinese was unable to finish in the same time more than four-fifths as many shirts as the slowest of the girls; but, working regularly every day, the slowest of the Chinese managed to complete in the course of the week more shirts than the fastest worker among the unsteady women. Chinese labor is not cheaper than that of the women, generally speaking, but it is steady and trustworthy, and therein lies its chief economy to a manufacturer, whose business reputation and success depends upon his performance of his contracts. With the irregular work of the women Capt. Hervey hesitated to make promises, and could not always keep them; with the Chinese to depend upon he has no doubts as to his ability to do all he contracts for, and he never fails to return work promptly. This is a consideration in the economy of every manufacturer on which they will lay proper stress, though the general reader may fail to appreciate its importance.

The following figures, taken at random from the books of the Passaic Laundry, show the rate at which the fifty women employed there were paid for the first six months after the advent of the Chinese; and it will then be easy to establish by comparison the relative value of the labor of the Irish woman and Mongolian male:—

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mch.	Av.
Girl No. 1,	\$60.00	\$55.00	\$55.00	\$55.00	\$55.00	\$55.00	\$55.83
" " 2,	62.94	36.38	20.18	37.99	25.35	45.00	37.84
" " 3,	68.09	30.45	30.62	37.47	43.65	33.30	40.60
Monthly average.....							\$44.75

The first girl was by no means the most rapid ironer in the laundry, but she worked steadily through the whole half-year *for a purpose*. (N. B. It was to get married.) The others after the first month idled, and lost almost half their time in shopping and visiting.

Now let it be remembered that each of the

Chinese in the same time ironed fully as many shirts as either of these women, for which he was paid \$30 a month, and the economy of their labor is at once apparent. There was a saving in each instance of not less than \$10 a month. For one hundred and fifty Chinese, the number at work July 17, the total saving each month would be not far from \$1,500, or \$18,000 a year saved by the change from woman's work to that of men. The increased production of the laundry consequent on the regularity of the labor is not included in this calculation.

So much for the result of these two experiments, which are to affect so seriously the future labor questions of the country. They have proved that it is not dangerous, financially nor socially, to openly introduce the new laboring element into the most populous States and largest manufacturing districts of the Union. They have shown that Chinese labor is as valuable in the oldest States as in the newest settlements; in skilled trades as in the ruder work of the mine, the railway, or the farm; and this, too, by illustrations which no argument can refute. It must not be forgotten that these two practical illustrations of the cheapness of Chinese labor over that of men in a skilled trade, and that of women in a branch of industry heretofore considered exclusively their own, were carried out in rural districts. The Chinese companies refuse at this time to send their men to the large cities; and wisely, for the danger of such an experiment would be very great. The laboring classes of such a city as New York are so large and jealous, the dangerous classes so numerous, and consequently so decidedly aggressive, that it would be unsafe, for some years to come, to attempt the introduction into large cities of the Chinese in "gangs"—and it must be remembered that they will not come at all except in "gangs" of fifty or more. This part of the problem yet remains to be solved, and it must be done with great care and caution.

A WOMAN'S EXECUTION, PARIS, MAY, '71.

SWEET-breathed and young—

The people's daughter :

No nerves unstrung—

Going to slaughter !

“ Good morning, friends !

“ You'll love us better—

“ Make us amends :

“ We've burst your fetter !

“ How the sun gleams !

“ (Women are snarling) ;

“ Give me your beams,

“ Liberty's. darling !

“ Marie's my name— ;

“ Christ's mother bore it !

“ That badge ? No shame :

“ Glad that I wore it ! ”

(Hair to her waist ;

Limbs like a Venus ;

Robes are displaced) ;

“ Soldiers ! please screen us !

“ He at the front ?

“ That is my lover :

“ Stood all the brunt ;

“ Now the fight's over !

“ Powder and bread

“ Gave out together.

“ Droll ! to be dead

“ In this bright weather !

“ Jean, boy ! we might

“ Have married in June !

“ This the wall ? Right !

“ *Vive la Commune !* ”

THE RIVER OF EGYPT.

THE modern enterprise which has once more opened the ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez, in restoring to the uses of mankind what is probably the most ancient of terraqueous engineering works, has not only solved an important question for commerce,

but has also, it may be, suggested a reply to more than one historical enigma.

The ruins of Egypt, imperfectly as they have been studied or understood, point unmistakably to a degree of population, wealth, and power, in some remote past, appertaining

to this north-eastern shoulder of Africa, which its merely agricultural resources, in their best estate, must have been utterly inadequate to sustain. Only commerce, and that the most extended and successful, could have provided the means for such undertaking and achievement, and we may now regard it as probable that such a commerce was the parent of the agriculture, rather than the reverse. If, as formerly, Egypt is to supply a channel and entrepôts for the busiest trade of three continents, we may see the same cause reproducing its ancient effects in the way of irrigation, recovery of lands, and restored fertility.

Certain lines of investigation which have been incidental to the ship-canal question have brought to light and notice a series of records, historical and geological, and more or less reliable, which may be briefly presented, in outline, in a discussion of the "River of Egypt,"—that somewhat neglected puzzle of Biblical commentators. The topography, and especially the boundaries of this ancient land of Egypt, are made matter of important reference in that earliest of our historical books, Genesis, in which we find our record of the creation of the world itself; and this importance they have not ceased to maintain, if even we regard them only in their relations to sacred history and prophecy and the extent of the Israelitish autonomy.

The present Suez canal has its termini at Port Said, on the Mediterranean, near the supposed site of ancient Pelusium, and at Port Suez, on the Red Sea. It has a length of ninety-nine miles, in an irregular north and south line; an average width, at top, of 328 feet, and at bottom of 246 feet, with a depth which it is proposed to maintain at 26 feet. It is of special interest to the aim of this present paper that the main difficulty in preserving the necessary depth of water is the continual drifting in of sand from the adjacent desert, and the consequent expense of dredging it out.

Along the line of this canal, throughout its southern half, remain the vestiges of the ancient work, which still is called "the Canal of the Ptolemies." Near Lake Timsah, in the middle of the Isthmus, these traces are found to be deflected westwardly towards the Nile,

and their track is very closely followed by the modern "fresh-water" canal, which was completed prior to the main work, for construction purposes, though employed to some extent for general navigation, and still of value as an auxiliary. It connects with the Nile at Zagazig, the ancient Bubastis, and is a very near approach to a reproduction of the "Canal of the Ptolemies," which latter, both in its direction and termini, varied greatly from its own more ancient predecessors.

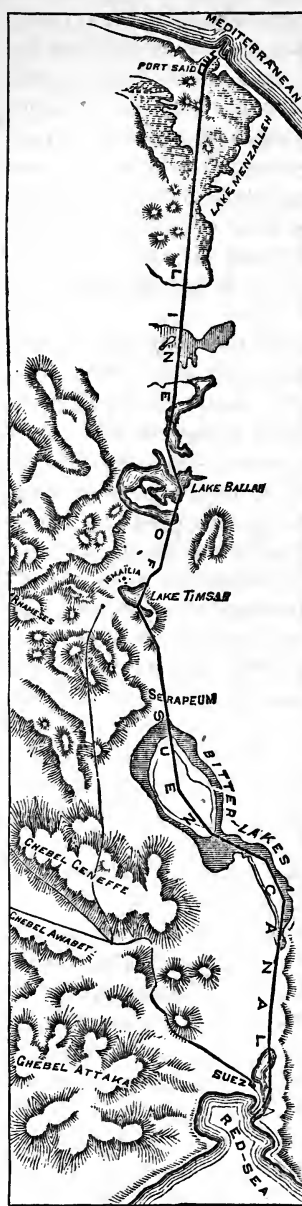
An examination of the level over which the Suez "thorough-cut" from sea to sea has been constructed, especially if the observer follow, as the canal could not, precisely, the more extremely depressed lines, forces the conclusion that if this part of the Isthmus was originally intended to be kept above high-water mark, that intention was but meagerly provided for. While more than two-thirds of the surface, measured longitudinally from north to south, is below the level of the sea, and is consequently occupied by large salt lakes and marshes, the average elevation of the remainder is but from five to eight feet. At no time have there been more than a very few miles of ground over which a passage could be effected dryshod. In the more or less direct line which their design compelled the engineers to adopt, the highest points encountered were only two miserable hillocks of thirty or forty feet in height. At the bases of these, and in their approaches on either side, a very moderate amount of rock-blasting needed to be done; but this, as will be seen, could have been avoided by an east or west deflection, unless a change in the level of the ridge of rock has taken place *within the historic period*. Only a dozen miles of sand, part of which is at times a marsh, intervenes between the northern extremity of Lake Timsah, in the center of the Isthmus, and a long, irregular, swampy bay, known as Lake Ballah, which sets directly in from the shallow sound called Lake Menzalleh, on the Mediterranean. It is along the shores of this very bay—Lake Ballah—to a distance of more than twenty miles north-west of the cuttings and blastings made by the French engineers above Lake Timsah, that the remains of the canal known as that of Pharaoh Necho are still visible. It

is to be noted that the older work either found less difficulty in the central ridge, or, like the modern, disregarded it. In either case it is not unlikely that, with M. de Lesseps, the constructors were willing to follow the indications of earlier history or tradition, if not the plain geological facts before their eyes.

It will be seen that there is very little solid Isthmus between Lake Timsah and the waters which connect with the Mediterranean. Between that lake and the Red Sea the land is low, with a marked northerly and southerly depression, a large part of which is occupied by the expanse of brackish water known as Lake Amer (bitter lake), and this, with Lakes Menzalleh, Ballah, and Timsah, was practically utilized by carrying the channel of the canal through them, thus very materially reducing the cost and difficulty of the undertaking.

The southern extremity of Lake Amer is separated by a mere sand-bar, of but ten miles width, from the head of the Gulf of Suez, on the Red Sea; and of the ninety-nine miles of the great canal, over seventy miles merely required that a channel of the requisite depth should be dredged through the natural conveniences supplied by the lakes. Judging from their maps and other publications, no doubt seems to have been left in the minds of M. de Lesseps and his engineers, that all of the valley of the "bitter lakes" (Lake Amer), as high up, at least, as the supposed site of ancient Serapeum, if not to Lake Timsah, was once occupied by the "tongue of the Red Sea," and their opinion is clearly sustained by all the topographical indications as well as by tradition. And yet the charts attached to some Biblical commentaries, accepted by scholars until within a few years, were adorned at this point by the crowsfeet that call for a chain of mountains, so liberal in its provisions is the science of speculative geography.

The several topographical surveys made by direction of Napoleon I., the Pasha of Egypt, and the engineers of M. de Lesseps, offer a strong probability that a channel equal in depth and of much greater width than the present canal, though not so direct or so well adapted to the purposes of navigation, could



LINE OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

have been dug through from sea to sea without encountering anything in the nature of solid land more formidable or permanent than the shifting sands which in fact constituted nine-tenths of the displacement actually performed. This fact, though not sufficiently defined to be received as positive proof, certainly offers strong presumptive evidence in support of the supposition which has been advanced by what we may term "geographical geologists," that at some indefinite past time even the few miles of marshy sand which separate Lake Timsah from Lake Ballah had not been "filled in," and

that thus a natural communication existed at this point between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean—a strait through which the tide ebbed and flowed, and which made a continental island of the great African peninsula. It is possible that this may never become susceptible of positive determination, nor would it be possible, even if desirable, to designate the period when the strait ceased to exist. The

drifting sands of the desert, as the Canal Company have found to their cost, would amply account for the apparent filling up and disappearance; but, if that were not assuredly so, the same result would have followed a very slight upheaval of the earth's crust, much smaller in degree and much more slow of accomplishment than some which are known to have taken place during our historic period, or others which are now notably going forward.

If, for the sake of the argument, we assume the ancient existence of such a strait as we have described, it would hardly be forcing conjecture beyond reasonable exertion to suppose that the very destruction of what must, in that case, have been a great commercial facility of earlier days, suggested to those primitive canal diggers, of whom we are about to speak, the idea of the artificial substitute which they provided. It would certainly go far to explain the somewhat singular direction, judged by existing topography, which seems to have been taken by the work of Pharaoh Necho.

The supposition of this strait is no new idea; it is even attributed to vague and untraceable tradition; and when the engineers of the First Napoleon,—him of Jena, Waterloo, and St. Helena,—who were by him commissioned, during his famous expedition to Egypt, to explore the line of the old canal with reference to a new one, made their report to him, they dwelt upon the several indications and probabilities at some length. Napoleon was at that time in grave doubt as to whether Europe, Asia, or Africa, or all three combined, should furnish the field for the realization of his ambitious dreams, and in any event he could see the importance of possessing such a transit. Chief Engineer Lepère, in his report, devised a curious buttress to his own belief that once the two seas were naturally united. He remarked that among all the multiform hieroglyphs of Thebes there appeared no trace of that useful beast, the camel, although many inferior animals were plainly portrayed, and drew the inference that the "ships of the desert" were unknown in Africa until such time as the caravans of the East were able to continue their marches over dry sand to the

gates of the Egyptian capital. The zealous Frenchman had probably overlooked the part played by the Jews and Assyrians on those same hieroglyphs and bas-reliefs, while his limited Scriptural reading prevented him from conjecturing that the same path which sufficed for the asses of Joseph's brethren would have done as well for the camels of the Midianites who sold that remarkable Hebrew to Potiphar. Perhaps a more probable supposition, from Lepère's point of view, may be, that those camels got their backs up at being employed in the slave-trade, and refused to cross the ferry.

Although written history has not preserved for us so much as a memorandum concerning the natural strait, it is a significant fact that all reliable Egyptian records which have come down to us, however ancient, describe the artificial canal as in existence at the time they were compiled, and as being even then a work of remote, if not unknown, antiquity. History appears to have known no time when this unique structure was not already pre-historical. The dates supplied by purely oriental writers are not always the most authentic, but the Arabian chronicler, Schems-Eddin, attributes the construction of the canal to one of the early Pharaohs named Tarsis-ben-Malia, and states that this was the identical prince who occupied the throne of Egypt at the time of the visit of Abraham and Sarah.

If we are to trust Schems-Eddin so far as to believe that a "thorough-cut" existed in the days of the Patriarch's contemporary, we are not really brought thereby a whit nearer to its probable originator, for it is a point to be remarked, that each one of the more prominent of those many masters of Egypt, native or foreign, who have from time to time repaired, dredged out, reconstructed, or otherwise restored the canal, has received from flattering or ignorant contemporaries the credit of having been its original constructor. So entire, at different periods, have been the disuse and consequent destruction of the work, and so completely *de novo* its rehabilitation, that in not a few cases these ascriptions of honor have been reasonably well merited; but at all events there is no ground

for supposing Tarsis-ben-Malia-Pharaoh to have been an exception to the general rule.

Strabo attributed the canal to Sesostris, but his reign was seven centuries, or thereabouts, later than Abraham's visit to Egypt; and in Strabo's day, fifty years before the Christian era, the work in use was the one near the line of the present "fresh-water auxiliary," and Strabo may have been right as to that.

Herodotus, on the other hand, gives the honor to Pharaoh Necho, son of Psammetichus, the same who caused his Phœnician sea-captains to circumnavigate Africa, in the path which was afterwards followed by the Portuguese sailors of Prince Henry the Navigator and his successors; but Pharaoh Necho was at least six hundred years nearer to our own time than Sesostris.

If the dates are at all trustworthy, it was only some eighty years later that Darius the Persian would have tried his hand at it, either in the way of repairs, or as completing an unfinished enterprise, but was dissuaded by his engineers on the ground that the waters of the Red Sea were higher than those of the Mediterranean, and that to cut through the natural barrier between them and the Nile would be to inundate Egypt, and salt forever the valuable waters of that stream. This peculiar hydrographical superstition even survived the subsequent practical successes, and exercised a powerful influence in our own time, receiving positive confirmation from the investigations of what claimed to be European science, and was only exploded some forty-five years ago by the French engineers of Ismail Pasha. A difference of average elevation there is, truly, but so slight that its hydraulic force is dissipated and lost in Lake Amer. It was the lack of such a tidal power, perhaps, which permitted the drifting sand to obliterate the original natural passage.

The sage conclusions of the Medo-Persian engineers, however, seem to have lost their effect for a time, and failed to deter the Ptolemies, between two and three centuries later, from obtaining the credit, according to subsequent writers, of having been the first to really complete and utilize the undertaking. Beyond doubt the Greek shrewdness

of these monarchs led them not only to repair and preserve so important an adjunct of their military and commercial power, but to add considerable improvements thereto, so that they created a certain degree of justice for the name "Canal of the Ptolemies," which the vestiges now bear upon the latest maps.

Even this, however, does not seem at all to have diminished the glory gained afterwards by the Roman Emperors, especially Adrian and Trajan, in following so good an example, and the restored channel was known for centuries after as "the Canal of Trajan."

Then came another period of at least partial neglect and decay, until the comparatively modern Moslems gratified their own proud ignorance by changing the then ancient title, perhaps for like reasons, to that of "the Canal of the Prince of the Faithful." Not all of them, however, were thus self-satisfied, for, according to the historian Makryzy, they were willing to give the honor of the work to an ancient king of Egypt who gallantly had the canal made for the use of Hagar, mother of their ancestor Ishmael, of pious memory, at that particular time in her illustrious life when she reigned in Mecca.

It is possible that the title of M. de Lesseps is better than that of any of these, for he was the first, if we disregard the claims of Pharaoh Necho as too shadowy, to go back to the true intimation of nature and measurably restore the strait which had existed before the oldest Pharaoh of them all. The entire history, mouldy as it is with green antiquity, is clothed with romance as with a garment. Even when Antony fled from Actium, after he had thrown away the scepter of the world for very love, he found his Cleopatra busily employed in directing the dredging of the old canal, that her fleets might once more pass from sea to sea.

Under the Moslem rulers, by all odds the most enlightened sovereigns of their time, the canal was reopened and maintained, with some interruptions, until but a short time before the discovery of America. In the year of the Hegira 839, or 1435 A.D., Mohammed ben Hassan revolted in Medina, the City of the Prophet, against Abou Djafar, then Caliph of

Irak, and that potentate, by way of providing against possible military contingencies as well as to shut off supplies of corn from the insurgents, sent orders to his lieutenant in Egypt to fill up "the Canal of the Prince of the Faithful." The order was obeyed with soldierly thoroughness, and the subsequent swift decay of Moslem power and intelligence prevented any attempt at reconstruction until the present day.

If there ever was a natural strait between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, it is probable that a tradition thereof, embodied in the names given to the locality, would have been preserved among the adjacent tribes and peoples; at all events, as a national border and permanent landmark, the Isthmus would be made a matter of constant reference, nor would its peculiar characteristics of marsh and water fail to find expression in any designation by which it should be described in the figurative languages of the orientals.

If we look at the map we shall discover that the Red Sea, the Sea of Kolsom, is forked into two bays at this its northwestern extremity, and that the westerly arm sets up into the desert, long and narrow. Scientific observation joins with history and tradition in declaring that this deep inlet once extended still further inland, not less, probably, than fifty miles through the long valley now mostly occupied by marshes and salt lakes. The disappearance of this part of the old strait has taken place since David's time, and it reduced the Isthmus, with the help of the marshy bays on the Mediterranean shore, to perhaps less than twelve miles of low sand.

This narrow strip must have thus been all that properly represented the Isthmus of Suez, and, so far as solid land is in question, all the subsequent ages of drift and transformation have but little more than doubled its extent. Here was preserved not only the tradition but the name of that pre-historical "River of Egypt" which commentators have persisted in confounding with the Nile, to the manifest impeachment of often reiterated prophecies as well as the veracity of several of the sacred historians. Both the military availability of this Isthmus and the inhospitable character of the region to the eastward, constituted it a

perpetual boundary landmark between Egypt and the dominions of whatever power for the time being included Palestine, and such it continues to this very day.

• When Moses gathered the Hebrews for their Exodus, he was well aware that the narrow caravan track between the two seas would be occupied by its customary armed force, while the long tongue of the Gulf of Kolsom prevented him from creeping around the present Red Sea terminus, and rendered the miraculous parting of the waters an imperative necessity, to march forward upon which required all his faith and obedience.

It is not to be supposed that either Moses, his followers, or his successors in the leadership of Israel, were otherwise than familiar not only with the topography of the Egyptian Isthmus, but with the terms by which it was customarily designated; nor would they deem any specially minute description requisite for its identification. If, then, we bear in mind this and the several points previously set forth, a few quotations from Bible authors will be sufficient to establish the fact that neither in the promises, the descriptions, nor the prophecies, which refer to this "River of Egypt," was there any shadow of exaggeration, inaccuracy, or obscurity. Just what was meant was said, neither more nor less, and all was clear to those who then read or listened.

In Genesis xv. 18, the promise was given to Abram, "Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the River of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates."

Care was taken here to employ the Hebrew word *Nahar*, for river, and not *Yeor*, which was the well-established name of the Nile, as used in the same book.

The promise is repeated, through Moses, in Exodus xxiii. 31, where the same boundary is described, "I will set thy bounds from the Red Sea even unto the sea of the Philistines" (the Mediterranean), and the Hebrews, who had jealously preserved the promise to their great ancestor, fully comprehended that the two descriptions were identical.

After Moses had passed away, the same promise was repeated to Joshua, in the book of Joshua xiii. 3, but the words are more specific, for the landmark is spoken of as

"Sihor, which is *before* Egypt," and the meaning of Sihor, "the muddy," evidently refers to the impassable marshes which in that day occupied much of the place of the ancient tidal flow, in the same manner as it is elsewhere applied to the Nile itself for similar reasons.

Moses himself, at one time, drew a still more accurate map of the Promised Land, in Numbers xxxiv. 5, where he told the Hebrews, "and the border shall fetch a compass from Azmon unto the River of Egypt, and the goings out of it shall be at the sea."

A man familiar with the country, and who happened to have heard Moses that day, could have at once traced with his staff, in the dust, the future outlines of the kingdom of Solomon, for he would not have dreamed that Moses was talking of the Nile.

So much for the promises, which were also prophecies, and now let us take a look at the manner of their fulfillment.

No historical geographer, orthodox or infidel, has ever asserted that even Solomon in all his glory exercised any control over the right, or eastern, bank of the Nile, though all are agreed that several Jewish sovereigns, or their Syrian and Assyrian conquerors, were lords of all the Asiatic mainland, to the borders of the Red Sea and thence to the Mediterranean. Nor can we reasonably accuse honest and intelligent men, in describing the outlines of their own country, of including within them a region which they not only did not reach, but which even national vanity had never claimed. And yet, the Hebrew leader, in Joshua xv. 4, says of the border of Judah, "it passed toward Azmon and went out unto the River of Egypt, and the goings out of that coast were at the sea." And in the 47th verse of that chapter, "Unto the River of Egypt and the great sea," the word sea in both cases referring to the Mediterranean.

But Joshua was then giving orders for military movements and dividing untaken spoil, and we must look further. The author of the First Chronicles says, chapter xiii. 5, "So David gathered all Israel together, from Sihor of Egypt even unto the entering of Hemath," but no supposition can be entertained that David's sweeping conscription brought

him Egyptian recruits from beyond the long shoulder of the Gulf of Kolsom.

If it should be contended that David was a "grasping man" and apt to overreach, his son Solomon has left a reputation for wisdom and moderation which forbids ignorance on his part of either the actual or traditional termini of his dominions; and, according to 1 Kings, viii. 65, Solomon invited to his great and solemn feast "all Israel, a great congregation, from the entering in of Hamath unto the River of Egypt."

Precisely to this Red Sea tongue and this ancient strait did the rule of the wise king extend, though the open desert, if it was then a desert altogether, is likely to have been a species of often harried "march" or debatable ground, too often trodden by the feet of armies, even if not too barren of itself to be permanently peopled.

There are many passages in the Scriptures where "the River of Egypt" is taken as a symbol of the land itself, or of its people and power, or of its idolatry, and some of them manifestly point to the Nile; and were it not that the precise words in the original are generally different from those in the passages we have quoted, there might be danger of confusion and uncertainty. Such danger as there is, however, is effectually dissipated by Isaiah, even in the act of describing a physical change which has since been visibly accomplished. In the 15th verse of the 11th chapter of his prophecies, the inspired Israelite announces that "The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian sea;" and in "the burden of Egypt," Isaiah xix. 5, 6, he says, "And the waters shall fail from the sea, and the river shall be wasted and dried up, and they shall turn the rivers far away,—the brooks of defence shall be wasted and dried up."

The "tongue of the Egyptian sea" is less in length by fifty miles than it was in Isaiah's day, and the entire system of natural and artificial water-courses, which made the land a garden between the "River of Egypt" and the Nile, is utterly destroyed.

It is a pleasant thing to recognize the fulfillment of old prophecies, and as pleasant to establish the accuracy of historical descrip-

tions which have puzzled us or filled us with doubts, and it may be that modern investigations on the line of the Suez Canal have helped to do this much for us. The future history of the great work may accomplish yet more, by exhibiting more clearly the strong ideal and physical parallel and likeness between the Nile and the "River of Egypt," which caused them at times to be interchanged or identified in Bible imagery. What the Nile was to Egyptian agriculture, such, at different periods, from the most remote antiquity unto comparatively modern times, was the "River of Egypt" to Egyptian naval

power and commercial influence, and we may now reasonably hope that the ancient relation is to be reproduced. Should such be the case, future orators and penmen will assuredly combine the two in their tropes and metaphors quite as frequently as did the Old Testament worthies; and such figurative license on their part will no more confuse their readers and hearers than it did the Hebrews of old, should the same well-known landmarks be hereafter employed in describing the boundaries of that future Syrian province which shall begin at the tongue of the Red Sea, the River of Egypt, and the Great Salt Sea.

THE CLOUD AND FIRE.

A HYMN.

IN cloud by day, in fire by night,
 Jehovah's pillared symbol hung;
 And day and night, in Israel's sight,
 Its heaven-sent token earthward flung.

It rested o'er their sacred tent,—
 And in their camp the host abode;
 It lifted thence, and onward went,—
 And they its desert pathway trode.

They saw it rest, they saw it rise,
 The signal of Jehovah's will;
 They watched it with unfailing eyes,—
 And struck their tents, or waited still.

Not now in columned shade or flame,
 Our steps, O God, Thy glory leads;
 But signs divine Thy will proclaim,—
 Thy banner still Thy church precedes.

Thy light is on our pathway shed,
 Thy counsel on our hearts impressed,—
 And by Thy guiding Spirit led,
 Thy watching host move on, or rest.

PETER BLOCH.

A HARTZ LEGEND.

PETER BLOCH, the charcoal-burner, was out of sorts. He couldn't work—he couldn't talk—he couldn't even eat (the last an occupation of which he was very fond), when Katrina, his betrothed, came with his noon-day meal of strong beer and still stronger cheese and sauerkraut, prepared by her own rosy hands.

Peter looked askance at Katrina,—at her round, blooming, honest face, her short plump figure, and bare feet, and for the first time in his life thought her—coarse. And for the first time in his life, also, he turned up his nose at the beer, and the cheese, and the sauerkraut, and thought *them* coarse. So Katrina, with her dinner-basket on her arm, went away sorrowful, leaving Peter sitting idly on a log, apart from the other workmen, smoking a short black pipe and gazing out sullenly upon the gloomy forest, the smoking charcoal-kilns, and the little cottage, with its cabbage-garden and pig-sty, to which he was soon to bring home Katrina. Very poor and despicable it all now appeared to him. And yet only yesterday how proud he had been of that cottage! And how he had cultivated those cabbages, and fed those pigs, until they were as round and fat as—as Katrina, nearly,—which was saying a great deal for them.

The truth was, Peter Bloch was dying of envy and discontent. Only an hour ago he had seen pass along the forest road the young Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh, with a brilliant train of attendants, on his way to take possession of the castle of the late Count, his uncle, and to marry the late Count's daughter, the present fair and peerless Lady Hildegard Adelberga Rosalinden,—who with an equally imposing train had ridden forth to meet him, and with the bailiff and the châtelaine on either side, had delivered to him the keys of the Castle.

All this had Peter Bloch seen; and from that moment envy and covetousness had poisoned the well-springs of his heart. Why should nature have made his lot in life so different from that of this young man? he asked himself. Why should *he* be a charcoal-burner,

and the other a nobleman? Why should he live in a hut, and the Count in a castle? And the Lady Hildegard Adelberga Rosalinden was so fair—slim and white, like a lily,—whilst Katrina much more resembled a red cabbage, thought Peter, with a sneer. And she had brought him beer and sauerkraut, whilst up at the Castle there was to be this very day a grand feast, with richest viands and rarest wines,—the latter stolen from the Baron Stickinseide, in that knight's absence; and also an ox roasted whole. A fine fat ox Peter knew it to be, since it was only to-day that it had been taken from his poor neighbor, Hans Hapner, who had depended upon its sale for winter clothing for his large family of little ones.

"*Ach!*" sighed Peter Bloch; "I would that I were the Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh. Then might I be happy."

"*He he! ha ha! ho ho!*" tittered a voice close beside him. And a hot breath, as of a charcoal-kiln, passed over Peter Bloch's cheek.

He turned round and saw, leaning against a neighboring fir-tree, an extremely tall and thin individual, clad in a tight-fitting suit of black, with a remarkably high-crowned hat on his head, a red cloak over his shoulders, and oddly-shaped shoes, half hidden by enormous red rosettes. The eyes of this personage were black as coals, and twinkled with merriment, as he laughed with a mouth stretched from ear to ear.

Peter stared, and the stranger, having apparently exhausted himself with laughter, bowed apologetically, and seated himself on the log by his side.

"Excuse me, *mein Herr*," he said; "but you—*he he!*—you were wishing to be the noble Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh?"

"What is that to you?" said Peter, sullenly.

"Only that it may be in my power to help you to your wish," answered the stranger, suavely. And he put his hand to his mouth, with a slight cough, as if to repress an involuntary delighted "*he he!*"

Peter looked incredulous.

"You do not believe me?" said the strange man, his little eyes twinkling maliciously.

"*Nein*," said Peter, doggedly.

"Try me!" said the man in black. "See here! write your name at the bottom of this parchment, and if you do not immediately become what you wish, then shall you throw me into your charcoal furnace and burn me to a cinder."

"You agree to that?" quoth Peter.

"As I am an honorable soul who fears the fire;" was the reply. "*He he! ha ha! ho! ho! ho!*"

So great was his merriment that it was some moments ere he could recover himself sufficiently to unroll the parchment and present to Peter a sharp-pointed iron pen.

"There is no ink," said Peter.

The man in black seized the pen, and without a word plunged the sharp point, with a sudden quick motion, into Peter Bloch's shin, left exposed by the rolled-up leathern breeches. "Oh, oh!" screeched the charcoal-burner, hopping around on one foot and rubbing the wounded limb, which burnt as if seared by a hot iron.

"It is nothing," responded the man in black, with a grin. "Here, take the pen before the blood dries, and write your name."

Peter obeyed; not from any faith in the stranger's promise, but simply from curiosity. He could not write, so was about to make the usual cross-mark when the stranger, with a startled yell, arrested his hand.

"Not that!" he shrieked, glaring upon the affrighted Peter, and trembling all over. "Not that, but do as you see me do;" and he made a peculiar flourish of his long finger upon the parchment, which Peter imitated as well as he could, with the iron pen dripping with his own blood.

"*He he he! ha ha ha! ho ho ho ho!*" resounded in hollow dying echoes through the forest, and the man in black was gone; whilst the charcoal-burner suddenly felt himself flung to the earth with a shock which at once deprived him of his senses.

When Peter presently began to recover, he debated whether he were not in a dream. A

great many people were pressing around him with exclamations of alarm and concern. He heard their remarks vaguely.

"His neck is broken."

"No, it is his back. Don't you see he is paralyzed?"

"Of a truth it is his highness's skull that is fractured. What is to be done?"

"Take him to the castle," said one voice.

"He must not be moved on any account," said another.

"A hot bath!"

"A cold bath!"

"Rub him!"

"Bleed him!"

"Water!"

"Brandy!"

"A blister!"

"A cooling lotion!"

"A doctor!"

"You, Breschoff, ride to the castle like a whirlwind for the doctor! Tell him our noble lord the Count has fallen from his horse, and is lying senseless!"

It was true, as Peter Bloch now began to comprehend. The young Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh had, just before reaching the castle, been thrown from his high-blooded steed, and Peter found, to his great astonishment, that somehow he, Peter Bloch, was inhabiting the Count's body. He was himself the Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh—only that he was still in spirit, in thought, in feeling, in everything but body, Peter Bloch, the charcoal-burner.

"Hurrah!" feebly shouted the Count Peter, endeavoring to rise. Whereat there was some staring among the retinue, mingled with the expressions of joy at his recovery.

"I pray you, my Lord Count," said the senechal of the castle, "condescend to accept of my horse for the nonce, since it has pleased your highness's to run away. Teufel is high spirited, but gentle."

Peter put up his right foot, encased in pointed boot and gold spur, lifted the other awkwardly over the saddle, and found himself seated with his back to the horse's head.

"My Lord Count has not yet recovered himself," said the equerry; but one of the late Count's pages tittered behind his plumed cap

as he held the stirrup whilst the Count reversed his position.

Now Peter had never in his life before been on horseback.

He clutched the reins with one hand, the horse's mane with the other, and rolled unsteadily from side to side, in mortal terror at every step of the high-pacing steed.

"It is only that his honor is still dizzy from his fall," said the mortified equerry, believing what he asserted. But the master-of-the-horse from the castle, looking upon the Count with an experienced and criticising eye, muttered to the master-at-arms his firm conviction that his highness was ignorant of the noble art of horsemanship—an opinion in which the other agreed.

Reaching the castle, the Count was advised by the medical man to retire and rest for an hour or so, in which time the feast would be spread in the great banquetting hall. But Peter, who felt perfectly well, and had, it will be remembered, missed his dinner, could not help thinking of the fat ox, and of all that he had heard, but had never seen, and still less tasted, of the delicious wines and luxurious viands of the castle larder. So he at once declared himself hungry, and ordered that refreshments should be brought to him.

The steward, with his white badge and baton of office, marching in front, ushered in some half-dozen henchmen, bearing various dishes: such as a highly spiced game-pastry, eels done in wine, pickled porpoise, stewed truffles, olives, and a pie composed of minced venison, mixed with apples, raisins, wine, sugar, beef, spice, and woodcock. The butler followed with wines of various kinds. Peter ate long and drank deeply—until he could eat and drink no more. Not that he liked either the dishes or the wines, for the first were utterly distasteful to his palate, and the latter he considered insipid and mawkish, and, if the truth were told, not to compare with good beer. But he was hungry,—and besides, were not these the luxuries of the great and rich, for which he had often in secret sighed? Wherefore, as we have said, he ate and drank his fill, until with the last mouthful of the mince-pie a deadly sickness came over him, and he was compelled, with the assistance of the ser-

vants, to effect a hasty retreat from the table. And then he fell heavily on his bed and slept the sleep of him who has drunken too freely.

The steward and the butler looked at each other, and elevated the whites of their little eyes and the pinks of their fat hands.

"My Lord Count is a glutton," wheezed the steward.

"My Lord Count is a drunkard," gasped the butler. And all the henchmen and pages agreed with those two.

As for the Lord Count's own followers, they did not know what to think. Never before had they known his temperate highness to eat and drink like this.

In about two hours Peter Bloch—that is, the Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh—awoke, feeling dull and heavy.

"I don't like this," muttered the Count. "I never felt like this when I was Peter Bloch." And he sighed.

"What would my noble Lord Count have?" queried the page-of-the-chamber, bowing low before him.

The Count scratched his head and reflected. He had had enough to eat and drink—also, sleep sufficient; and he was at a loss what more to desire.

"Will it please my lord to take a bath?"

The Count Peter submitted. He wasn't in the habit of taking baths; and he now thought it very unnecessary and disagreeable, and when it was over made up his mind to take no more. Then he yawned, and wondered what else he could do. He felt very much inclined to step out and take a look at his pigs and cabbages—a thing which had always afforded him a certain pleasure and satisfaction. But he remembered, with a half sigh, that there were no pigs and cabbages here.

"Will it please my lord's highness to have music?" suggested the attentive page, observing his lord's air of *ennui*.

Peter Bloch did not care a straw for music, nor, in fact, know anything about it beyond Katrina's hand-organ, inherited from her father, on which, in the quiet evenings when their work was done, she was accustomed to grind extraordinary sounds to marvelous tunes. Peter rather liked this organ; it

soothed him and gave him a pleasant, drowsy home-feeling ; and now, when he heard a harp skillfully played upon by the castle minstrel in an adjoining apartment, he thought it greatly lacked the charm of Katrina's hand-organ.

"I don't care for music," quoth the Count, indifferently, "unless"—a bright idea occurred to him—"unless the Lady Hildegard Adelberga Rosalinden will play—"

"But my Lord Count, at this hour—and in private ! My lady is not accustomed to show herself at all times—neither to entertain suitors, save on suitable occasions. I pray you, my Lord Count, reflect."

But the Lord Count wouldn't reflect. All that he knew was, that he was Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh, and that he was in his own castle, where every one was bound to obey him ; wherefore he sent his page with a message demanding the presence of the Lady Hildegard. In fact, he remembered her beauty, and that she was his betrothed ; and his heart began to warm toward her, inasmuch that he refused to listen to any excuse of the Lady, so earnestly did he desire her presence, and to gaze upon the loveliness of which he had hitherto been favored with but a distant glimpse.

So the Lady Hildegard Adelberga Rosalinden came, flushed and haughty, followed by her maidens bearing a harpsichord. Count Peter Bloch felt a little in awe of her magnificence, until reflecting that he was a rich and handsome Count, and the future lord of the haughty beauty, he gradually gathered courage to commence love-making. This he did in his own way, as he had been accustomed with Katrina. He stole to a seat by the Lady's side, put his arm around her waist, pinched her cheek, and bestowed upon her rosy lips a resounding smack, designed to express admiration and respectful homage.

The Lady Hildegard Adelberga sprang to her feet with a shriek whereat everybody within hearing rushed into the apartment. Her relative, the old Baron Bluffenburg, on being informed of what had occurred, half drew his sword, but put it up again. For was not the Count in his own castle ? And was not the fair Lady his betrothed ? And,

most of all, was not the Count more powerful than he ? Wherefore, though highly indignant, the burly Baron prudently restrained himself.

"The Count is a brute !" said the Baron to the other guests who had been invited to the feast. And they all agreed with him.

As to the Count himself, he concluded that the Lady Hildegard was excessively silly and absurd ; and that he would prefer Katrina's simple good sense and honest affection any day.

In due time the feast was announced to be in readiness, and the noble Count and his guests were ushered into the banqueting-hall. The Count's appetite had partially returned, but he looked with disfavor on the drink and food before him.

"To what shall I have the honor of assisting my Lord Count ?" inquired the head steward, humbly.

"Beer !" said the Lord Count. Whereat the butler stood aghast.

"The Count is a fool," said the butler to the chief henchman, who nodded assent.

"Cheese !" continued his highness ; "and sauerkraut !" And the steward turned pale.

"There is no question of it," he communicated in confidence to the chief cook. "The Lord Count is undoubtedly mad."

"Mad as a March hare," assented the chief cook, licking the boar's-head fat from his fingers. And all the turn-spits and scullions looked at each other and shook their heads.

The banquet was but half over, when suddenly the loud blast of a trumpet sounded without, and the whole company sprang from their seats and rushed upon the battlements.

There, in front of the portcullis, appeared a gigantic horseman, clad in complete armor, with a large armed retinue behind, and in front a herald, who trumpeted forth, in the name of the valiant Baron Breckisnech, a haughty defiance to the Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh to immediate and mortal combat ; by reason of the still unsettled feud that had existed between the said Baron Breckisnech and the late Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh. And unless this challenge were immediately and promptly responded to, he,

the said valiant Baron Breckisnech, would straightway assault the castle, hang the Count from the highest tower, cut off the heads of the seneschal and the warder thereof, and with those bloody trophies adorn the bastions of the main gate-way. "So mought it be!" concluded the herald, solemnly.

The whole castle was now in dismay and confusion. All looked to the valor of the Count for salvation, and no time was lost in bringing his armor and buckling it upon his trembling limbs.

"I—I am not well enough to fight," gasped the Count, feebly. Whereupon his highness's medical advisers were summoned.

"The Lord Count is perfectly well," said the chief physician, feeling his pulse.

"Perfectly well," echoed the assistant physician, examining his tongue.

"But I—I can't fight," said the Count, grasping the huge sword as though it were a charcoal rake.

"My lord must try," said the master-at-arms, sternly.

"The Lord Count is a coward," said all the men-at-arms and retainers, in disgust; whilst the seneschal and the warder, rubbing their throats, earnestly urged upon the Count expedition. But the Count wouldn't hurry.

"I can't fight," he said. "My health won't allow of it."

"You must fight," said the Baron Bluffenburg. "Your honor demands it."

"I won't fight," said the Count desperately.

"You shall fight," said the Baron, resolutely.

So the Baron took him by the arm and led him towards the gates, and when he resisted, the master-at-arms took his other arm, and the seneschal and the warden pushed behind; and so they dragged and pushed him out at the gateway and across the draw-bridge, until he stood face to face with the valiant Baron Breckisnech, who advanced, sword in hand, to the encounter.

The next moment Peter Bloch felt a sharp burning pain in his breast as the Baron's blade went through him. He grew blind, and dizzy, grasped wildly at his own sword, and fell.

Consciousness returned slowly to Peter Bloch.

He looked around and saw, to his great

surprise and joy, that he was in his own little cottage in the forest. He smelled the fresh resinous odor of the fir-trees, he heard the grunting of the pigs in the sty, and he saw from the open window the charcoal-kilns and the cabbage-garden; and sweeter than these to his delighted eyes was the plump, rosy face of Katrina, who close beside him was making a goat's-milk posset, into which her tears slowly fell.

"*Ach, himmel!*" said Katrina, kissing him tenderly on either cheek; "but he knows me now: he is well!"

"How was it?" asked Peter, heartily returning the salute and staring around.

"We found you lying senseless under the fir-tree, where I left you sitting when you refused your dinner," answered Katrina, soberly.

"Like the fool I was," muttered Peter.

"And you have been so strange ever since, *mein Peter*; asking for a little wine, and inquiring about 'the Lady Hildegarde.'"

"Ah!" muttered Peter Bloch to himself, "that was the Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh. He was here in my body whilst I occupied his, or—or have I been dreaming, I wonder?"

"How did it happen?" inquired Katrina, in her turn. "There was an awful smell of brimstone about the fir-tree, so old Gottlieb just now thought it best to brand the mark of the cross upon your breast, to preserve you from the power of the Evil One. Here is the mark, you see. Did you feel the burn? It was that which aroused you."

"And it was that which also saved me," said Peter. "That Baron Breckisnech, in his black armor, was the very man I saw beneath the fir-tree this morning. I knew him before he let down his visor and rushed upon me. He thought to have me, did he, body and soul? But the cross saved me; *ach, Gott!* the cross saved me."

Katrina thought him dreaming still. And whether or not it was a dream, Peter Bloch was never, to his dying day, able to decide. Of one thing only was he positively sure—and that was that he was much happier as Peter Bloch the charcoal-burner, with his wife Katrina, than he could ever have been as the Count von Schwartzschoffensburgh and the

husband of the Lady Hildegarde. Probably Nature, of whom he had complained, knew this when she chose for his soul a corre-

sponding body and station in life. She knows what is best for us, after all.

AN ADVENTURE IN JAPAN.

"THAT is all rubbish," said our military friend; "the miserable beggars, impudent as they are, would never dare to assault an Englishman."

"By all means, then, let us have a canter on the Yeddo road, this bright bracing afternoon. I, for one, am not to be deterred by any foolish forebodings," said a lady of the party, a bright, fearless English girl, whose partiality for out-door exercise had been increased rather than diminished by a residence of two or three years in the East.

We were discussing that comparatively light, but highly agreeable mid-day meal called "tiffin," and the expediency of riding out in a body that afternoon, in the cheerful dining-room of an American merchant's residence in Yokohama, Japan.

The year was 1862, and our party upon this occasion consisted of two ladies, the wife of the merchant alluded to and the young English lady, a friend of the former who had but recently arrived from Shanghai, China, on a visit, and five gentlemen. The latter, with the exception of him who first spoke, and who was an officer in H.B.M.'s 99th Regiment of foot, a detachment of which was then stationed in Yokohama as a guard to the embassy, were civilians who, for a longer or shorter period, had been engaged in mercantile pursuits in China or Japan. Three of the gentlemen, an English merchant of Hongkong, who had made a very handsome fortune during a lengthened residence in China, and two Americans, one of whom was the writer, were visiting Japan for the purpose of recovering from the deleterious effects of the climate of Kathay.

We were expecting to return to the flowery kingdom soon—our English companion, Mr. H., whose "ducats" were already made, to take the first steamer for "merrie England," and we, his fellow-travelers, to return to our business in Shanghai for a few

years longer. We had been in Japan about a month, and had seen everything that was curious and interesting in and about Yokohama.

We had even visited Yeddo, the great and populous capital of the empire; and, under the guidance of our minister and his accomplished and agreeable secretary, had "done" that city, with its almost unlimited store of wonders, in the rapid and somewhat unsatisfactory manner peculiar to our countrymen.

In a small yacht belonging to our host we had explored the entire coast within twenty miles of the harbor of Yokohama, enjoying to the full the bright and balmy weather of the early autumn days, and the enchanting scenery for which this portion of Japan is noted. By the locality which has since been brought into notoriety as the scene of the Oneida disaster we often coasted, and in the little cove where, some seven years afterwards, the few survivors of the crew of that unfortunate vessel landed, we were accustomed to run our little craft ashore upon the beach, and betaking ourselves to a disused Buddhist temple in the vicinity, enjoy our luncheon, our cigars, and our *dolce far niente* until the waning day warned us to leave this paradise if we would reach home in time for dinner—the great event of the day, by the way, in the far East.

Until within about a week of the occurrence I am about to relate, we had experienced nothing but kindness from the natives, who, from the highest of the Yaconins and other two-sworded dignitaries down to the lowest coolie, had seemed to us to possess the very quintessence of courtesy. A more kindly, civil, and obliging people than the masses of the Japanese does not exist, and their courtesy to strangers surpasses anything which we have ever seen, even among the high-bred nations of civilized Europe. Then, as now, the feeling

of the people of Japan (unlike that entertained by their neighbors of China) was decidedly friendly towards foreigners, and though they had detected some of the foreign residents in the act of cheating and imposing upon them grossly, the courteous treatment of Europeans by the Japanese people was something to be wondered at.

The good feeling exhibited by the people in general added greatly to the pleasures of a residence in that country, at that time almost a *terra incognita* to our countrymen and the people of Europe. We had heard, however, from our host and other older residents (for at that time no foreigner had been more than a few months in Japan), that a very different feeling existed among the Daimios, the hereditary and feudal princes of Japan, who lord it over the masses of the people, but more especially their own retainers, very much as did William the Norman's barons over the Saxon thralls in centuries long gone by. To these powerful nobles the innovations introduced by foreigners, and the bare idea of their presence in the long-secluded empire, was intolerable. The hostility of those whose domains were in the vicinity of the foreign settlements of Nagasaki, Yokohama, and Hakodadi, however, had, up to this time, been confined to threats against the foreigners themselves, and persecution of those of their retainers who had had commercial or other dealings with them. But of late the Daimios in the vicinity of Yokohama and Yeddo had grown bolder in their denunciations of the yellow-haired barbarians, as they called the foreign settlers, and a very uneasy feeling had been created in the little colony of Europeans whom business inducements had tempted to settle in this distant and somewhat inhospitable country.

Of late, too, a change had been noticed in the bearing of many of the Yaonins, or military officers; though no real occasion to fear for our personal safety, provided we confined ourselves to our own quarter of the town, had yet been given us.

As I have before said, up to this time we had ridden where and when we liked, and as pedestrians had traversed the country for many miles around.

Now, however, a "change came o'er the spirit of our dream," and after a general consultation, participated in by all the foreign residents, it was thought best to circumscribe our movements for a while, and to keep out of harm's way by exposing our precious persons as little as possible to the view of the wrathful Daimios. Of course we always went fully armed, and ready for any emergency, that is, the male portion of our little colony, though it was rather inconvenient and provoking to feel that our revolvers must be always within reach, and not to be lost sight of for a moment, either during the day or night.

Our little party at the residence of our own hospitable entertainer had become thoroughly weary of home pleasures, though a billiard table was always accessible, and a friendly game of whist served to make the evenings pass most agreeably. Nor were those creature comforts, which serve to reconcile us with life in any region, at all wanting. But even of these "wanities," as Sam Weller would have called them, one tires eventually.

Upon the particular day alluded to at the commencement of this article, while seated at the dining-table, after having discussed the scrambled eggs, the shrimp omelet, the oranges, mangoes, and other fruits of the country, which formed the slight but agreeable repast called "tiffin," the conversation turned upon our grievances, and the opinions above quoted were given utterance to.

"I must positively leave in the *Scotland* next week, and should like a few more of those jolly canters through the paddy-fields and on the bay road, before leaving," said H., the Englishman.

"Pshaw, I see no further need for this unbearable seclusion: and I, for one, am determined to enjoy myself as I please during the remainder of my stay here," ejaculated my American companion, whose mouth, however, was stuffed so full of "curry" as to prevent his remark from being as forcible as it otherwise might have been.

"A fig for Ky Soo, or Satsuma himself, or any of the other bloodthirsty big wigs," said Captain Power, the English officer; "I'll lay

you five pounds that we don't see one of them, and if we do, they will not trouble any one under *my* protection."

The captain's words seemed to give the desired confidence to his hearers, and when the ladies, too, began to plead for "just one more little ride into the country," our host, though not without many dubious shakes of the head, consented to give orders for the saddling of the horses that afternoon.

In an hour after the party had risen from the table, a period of time which had been devoted by the gentlemen to their cigars, and by the ladies to a brief nap and the arrangement of their riding-dresses, we had mounted our horses and were riding in single file through the gates of the compound which surrounded our friend's residence.

The benefits of pursuing a non-committal policy, and refraining from noticing any petty slights which the officials might attempt to put upon us, was inculcated upon us by our host ere we took our departure—but were forgotten, I fear, before he was well out of sight. The afternoon was a lovely one. The breeze just setting in from the sea, served to temper what, at that hour, would have been an almost oppressive heat. The leaves upon the trees were just assuming their autumn dress,—their funeral robes, if they did but know it, though it be the gayest of all the dresses in their wardrobe,—and the richness and variety of these tints were a source of no little delight and wonder to our little cavalcade.

Our route—for we had chosen the road which wound around and skirted the bay and led us to the neighboring village of Kanagawa—lay through the most thickly populated, and, consequently, most interesting, portion of the town. By the foreign residences on the Bund; by the Custom-house, in and out of which half-naked coolies were constantly passing, and carrying each a burden such as would have dismayed two ordinary laboring men in any more civilized quarter of the globe; by the curio-shops, crammed full of the handiwork of this most ingenious people—curiosities, indeed, to the newly arrived visitor from a foreign land, but an old story to those of us who had spent any length of time

in the East; by the crowded native quarter, into which Europeans seldom set foot, the head of each household sitting at his door and at work at his occupation, saluting us with a bow and the usual "o-hi-o," equivalent to "good day to you" in English; by the poorer quarter, where the smell, or rather conglomeration of smells, was almost intolerable; where the people seemed to have little to eat and less to wear, and where the naked children, engaged in the manufacture of dirt-pies—for all the world like the rising generation at home—insisted upon getting under our horses' feet, and recklessly permitting those sagacious animals to walk almost over them; through the suburbs of the city, and by a people more widely scattered but quite as industriously occupied, and out into the country we moved at a brisk trot, which was quickened into a gallop as we at length passed the last cluster of native huts, and over the hard, finely constructed road, which connects Yokohama with the opposite city of Kanagawa and with Yeddo, the famous capital of the empire.

Our recent seclusion, and the possible dangers of the present trip, gave a zest to this ride which had not been possessed by any of the others, and we were very merry as we galloped along, three or four abreast, upon this fine autumn afternoon, enjoying the scenery and the bad jokes which were perpetrated from time to time by some one or other of the party.

So merry were we, and so loud was our laughter, that the poor people whom we occasionally passed, and who were endeavoring, by much sweat of the brow, to get something out of the little patches upon which they depended, looked after us with the utmost astonishment, envying no doubt the appearance of happiness which our conduct presented.

We had ridden some eight miles from our starting-point, and were within two miles of the town of Kanagawa, when we came suddenly upon a large native procession, consisting of soldiers on foot and on horseback, civilians, high officers of State evidently, and others to the number of three or four hundred. There was no music to herald the approach of this imposing body, but flags and banners of the most gorgeous hue and material were vis-

ible by the score, and the advance-guard of soldiers, which was sent on ahead to clear the way for the great personage who was to follow, was preceded by the bearers of two immense yellow silk banners, on which were worked the arms of the Prince who was approaching. Near the center of the approaching procession, which occupied the entire breadth of the road, as well as its length for some distance, we could observe the presence of some great personage, who was borne in a chair, elevated above the heads of all, by nearly a score of bearers, and surrounded by a body-guard of high officials, whose drawn swords flashed and gleamed in the sunlight, and, with the parti-colored banners, formed a decidedly pleasing picture. A rabble of perhaps a hundred people, peasantry and retainers of the Prince in question, followed the armed body and the Daimio, who was visiting Yokohama for the first time since the advent of the foreigners.

So suddenly had we come upon this warlike body that we had no time given us to form any plan of action. By making ourselves as little conspicuous as possible, and by showing a disposition to be obliging, we hoped and expected to avoid giving offense, and entertained no other supposition than that, after the procession had passed us, we should be allowed to continue our way unmolested.

After a moment's consultation we retired to the extreme edge of the road, placing the two ladies of our party in the center of the group, and giving his high mightiness, the Daimio, the entire road for the passage of himself and retinue. By this time the procession in front of us had come to a halt, and we could hear much angry talking between the great man and his officers, the subject, as we could perceive by their gestures, being ourselves and what they probably chose to consider our unwarrantable impertinence in being there at all.

"I am afraid we may have some trouble with these fellows," said Mr. H., the English merchant, "especially as our Japanese is too limited to allow of our making much of an explanation."

"Hang the beggars, why should we?" said our gallant and plucky friend, the captain; "what is it to them if we come out for a ride and happen to stumble upon them: a cat

may look at a king, I suppose, and the old cock in the green and red coat yonder is no great beauty, if he did but know it."

The color had deserted the cheeks of our lady companions, but in no other way did they show any signs of trepidation. The younger lady even attempted to laugh at the occurrence of the little *contre-temps*, but the shouts and imprecations of our Japanese friends became just then much louder, and the attempt of our bright-eyed young companion was a failure.

While we were waiting to see how the turmoil in the ranks of the enemy, which had now risen to a frightful pitch, was to end, a two-sworded dignitary advanced towards us, and demanded to know by what right we occupied and encumbered the road which his most noble and mighty master honored by passing over.

To this the English officer, the only one amongst us who understood anything at all of the language, made answer in a firm but very courteous tone of voice, that our meeting with the Daimio was purely accidental, and that, so far from desiring to obstruct his road, we had retired out of it to the best of our power, and to the very farthest extent that the ground would allow. Instead of mollifying the ambassador, however, the reply of the captain seemed to make him furious with anger. Drawing both his swords, he cut and carved the air, and danced about in such a grotesque and utterly foolish manner as excited our risibilities, and, though it was highly imprudent, extracted a round of laughter from our party that would certainly have pleased him had he possessed a grain of humor.

Heaven only knows what report he made of us upon his return to his master, but we heard the latter give some sharp, loud orders, and before we had time or opportunity to see or think of much more, we found ourselves attacked by some twenty or thirty men with drawn swords. H., our English friend, who was about returning home to spend his well-earned fortune, and to pass many years of comfort in his native land, was cut down before our eyes within a few seconds after the attack commenced. So sudden had been the attack that time was not even given us to

draw our revolvers; but to the failure to secure these weapons we probably (those of us who escaped) owe the saving of our lives. The English captain fought like a lion with his bamboo walking-stick, and the same gentleman afterwards complimented the rest of us on the brief but stubborn resistance which we made. But our only safety was instant flight, and it was but the work of a moment to start off the ladies, one of whom had had her bonnet cut completely from her head by the butchers who attacked us, though neither had evinced any desire to faint or embarrass us in any way whatever. We could do nothing for poor H., and a moment's hesitancy would have cost all the rest of us our own lives. We put spurs to our horses, and, with the ladies ahead, rode back along the road over which we had come so merrily a short time before, at a pace which, we venture to say, has never been equaled in that locality since. As though apprehensive of the effects of the mischief which they had already done, our assailants did not attempt to pursue us any great distance. With sad, scared faces we pulled up our horses about a mile from the scene of the catastrophe. I had received a severe though not very serious sabre cut in the shoulder, and the English captain quite a dangerous wound in the head, and a less serious one in the leg. Upon our arrival at home, to which we now made the best of our way, our own ailments were speedily attended to, and we soon became convalescent. But it was many months before the nervous systems of the ladies recovered from the shock sustained upon this

occasion, and a still longer period had elapsed before we could think and speak of the incidents of that time with anything like composure.

The fate of poor H. was indeed a sad one. Cut down from his horse beside us, and desperately wounded, he had managed to crawl to the steps of a hut a few feet from the scene of the encounter, and for a moment hoped to elude further pursuit and molestation. But the order to finish him coming directly from the Daimio, he was again surrounded, and, while begging piteously for his life, was speedily hacked to pieces.

The course pursued by the English Government with reference to this outrage is now historical. Though the Daimio himself could not be brought to justice, the Tycoon's government complied with the demands of England so far as to surrender a score of the poor followers of the prince, who were speedily beheaded, and to pay a very heavy money indemnity to the family of poor H. in England. The resolute conduct of the British officials in Yeddo, however, and the earnest protest of the American commodore on that station, had the desired effect. For years afterwards no foreigner was molested anywhere in the vicinity of the treaty ports. We ourselves rode several times over the same ground before taking our departure from the country, and upon the spot where poor H. was so brutally murdered we erected a little cross, around which the foreign residents afterwards placed a railing, and to which a pilgrimage was made by every visitor to the country for many a long day after.

THE ELMS OF OLD TRINITY.

SHAME on the ruthless hands that tore away
 The venerable elms, whose graceful domes
 Of lofty verdure canopied these graves!
 Their overarching limbs, through which the Sun
 Flickered with chastened ray, spread like a shield,
 By Nature interposed to guard the dead;
 And waved in dalliance with the fitful wind,
 Or with it lapsed to monumental calm.
 What cenotaph that human skill may rear

Can with their living symmetry compare?
What tinted window with their emerald?
What roof with their arcade of trailing leaves?
When Spring renewed her miracle, and clad
The naked branches in their June array—
Their life's revival, to the trusting soul,
Prophetic breathed of immortality.
Echoes of prayer, the jubilant refrain
Of choral anthem, and the organ's peal,
Blent with their murmur in the sultry air,
While in their verdant depths the locust trilled,
And on their sprays blithe swung the yellow-bird.
Their grateful umbrage then benignly screened
The silent church-yard from the noisy street;
Their roots were twined around the mould'ring forms
Laid long ago beside the ancient fane,
To exiled worshipers the more endeared
Because of these majestic trees, that wore
A guise familiar to their childhood's home.
Faith's pioneers and Freedom's martyrs slept
Beneath their shade; and under their old boughs
The wise and brave of generations past
Walked every Sabbath to the house of God.
As grief, by time subdued, forgot to weep,
Still fell their dewy tears; frost turned to gold
The leafy fringes of their drooping pall,
With every breeze a requiem they sighed;
In wreaths fantastic swayed above their tops
The mists of ocean, like funereal plumes;
While round their hoary trunks the gray moss crept,
And softly marked the transit of the years.
Of old the Church was warder of the tomb,
Her ban restrained the hand of sacrilege,
Her shrines were trophies of the saintly dead;
And pagan consecration kept the groves
Serene and sacred: Reverence is gone,
Her haunts laid waste; not life and love alone,
Bereft of fond seclusion, grow profane,
But the last home of poor mortality:
Memory's tender plea, nor beauty's charm,
Nor the long vigil of these sylvan kings
Could awe the spoiler; vanished, like a dream
Of grace and grandeur, are the stately elms,
That cheerful shelter gave the camp of death,
And solace to the hearts that mourn their fall.

THE CO-EDUCATION OF THE SEXES.

THE question of woman's rights is agitating this country and the whole civilized world. We are not among those who believe that suffrage is a natural right of either man or woman. Every organized society, both civil and religious, has the power to say who shall belong to it, and who shall vote in its proceedings. If suffrage were a natural right, then a youth twenty years old might claim it as well as the man of twenty-one. Neither do we believe that the right of suffrage is the great expurgator of all social evils, the panacea for all the ills women are heirs to, nor the key which is to unlock the door and admit women to all the privileges of the sterner sex. Suffrage is a mere side issue. *Per se*, it never made a man more of a man, and we greatly fear its exercise would make woman less of a woman. The poor illiterate negro with a vote in his hand is still the mere tool of the artful demagogue. If any expected that, by the fifteenth amendment of the U. S. Constitution, the negroes would immediately be elevated to a level with the whites, they are doomed to disappointment. Manhood is not purchased at so low a price. It is only by the slow process of education, by self-restraint, by the silent but all-powerful influence of the family, by habits of industry, and all these continued from generation to generation, that the negroes can be elevated to the enjoyment of all the rights of manhood. "He is the free man whom the truth hath made free." The right of suffrage may lead the negro to investigate, think, and act for himself, and only so far as it has this influence does it tend to his elevation.

We do not mean to be understood as comparing woman and negro—her subjection to his bondage; our analogy is confined to the results which the right of suffrage is supposed to effect. Neither do we mean to affirm that the time may not come when suffrage will be extended to women. We have yet to learn that women generally put in any claim to this right. A few of the strong-minded are clamorous on this point; but the great majority are either opposers of the movement, or sit silent spectators of the troubled waters, pas-

sively waiting to see whether their turn will ever come to step in and be healed of all their ills; and we hear little complaint that they are excluded by the lords of creation stepping in before them. We are inclined to think the experiment of female suffrage will be tried in this country, and at no distant day; and we have no anxiety as to the result. But we are anxious that, before this experiment shall be inaugurated, women shall be admitted to a more natural and a higher right than that of suffrage,—the right to an equal education and a co-education with men. It is only when this right shall be granted, that the other can be tolerated; and if the strong-minded of both sexes would unite their energies in this direction, there would be more hope that the kingdom of woman would come, and when it came that her sovereignty would prove to be wise and gracious.

This idea of the co-education of the sexes is no new-fangled doctrine. It is simply a return from the artificial to the natural condition of society. The separation of the sexes in the course of their education is abnormal, and arose from the prejudice, now somewhat obsolete, that woman is incapable of contending with man in the higher paths of literature and science, and possibly also from jealousy of her power in case she should outstrip him in the race. Byron does not seem to have been above either this prejudice or this jealousy. In the first canto of *Don Juan*, where he is describing Juan's mother, supposed by many to be a delineation of his own wife, he says:—

"His mother was a learned lady, famed
For every branch of every science known—
In every Christian language ever named,
With virtues equal'd by her wit alone:
She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,
And even the good with inward envy groan,
Finding themselves so very much exceeded
In their own way by all the things that she did."

"'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed
With persons of no sort of education,
Or gentlemen, who, though well born and bred,
Grow tired of scientific conversation:
I don't choose to say much upon this head,
I'm a plain man, and in a single station,

But—Oh ! ye lords of ladies intellectual, Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all ?”

Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Stowe, and a host of others have taught the world that women can excel in science and literature, and men have learned by experience and observation, that there is more danger of being hen-pecked by an ignorant virago than by a well-educated lady. We have lived and learned in vain if education does not refine as well as strengthen the female mind, and if the education of the sexes in the same school and in the same studies does not stimulate their intellectual progress and polish their manners. This is the natural, normal mode of education. If God had desired the sexes to be trained up separately, he would have ordered all the children in one family to be girls, and all those in another to be boys. The very fact that they are placed together in that first and best of all schools, the family, is a strong argument in favor of their continuing together in the whole course of their education. Occasionally, but in very rare instances when the family is as large as it ought to be, we find all the children of one sex. We never see such a family without a feeling of compassion. The boys are very apt to be coarse and rude, all strength and no polish, and the girls to be refined and polished till there is little strength left. In all such families there is a terrible one-sidedness. The male or the female influence predominates, so that the family is not well ballasted, but lurches like a ship with its cargo all on one side. A vacuum, which nature dreads, is felt to exist. The boys feel the need of a sister, and the girls have a yearning after a brother. Why should not the same want and the same yearning be felt in the boarding-school and the college ? They *are* felt, and every discriminating teacher of a boarding-school designed exclusively for boys or girls, and every professor in our colleges, must have noticed it. We have had some experience in a boys' boarding-school, and have been painfully conscious that the absence of female influence is the great want of such a school. Our circulars are headed with the taking caption “Family Boarding-School for Boys,” and we endeavor to have the school partake of the character of a family as far as possible ;

but unless there are some girls mingled with the boys, it is a terribly up-hill work to engraft the characteristics of a family upon such a school.

Taking boys away from home and the gentle influences of mothers and sisters, and placing them in such schools, is like removing lambs from the fold to some remote pasture, and leaving them to shirk for themselves. If they don't cry and pine for the social privileges of home, we conclude they are made of sterner stuff than we like to see humanity made of. The acclimation of a boy in a boarding-school is as trying as the acclimation of a southerner in a northern latitude. Each of his companions scans him and takes the measure of his physical, mental, and moral capacity, and he passes through a scrutiny of inquisitors as searching and heartless as those of the old Spanish ecclesiastical courts. He looks around in vain for some gentle female face to inspire him with hope and confidence. We always pity a lad in such a situation, and as the best and indeed the only compensation for the want of sympathy and comfort from the gentler sex, it has been our habit to introduce a new-comer to some old and influential member of the school, and place him under the protection of one who, in the absence of a sister, will act the next best part—that of a brother—till he has learned the ways of the new situation, and “got,” as the boys say, “the hang of the new school-house.”

It is not only in the commencement of a career in a boarding-school, but all along its course, that the want of the inciting and restraining influence of girls is painfully felt. Some fear that the incitement will be to evil as well as good. We have never found it so. With proper effort and just discrimination, boys may be stimulated to a laudable ambition for excellence in learning and virtue among themselves ; but it is ordained of Heaven that the approbation of girls shall be the great stimulus for boys, as the approbation of woman is undeniably the great stimulus for man. The restraint of girls is no less powerful than their stimulus. Boys accustomed to the use of profane and obscene language among themselves ; will never swear in the presence of young ladies, nor indulge in ri-

baldry. Every teacher of a boys' school has felt the difficulty of keeping his pupils up to concert pitch in habits of order, personal neatness, and gentle address among themselves. Let a few tidy, genteel young ladies become members of the school, and the effect on the dress and manners of the boys is magical. No arbitrary rules, no daily inspection of hands, heads, and feet are longer necessary.

Girls' boarding-schools we know less about, but we are told they are even worse than boys'. The attempt is generally made in these schools to keep the girls separate, if not from the world, at least from the male portion of it. They must not even walk the streets unless under cover of a veil and the surveillance of a teacher. At church they must hide their bright eyes and pretty faces behind fans. Vain attempt! You might as well try to keep the river from flowing into the ocean. The electric affinity of acids and alkalies is no more a fixed principle than the mutual attraction of the sexes, and the artificial condition of things in most of our young ladies' boarding-schools is painfully apparent. The refining and polishing process is carried to such an extreme that the natural physical and intellectual strength is mostly eliminated. To be pretty, accomplished, and genteel, is the end of the law in a fashionable ladies' school. The teacher of such a school once frankly confessed to us, "The great end of our young ladies is to put the best foot foremost;" which we interpreted to mean to make a good show in the world. No wonder Stuart Mill talks of the subjection of woman when her strength is such weakness. We are thankful that but comparatively few young ladies can afford to be educated in fashionable boarding-schools. We do not doubt there are some such schools good of the kind, but we do not like the kind. In the beginning God said, "It is not good for man to be alone," and if Adam with all his strength needed an Eve to support and comfort him, much more must Eve want the strong arm of a man to lean upon. We often rejoice at the extermination of the monasteries and nunneries of the dark ages; but boarding-schools exclusively for boys or girls are a modified form of these exploded institutions.

Most of our colleges are conducted on the same principle, and the hazing and rowdyism so lamentably present in them are but the natural growth of their monastic character. The first evening after we entered the Freshman class in Williams College, as we sat in our dismal room, lighted by a small oil lamp, the windows rattling, the fire-place affording no cheerful blaze, for the simple reason that we had no wood, we perceived clouds of smoke rolling in through the key-hole of the door, and our first thought was that the college was on fire; but our olfactory nerves soon told us it was tobacco smoke, and as we opened the door a distant snicker gave us to understand that this was part of the inauguration ceremony of a Freshman. The next morning we were up early, determined to have some wood to keep us warm another night, and with some energy commenced working up a wood-pile we had bought late the previous evening. An idle saw-horse stood near, and we impressed it into our service. Soon a big Sophomore made his appearance with the exclamation, "What are you doing with my saw-horse, you little goose!" As the chapel bell rang for prayers, quite a number of the Freshmen stood near the main entrance of West College, when souse came a pailful of slop-water on their heads. We give these as mere samples of the conduct of college-boys—gentlemen we cannot call them, for it has been well remarked that "as the followers of Christ were first called Christians at Antioch, so college-students were first called gentlemen at Antioch in Ohio," where our lamented Horace Mann admitted ladies to the college course, and introduced the amenities of civil life within college walls. Dr. Griffin was accustomed to address us as young gentlemen in Williams, and perhaps he thought we were such; but it was a great misnomer, for we did not deserve the appellation. Doubtless college civilization has advanced with the advancing civilization of the age, but we have too much reason to know that in those colleges from which ladies are excluded, rowdyism is still too rampant. We must do our college officers the justice to say that they are, almost without exception, gentlemen of

the highest character, and by precept and example inculcate good morals and the Christian graces. And it is owing to their controlling intellectual and personal influence, combined with the home influences, which, though distant, mould college life by memory's silent power and the affectionate letters of mothers and sisters, that so few students are ruined while cloistered away from the personal incitements and restraints of woman.

This is not all theory without any practice to corroborate it. We are not without experiments in this country of the co-education of the sexes in colleges. New England gives us no example; but as the march of civilization goes westward, we find some progress made in the elevation of woman, and it is worth while to note results. President Fairchild, of Oberlin College, thus gives his testimony in favor of the co-education of the sexes in college, after an observation of its results for thirty-four years: "The ease with which the discipline of so large a school is conducted has not ceased to be a matter of wonder to ourselves. One thousand students are gathered from every State in the Union, from every class in society, of every grade of culture—the great mass of them indeed bent on improvement, but numbers sent by anxious friends, with the hope that they may be saved, or recovered from wayward tendencies. Yet the disorders incident to such gatherings are essentially unknown among us. Our streets are as quiet by day and by night as in any other country-town. There are individual cases of misdemeanor, especially among the new-comers, and now and then one is informed that his probation has been unsatisfactory; but in the regularly organized classes of college and ladies' departments, numbering from two to four hundred in constant attendance, the exclusions have not on the average exceeded one in five years—and in one instance a period of more than ten years elapsed without a single exclusion from these classes. This result we attribute greatly to the wholesome influence of the system of joint education. The student feels that, his standing and character are of grave consequence to him, and he is predisposed to take a manly attitude in reference to the government and

regulations of the school. An admonition in the presence of the students assembled in the chapel has always been more dreaded by an offender than a private dismissal. Offenses against propriety, that in a body of young men forming a separate community would seem to be trivial, change their aspect when the female element is added to the community. From the beginning the use of tobacco has been prohibited to our students. In the presence of ladies the regulation has a force and significance that could not otherwise be secured, and has been maintained with a good degree of success. College tricks lose their wit and attractiveness in a community thus constituted. They are essentially unknown among us. The relations of the classes to each other are comfortable and desirable. It may be a mistake to attribute this fact to the social constitution of the school, but it seems to me to be a natural result. The general force of society controls and limits the clanish tendency. We have had no difficulty in reference to conduct and manner in the college dining-hall. There has been an entire absence of the irregularities and roughnesses so often complained of in college commons. Nor can it be reasonably doubted that the arrangement tends to good order and morality in the town outside of the school. Evils that might be tolerated, in the shape of drinking-saloons and other places of dissipation, if young men only were present, seem intolerable when ladies are gathered with them. The public sentiment requires their suppression."

Can the president of any New England college, or of any monastic institution anywhere, bear such testimony in favor of the discipline and deportment of his scholars? The system has been in operation at Oberlin from the commencement of the institution, now some thirty-five years, and if there had been any great defect in its workings, it would have been apparent by this time, after the education of eight college-generations. The trustees of Oberlin attempted the experiment of the co-education of the sexes in college, with no light from experience and contrary to the prejudices of the community, and their success must redound to their honor. We

must confess that the prejudices of our youth were against Oberlin. We did not believe anything great or good could come out of such a Nazareth, but our prejudices have evaporated under the light of increased knowledge. The testimony of the graduates and of the citizens of Oberlin fully corroborates the statements made by President Fairchild. A score of similar schools of prophets and prophetesses have sprung up in different parts of the country, all attesting the feasibility of this system of education.

It is doubtless more practicable to found an institution on the basis of the co-education of the sexes, than to ingraft the system upon long-established colleges and seminaries. The old-bachelor style of college life, and many of the time-honored customs—more honored by time than by good judgment—would have to be abolished. Some of the college customs, sanctioned by age and handed down by tradition from one college generation to another; would be “more honored in the breach than in the observance,” and though their breach might involve the perils of a revolution in college life, still we have such faith in the wisdom of the system we should not hesitate to encounter these perils.

Exactly what name should be given to the degree young ladies would be entitled to at their graduation we are little at a loss to indicate. The term Bachelor is generally supposed to apply to men alone, but by its etymology it signifies babbler, and as women have tongues we see no reason why they may not write their names with the suffix of A.B., for they can babble about arts as well as men. In the second degree of A.M. there can be no trouble, for M. will stand for mistress as well as master, and if the ladies insist upon being called masters—all right, it is no more than we acknowledge them to be already.

The professional school is generally supposed to be one degree higher than a college, and the question has been agitated whether ladies should be admitted to this also. We see no reason why women cannot make good physicians. Many are practising now, and some are preachers of righteousness; and if a few ladies were admitted to the bar, we should hope for more civility and less wrangling among law-

yers. Certainly there is no objection to women studying all the professions. The study would discipline their minds, give them expanded views, enlarged range of thought, and new powers of logic. The mingling of a few young ladies in our medical schools would have a most humanizing effect on the young men assembled there, who greatly need some civilizing influence. We thought most of the collegians too rough and rude in their intercourse with each other, though very smooth and polite when in mixed company; but after we graduated we resided for a time in a town where was located a medical college, and after we became intimate with medical students, we came to the conclusion that undergraduates were gentlemen by comparison, if not *per se*. We do not, however, expect to see many women in the learned professions, nor do we think it desirable they should be. Their proper sphere seems to be in the domestic circle and in the educational institute, and for the proper performance of the duties of this sphere their education should be of the highest order. They already govern and instruct the great majority of our public schools, and are thus exerting an influence more telling upon the destinies of the Republic than the great rabble of men who semi-annually deposit their votes in the ballot-box. By the simplest logic it can be proved that teachers govern the world, for they govern the children, and the children govern their mothers, and the mothers govern their husbands, and the husbands are the lords of creation: *ergo*, teachers govern the world. Let the education of these teachers, then, not be of “put the best foot foremost kind,” but of the strong masculine order, the same as with men, and in connection with men.

We already educate the sexes together in our common schools; why should they be separated in the higher schools, where the catalytic influence they will exert on each other will be of the most beneficial kind? The law that established public grammar and high schools in Massachusetts was one of the best ever enacted. These schools enable us to educate our children mainly at home, and that is the perfection of education where the family and school influences are combined; where broth-

ers and sisters can attend together, the brothers protecting the sisters and the sisters gently admonishing the brothers; where parents and teachers can consult together with reference to the interests of the children and pupils, and where the community generally feel an interest in the school and sympathy with the scholars. We only wish our high schools were a little higher, that the course of study were more extended, so that our children might be induced to remain in them for a longer period, and might graduate seniors instead of sophomores, as they are inclined now to do. This defect in our high schools is, however, not chargeable to the teachers. They doubtless would desire the standard of education to be elevated. The quality and quantity of teaching are very much like commercial commodities, according to the demand. When the public call for a more thorough course, our high schools will furnish it, and it will be a blessed day when our lads and lasses will not have to be sent to a boarding-school to finish their education.

The notion is quite prevalent that it is a good thing for children to go away from home while acquiring their education, so that they may see the world and learn how other folks live. There is doubtless much to be learned in seeing the world, and we would, by no means, deprecate the enlargement of mind which

comes by travel; but the natural place for children is home, and their best society that of their parents and brothers and sisters. The teacher of a boarding-school has the double office of teacher and parent, and however well he may fill the former, it is impossible for him to fill the latter to the perfection which the parent can, and often does, attain. The child almost knows instinctively that the love of a parent is disinterested, that his advice is without any selfish motive, and that his command must be obeyed; he therefore trusts his parent with a confidence, and obeys him with a good will, which he is not ready to yield to a stranger. It is the duty, therefore, of parents to keep their sons and daughters together and at home till their minds are well disciplined by study, their principles well established, and their habits formed, and then they can safely see the world, and profit by the lessons it teaches. The high school enables us thus to do. The young men and young women graduating from our high schools find the same incentive to action in society that they found in the school, and do not leave behind them the forces which thus far have impelled them. There is no such violent change as must occur when one graduates from a school exclusively devoted to one sex.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 426.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—*Continued.*

WE crossed the court, and strolled through the park, which was of great extent, in the direction of a thick wood, covering a rise towards the east. The morning air was perfectly still; there was a little dew on the grass, which shone rather than sparkled; the sun was burning through a light fog, which grew deeper as we approached the wood; the decaying leaves filled the air with their sweet, mournful scent. Through the wood went a wide opening or glade, stretching straight and

far towards the east, and along this we walked with that exhilaration which the fading autumn so strangely bestows. For some distance the ground ascended softly, but the view was finally closed in by a more abrupt swell, over the brow of which the mist hung in dazzling brightness.

Notwithstanding the gayety of animal spirits produced by the season, I felt unusually depressed that morning. Already, I believe, I was beginning to feel the home-born sadness of the soul whose wings are weary and whose

foot can find no firm soil on which to rest. Sometimes I think the wonder is that so many men are never sad. I doubt if Charley would have suffered so but for the wrongs his father's selfish religion had done him; which perhaps were therefore so far well, inasmuch as otherwise he might not have cared enough about religion even to doubt concerning it. But in my case now, it may have been only the unsatisfying presence of Clara, haunted by a dim regret that I could not love her more than I did. For with regard to her, my soul was like one who in a dream of delight sees outspread before him a wide river, wherein he makes haste to plunge that he may disport himself in the fine element; but, wading eagerly, alas! finds not a single pool deeper than his knees.

"What's the matter with you, Wilfrid?" said Charley, who, in the midst of some gay talk, suddenly perceived my silence.--"You seem to lose all your spirits away from your precious library. I do believe you grudge every moment not spent upon those ragged old books."

"I wasn't thinking of that, Charley; I was wondering what lies beyond that mist."

"I see!—A chapter of the *Pilgrim's Progress*! Here we are—Mary, you're Christiana, and, Clara, you're Mercy. Wilfrid, you're—what?—I should have said Hopeful any other day, but this morning you look like—let me see—like Mr. Ready-to-Halt. The celestial city lies behind that fog—doesn't it, Christiana?"

"I don't like to hear you talk so, Charley," said his sister, smiling in his face.

"They ain't in the Bible," he returned.

"No—and I shouldn't mind if you were only merry, but you know you are scoffing at the story, and I love it—so I can't be pleased to hear you."

"I beg your pardon, Mary—but your celestial city lies behind such a fog, that not one crystal turret, one pearly gate of it was ever seen. At least *we* have never caught a glimmer of it; and must go tramp, tramp—we don't know whither, any more than the blind puppy that has crawled too far from his mother's side."

"I do see the light of it, Charley dear,"

said Mary, sadly—not as if the light were any great comfort to her at the moment.

"If you do see something—how can you tell what it's the light of? It may come from the city of Dis, for anything you know."

"I don't know what that is."

"Oh! the red-hot city—down below. You will find all about it in Dante."

"It doesn't look like that—the light I see," said Mary, quietly.

"How very ill-bred you are—to say such wicked things, Charley!" said Clara.

"Am I? They *are* better unmentioned. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die! Only don't allude to the unpleasant subject."

He burst out singing: the verses were poor, but I will give them.

"Let the sun shimmer!
Let the wind blow!
All is a notion—
What do we know?
Let the moon glimmer!
Let the stream flow!
All is but motion
To and fro!

"Let the rose wither!
Let the stars glow!
Let the rain batter—
Drift sleet and snow!
Bring the tears hither!
Let the smiles go!
What does it matter?
To and fro!

"To and fro ever,
Motion and show!
Nothing goes onward—
Hurry or no!
All is one river—
Seaward, and so
Up again sunward—
To and fro!

"Pendulum sweeping
High, and now low!
That star—*tic*, blot it!
Tac, let it go!
Time he is reaping
Hay for his mow;
That flower—he's got it!
To and fro!

"Such a scythe swinging,
Mighty and slow!
Ripping and slaying—
Hey nonny no!

Black Ribs is singing—
Chorus—Hey, ho !
What is he saying—
To and fro ?

“Singing and saying
‘Grass is hay—ho !
Love is a longing ;
Water is snow.’
Swinging and swaying,
Toll the bells go !
Dinging and donging
To and fro.”

“Oh Charley !” said his sister, with suppressed agony, “what a wicked song !”

“It *is* a wicked song,” I said. “But I meant—it only represents an unbelieving, hopeless mood.”

“You wrote it then !” she said, giving me—as it seemed, involuntarily—a look of reproach.

“Yes, I did ; but——”

“Then I think you are very horrid,” said Clara, interrupting.

“Charley !” I said, “you must not leave your sister to think so badly of me ! You know why I wrote it—and what I meant.”

“I wish I had written it myself,” he returned. “I think it splendid. Anybody might envy you that song.”

“But you know I didn’t mean it for a true one.”

“Who knows whether it is true or false ?”

“I know,” said Mary : “I know it is false.”

“And I hope it,” I adjoined.

“What ever put such horrid things in your head, Wilfrid ?” asked Clara.

“Probably the fear lest they should be true. The verses came as I sat in a country church once, not long ago.”

“In a church !” exclaimed Mary.

“Oh ! he does go to church sometimes,” said Charley with a laugh.

“How could you think of it in church ?” persisted Mary.

“It’s more like the churchyard,” said Clara.

“It was in an old church in a certain desolate sea-forsaken town,” I said. “The pendulum of the clock—a huge, long, heavy, slow thing, hangs far down into the church, and goes swing, swang over your head, three or four seconds to every swing. When you have

heard the *tic*, your heart grows faint every time between—waiting for the *tac*, which seems as if it would never come.”

We were ascending the acclivity, and no one spoke again before we reached the top. There a wide landscape lay stretched before us. The mist was rapidly melting away before the gathering strength of the sun : as we stood and gazed we could see it vanishing. By slow degrees the colors of the autumn woods dawned out of it. Close under us lay a great wave of gorgeous red—beeches I think—in the midst of which, here and there, stood up, tall and straight and dark, the unchanging green of a fir-tree. The glow of a hectic death was over the landscape, melting away into the misty fringe of the far horizon. Overhead the sky was blue with a clear thin blue that told of withdrawing suns and coming frosts.

“For my part,” I said, “I cannot believe that beyond this loveliness there lies no greater. Who knows, Charley, but death may be the first recognizable step of the progress of which you despair ?”

It was then I caught the look from Mary’s eye, for the sake of which I have recorded the little incidents of the morning. But the same moment the look faded, and the veil or the mask fell over her face.

“I am afraid,” she said, “if there has been no progress before, there will be little indeed after.”

Now of all things, I hated the dogmatic theology of the party in which she had been brought up, and I turned from her with silent dislike.

“Really,” said Clara, “you gentlemen have been very entertaining this morning. One would think Polly and I had come out for a stroll with a couple of undertaker’s-men. There’s surely time enough to think of such things yet ! None of us are at death’s door exactly.”

“‘Sweet Remembrancer !’—Who knows ?” said Charley.

“Now I, to comfort him,” I followed, quoting Mrs. Quickly concerning Sir John Falstaff, “‘bid him, ‘a should not think of God ; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.’”

"I beg your pardon," said Mary—"there was no word of Him in the matter."

"I see," said Clara: "you meant that at me, Wilfrid. But I assure you I am no heathen. I go to church regularly—once a Sunday when I can, and twice when I can't help it. That's more than you do, Mr. Cumbermede, I suspect."

"What makes you think so?" I asked.

"I can't imagine you enjoying anything but the burial service."

"It is to my mind the most consoling of them all," I answered.

"Well, I haven't reached the point of wanting that consolation yet, thank heaven."

"Perhaps some of us would rather have the consolation than give thanks that we didn't need it," I said.

"I can't say I understand you, but I know you mean something disagreeable. Polly, I think we had better go home to breakfast."

Mary turned, and we all followed. Little was said on the way home. We divided in the hall—the ladies to breakfast, and we to our work.

We had not spoken for an hour, when Charley broke the silence.

"What a brute I am, Wilfrid!" he said. "Why shouldn't I be as good as Jesus Christ? It seems always as if a man might. But just look at me! Because I was miserable myself, I went and made my poor little sister twice as miserable as she was before. She'll never get over what I said this morning."

"It *was* foolish of you, Charley."

"It was brutal. I am the most selfish creature in the world—always taken up with myself. I do believe there is a devil, after all. *I* am a devil. And the universal self is *the* devil. If there were such a thing as a self always giving itself away—that self would be God."

"Something very like the God of Christianity, I think."

"If it were so, there would be a chance for us. We might then one day give the finishing blow to the devil in us. But no: *he* does all for his own glory."

"It depends on what his glory is. If what the self-seeking self would call glory, then I agree with you—that is not the God

we need. But if his glory should be just the opposite—the perfect giving of himself away—then—. Of course I know nothing about it. My uncle used to say things like that."

He did not reply, and we went on with our work. Neither of the ladies came near us again that day.

Before the end of the week, the library was in tolerable order to the eye, though it could not be perfectly arranged until the commencement of a catalogue should be as the dawn of a consciousness in the half-restored mass.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A STORM.

So many books of rarity and value had revealed themselves, that it was not difficult to make Sir Giles comprehend in some degree the importance of such a possession: he had grown more and more interested as the work went on; and even Lady Brotherton, although she much desired to have at least the oldest and most valuable of the books rebound in red morocco first, was so far satisfied with what she was told concerning the worth of the library, that she determined to invite some of the neighbors to dinner, for the sake of showing it. The main access to it was to be by the armory; and she had that side of the gallery round the hall which led thither, covered with a thick carpet.

Meantime Charley had looked over all the papers in my chest, but, beyond what I have already stated, no fact of special interest had been brought to light.

In sending an invitation to Charley, Lady Brotherton could hardly avoid sending me one as well: I doubt whether I should otherwise have been allowed to enjoy the admiration bestowed on the result of my labors.

The dinner was formal and dreary enough: the geniality of one of the heads of a household is seldom sufficient to give character to an entertainment.

"They tell me you are a buyer of books, Mr. Alderforge," said Mr. Mollet to the clergyman of a neighboring parish, as we sat over our wine.

"Quite a mistake," returned Mr. Alderforge. "I am a reader of books."

"That of course! But you buy them first—don't you?"

"Not always. I sometimes borrow them."

"That I never do. If a book is worth borrowing, it is worth buying."

"Perhaps—if you can afford it. But many books that book-buyers value, I count worthless—for all their wide margins and uncut leaves."

"Will you come and have a look at Sir Giles's library," I ventured to say.

"I never heard of a library at Moldwarp Hall, Sir Giles," said Mr. Mollet.

"I am given to understand there is a very valuable one," said Mr. Alderforge. "I shall be glad to accompany you, sir," he added, turning to me, "—if Sir Giles will allow us."

"You cannot have a better guide than Mr. Cumbermede," said Sir Giles. "I am indebted to him almost for the discovery—together for the restoration of the library."

"Assisted by Miss Brotherton and her friends, Sir Giles," I said.

"A son of Mr. Cumbermede of Lowdon Farm, I presume?" said Alderforge, bowing interrogatively.

"A nephew," I answered.

"He was a most worthy man.—By the way, Sir Giles, your young friend here must be a distant connection of your own. I found in some book or other lately, I forget where at the moment, that there were Cumbermedes at one time in Moldwarp Hall."

"Yes—about two hundred years ago, I believe. It passed to our branch of the family some time during the troubles of the seventeenth century—I hardly know how—I am not much of an historian."

I thought of my precious volume, and the name on the title-page. That book might have once been in the library of Moldwarp Hall. If so, how had it strayed into my possession—alone, yet more to me than all that was left behind?

We betook ourselves to the library. The visitors expressed themselves astonished at its extent, and the wealth which even a glance revealed—for I took care to guide their notice to its richest veins.

"When it is once arranged," I said, "I fancy there will be few private libraries to stand

a comparison with it—I am thinking of old English literature, and old editions: there is not a single volume of the present century in it, so far as I know."

I had had a few old sconces fixed here and there, but as yet there were no means of really lighting the rooms. Hence, when a great flash of lightning broke from a cloud that hung over the park right in front of the windows, it flooded them with a dazzling splendor. I went to find Charley, for the library was the best place to see the lightning from. As I entered the drawing-room, a tremendous peal of thunder burst over the house, causing so much consternation amongst the ladies, that, for the sake of company, they all followed to the library. Clara seemed more frightened than any. Mary was perfectly calm. Charley was much excited. The storm grew in violence. We saw the lightning strike a tree which stood alone a few hundred yards from the house. When the next flash came, half of one side seemed torn away. The wind rose, first in fierce gusts, then into a tempest, and the rain poured in torrents.

"None of you can go home to-night, ladies," said Sir Giles. "You must make up your minds to stay where you are. Few horses would face such a storm as that."

"It would be to tax your hospitality too grievously, Sir Giles," said Mr. Alderforge. "I dare say it will clear up by and by, or at least moderate sufficiently to let us get home."

"I don't think there's much chance of that," returned Sir Giles. "The barometer has been steadily falling for the last three days. My dear, you had better give your orders at once."

"You had better stop, Charley," I said.

"I won't if you go," he returned.

Clara was beside.

"You must not think of going," she said.

Whether she spoke to him or me, I did not know, but as Charley made no answer—

"I cannot stop without being asked," I said, "and it is not likely any one will take the trouble to ask me."

The storm increased. At the request of the ladies, the gentlemen left the library and accompanied them to the drawing-room for tea. Our hostess asked Clara to sing, but she was too frightened to comply.

"You will sing, Mary, if Lady Brotherton asks you, I know," said Mrs. Osborne.

"Do, my dear," said Lady Brotherton; and Mary at once complied.

I had never heard her sing, and did not expect much. But although she had little execution, there was, I found, a wonderful charm both in her voice and the simplicity of her mode. I did not feel this at first, nor could I tell when the song began to lay hold upon me; but when it ceased, I found that I had been listening intently. I have often since tried to recall it, but as yet it has eluded all my efforts. I still cherish the hope that it may return some night in a dream, or in some waking moment of quiescent thought, when what we call the brain works as it were of itself, and the spirit allows it play.

The close was lost in a louder peal of thunder than had yet burst. Charley and I went again to the library to look out on the night. It was dark as pitch, except when the lightning broke and revealed everything for one intense moment.

"I think sometimes," said Charley, "that death will be like one of those flashes, revealing everything in hideous fact—for just one moment and no more."

"How for one moment and no more, Charley?" I asked.

"Because the sight of the truth concerning itself must kill the soul, if there be one, with disgust at its own vileness, and the miserable contrast between its aspirations and attainments, its pretenses and its efforts. At least, that would be the death fit for a life like mine—a death of disgust at itself. We claim immortality; we cringe and cower with the fear that immortality may *not* be the destiny of man; and yet we—I—do things unworthy not merely of immortality, but unworthy of the butterfly existence of a single day in such a world as this sometimes seems to be. Just think how I stabbed at my sister's faith this morning—careless of making her as miserable as myself! Because my father has put into her mind his fancies, and I hate them, I would wound again the heart which they wound, and which cannot help their presence!"

"But the heart that can be sorry for an action is far above the action, just as

her heart is better than the notions that haunt it."

"Sometimes I hope so. But action determines character. And it is all such a mud-dle! I don't care much about what they call immortality. I doubt if it is worth the having. I would a thousand times rather have one day of conscious purity of heart and mind and soul and body, than an eternity of such life as I have now.—What am I saying?" he added, with a despairing laugh. "It is a fool's comparison; for an eternity of the former would be bliss—one moment of the latter is misery."

I could but admire and pity my poor friend both at once.

Miss Pease had entered unheard.

"Mr. Cumbermede," she said, "I have been looking for you to show you your room. It is not the one I should like to have got for you, but Mrs. Wilson says you have occupied it before, and I dare say you will find it comfortable enough."

"Thank you, Miss Pease. I am sorry you should have taken the trouble. I can go home well enough. I am not afraid of a little rain."

"A little rain!" said Charley, trying to speak lightly.

"Well, any amount of rain," I said.

"But the lightning!"—expostulated Miss Pease, in a timid voice.

"I am something of a fatalist, Miss Pease," I said. "'Every bullet has its billet,' you know. Besides, if I had a choice, I think I would rather die by lightning than any other way."

"Don't talk like that, Mr. Cumbermede—Oh! what a flash!"

"I was not speaking irreverently, I assure you," I replied.—"I think I had better set out at once, for there seems no chance of its clearing."

"I am sure Sir Giles would be distressed if you did."

"He will never know, and I dislike giving trouble."

"The room is ready. I will show you where it is, that you may go when you like."

"If Mrs. Wilson says it is a room I have occupied before, I know the way quite well."

"There are two ways to it," she said. "But of course one of them is enough," she added with a smile. "Mr. Osborne, your room is in another part quite."

"I know where my sister's room is," said Charley. "Is it anywhere near hers?"

"That is the room you are to have. Miss Osborne is to be with your mamma, I think. There is plenty of accommodation, only the notice was short."

I began to button my coat.

"Don't go, Wilfrid," said Charley. "You might give offense. Besides, you will have the advantage of getting to work as early as you please in the morning."

It was late, and I was tired—consequently less inclined than usual to encounter a storm, for in general I enjoyed being in any commotion of the elements. Also, I felt I should like to pass another night in that room, and have besides the opportunity of once more examining at my leisure the gap in the tapestry.

"Will you meet me early in the library, Charley?" I said.

"Yes—to be sure I will—as early as you like."

"Let us go to the drawing-room then."

"Why should you, if you are tired and want to go to bed?"

"Because Lady Brotherton will not like my being included in the invitation. She will think it absurd of me not to go home."

"There is no occasion to go near her, then."

"I do not choose to sleep in the house without knowing that she knows it."

We went. I made my way to Lady Brotherton. Clara was standing near her.

"I am much obliged by your hospitality, Lady Brotherton," I said. "It is rather a rough night to encounter in evening dress."

She bowed.

"The distance is not great, however," I said, "and perhaps——"

"Out of the question!" said Sir Giles, who came up at the moment.

"Will you see then, Sir Giles, that a room is prepared for your guest?" she said.

"I trust that is unnecessary," he replied. "I gave orders."—But as he spoke he went towards the bell.

"It is all arranged, I believe, Sir Giles,"

I said. "Mrs. Wilson has already informed me which is my room. Good night, Sir Giles."

He shook hands with me kindly. I bowed to Lady Brotherton, and retired.

It may seem foolish to record such mere froth of conversation, but I want my reader to understand how a part at least of the family of Moldwarp Hall regarded me.

CHAPTER XL.

A DREAM.

My room looked dreary enough. There was no fire, and the loss of the patch of tapestry from the wall gave the whole an air of dilapidation. The wind howled fearfully in the chimney and about the door on the roof, and the rain came down on the leads like the distant trampling of many horses. But I was not in an imaginative mood. Charley was again my trouble. I could not bear him to be so miserable. Why was I not as miserable as he, I asked myself. Perhaps I ought to be, for although certainly I hoped more, I could not say I believed more than he. I wished more than ever that I did believe, for then I should be able to help him—I was sure of that; but I saw no possible way of arriving at belief. Where was the proof? Where even the hope of a growing probability?

With these thoughts drifting about in my brain, like waifs which the tide will not let go, I was poring over the mutilated forms of the tapestry round the denuded door, with an expectation, almost a conviction, that I should find the fragment still hanging on the wall of the kitchen at the Moat, the very piece wanted to complete the broken figures. When I had them well fixed in my memory I went to bed, and lay pondering over the several broken links which indicated some former connection between the Moat and the Hall, until I fell asleep, and began to dream strange wild dreams, of which the following was the last.

I was in a great palace, wandering hither and thither, and meeting no one. A weight of silence brooded in the place. From hall to hall I went, along corridor and gallery, and up and down endless stairs. I knew that in some room near me was one whose name was Athanasia,—a maiden, I thought in my dream,

whom I had known and loved for years, but had lately lost—I knew not how. Somewhere here she was, if only I could find her! From room to room I went seeking her. Every room I entered bore some proof that she had just been there—but there she was not. In one lay a veil, in another a handkerchief, in a third a glove; and all were scented with a strange entrancing odor, which I had never known before, but which in certain moods I can to this day imperfectly recall. I followed and followed until hope failed me utterly, and I sat down and wept. But while I wept, hope dawned afresh, and I rose and again followed the quest, until I found myself in a little chapel like that of Moldwarp Hall. It was filled with the sound of an organ, distance-faint, and the thin music was the same as the odor of the handkerchief which I carried in my bosom. I tried to follow the sound, but the chapel grew and grew as I wandered, and I came no nearer to its source. At last the altar rose before me on my left, and through the bowed end of the aisle I passed behind it into the lady-chapel. There, against the outer wall stood a dusky, ill-defined shape. Its head rose above the sill of the eastern window, and I saw it against the rising moon. But that and the whole figure were covered with a thick drapery; I could see nothing of the face, and distinguish little of the form.

"What art thou?" I asked trembling.

"I am Death—dost thou not know me?" answered the figure, in a sweet though worn and weary voice. "Thou hast been following me all thy life, and hast followed me hither."

Then I saw through the lower folds of the cloudy garment, which grew thin and gauze-like as I gazed, a huge iron door, with folding leaves, and a great iron bar across them.

"Art thou at thy own door?" I asked. "Surely thy house cannot open under the eastern window of the church?"

"Follow and see," answered the figure.

Turning, it drew back the bolt, threw wide the portals, and low-stooping entered. I followed, not into the moonlit night, but through a cavernous opening into darkness. If my Athanasia were down with Death, I would go with Death, that I might at least end with her.

Down and down I followed the veiled figure, down flight after flight of stony stairs, through passages like those of the catacombs, and again down steep straight stairs. At length it stopped at another gate, and with beating heart I heard what I took for bony fingers, fumbling with a chain and a bolt. But ere the fastenings had yielded, once more I heard the sweet odor-like music of the distant organ. The same moment the door opened, but I could see nothing for some time for the mighty inburst of a lovely light. A fair river, brimming full, its little waves flashing in the sun and wind, washed the threshold of the door, and over its surface, hither and thither, sped the white sails of shining boats, while from somewhere, clear now, but still afar, came the sound of a great organ psalm. Beyond the river the sun was rising—over blue summer hills that melted into blue summer sky. On the threshold stood my guide, bending towards me, as if waiting for me to pass out also. I lifted my eyes: the veil had fallen—it was my lost Athanasia! Not one beam touched her face, for her back was to the sun, yet her face was radiant. Trembling, I would have knelt at her feet, but she stepped out upon the flowing river, and with the sweetest of sad smiles, drew the door to, and left me alone in the dark hollow of the earth. I broke into a convulsive weeping, and awoke.

CHAPTER XLI.

A WAKING.

I SUPPOSE I awoke tossing in my misery, for my hand fell upon something cold. I started up and tried to see. The light of a clear morning of late autumn had stolen into the room while I slept, and glimmered on something that lay upon the bed. It was some time before I could believe that my troubled eyes were not the sport of one of those odd illusions that come of mingled sleep and waking. But by the golden hilt and rusted blade I was at length convinced, although the scabbard was gone, that I saw my own sword. It lay by my left side, with the hilt towards my hand. But the moment I turned a little to take it in my right hand, I forgot all about it in a far more bewildering discovery, which fixed me staring half in terror, half in

amazement, so that again for a moment I disbelieved in my waking condition. On the other pillow lay the face of a lovely girl. I felt as if I had seen it before—whether only in the just vanished dream, I could not tell. But the maiden of my dream never comes back to me with any other features or with any other expression than those which I now beheld. There was an ineffable mingling of love and sorrow on the sweet countenance. The girl was dead asleep, but evidently dreaming, for tears were flowing from under her closed lids. For a time I was unable even to think; when thought returned, I was afraid to move. All at once the face of Mary Osborne dawned out of the vision before me—how different, how glorified from its waking condition! It was perfectly lovely—transfigured by the unchecked outflow of feeling. The recognition brought me to my senses at once. I did not waste a single thought in speculating how the mistake had occurred, for there was not a moment to be lost. I must be wise to shield her, and chiefly, as much as might be, from the miserable confusion which her own discovery of the untoward fact would occasion.

At first I thought it would be best to lie ² still, in order that she, at length waking and discovering where she was, but ³ finding me fast asleep, might escape with the conviction that the whole occurrence remained her own secret. I made the attempt, but I need hardly say that never before or since have I found myself in a situation half so perplexing; and in a few moments I was seized with such a trembling that I was compelled to turn my thoughts to the only other possible plan. As I reflected, the absolute necessity of attempting it became more and more apparent. In the first place, when she woke and saw me, she might scream and be heard; in the next, she might be seen as she left the room, or, unable to find her way, might be involved in great consequent embarrassment. But, if I could gather all my belongings, and, without awaking her, escape by the stair to the roof, she would be left to suppose that she had but mistaken her chamber, and would, I hoped, remain in ignorance that she had not passed the night in it alone. I dared one more peep into her face. The light and the

loveliness of her dream had passed; I should not now have had to look twice to know that it was Mary Osborne; but never more could I see in hers a common face. She was still fast asleep, and, stealthy as a beast of prey, I began to make my escape. At the first movement, however, my perplexity was redoubled, for again my hand fell on the sword which I had forgotten, and question after question as to how they were together, and together there, darted through my bewildered brain. Could a third person have come and laid the sword between us? I had no time, however, to answer one of my own questions. Hardly knowing which was better, or if there was *a better*, I concluded to take the weapon with me, moved in part by the fact that I had found it where I had lost it, but influenced far more by its association with this night of marvel.

Having gathered my garments together, and twice glancing around me—once to see that I left nothing behind, and once to take farewell of the peaceful face, which had never moved—I opened the little door in the wall, and made my strange retreat up the stair. My heart was beating so violently from the fear of her waking, that when the door was drawn to behind me, I had to stand for what seemed minutes before I was able to ascend the steep stair, and step from its darkness into the clear frosty shine of the autumn sun, brilliant upon the leads wet with the torrents of the preceding night.

I found a sheltered spot by the chimney-stack, where no one could see me from below, and proceeded to dress myself—assisted in my very imperfect toilet by the welcome discovery of a pool of rain in a depression of the lead-covered roof. But alas, before I had finished, I found that I had brought only one of my shoes away with me! This settled the question I was at the moment debating—whether, namely, it would be better to go home, or to find some way of reaching the library. I put my remaining shoe in my pocket, and set out to discover a descent. It would have been easy to get down into the little gallery, but it communicated on both sides immediately with bed-rooms, which for anything I knew might be occupied; and besides, I was unwilling to enter the house for fear

of encountering some of the domestics. But I knew more of the place now, and had often speculated concerning the odd position and construction of an outside stair in the first court, close to the chapel, with its landing at the door of a room *en suite* with those of Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton. It was for a man an easy drop to this landing: quiet as a cat, I crept over the roof, let myself down, crossed the court swiftly, drew back the bolt which alone secured the wicket, and, with no greater mishap than the unavoidable wetting of shoeless feet, was soon safe in my own room, exchanging my evening for a morning dress. When I looked at my watch, I found it nearly seven o'clock.

I was so excited and bewildered by the adventures I had gone through, that, from very commonness, all the things about me looked alien and strange. I had no feeling of relation to the world of ordinary life. The first thing I did was to hang my sword in its own old place, and the next to take down the bit of tapestry from the opposite wall, which I proceeded to examine in the light of my recollection of that round the denuded door. Room was left for not even a single doubt as to the relation between this and that: they had been wrought in one and the same piece by fair fingers of some long-vanished time.

CHAPTER XLII.

A TALK ABOUT SUICIDE.

IN the same excited mood, but repressing it with all the energy I could gather, I returned to the Hall, and made my way to the library. There Charley soon joined me.

"Why didn't you come to breakfast?" he asked.

"I've been home, and changed my clothes," I answered. "I couldn't well appear in a tail-coat. It's bad enough to have to wear such an ugly thing by candle-light."

"What's the matter with you?" he asked again, after an interval of silence, which I judge from the question must have been rather a long one.

"What is the matter with me, Charley?"

"I can't tell. You don't seem yourself, somehow."

I do not know what answer I gave him, but

I knew myself what was the matter with me well enough. The form and face of the maiden of my dream, the Athanasia lost that she might be found, blending with the face and form of Mary Osborne, filled my imagination so that I could think of nothing else. Gladly would I have been rid of even Charley's company, that while my hands were busy with the books, my heart might brood at will now upon the lovely dream, now upon the lovely vision to which I awoke from it, and which, had it not glided into the forms of the foregone dream and possessed it with itself, would have banished it altogether. At length I was aware of light steps and sweet voices in the next room, and Mary and Clara presently entered.

How came it that the face of the one had lost the half of its radiance, and the face of the other had gathered all that the former had lost? Mary's countenance was as still as ever; there was not in it a single ray of light beyond its usual expression; but I had become more capable of reading it, for the coalescence of the face of my dream with her dreaming face had given me its key; and I was now so far from indifferent, that I was afraid to look for fear of betraying the attraction I now found it exercise over me. Seldom surely has a man been so long familiar with and careless of any countenance to find it all at once an object of absorbing interest! The very fact of its want of revelation added immensely to its power over me now—for was I not in its secret? Did I not know what a lovely soul hid behind that unexpressive countenance? Did I not know that it was as the veil of the holy of holies, at times reflecting only the light of the seven golden lamps in the holy place; at others almost melted away in the rush of the radiance unspeakable from the hidden and holier side—the region whence come the revelations? To draw through it if but once the feeblest glimmer of the light I had but once beheld, seemed an ambition worthy of a life. Knowing her power of reticence, however, and of withdrawing from the outer courts into the penetralia of her sanctuary, guessing also at something of the aspect in which she regarded me, I dared not now make any such attempt. But I resolved to seize what

opportunity might offer of convincing her that I was not so far out of sympathy with her as to be unworthy of holding closer converse ; and I now began to feel distressed at what had given me little trouble before, namely, that she should suppose me the misleader of her brother, while I knew that, however far I might be from an absolute belief in things which she seemed never to have doubted, I was yet in some measure the means of keeping him from flinging aside the last cords which held him to the faith of his fathers. But I would not lead in any such direction, partly from the fear of hypocrisy, partly from horror at the idea of making capital of what little faith I had. But Charley himself afforded me an opportunity which I could not, whatever my scrupulosity, well avoid.

"Have you ever looked into that little book, Charley?" I said, finding in my hands an early edition of the *Christian Morals* of Sir Thomas Browne.—I wanted to say something, that I might not appear distraught.

"No," he answered, with indifference, as he glanced at the title-page. "Is it anything particular?"

"Everything he writes, however whimsical in parts, is well worth more than mere reading," I answered. "It is a strangely latinized style, but has its charm notwithstanding."

He was turning over the leaves as I spoke. Receiving no response, I looked up. He seemed to have come upon something which had attracted him.

"What have you found?" I asked.

"Here's a chapter on the easiest way of putting a stop to it all," he answered.

"What do you mean?"

"He was a medical man—wasn't he? I'm ashamed to say I know nothing about him."

"Yes, certainly he was."

"Then he knew what he was about."

"As well probably as any man of his profession at the time."

"He recommends drowning," said Charley, without raising his eyes from the book.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean for suicide."

"Nonsense. He was the last man to favor that. You must make a mistake. He was a thoroughly Christian man."

"I know nothing about that. Hear this."

He read the following passages from the beginning of the thirteenth section of the second part :—

"With what shift and pains we come into the world, we remember not ; but 'tis commonly found no easy matter to get out of it. Many have studied to exasperate the ways of death, but fewer hours have been spent to soften that necessity."—"Ovid, the old heroes, and the Stoics, who were so afraid of drowning, as dreading thereby the extinction of their soul, which they conceived to be a fire, stood probably in fear of an easier way of death ; where, in the water, entering the possessions of air, makes a temperate suffocation, and kills as it were without a fever. Surely many, who have had the spirit to destroy themselves, have not been ingenious in the contrivance thereof."—"Cato is much to be pitied, who mangled himself with poniards ; and Hannibal seems more subtle, who carried his delivery, not in the point but the pommel of his sword."

"Poison, I suppose," he said, as he ended the extract.

"Yes, that's the story, if you remember," I answered ; "but I don't see that Sir Thomas is favoring suicide. Not at all. What he writes there is merely a speculation on the comparative ease of different modes of dying. Let me see it."

I took the book from his hands, and, glancing over the essay, read the closing passage.

"But to learn to die, is better than to study the ways of dying. Death will find some ways to untie or cut the most gordian knots of life, and make men's miseries as mortal as themselves : whereas evil spirits, as undying substances, are unseparable from their calamities ; and, therefore, they everlastingly struggle under their angustias, and bound up with immortality can never get out of themselves."

"There ! I told you so !" cried Charley. "Don't you see? He is the most cunning arguer—beats Despair in the Fairy Queen hollow !"

By this time, either attracted by the stately flow of Sir Thomas's speech, or by the tone of our disputation, the two girls had drawn nearer, and were listening.

"What *do* you mean, Charley?" I said, perceiving however the hold I had by my further quotation given him.

"First of all, he tells you the easiest way of dying, and then informs you that it ends all your troubles. He is too cunning to say in so many words that there is no hereafter, but what else can he wish you to understand when he says that in dying we have the advantage over the evil spirits, who cannot by death get rid of their sufferings? I will read this book," he added, closing it, and putting it in his pocket.

"I wish you would," I said; "for although I confess you are logically right in your conclusions, I know Sir Thomas did not mean anything of the sort. He was only misled by his love of antithesis into a hasty and illogical remark. The whole tone of his book is against such a conclusion. Besides, I do not doubt he was thinking only of good people, for whom he believed all suffering over at their death."

"But I don't see, supposing he does believe in immortality, why you should be so anxious about his orthodoxy on the other point. Didn't Dr. Donne, as good a man as any, I presume, argue on the part of the suicide?"

"I have not read Dr. Donne's essay, but I suspect the obliquity of it has been much exaggerated."

"Why should you? I never saw any argument worth the name on the other side. We have plenty of expressions of horror—but those are not argument. Indeed, the mass of the vulgar are so afraid of dying, that, apparently in terror lest suicide should prove infectious, they treat in a brutal manner the remains of the man who has only had the courage to free himself from a burden too hard for him to bear. It is all selfishness—nothing else. They love their paltry selves so much, that they count it a greater sin to kill one's self than to kill another man—which seems to me absolutely devilish. Therefore, the *vox populi*, whether it be the *vox Dei* or not, is not nonsense merely, but absolute wickedness. Why shouldn't a man kill himself?"

Clara was looking on rather than listening, and her interest seemed that of amusement only. Mary's eyes were wide-fixed on the

face of Charley, evidently tortured to find that to the other enormities of his unbelief was to be added the justification of suicide. His habit of arguing was doubtless well enough known to her to leave room for the mitigating possibility that he might be arguing only for argument's sake, but what he said could not but be shocking to her upon any supposition.

I was not ready with an answer. Clara was the first to speak.

"It's a cowardly thing, anyhow," she said.

"How do you make that out, Miss Clara?" asked Charley. "I'm aware it's the general opinion, but I don't see it myself."

"It's surely cowardly to run away in that fashion."

"For my part," returned Charley, "I feel that it requires more courage than I've got, and hence it comes, I suppose, that I admire any one who has the pluck."

"What vulgar words you use, Mr. Charles!" said Clara.

"Besides," he went on, heedless of her remark, "a man may want to escape—not from his duties—he mayn't know what they are—but from his own weakness and shame."

"But, Charley dear," said Mary, with a great light in her eyes, and the rest of her face as still as a sunless pond, "you don't think of the sin of it. I know you are only talking, but some things oughtn't to be talked of lightly."

"What makes it a sin? It's not mentioned in the Ten Commandments," said Charley.

"Surely it's against the will of God, Charley dear."

"He hasn't said anything about it, anyhow. And why should I have a thing forced upon me whether I will or no, and then be pulled up for throwing it away when I found it troublesome?"

"Surely I don't quite understand you, Charley."

"Well, if I must be more explicit—I was never asked whether I chose to be made or not. I never had the conditions laid before me. Here I am, and I can't help myself—so far, I mean, as that here I am."

"But life is a good thing," said Mary, evidently struggling with an almost overpowering horror.

"I don't know that. My impression is that if I had been asked——"

"But that couldn't be, you know."

"Then it wasn't fair. But why couldn't I be made for a moment or two, long enough to have the thing laid before me, and be asked whether I would accept it or not? My impression is that I would have said—No, thank you;—that is, if it was fairly put."

I hastened to offer a remark, in the hope of softening the pain such flippancy must cause her.

"And my impression is, Charley," I said, "that if such had been possible——"

"Of course," he interrupted, "the God you believe in could have made me for a minute or two. He can, I suppose, unmake me now when he likes."

"Yes; but could he have made you all at once capable of understanding his plans, and your own future? Perhaps that is what he is doing now—making you, by all you are going through, capable of understanding them. Certainly the question could not have been put to you before you were able to comprehend it, and this may be the only way to make you able. Surely a being who *could* make you had a right to risk the chance, if I may be allowed such an expression, of your being satisfied in the end with what he saw to be good—so good indeed that, if we accept the New Testament story, he would have been willing to go through the same troubles himself for the same end."

"No, no; not the same troubles," he objected. "According to the story to which you refer, Jesus Christ was free from all that alone makes life unendurable—the bad inside you, that will come outside whether you will or no."

"I admit your objection. As to the evil coming out, I suspect it is better it should come out, so long as it is there. But the end is not yet; and still I insist the probability is, that if you could know it all now, you would say with submission, if not with hearty concurrence—'Thy will be done.'"

"I have known people who could say that without knowing it all now, Mr. Cumbermede," said Mary.

I had often called her by her Christian

name, but she had never accepted the familiarity.

"No doubt," said Charley; "but I'm not one of those."

"If you would but give in," said his sister, "you would—in the end, I mean—say, 'It is well.' I am sure of that."

"Yes—perhaps I might—after all the suffering had been forced upon me, and was over at last—when I had been thoroughly exhausted and cowed, that is."

"Which wouldn't satisfy any thinking soul, Charley—much less God," I said. "But if there be a God at all——"

Mary gave a slight inarticulate cry.

"Dear Miss Osborne," I said, "I beg you will not misunderstand me. I cannot be sure about it as you are—I wish I could—but I am not disputing it in the least; I am only trying to make my argument as strong as I can. I was going to say to Charley—not to you—that if there be a God, he would not have compelled us to be, except with the absolute foreknowledge that when we knew all about it, we would certainly declare ourselves ready to go through it all again if need should be, in order to attain the known end of his high calling."

"But isn't it very presumptuous to assert anything about God which he has not revealed in his word?" said Mary, in a gentle, subdued voice, and looking at me with a sweet doubtfulness in her eyes.

"I am only insisting on the perfection of God—as far as I can understand perfection," I answered.

"But may not the perfection of God be something very different from anything we *can* understand?"

"I will go farther," I returned. "It *must* be something that we cannot understand—but different from what we can understand by being greater, not by being less."

"Mayn't it be such that we can't understand it at all?" she insisted.

"Then how should we ever worship him? How should we ever rejoice in him? Surely it is because you see God to be good——"

"Or fancy you do," interposed Charley.

"Or fancy you do," I assented, "that you love him—not merely because you are told he

is good. The Feejee islander might assert his God to be good, but would that make you love him? If you heard that a great power, away somewhere, who had nothing to do with you at all, was very good, would that make you able to love him?"

"Yes, it would," said Mary, decidedly. "It is only a good man who would see that God was good."

"There you argue entirely on my side. It must be because you supposed his goodness what you call goodness—not something else—that you could love him on testimony. But even then, your love could not be of that mighty, absorbing kind which alone you would think fit between you and your God. It would not be loving him with all your heart and soul and strength and mind—would it? It would be loving him second-hand—not because of himself, seen and known by yourself."

"But Charley does not even love God second-hand," she said, with a despairing mournfulness.

"Perhaps because he is very anxious to love him first-hand, and what you tell him about God does not seem to him to be good. Surely neither man nor woman can love because of what seems not good! I confess one may love in spite of what is bad, but it must be because of other things that are good."

She was silent.

"However goodness may change its forms," I went on, "it must still be goodness, only if we are to adore it, we must see something of what it is—of itself. And the goodness we cannot see, the eternal goodness, high above us as the heavens are above the earth, must still be a goodness that includes, absorbs, elevates, purifies all our goodness, not tramples upon it and calls it wickedness. For if not such, then we have nothing in common with God, and what we call goodness is not of God. He has not even ordered it; or, if He has, He has ordered it only to order the contrary afterwards; and there is, in reality, no real goodness—at least in Him; and if not in Him, of whom we spring—where then?—and what becomes of ours, poor as it is?"

My reader will see that I had already

thought much about these things; although, I suspect, I have now not only expressed them far better than I could have expressed them in conversation, but with a degree of clearness which must be owing to the further continuance of the habit of reflecting on these and cognate subjects. Deep in my mind, however, something like this lay; and in some manner like this I tried to express it.

Finding she continued silent, and that Charley did not appear inclined to renew the contest, anxious also to leave no embarrassing silence to choke the channel now open between us—I mean Mary and myself—I returned to the original question.

"It seems to me, Charley—and it follows from all we have been saying—that the sin of suicide lies just in this, that it is an utter want of faith in God. I confess I do not see any other ground on which to condemn it—provided always, that the man has no others dependent upon him, none for whom he ought to live and work."

"But does a man owe nothing to himself?" said Clara.

"Nothing that I know of," I replied. "I am under no obligation to myself. How can I divide myself, and say that the one-half of me is indebted to the other? To my mind, it is a mere fiction of speech."

"But whence then should such a fiction arise?" objected Charley, willing, perhaps, to defend Clara.

"From the dim sense of a real obligation, I suspect, the object of which is mistaken. I suspect it really springs from our relation to the unknown God, so vaguely felt that a false form is readily accepted for its embodiment by a being who, in ignorance of its nature, is yet aware of its presence. I mean that what seems an obligation to self is in reality a dimly apprehended duty—an obligation to the unknown God, and not to self, in which lies no causing, therefore no obligating power."

"But why say *the unknown God*, Mr. Cumbermede?" asked Mary.

"Because I do not believe that any one who knew Him could possibly attribute to himself what belonged to Him—could, I mean, talk of an obligation to himself, when that obligation was to God."

How far Mary Osborne followed the argument or agreed with it I cannot tell, but she gave me a look of something like gratitude, and my heart felt too big for its closed chamber.

At this very moment the housemaid, who had along with the carpenter assisted me in the library, entered the room. She was rather a forward girl, and I suppose presumed on our acquaintance to communicate directly with myself instead of going to the house-keeper. Seeing her approach as if she wanted to speak to me, I went to meet her. She handed me a small ring, saying, in a low voice,

"I found this in your room, sir, and thought it better to bring it to you."

"Thank you," I said, putting it at once on my little finger; "I am glad you found it."

Charley and Clara had begun talking. I believe Clara was trying to make Charley give her the book he had pocketed, imagining it really of the character he had, half in sport, professed to believe it. But Mary had caught sight of the ring, and, with a bewildered expression on her countenance, was making a step towards me. I put a finger to my lips, and gave her a look by which I succeeded in arresting her. Utterly perplexed, I believe, she turned away towards the bookshelves behind her. I went into the next room, and called Charley.

"I think we had better not go on with this talk. You are very imprudent to be always bringing up subjects that tend to widen the gulf between you and your sister. When I have a chance, I do what I can to make her doubt whether you are so far wrong as they think you, but you must give her time. All your kind of thought is so new to her that your words cannot possibly convey to her what is in your mind. If only she were not so afraid of me! But I think she begins to trust me a little."

"It's no use," he returned. "Her head is so full of rubbish!"

"But her heart is so full of goodness!"

"I wish you could make anything of her! But she looks up to my father with such a blind adoration, that it isn't of the slightest use attempting to put an atom of sense into her."

"I should indeed despair if I might only set about it after your fashion. You always seem to shut your eyes to the mental condition of those that differ from you. Instead of trying to understand them first, which gives the sole possible chance of your ever making them understand what you mean, you care only to present your opinions; and that you do in such a fashion that they must appear to them false. You even make yourself seem to hold these for very love of their untruth; and thus make it all but impossible for them to shake off their fetters: every truth in advance of what they have already learned, will henceforth come to them associated with your presumed backsliding and impenitence."

"Goodness! where did you learn their slang?" cried Charley. "But impenitence, if you like,—not backsliding. I never made any *profession*. After all, however, their opinions don't seem to hurt them—I mean my mother and sister."

"They must hurt them, if only by hindering their growth. In time, of course, the angels of the heart will expel the demons of the brain; but it is a pity the process should be retarded by your behavior."

"I know I am a brute, Wilfrid. I *will* try to hold my tongue."

"Depend upon it," I went on, "whatever such hearts can believe, is, as believed by them, to be treated with respect. It is because of the truth in it, not because of the falsehood, that they hold it; and when you speak against the false in it, you appear to them to speak against the true; for the dogma seems to them an unanalyzable unit. You assail the false with the recklessness of falsehood itself, careless of the injury you may inflict on the true."

I was interrupted by the entrance of Clara.

"If you gentlemen don't want us any more, we had better go," she said.

I left Charley to answer her, and went back into the next room. Mary stood where I had left her, mechanically shifting and arranging the volumes on a shelf at the height of her eyes.

"I think this is your ring, Miss Osborne," I said, in a low and hurried tone, offering it.

Her expression at first was only of questioning surprise, when suddenly something seemed to cross her mind; she turned pale as death, and put her hand on the bookshelves as if to support her; as suddenly flushed crimson for a moment, and again turned deadly pale—all before I could speak.

"Don't ask me any questions, dear Miss Osborne," I said. "And, please, trust me this far: don't mention the loss of your ring to any one—except it be your mother. Allow me to put it on your finger."

She gave me a glance I cannot and would not describe. It lies treasured—for ever, God grant!—in the secret jewel-house of my heart. She lifted a trembling left hand, and doubtfully held—half held it towards me. To this day I know nothing of the stones of that ring—not even their color; but I know I should know it at once if I saw it. My hand trembled more than hers as I put it on the third finger.

What followed, I do not know. I think I left her there and went into the other room. When I returned a little after, I know she was gone. From that hour, not one word ever passed between us in reference to the matter. The best of my conjectures remains but a conjecture; I know how the sword got there—nothing more.

I did not see her again that day, and did not seem to want to see her, but worked on amongst the books in a quiet exaltation. My being seemed tenfold awake and alive. My thoughts dwelt on the rarely revealed loveliness of my *Athanasia*; and although I should have scorned unspeakably to take the smallest advantage of having come to share a secret with her, I could not help rejoicing in the sense of nearness to and *alone-ness* with her which the possession of that secret gave me; while one of the most precious results of the new love which had thus all at once laid hold upon me, was the feeling—almost a conviction—that the dream was not a web self-wove in the loom of my brain, but that from somewhere, beyond my soul even, an influence had mingled with its longings to in-form the vision of that night—to be as it were a creative soul to what would otherwise have been but loose, chaotic, and shapeless vagaries of

the unguided imagination. The events of that night were as the sudden opening of a door through which I caught a glimpse of that region of the supernal in which, whatever might be her theories concerning her experiences therein, Mary Osborne certainly lived, if ever any one lived. The degree of God's presence with a creature is not to be measured by that creature's interpretation of the manner in which He is revealed. The great question is whether He is revealed or no; and a strong truth can carry many parasitical errors.

I felt that now I could talk freely to her of what most perplexed me—not so much, I confess, with any hope that she might cast light on my difficulties, as in the assurance that she would not only influence me to think purely and nobly, but would urge me in the search after God. In such a relation of love to religion the vulgar mind will ever imagine ground for ridicule; but those who have most regarded human nature know well enough that the two have constantly manifested themselves in the closest relation; while even the poorest love is the enemy of selfishness unto the death; for the one or the other must give up the ghost. Not only must God be in all that is human, but of it He must be the root.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE SWORD IN THE SCALE.

THE next morning Charley and I went as usual to the library, where later in the day we were joined by the two ladies. It was long before our eyes once met, but when at last they did, Mary allowed hers to rest on mine for just one moment with an expression of dove-like beseeching, which I dared to interpret as meaning—"Be just to me." If she read mine, surely she read there that she was safe with my thoughts as with those of her mother.

Charley and I worked late in the afternoon, and went away in the last of the twilight. As we approached the gate of the park, however, I remembered I had left behind me a book I had intended to carry home for comparison with a copy in my possession of which the title-page was gone. I asked Charley there-

fore to walk on and give my man some directions about Lilith, seeing I had it in my mind to propose a ride on the morrow, while I went back to fetch it.

Finding the door at the foot of the stair leading to the open gallery ajar, and knowing that none of the rooms at either end of it were occupied, I went the nearest way, and thus entered the library at the point farthest from the more public parts of the house. The book I sought was however at the other end of the suite, for I had laid it on the window-sill of the room next the armory.

As I entered that room, and while I crossed it towards the glimmering window, I heard voices in the armory, and soon distinguished Clara's. It never entered my mind that possibly I ought not to hear what might be said. Just as I reached the window I was arrested, and stood stock-still; the other voice was that of Geoffrey Brotherton. Before my self-possession returned, I had heard what follows.

"I am certain *he* took it," said Clara. "I didn't see him, of course; but if you call at the Moat to-morrow, ten to one you will find it hanging on the wall."

"I knew him for a sneak, but never took him for a thief. I would have lost anything out of the house rather than that sword!"

"Don't you mention my name in it. If you do, I shall think you—well, I will never speak to you again."

"And if I don't, what then?"

Before I heard her answer, I had come to myself. I had no time for indignation yet. I must meet Geoffrey at once. I would not however have him know I had overheard any of their talk. It would have been more straightforward to allow the fact to be understood, but I shrunk from giving him occasion for accusing me of an eavesdropping of which I was innocent. Besides, I had no wish to encounter Clara before I understood her game, which I need not say was a mystery to me. What end could she have in such duplicity? I had had unpleasant suspicions of the truth of her nature before; but could never have suspected her of baseness.

I stepped quietly into the further room, whence I returned, making a noise with the door-handle, and saying,

"Are you there, Miss Coningham? Could you help me to find a book I left here?"

There was silence; but after the briefest pause I heard the sound of her dress as she swept hurriedly out into the gallery. I advanced. On the top of the steps, filling the doorway of the armory in the faint light from the window, appeared the dim form of Brotherton.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I heard a lady's voice, and thought it was Miss Coningham's."

"I cannot compliment your ear," he answered. "It was one of the maids. I had just rung for a light. I presume you are Mr. Cumbermede."

"Yes," I answered. "I returned to fetch a book I forgot to take with me. I suppose you have heard what we've been about in the library here?"

"I have been partially informed of it," he answered stiffly. "But I have heard also that you contemplate a raid upon the armory. I beg you will let the weapons alone."

I had said something of the sort to Clara that very morning.

"I have a special regard for them," he went on; "and I don't want them meddled with. It's not every one knows how to handle them. Some amongst them I would not have injured for their weight in diamonds. One in particular I should like to give you the history of—just to show you that I am right in being careful over them.—Here comes the light!"

I presume it had been hurriedly arranged between them as Clara left him that she should send one of the maids, who in consequence made her appearance with a candle. Brotherton took it from her and approached the wall.

"Why! What the devil! Some one has been meddling already, I find! The very sword I speak of is gone! There's the sheath hanging empty! What *can* it mean? Do you know anything of this, Mr. Cumbermede?"

"I do, Mr. Brotherton. The sword to which that sheath belongs is *mine*. I have it."

"*Yours!*" he shouted; then restraining himself, added in a tone of utter contempt—"This is rather too much. Pray, sir, on what

grounds do you lay claim to the smallest atom of property within these walls? My father ought to have known what he was about when he let you have the run of the house! And the old books too! By heaven, it's too much! I always thought——"

"It matters little to me what you think, Mr. Brotherton—so little that I do not care to take any notice of your insolence——"

"Insolence!" he roared, striding towards me, as if he would have knocked me down.

I was not his match in strength, for he was at least two inches taller than I, and of a coarse-built, powerful frame. I caught a light rapier from the wall, and stood on my defense.

"Coward!" he cried.

"There are more where this came from," I answered, pointing to the wall.

He made no move towards arming himself, but stood glaring at me in a white rage.

"I am prepared to prove," I answered as calmly as I could, "that the sword to which you allude is mine. But I will give *you* no explanation. If you will oblige me by asking your father to join us, I will tell him the whole story."

"I will have a warrant out against you."

"As you please. I am obliged to you for mentioning it. I shall be ready. I have the sword, and intend to keep it. And by the way, I had better secure the scabbard as well," I added, as with a sudden spring I caught it also from the wall, and again stood prepared.

He ground his teeth with rage. He was one of those who, trusting to their superior strength, are not much afraid of a row, but cannot face cold steel: soldier as he had been, it made him nervous.

"Insulted in my own house!" he snarled from beneath his teeth.

"Your father's house," I corrected. "Call him, and I will give explanations."

"Damn your explanations! Get out of the house, you puppy; or I'll have the servants up and have you ducked in the horse-pond."

"Bah!" I said. "There's not one of them would lay hands on me at your bidding. Call your father, I say, or I will go and find him myself."

He broke out in a succession of oaths, using language I had heard in the streets of London,

but nowhere else. I stood perfectly still, and watchful. All at once, he turned and went into the gallery, over the balustrade of which he shouted,

"Martin! Go and tell my father to come here—to the armory—at once. Tell him there's a fellow here out of his mind."

I remained quiet, with my scabbard in one hand, and the rapier in the other—a dangerous weapon enough, for it was, though slight, as sharp as a needle, and I knew it for a bit of excellent temper. Brotherton stood outside waiting for his father. In a few moments I heard the voice of the old man.

"Boys! boys!" he cried; "what is all this to-do?"

"Why, sir," answered Geoffrey, trying to be calm, "here's that fellow Cumbermede confesses to having stolen the most valuable of the swords out of the armory—one that's been in the family for two hundred years, and says he means to keep it."

I just caught the word *liar* ere it escaped my lips: I would spare the son in his father's presence.

"Tut! tut!" said Sir Giles. "What does it all mean? You're at your old quarrelsome tricks, my boy! Really you ought to be wiser by this time!"

As he spoke he entered panting, and with the rubicund glow beginning to return upon a face from which the message had evidently banished it.

"Tut! tut!" he said again, half starting back as he caught sight of me with the weapon in my hand—"What is it all about, Mr. Cumbermede? I thought *you* had more sense!"

"Sir Giles," I said, "I have not confessed to having stolen the sword—only to having taken it."

"A very different thing," he returned, trying to laugh. "But come now; tell me all about it. We can't have quarreling like this, you know. We can't have pot-house work here."

"That is just why I sent for you, Sir Giles," I answered, replacing the rapier on the wall. "I want to tell you the whole story."

"Let's have it then."

"Mind I don't believe a word of it," said Geoffrey.

"Hold your tongue, sir," said his father sharply.

"Mr. Brotherton," I said, "I offered to tell the story to Sir Giles—not to you."

"You offered!" he sneered. "You may be compelled—under different circumstances by and by, if you don't mind what you're about."

"Come now—no more of this!" said Sir Giles.

Thereupon I began at the beginning, and told him the story of the sword, as I have already given it to my reader. He fidgeted a little, but Geoffrey kept himself stock-still during the whole of the narrative. As soon as I had ended Sir Giles said,

"And you think poor old Close actually carried off your sword!—Well, he was an odd creature, and had a passion for everything that could kill. The poor little atomy used to carry a poniard in the breast pocket of his black coat—as if anybody would ever have thought of attacking his small carcass! Ha! ha! ha! He was simply a monomaniac in regard of swords and daggers. There, Geoffrey! The sword is plainly his. *He* is the wronged party in the matter, and we owe him an apology."

"I believe the whole to be a pure invention," said Geoffrey, who now appeared perfectly calm.

"Mr. Brotherton!" I began, but Sir Giles interposed.

"Hush! hush!" he said, and turned to his son. "My boy, you insult your father's guest."

"I will at once prove to you, sir, how unworthy he is of any forbearance, not to say protection from you. Excuse me for one moment."

He took up the candle, and opening the little door at the foot of the winding stair disappeared. Sir Giles and I sat in silence and darkness until he returned, carrying in his hand an old vellum-bound book.

"I dare say you don't know this manuscript, sir," he said, turning to his father.

"I know nothing about it," answered Sir

Giles. "What is it? Or what has it to do with the matter in hand?"

"Mr. Close found it in some corner or other, and used to read it to me when I was a little fellow. It is a description, and in most cases a history as well, of every weapon in the armory. They had been much neglected and a great many of the labels were gone, but those which were left referred to numbers in the book heading descriptions which corresponded exactly to the weapons on which they were found. With a little trouble he had succeeded in supplying the numbers where they were missing, for the descriptions are very minute."

He spoke in a tone of perfect self-possession.

"Well, Geoffrey, I ask again, what has all this to do with it?" said the father.

"If Mr. Cumbermede will allow you to look at the label attached to the sheath in his hand, for fortunately it was a rule with Mr. Close to put a label on both sword and sheath, and if you will read me the number, I will read you the description in the book."

I handed the sheath to Sir Giles, who began to decipher the number on the ivory ticket.

"The label is quite a new one," I said.

"I have already accounted for that," said Brotherton. "I will leave it to yourself to decide whether the description corresponds."

Sir Giles read out the number, figure by figure, adding—

"But how are we to test the description? I don't know the thing, and it's not here.

"It is at the Moat," I replied; "but its future place is at Sir Giles's decision."

"Part of the description belongs to the scabbard you have in your hand, sir," said Brotherton. "The description of the sword itself I submit to Mr. Cumbermede."

"Till the other day I never saw the blade," I said.

"Likely enough," he retorted dryly, and proceeding, read the description of the half-basket hilt, inlaid with ornaments and initials in gold.

A NEW STUDY OF AN OLD "FORCE."

THAT there may be forces in Nature which we have as yet no knowledge of, and possibly no means of apprehending, it would be sheer assertion to deny. That there are phenomena as patent to the senses as light or heat, yet inexplicable by any of the known laws of Nature, is equally undeniable. Their existence cannot be put down by any hypothesis of imposture, coincidence, or mistake. Sift out from the multitude of phenomena known under the terms of "animal magnetism," "spiritual manifestations," and so on, all those that are demonstrably fraudulent, all those referable to known modes of material action, all those of a doubtful character, and there remains a substratum which has never been satisfactorily accounted for or disproved. Until one or the other is done these phenomena are proper subjects for scientific investigation.

The examination of them, however, is fraught with unusual difficulties. Phenomena of this sort are especially captivating to the multitude, who can never keep their heads in the presence of the marvelous. Everything must be explained by them or for them at sight; and any hypothesis, however unreasonable, is greedily accepted if they cannot propose a better one off-hand. Ever ready to call in the supernatural, and seldom able to distinguish between truth and trickery, they become the easy prey of knaves, to the disgust of the cooler-headed, who too frequently go to the other extreme of denying all the phenomena in question the moment some of them have been proved unreal. Another difficulty has arisen from the needless barriers erected between scientific observers and the honest possessors of unusual powers, by the too ready denial by the former of the existence of any force not already known to them, and the over-sensitiveness of the latter in regard to the application of critical tests to their performances, such tests seeming to imply a suspicion of their honesty. Still another difficulty arises from the inability of "mediums," erroneously so called, to command their peculiar powers at all times.

These obstacles seem at last to have been surmounted, in part at least, by a clever Eng-

lish chemist, Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., and the famous "medium" Mr. Home, the results of whose investigations are given by Mr. Crookes in the July number of the *London Quarterly Journal of Science*, of which he is editor. These investigations appear to open up a field of physical research as wonderful as that entered by the Spectrum Analysis, and of vastly greater human interest. A long course of experiments were tried by Messrs. Crookes and Home, with varying results, in the presence of numerous scientific observers. Two of the experiments, "the most striking and easily tested with scientific accuracy," are described at length in the *Quarterly*. They were made at the house of Mr. Crookes, in the presence of Dr. Huggins, the eminent astronomer; Mr. E. W. Cox, "a well-known sergeant-at-law;" Mr. Crookes' brother, and his chemical assistant. The apparatus was prepared expressly for the purpose by Mr. Crookes. That for the first experiment consisted of a drum-shaped cage of wood and wire, two feet in diameter and just high enough to allow it to slip under a table. Mr. Home did not see the apparatus before entering the room, and he had not even had the object of some of it explained to him before sitting down. At his suggestion the further precaution was taken by Mr. Crookes of witnessing a change of dress by Mr. Home, enabling him to state positively that "no machinery, apparatus, or contrivance of any sort was secreted about Mr. Home's person."

The first experiment was intended to test Mr. Home's power of playing on a musical instrument under what, to ordinary persons, would be impossible conditions. Mr. Home was seated at the side of the table, with his feet on opposite sides of the cage, and under the feet of observers on each side of him. The room was well lighted with gas. Taking an accordion between the thumb and middle finger of one hand, at the end opposite to the keys, Mr. Home placed it within the cage, which was then shoved under the table as close as his wrist would permit, but without hiding his hand from those next to him. His other hand rested on the top of the table.



FIRST EXPERIMENT.

Very soon the accordeon began to wave about in a curious manner, emitting sounds. Mr. Crookes' assistant got under the table and reported that the instrument was expanding and contracting, while the hand that held it was quite still. Dr. Huggins looked under the table and verified the report of the assistant. Soon after, the conditions remaining the same, a simple air was played on the instrument. As the keys could not by any possibility be reached by Mr. Home, or any other member of the company, this was considered a crucial experiment. But the sequel was still more striking. Mr. Home actually let go the accordeon, removed his hand from the cage and placed it in the hand of the person next to him; yet the instrument continued to play: Mr. Crookes then had the apparatus connected with two Grove's cells provided for the purpose, and passed a battery-current round the insulated copper wire which formed the cage. The playing was repeated, but whether the electric current assisted the manifestation of the force inside, Mr. Crookes was unable to say. The result of the experiment made under these conditions is wonderful enough to justify quotation at length.

"The accordeon was now taken without any visible touch from Mr. Home's hand, which he removed from it entirely; I and two

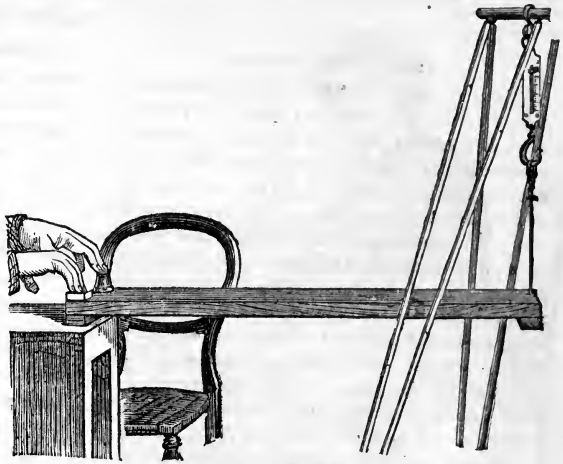
others present not only seeing his released hand, but the accordeon also floating about with no visible support inside the cage. This was repeated a second time, after a short interval. Mr. Home presently re-inserted his hand in the cage and took hold of the accordeon. It then commenced to play, at first chords and runs, and afterwards a well-known sweet and plaintive melody, which it executed perfectly in a very beautiful manner. While this tune was being played, I took hold of Mr. Home's arm, below the elbow, and gently slid my hand down until I touched the top of the accordeon. He was not moving a muscle. His other hand was on the table, visible to all, and his feet were under the feet of those next to him."

No theory of *hocus-pocus* will explain away the testimony of such a critical witness as Dr. Huggins to a phenomenon like this, however unaccountable it may seem. Seated at the opposite side of the table, he could not see the withdrawal of Mr. Home's hand from the accordeon: but he admits that such was stated to be the case at the time by Mr. Crookes, and by the person sitting on the other side of Mr. Home. With this single reservation he vouches for the correctness of the description published by Mr. Crookes.

The other experiment was designed to test Mr. Home's power to move heavy bodies without calling into action any of the forces known to science. The apparatus consisted of a mahogany board, three feet long, nine and a half inches wide, and one inch thick, with a strip of mahogany one and a half inches wide screwed on at each end, forming feet; a stout table, and a spring balance hanging from a substantial tripod stand. The balance was fitted with a self-registering index in such a manner that it would record the maximum weight indicated by the pointer. When in position the board was horizontal, one end resting on the edge of the table, the other supported by the balance. In this position the weight marked by the index was three pounds. Sitting in an easy-chair, Mr. Home placed the tips of his fingers lightly on the extreme end of the board resting on the table. Mr. Crookes and Dr. Huggins sat on each side, watching the effect. Almost imme-

diately the further end of the board was observed to oscillate slowly up and down. Of his own accord, Mr. Home then took a small hand-bell and a little card match-box which happened to be near, and placed one under each hand, to satisfy the observers that muscular pressure was not the cause of the movement. The oscillation continued, the index of the balance descending at one time as low as nine pounds, showing a maximum pull of six pounds. With his fingers placed as they were, directly over the fulcrum, any exertion of muscular pressure by Mr. Home would have served only to hold the board rigidly in place. Even if he had pushed them slightly beyond the fulcrum, it would have been impossible for him to exert the pressure indicated, as a subsequent test clearly showed. Mr. Crookes got upon the table and stood on one foot on the place where Mr. Home's fingers had been. His whole weight (140 pounds) sunk the index but one and a half pounds, or two pounds when he jerked up and down; this effect being attributed to his foot extending slightly beyond the fulcrum.

Of course these experiments, or rather the series of which these are specimens, do not demonstrate the existence of a hitherto unrecognized force; but they certainly prove there is something in these obscure manifestations of power that scientific men cannot be true to their professions and refuse to investigate. So much Dr. Huggins admits, while cautiously refraining from any expression of opinion concerning the power exerted by Mr. Home. Mr. Cox and Mr. Crookes are confident that the experiments establish the existence of a new force (which, for convenience, they call *Psychic Force*), in some unknown manner connected with the human organization. As regards the nature of this force, and its correlation with known forces, Mr. Crookes hazards no hypothesis, believ-



SECOND EXPERIMENT.

ing it to be the duty of inquirers to abstain from framing theories until they have accumulated facts enough to form a substantial basis on which to reason. If these experiments are confirmed,—and they must be by other observers, and through persons whose reputations are less questionable than Mr. Home's, before they can be fully accepted,—they will prove that the human organization is capable of evolving a force competent to produce, without contact, many of the results of muscular effort; and what is more wonderful, results involving special training as well as general intelligence.

Another point appears to be established to Mr. Crookes' satisfaction: that the possessors of this power are subject to unaccountable ebbs and flows of force; so that the failure of any experiment does not justify an abandonment of the investigation. An experiment that fails utterly one day may succeed the next. In this way he accounts for the negative results of the examination of Mr. Home by a scientific committee at St. Petersburg some months ago.

It is but just to those engaged in these investigations to add, that they carefully avoid giving any countenance to the crude theory of "spiritual" influence in connection with the phenomena involved.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

THE RIOT OF ROMANISM.

WE suppose that the Irish riot of July, in New York, was the offspring of religious hatred. The Orangemen, a Protestant society, undertook to celebrate the anniversary of a battle in which the Irish Catholics were defeated, two centuries ago; and as it was known that the hatred of their Catholic countrymen would incite a riot, the city authorities forbade the procession which the Orangemen had planned. Every respectable newspaper in the city protested against this weak surrender to the mob, and so indignant and energetic was their protest that Governor Hoffman was obliged to use his own authority, permitting the Orangemen to proceed through the streets, and protecting them by the whole force of the city police and the military. The procession appeared; the threatened riot took place; fifty persons, some of them innocent, were killed; one hundred, more or less, were wounded; and every decent man feels that, sad as these consequences were, both the city and the nation are ten thousand times safer and richer than they would have been had the matter rested where the city authorities placed it. Liberty would have been degraded in its home by the foul surrender, and Protestantism would have been disgraced by refusing to protect her own.

There is one lesson which it seems impossible for a Romanist to learn, and that is toleration. It is said that the Catholic clergy energetically opposed the mob in its inception, and we have no reason to doubt it; but the fact is that the influence of their teaching through all the centuries has been to foster these brutal exhibitions of intolerance. When ignorant men are taught by their spiritual leaders, from their cradles, that every man, woman, and child outside of the Catholic church is outside of the heavenly favor, and is on the high road to certain perdition; when their prejudices against Protestantism are fed by all possible means, in public and private; when all converts to Protestantism from the Catholic faith are socially proscribed and are persecuted by every bitter expedient; when in every Catholic country every Protestant is counted but the offscouring of decent society; when in the Roman capital itself the Protestants, on whose money Rome has lived for many years, have been obliged to build and occupy churches outside of the city walls, as if they were an inferior or an unclean order of beings, it is not wonderful that brutal men in the Catholic communion take brutal methods to express their hatred so industriously inculcated. There is no toleration of Protestantism in the Catholic heart; and men who have not brains enough to fight for their faith with moral weapons will use such as they have. A cudgel seems to be a good weapon enough to use upon the dogs which they have been taught to believe Protestants are.

There is one way—and we know of but one—in which the Catholic priesthood can quench these yearly quarrels between Catholic and Protestant Irishmen.

Let them teach their people, in the first place, how to read. Give them some culture, so that they shall be reflective and rational. The great masses engaged in the late riot were as ignorant as horses. They did not know enough to know that the Orangemen were intellectually and morally their superiors. Then teach them toleration. Teach them when they find men who are casting out devils in the name of Christ to regard them as working for and with Him, though they follow not with the Catholics. Teach them to love men who differ with them, being full of all charity even to those who seem to them to be in error. If Protestantism has done any good to the human race, tell them what it is. In other words, let them teach them Christianity in the large and loving spirit of the Master, and be more anxious about the personal character of their flocks than the condition of the fences around their sheep-folds. These men who are so ready to shed the blood of their innocent fellow-countrymen are mainly what their priesthood have made them. They have had them in their hands for many years to educate, to mould, to elevate out of their brutal life, and make better. This mob shows how very inefficient their methods have been; and it ought to show them that their methods need reforming. They are in a country that tolerates all religions,—even that which tolerates none when it can help it,—and if they do not wish to be regarded as public enemies they must adopt and cherish the spirit of the country, and manifest something of the tolerant and charitable spirit of Christianity.

WOMEN IN THE COLLEGES.

WE are not among those who fancy that there are any remarkable social dangers connected with bringing the sexes together during the processes of their education. The question of admitting women to colleges hitherto devoted to young men is now up, and at Amherst has been, and still is, under serious consideration. It may be said that if it is really desirable that any considerable number of women should receive the same education that the young men of Amherst College receive, they should have the opportunity to do so, at Amherst and elsewhere. It may be said, too, that this question of the education of women has only an indirect relation to the question of woman-suffrage, and should never be confounded with it. "The Woman Question" proper has no legitimate connection with the question of admitting women to the colleges where young men are educated. If the studies and the modes of study of the college are not to be modified in consequence of the admission of women, the men—teachers and students—need to make no objection. The society of women will do them good rather than harm. It is certainly one of the disadvantages of college and female boarding-school life that it is sexually isolated. There is no question that the daily association of the sexes when young, under judicious super-

vision and regulation, is much healthier than their separation. It is better that the sexes see each other daily than to dream of each other; and either the one or the other they always do. So, in our judgment, the question is not one mainly of social health and purity. If it is, then it is settled, and calls for no further discussion. It is the universal testimony of teachers, so far as we have learned, that morally the sexes do well together in school—do better, indeed, than when separated. The association of men and women in a school or college is just as safe and healthful as their association in all ordinary life. Men and women are never shut away from each other for long periods of time without damage and disaster. Imagination is unduly excited, feeling becomes morbid, and manners are degraded by such separations; and the earlier they can be dispensed with the better.

Can they be dispensed with altogether? We think not. We have never yet felt called upon to part with our old opinion that a man is not a woman, and that a woman is not a man; that, as a consequence, their spheres of labor and office differ, and that their educational training should have reference as well to their peculiarities of constitution as to the spheres of life they are to occupy. Now if Amherst College, or any other college, is adapted just as well to the training of young women as of young men, it is well adapted to the training of neither. If at Vassar and Holyoke women do not have a better chance than at Amherst and Harvard, Vassar and Holyoke are grossly at fault, and Amherst and Harvard are anything but what they pretend to be—first-class institutions for the training of young men, to lead the lives and do the work of men. If any of these young men's colleges are particularly desirable institutions for the education of women, they need reforming, unless it is proposed to change them into female seminaries.

The claiming of places for women in young men's colleges as a right, and the denunciation of their exclusion as a wrong to woman, are the special functions of fanatics and fools. There are no rights and wrongs in the matter. It is entirely a matter of policy with regard to that which is best, on the whole, for both young men and young women. Granted that morally they would do good to each other in the college, as they undoubtedly do in the primary and preparatory schools; granted that they would purify each other socially, and stimulate each other intellectually; granted that such association would soften and simplify the manners of all concerned; the facts still remain, that men are not women, that women are not men, and that for their differing spheres of life and labor they need a widely different training. It certainly is not an object for society to make women more like men than they are, or in any way to divert them from a full and fine development of their womanhood.

It ought to be said, on behalf of the women of America, that they have not, in any considerable or influential numbers, demanded admission to the colleges which have been specially designed for the train-

ing of young men. The demand has been made by theorists and dreamers, among the men mostly. The truth is that there is no call for these changes of policy which deserves attention. The schools provided for the education of women are growing better and better every year. Colleges for women are springing up all over the country, and Vassar is unquestionably a better place for young women—all sheltered by the single roof of the institution—than Amherst or Harvard or Yale or Union can be, adapted as they all are to the wants of young men, as well as to their lack of wants. There are no wise fathers and mothers who would not prefer Vassar or Holyoke to Amherst as a training-place for their daughters. They can reach any grade of learning and culture in these institutions which they desire, with special adaptations of institutional appointment and machinery to their wants as women, and special choice and arrangement of their studies to the womanly sphere of life they are to occupy. The managers of Amherst and the other colleges will do what they think best in regard to the proposed change, but we believe they will have the support of the best men and women in every part of the country if they decidedly and persistently refuse to make it.

With this expression of opinion we take pleasure in presenting to our readers, in another part of the magazine, Mr. Hyde's excellent paper on the "Co-education of the Sexes," and in asking for it a careful reading by all who are interested in the subject. The writer is a man of broad and valuable experience, and however much in certain particulars we may differ with his opinions, they ought to command very high consideration.

AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

LET us have some honest talk about our Sunday-schools. Admitting that they are useful beyond our finite calculation, and that, as an agency in Christian civilization, they stand in one of the places of highest importance, it will not be amiss to inquire whether there may not be in them some tendencies to evil, some wrong ideas, some misconceptions of the highest end to be sought in their operation and management.

Let us touch the heart of the matter in our opening statement. We know of no good reason for sending a child to a Sunday-school, or of seeking to bring a child into a Sunday-school, except to make a Christian of him. We are in the habit of speaking of Sunday-schools as "nurseries of the Church;" and no phrase could be happier in defining that which is undeniably the first object of a Sunday-school—namely, Christian nurture. There is a class of Sunday-schools, in large cities mainly, that need instruction in the facts of Christianity, but it is true that the great mass of children in the Sunday-schools of the United States know the story familiarly, and need nothing so much as to be religiously impressed and brought consciously and by a sweet and solemn choice into direct relation with the great object of worship, and into a voluntary

and loving allegiance to Him. The observations of a life of observation have taught us that the principal good results of Sunday-schools come not from enterprising and gifted superintendents, come not from interesting and funny story-tellers, who are known technically as "Sunday-school men," come not from singing sacred words to Yankee Doodle, or of frivolous words to still more frivolous tunes, come not from huge feats of memory in the rehearsal of long chapters of Holy Writ, come from none of the numberless tricks resorted to for enthralling juvenile interest and exciting juvenile ambition and love of praise, but from the personal influence of Christian teachers, who, knowing their scholars intimately and loving them tenderly, lead them by the power of their love and the light of their own Christian character into the adoption of a Christian life.

Nothing is more notorious than the fact that a man may carry the whole scheme of Christian truth in his mind from boyhood to old age without the slightest effect upon his character and aims. It is there, but it fructifies nothing. It has less influence than the multiplication table. A community may be—and often is—thoroughly intelligent in everything relating to the facts and claims of Christianity, and, at the same time, almost hopelessly frivolous or vicious. It follows, then, that a Sunday-school which does no more than teach fails to do that thing without which teaching is of very little account. The power of a Sunday-school to make Christians of its scholars resides almost entirely in its teachers. If they are Christians indeed, and are possessed by the Christian's love of the young natures committed to their keeping and leading, they will never rest until, by all practical means, they have endeavored to lead them to the adoption of that life which is the highest placed before the choice of humanity. The best minds and finest spirits of a church ought always to be in the Sunday-school. The highest office of this age, or of any age, is that of Christian teacher; and a man who can look with contempt upon the office of Sunday-school teacher, or regard it as detracting in any degree from his personal dignity, betrays inevitably the feebleness of his conceptions and the shallowness of his piety. How many churches are there in which there are not men and women who look upon Sunday-school teaching as a burden and a bore? How many Sunday-schools are there in which there are not teachers who stand week after week before

their classes, refusing themselves to receive and profess the religion whose truths they undertake to impart?

With such views as these—stated or indicated—the readers of SCRIBNER will conclude that we have not a very favorable opinion of much of the machinery used in Sunday-schools. The children are not to blame for demanding excitement and amusement, because these have been the means resorted to for bringing them into Sunday-school and keeping them there. Indeed, the impression is quite prevalent among the children of some schools that they are conferring a great favor on superintendent and teachers by their attendance. If they cannot get funny books, or premiums, or hear funny stories, or have picnics, or Christmas presents, or some visible reward, they threaten to leave the school,—either to stay out entirely, or go to some other school where they can obtain what they demand. So all sorts of means are resorted to to keep up excitement, and, in the mean time, they get no religious impression whatever. The tunes they sing amuse them, but nurse no spirit of devotion. The books they read and the stories they hear interest them, but leave no result except hunger for more excitement of the same kind. The premiums they win inspire their pride in a sort of excellence which spares little room for Christian humility. In one way and another, the opportunities of making a deep and good impression upon character and life are frittered away, and the children are no better prepared to enter upon life and the resistance of its multiplied temptations to evil than if they had never seen a Sunday-school.

In our judgment there is a vast amount of machinery instituted by professional Sunday-school men that is the veriest humbug. They have complicated that which is unspeakably simple. They have undertaken to do that by artificial processes and by ingenious contrivances which can only be done well through the instincts of a loving heart and a heaven-enkindled zeal. The touch of a gentle hand in the exhibition of a personal affection and interest is worth ten thousand times more than the most elaborate exposition of Bible truth on a black-board. If superintendents and teachers possess common sense, and know exactly what they wish to do, and wish first and most to make Christians of their children, let them follow their own methods, and leave the professional methods to those who need them.

THE OLD CABINET.

As the time draws near for the election of a new President, the irresponsible journals cheerfully engage again in the diversion of nominating candidates for that distinguished office. Not that a single editor expects by this means to secure the election of the great man whose name appears in extraordinary capitals at the head of his columns. Not that a single other person (except in rare and ridiculous instances

the person named) has any idea that such nomination can possibly affect the national choice. But the independent editorial opinion is proclaimed; the local favorite is trotted out, and an influential personage is immensely flattered.

For everybody knows that Presidents are made by other processes. Mr. Parton has told us something about it; but even Mr. Parton has not told all, and

we question whether, on the whole, the inedited annals would prove edifying. At the same time there may be reason for congratulation in the fact that things are no worse than they are, with about forty Governors, and a large number of ex-Governors; more than three hundred Members of Congress, and any number of ex-Congressmen; half a dozen Cabinet officers, a President, and legion other statesmen and politicians, of various degrees of honesty—of appetite for and skill in intrigue—all afflicted with

"That last infirmity of noble minds."

And it may be taken as a happy augury that the decisive question of availability involves, in its application to a Presidential candidate, considerations of a much higher character than when applied to a candidate on a ward or State ticket. The nominating convention of a congressional district may think it not fatal to party interests to disregard the opinion of good men in that particular district; but the aggregate good taste and integrity of a people must be consulted by the veriest wire-pullers and demagogues at Baltimore and Chicago. So while a notorious black-leg may (with a certain fitness) take his seat in the Capitol as the representative of a congenial constituency, it is not at all likely that he will ever be called upon to occupy the chair at the other end of the Avenue.

But—the independent newspaper nominations. Although ineffectual as to immediate result, are they altogether valueless?

Some "country editor," for instance, far away from the centers of party information and influence, preparing to send forth, under we know not what quaint motto concerning "the Beautiful and the True," his weekly hodge-podge—the seven days' reading of a few score of honest farm-folk and villagers—having, perhaps, no political fish of his own to fry, no resident celebrity to compliment, looks out over the whole wide field of men, and, in his simplicity, "nominates" the ideal President. To be sure the candidate of the *Galusha Globe* will not be mentioned in any of the national conventions, but the *Daily* of the neighboring city makes a "state item" of the nomination, it may be with a knowing newspaper smile at the Verdant-Greenness of its rural contemporary. The little item goes the rounds. The ridiculousness of the thing keeps it afloat. "Of course, he would make a splendid President; nobody denies that. But he doesn't stand the ghost of a chance. It's simply absurd." Perhaps so; but it is the very absurdity of the idea that sets serious men thinking—and this is the precise good that comes of the *Galusha Globe's* Utopian proposition.

A newspaper has recently mentioned in connection with the Presidency a name that no one imagines at all likely to be the choice of the next National Republican Convention; and yet it is one which could not be spoken in that Convention without the heartiest applause—a name that suggests all the graces and adaptations of the highest culture; whatever is charming and beneficent in literature and oratory; whatever is wise and pure in American politics.

Well, some one may say, are not such men more useful in the professions wherein they have been specially trained? And this editor—is he not of greater value to the country in his present position than he would be even as its official ruler? Think what a power is wielded by the man who preaches good morals, good manners, and the true statesmanship, every winter from all our principal platforms, and the year round from the three most widely read departments of three of our most popular journals! Could journalism, could the lyceum, spare him? It is a serious question; but we would be willing to risk the loss for the sake of the gain that would come to the nation of so purifying an influence, so inspiring an example, as that of the Ideal President.

Let us not despair of the Republic. Let us do our parts in uplifting the standard, and one of these days those shrewd fellows, the politicians, will learn that the best man is the most available. In that good time coming, boys, we may see the Easy-Chair roll at last into the White House. Then will

Legislators keep the law,
And banks dispense with bolts and locks;
While berries—whortle, rasp, and straw,
Grow bigger, downward, through the box.

DEAR FRANK,—I know very well that, to you, such a blow as this must be terrible. I have been thinking of you, my dear fellow, ever since I read in the paper the sad news of your father's trouble and sudden disappearance. O, this is the worst of sin—its utter selfishness—the suffering it brings upon the innocent.

But you make use of one word, in referring to your own position and that of your family, against which I must protest, as indicating a view of the case radically false. I mean the word *disgrace*. There is no doctrine so shallow and pernicious as the doctrine that a man can disgrace some one beside himself by his disgraceful deeds. If you embezzled the funds of the Farmers' and Fishermen's Bank, then, for your crime, you shall be held in righteous disrepute among men, and suffer the divine indignation. But if it was another,—no matter how near that other to you,—and if, in your heart of hearts, you are innocent and pure, then you may hold up your head among the best, and none but the little-brained and small-souled shall point the finger at you. Petty detraction may be your trial for a time, but I know you will despise that, if you are assured of the sympathy and esteem of every man whose sympathy and esteem are worth having.

Yes, the wickedest part of ill-doing is the certain bringing of anguish upon the innocent. A mystery indeed this; but a greater mystery still would it be, were it not above everything true that there is no idle suffering in all the world—that, in the divine economy, there are no accidents. It is not for mortal to say exactly what discipline any soul may need, yet I have known one to make, in just such a stress as yours, the precious discovery of his own manhood.

Your friend, O. C.

A PORTFOLIO full of pictures lies here on the desk of the Old Cabinet. Let us together turn the loose leaves. Here, against a rugged mountain-side, rise, arch above arch, the grim ruins of an ancient monastery. You can hardly tell where the primal rock ceases and human handiwork begins; mountain melts into masonry, and ruined masonry into mountain, the gray lichen covering all. Shadowy forms of man and beast emerge, as you gaze, into distinctness, while here and there frowning portals open deep into mysterious darknesses. Next is a sparkling bit of river scenery: in the foreground a gently sloping bank, where a gay party is picnicking; farther, a broad expanse of shimmering water,—a wooded shore beyond, and a sunny sky overhead. Here is a gigantic cavern, with sky-reaching roof and jagged sides, and a strange light in the rocky walls, as if they were illuminated somehow from within. Now we come upon a winsome English landscape: wide meadows, winding rivers, grazing cattle, wind-mill, hill, castle, and gorgeous sunset,—and the next moment we are transported to some Eastern scene of sand, and camels, and waving palms.

You know this house is haunted, by the hush and mildew and mystery over it; by the grand decay of the old gateway; the bare spectral trees. How grateful after that, this bright piece of color—a golden memory of the Thames.

Here we are in the forest primeval, with its giant trees making a mid-day gloom, and shaggy trunks lying heaped upon one another in fantastic confusion. Now we have a mountain torrent, in all its flash and fury; now a dream-wrought "castle by the sea,"

standing against a yellow sunset. Here is a familiar, every-day Pennsylvania landscape translated into poetry by the glamour of the hoar-frost; and there is some far-off Alpine scene, or a glimpse of the blue Mediterranean; while next glooms a lake of horrors—serpents everywhere writhing through the waters, twisting their slimy lengths out of caverns in the shore; even the clouds take on serpent shapes, and hiss at the startled moon.

What is this? But you are holding it upside down. There, it is right now. Watch it! Gradually the ruins of the old French church gather form in the twilight, the black poplars lift themselves weirdly against the troubled sky. It has rained in torrents; the stones of the pavement shine with the wet, and you can almost hear the drip, drip, from the 'mouldering walls.' We know not a living poet who could put that picture into words.

Calame, O. Achenbach, Turner, Doré, Vedder, Blake—each has been suggested by a different sketch. But after you have become familiar with his work, you will see the artist's strong individuality shining through all the pictures of Thomas Moran. Diversity of style and touch he surely has, for here you behold almost equal mastership with pencil, brush, and etching needle,—ink, water-color, oil; unsurpassed brilliancy in effect; seldom-equalled intelligence and delicacy in detail. He knows the language of the rocks, the curving pathway of the branch out toward the light, the sky's every trick of cloud and color. Not only is he, like Turner, a seer of visions, but loving intercourse has made familiar to him all the ways of the visible creation.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

AQUARIA.

THESE latter days of warmth and leisure are days of harvest. Provident hands will be wisely busy. There are mosses and lichens and bright brown cones to store for window-box and picture-frame. Delicate fronds of fern must be chosen for Ward's cases; the forest must yield russet and scarlet boughs; and sea-beach and rock-crevice be interrogated for the wherewithal to stock the aquarium.

To those who have not looked into the subject, an aquarium seems both expensive and troublesome. Short experience, however, will prove that it need not be either. A simply constructed and intelligently managed aquarium is less trouble than a hanging basket or choice pot-plant, and by its very nature possesses greater and more varied interest.

Let us suppose ourselves among a group of young people at the sea-side, dabbling in the surf, fishing for weeds at their daily bath, and rather wishing to possess some means of preserving the beautiful and curious things they daily see. Only they "know their fish will die," and "the whole thing prove a failure,"

and "papa says it's nonsense to spend much on it," &c. "Now," they ask, "how shall we go to work?"

You can do one of two things. First and simplest, you can buy a large glass "cake-cover," of the kind used in confectioners' shops, and which costs from three to five dollars, according to size. "Somebody" will whittle you a thick square block of wood and make a hole in the middle, of right dimensions to hold the glass knob of the cover firmly. Well, now you have your aquarium! If you choose to glue shells and pebbles on the wood, or stain it some pretty color, or paint it with sealing-wax paint, and stick over it bits of white coral, it will be all the prettier. But that is your own affair.

The other way is to order a square or oblong tank, made at the plumber's, of glass framed in slate or zinc. But this costs more and is practically no better.

The next step is preparing the water, for, be it understood, wild, newly-caught water is not fit for parlor use. You must wade out and dip it up at flood tide, when it is freshest and purest, and set it away for twenty-four hours to settle. While this is going on the silver sand may be procured and washed: washed

in several waters, that it may be free from slime and dirt. Pretty pebbles and pieces of rock can be selected and made thoroughly clean. There is nothing like starting with perfect material.

When all is ready, cover the bottom of the bowl with a thick bed of sand, and arrange your rocks and pebbles as you please. Two tall bits of granite, with a third laid across to form a sort of hollow cave, has a pretty effect. The fish seem to enjoy darting to and fro in this mimic gateway, as a caged bird enjoys his swing. Draw off the water gently from the top with a siphon and fill the aquarium nearly full. Lastly, throw in a couple of bits of sea-lettuce, and leave it for two or three days to settle and compose itself.

And now begins the delightful business of "stocking." And here there is but one general rule to abridge the freedom of individual experiment. Do not have too many animals. Two fish to a gallon of water is about the right proportion; and with a number of snails to eat up the refuse and keep things healthfully clean. They are troublesome creatures, from a propensity they have to crawl out of the aquarium and perish of thirst on the parlor carpet; but, as their rate of progress is slow, a little judicious poking and replacing will keep them within bounds, and their value as scavengers is so great that no tank flourishes without them.

Every walk to the shore will now result in treasure-trove. To-day it is a tiny tuft of brilliant weed, clasping with thread-like filaments a fragment of rock; to-morrow a bright darting fish, a minnow or baby greyling, or a droll hermit crab. Choice spots of coast will give you anemones, tassels of flaccid pulp at low-tide, or when indisposed, but expanding, when the mysterious whim seizes them, into beautiful, many-colored flower-shapes. Nothing can be more fascinating than these strange existences, half fish, half blossom, as they slowly open to the day, quivering with life, and emulating by their petals the choicest hues of earthly gardens.

Each shore has its specialty. Newport and the Narraganset Bay abound in sea-weeds of lovely tint. The Southern beaches are rich in shells; the Maine coast in anemones. Mt. Desert Island gives *echini* and rare snails of a vivid orange hue dear to the aquarium-lover. An aquarium fairly established, with due balance of animal and vegetable life, will preserve its purity and healthfulness year after year, with no other care on the part of its owner than an occasional filling up as evaporation lowers the water-level. Every summer journey will result in addition to its treasures, and every winter to its value as a source of interest and enjoyment.

Fresh-water aquaria also, are delightful possessions for those who do not live within reach of the sea, and the variety of beautiful and curious plants for them is very great. Of these are the side-saddle or pitcher-plant, the water-violet, the arrow-head, the milfoil, and the water buttercup.

FLOORS.

WHEN Mr. Ruskin chronicled the "Ethics of Dust," he should have devoted a large portion of his space to the modern floor.

The popular theory of a floor, reduced to practice, amounts to this: it is the principal dust-trap of the room. Being of soft and porous wood, its cracks open easily for the admission of dust, from furnace, cellar, or whatever is underneath. This dust insinuates itself into the carpet from the under side, while from above the chimney, windows, and doors pour a fine insensible stream into the upper surface. Besieged thus on either hand, the unlucky carpet in a few months becomes thoroughly charged with particles, over which the house-maid flirts her broom in vain; only a superficial rise rewarding her pains. A sound beating, and washing of the floor, alone can remove it, and this is impossible, the carpet being nailed securely down. The floor thus becomes the guardian of a noxious deposit which, week by week and month by month, is insensibly imparted to everything in the room, walls, furniture, pictures, and human lungs.

Now the very idea of a carpet, fitted to all juts and angles of an apartment, and immovably fixed in its place, is repugnant to all laws of convenience, of health, of taste, and of economy. Of health and convenience, for the reasons aforesaid. Of taste, because, the floor being of necessity the primary and the carpet the secondary object in designing a room, some portion of the former should be left visible. Of economy, because by our present arrangement a great deal more carpet than necessary is used, and the difficulty of transferring and adapting old carpets to one room after another infinitely increased.

Now, if we return to the original idea of a carpet, we find it to be of square or oblong shape, laid over the floor in the center of the room, leaving the edges bare and exposed. Our ancestors did not, nor do we, require to have the spaces beneath sofas and sideboards covered from sight. The thick Turkey webs which warmed their feet were too precious to be chopped and carved to suit the irregular shapes of rooms, and were reserved for their legitimate position and use.

This theory of a carpet, it is true, necessitates a floor which shall be of presentable finish. This need not, however, be an expensive thing. Georgia pine or plain pine, nicely laid and treated to a coat of oil or shellac, costs little and lasts long, the wear coming upon the carpeted portion of the room. Or the edge of the floor may be stained in a broad band and oiled, or painted in diamonds of color and varnished. For longer purses there are the hard woods in all combinations, from a simple striping of walnut and maple to the elaborate and beautiful designs which the "French Parqueterie Company," lately established in New York, are ready to lay down at your bidding. Or there is "wood carpeting," for the dissemination of which a company exists—also, we believe, in New York. This consists of narrow strips of wood, alternately

light and dark, glued on to strong canvas; and it can be ordered by the yard, like drugget, cut to fit any room, and, when no longer required, rolled up and put away. For lining a bow window, where plants are to hang and water is to be freely showered; for closets, vestibules, and recesses, it is extremely pretty and useful.

A word in passing on woods. Black walnut is the darkest of our native woods. A blacker shade can be gained only by staining. Of the light woods, maple has the finest grain, and is perhaps the most satisfactory; but ash and oak are also used, and Georgia pine gives a fine yellow for patterns.

A coat of shellac or oil every few weeks keeps the floor bright. Wax creates a beautiful polish, but has the bad effect of darkening the wood until the contrast between colors is lost. Its use, except sparingly, is not therefore to be recommended. A damp cloth passed over the floor easily removes all dirt: for stains and smutches soda and hot water should be applied with a scrubbing-brush. The carpet or rugs should be beaten once a week. By this process the air is kept perfectly free from dust, and the delightful freshness which this gives a house is indescribable. We scarcely realize to what base tests our lungs are ordinarily subjected until the better way is tried.

A square composed of three strips of Brussels carpeting, with a tasteful border all around it, makes a pretty carpet for any room. An ingrain of small pattern with ingrain border is suitable for bed-rooms, and we have seen pretty effects made of the new Venetian carpeting with border to match. Turkey or Persian rugs of large size are always beautiful, but their rarity makes them expensive. A good substitute is the Dresden, or, as it is sometimes called, Dutch rug, which is thick and soft, and has much the same harmonious, brilliant tints suggestive of the East.

Rooms covered with straw mattings can be easily made to look warm and comfortable for winter use by the laying down of one of these square carpets. The heavy bordering will generally prevent the corners from turning up as the foot passes over them, but, if preferred, any such difficulty can be obviated by driving into the floor half a dozen large-headed brass nails, and sewing to the edge of the carpet a corresponding number of brass carpet-rings, which can be slipped on and off at pleasure.

A WORD ABOUT AWNINGS.

In these days of manifold summer contrivances it is hardly needful to tell people how much the pretty awnings now in use over doors and windows improve the outside of a house. But many who admire the effect regard them simply as ornament, and have no notion of the comfort and beauty they produce within doors.

An awning over a window seems to extend the room and create a current of air. It is in fact a piazza—only you can't sit on it. Lying close to the window, with the grateful shade upon your book, the flapping of the scalloped edge suggesting cool sea-

winds, white rustling sails, all sorts of far-away delights—it is quite possible to forget the glaring day, and feel in the midst of a hot city something of country freshness and content.

Or do you resort to your house-steps as evening comes on, in hopes of a breath of air less hot and heavy than that you have inhaled all day? A twitch to the cords—the ever-ready awning extends its shade, turning your door-way into a commodious porch. Or a piazza too narrow for comfort, is by this means broadened into a delightful sitting-place. The awnings slope downward at a word, cutting off the last glare of day's red eye as the sun sets. And when the moon creeps up the sky, another word and it retires—leaving the heavens all your own.

Why should we not all have them—these nice little awnings; for they cost little, and can be bought everywhere? And when we get ours they shall be striped with *green*; for that is the cool color, and the most durable.

THE GAME OF PARALLELS.

THE Rev. Geo. A. Leaken, author of a suggestive little treatise on *The Law of Periodicity*, sends us the following:—

All games depend upon the parallelism of numbers, and we know what fascination they obtain over the minds of the young, especially; various attempts have been made to transfer this interest to the higher region of intelligence by means of pictorial cards, and Canning, the great British statesman, was accustomed to bring together the élite of London society, and, by an enigmatic process, obtain the name of some object from some general characteristics or peculiarities,—a process found to give life to conversation, and engage the interest of the highest intellects.

Let me suggest the extension of this principle to what may be called the new game of PARALLELS, the foundation of which is the recently developed idea that History is a plan, a cosmos, and not a detached series of accidental events; that "one thing is set over against another;" that history repeats itself in cycles or parallels; that there is no isolated event, but that characters and crises the most distant and abnormal are related, like the changes in sun-spots affecting our atmosphere. The most successful player in this game is the person who can most "match" any given historical fact. Suppose eight or ten forming a company; one proposes a subject like the following: "Cincinnatus taken from the plough." Each one presents such parallel as he recollects, and the last Parallelist gives in turn, "Columbus in chains," or the "Burial of De Soto," or "Who can tell me the similitudes of the destroyed Vendôme Column?" "The Assassination of an Archbishop?" or the "Burning of a Library?"

The questions may be indefinitely extended to all history, art, science, and every ology, old and new. Something of this kind has been adopted in the studies of Law and Medicine, but the ques-

tions are supposititious. This Parallelism communicates real, actual information, transferring those engaged from a dreary wilderness to a pleasant recreation, combining pleasure with profit; and, reacting upon

hard studies, relieves the school-room of its tedium. Which of our schools will be the first to try the "Game of Parallels?"

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

FRANCE is slowly recovering from the fearful external and internal shocks that so terribly prostrated her, but as yet her literary activity is confined mainly to "retrospective reviews" of the crowded history of the past year. Among these the so-called "Developments from the Tuileries" are still exciting attention, though they are by no means so piquant as the frivolous curiosity of the public evidently desired. The fugitive members of the Imperial family were either quite careful to destroy whatever might have a damaging effect, or else such papers did not exist, for much of the slanderous gossip published in the early days of the Provisional Government turns out to be false. Since the close of the war the most interesting material of this nature that has appeared is a collection of telegraphic despatches that unveil the boundless confusion and want of system that characterized the army movements, and thus give a key to the unexpected defeats that so soon followed. Bazaine telegraphs to Paris that the Prussians are in great consternation, and expect their land to be ruined; they have filled all the Government offices with cripples, that every man with sound legs may be on the march. But on the 21st of July General Michel asks from Belfort where his regiments are, as he cannot find them. Faily announces from Bitsch that he has neither money nor provisions, and is told that he must await the Emperor and make the best of circumstances. Other generals complain that with twenty batteries there is but one veterinary surgeon; that of eight hundred sets of harness only five hundred can be used, and that they have no maps. The despatches would seem to prove that Bazaine was really short of supplies in Metz, for numerous messages received from the 20th to the 26th of July repeat that he is without a reserve supply of sugar, coffee, rice, etc. The Major-General of the Army telegraphs on the 29th of July: "I need biscuit to enable me to march." And so on through an interminable list of complaints that go to prove the helpless and disorganized condition of the army.

THE STRASBURG LIBRARY is still receiving large additions from nearly every literary center in Germany, to say nothing of the famous English committee that are sending many articles of value from England—books, documents, and manuscripts. The court library of Carlsruhe has already two thousand books piled up for Strasburg. The University of Heidelberg has a very extensive contribution, and the same of Basle, Erlangen, Mayence, Jena, etc. The royal library of Stuttgart has sent nearly four hundred valuable volumes, and the Prime Minister of Wurtemberg an-

nounces a large number ready on the part of the State. The Government printing-office in Vienna has sent a very valuable catalogue, with directions to choose, and the number of learned societies in Germany that are collecting rarities and valuables of all kinds befitting a library, is legion. Thus the new library bids fair to be overwhelmed with literary treasures.

LOUISA MÜHLBACH, it will be remembered, was one of the favored mortals who received a special invitation to be present at the ceremonies attending the opening of the Suez canal. The Viceroy evidently had an eye to her descriptive powers, and gave her a fine opportunity for a glance into Egyptian life of to-day. She has profited by this, and published a series of letters in book form, in her best style. She makes no pretense to investigate the antiquarian treasures of Egypt, and only speaks of those that she chanced to see. Mrs. Mühlbach was specially favored in becoming acquainted with the household of the Khedive, and visiting the sacred precincts of the harem, that are ever sternly sealed to all visitors of the male sex, of whatever name. Her pictures are highly colored and sometimes not in the best taste, but they will please the masses.

THE GERMAN GEOGRAPHERS are enjoying a new and splendid chart of the world from the famous Berg-haus, according to Mercator's projection. The previous editions of this work have already become very popular in this country, as well as in England. In the course of eight years no less than six revised editions of this chart have appeared, each one a great improvement on the last. It gives a complete view of every channel of intercourse by sea and land, and shows especially the currents of the ocean, the course of famous discoveries, and the lines of ocean telegraphs. The present edition beautifully illustrates the South Sea and the Pacific Ocean, paying special attention to the lines of intercourse between our own coast and China, and to the rapidly-growing islands of the Australian group. The arrangement of this new chart leaves on us the impression that he regards America as the central point of the world's commerce, and seems to make England secondary. The accompanying charts are increased by twenty-five, and the wealth of illustration thus afforded makes it a geographical encyclopedia.

GIL BLAS in Hebrew is the latest novelty in Russia, where the Jews, since the death of the Emperor Nicholas, have enjoyed larger liberties than ever before. Formerly the Hebrew printing-offices were confined to the production of Bibles and prayer-books, and other works of a strictly religious character. But of

late a Hebrew journal indulges in political and scientific essays, and even enters the frivolous sphere of the modern novel. The last surprise is Gil Blas, and we shall soon expect Don Quixote. Many of the small cities of Russia are filled with Jews, who pride themselves on retaining their language as a means of literary intercourse, and in the excess of this pride they are using it as a vehicle for narratives to which it seems quite unfitting, from the sacredness of its character.

CONSTANTINOPLE is enjoying a sensation in the form of a new weekly journal printed in modern Greek. It bears the name of Eurydice, is mainly intended for female readers, and has for its object the intellectual development of the sex. To this end its columns contain the memoirs of a series of distinguished women who have made themselves known in literature and art. The first number thus contains an account of Dora d'Istria, whose fame has become European. The publisher of this sheet is Madame Emilia Leonzias, and it is edited by a lady. This to occur in Constantinople is certainly a remarkable sign of the times.

POLAND boasts of its Dora d'Istria in Madame Severine Duchinska, a celebrated ethnographic scholar, who has just published the *Ethnography of Poland*. The lady seems to have developed a very remarkable talent in the study of the national surroundings and peculiarities of her people. She takes special interest in the peasantry of Poland, and has written for them an agricultural work that has been crowned with success and honor. She has also written with direct reference to the wives and daughters of the Polish peasantry, and imparted to them a mine of useful knowledge. The same lady has translated a collection of popular songs from the French into her own language, and is now engaged in collecting the people's lays of "Historic Poland." Besides these labors, she has written on the antiquity of the Finns, and is just now engaged on a collection of the songs of the Cossacks, that are calculated to throw much light on the history of this people. She is a prolific genius, and the bright particular star of Poland.

AUBER died at a most inauspicious period for his memory. France loved him, and he in turn loved France. But his country was in the agonies of the bitterest warfare at the time of his death, and found it impossible to give expression to that love. It is said that his remains are carefully laid aside for future interment, when the nation shall have time to pay due respect to his memory. And what wonderful events this man passed through! He witnessed the execution of Louis XVI., the Reign of Terror, the victories of Bonaparte, the Restoration, the July Monarchy, the Second Republic, and the Second Empire. But through all these political vicissitudes he remained true to his art, and tireless in his activity. Music and Paris were his gods, the never-failing fountains that kept him fresh and happy. And he so loved Paris that he never left it, even in the midst of summer. A promenade on the Boulevards, a ride in the Bois de Boulogne, were to him as a visit to Italy and Switzerland. Old as he

was, he was extremely happy at the life and beauty of the Great Exposition, and doubtless then little thought that his ninetieth year would overwhelm him with sorrow at the misfortunes of his country, and bring him to death among the shouts of rebellion and the slaughter of the barricades. Few men have afforded the Parisians more refined pleasure, and few more enjoyed their love.

THE DÜRER FESTIVAL, that was to commemorate the fourth centennial of the great artist's birth, was also sadly interfered with throughout Germany—the untoward circumstances of war, the peace festivals and the political reconstruction being too absorbing to allow the masses to devote much attention to the memory of their master painter. There were exhibitions of his paintings in the largest cities, and the art-circles of Vienna, Berlin, Dusseldorf, Dresden, etc., had festive assemblies. But it has been reserved to next year for the whole nation to join in a great testimonial of respect. Munich distinguished itself beyond the other cities in a dramatic representation prepared specially for the occasion. The piece was entitled "Dürer's Earthly Pilgrimage," which, indeed, was one of vicissitude and sorrow. He had a scolding wife, who was completely incorrigible, and who would even lampoon his friends when they came to admire his works. This everlasting domestic war threw him into a deep melancholy, and nearly induced him at one time to start for Rome and Jerusalem. Just at this period he produced his most beautiful Madonna, which brought a congratulatory letter from Raphael, a jubilee on the part of the artists and scholars of Nuremberg, and—strangest of all—the caresses of his wife, who fell on his neck and kissed him when she discovered in the famous Madonna the early beauty of her own youthful face. The conversion of his Xantippe and the love of his friends and king induced him to remain in his beloved Nuremberg, which still shows with pride the house in which he was born, and recently had the most rare and famous exhibition of his works.

THALBERG's recent death has called public attention to the real merit of this once popular pianist and composer. He,—with Liszt, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Schumann,—deserves well of the musical and artistic world for having largely aided in bringing to a close the so-called "jingling period" of German music—from 1827 till 1835. They at least kept that school within certain bounds, and aided in paving the way to a higher life in this divine art. No one could blame him that with his well-earned victories and laurel wreaths he took refuge in his earthly paradise at Naples. The fickle world soon forgot its former favorite, and was reminded of his existence by the announcement of his recent death. In the history of piano music he will never be forgotten, though his nimble fingers no longer animate the numerous compositions that manifest his genius. Creations like his great "Fantaisie" on Rossini's "Moïse" must hold a permanent place in the literature of the Piano.

THE SOLDIER TO THE POET.—Oscar Von Redwitz,

one of the first living poets of the Fatherland, recently sang in sublime strains "The Lay of the New German Realm." Von Moltke's delicate heart and highly cultured mind are shown in the feeling words that this lord of battles addressed to the master of song: "The poet may be lavish; with full hands he scatters diamonds and pearls, the stars of Heaven and the blossoms of earth—and thus he bestows praise. In this sense I conceive it when your song compares me with the great men of the past. For these were great even in misfortune, and mainly there. We have only had success. Men may call this chance, fortune, fate, or the providence of God; they alone make it not, and such mighty successes are substantially the result of circumstances that we neither create nor control. The excellent Pope Adrian caused to be placed on his tomb-stone the following words: 'What a difference is produced by the period in which the labors of the best man falls: for the unconquerable force of circumstances may destroy the most worthy, or victoriously bear up the unworthy.' If I therefore may not from false modesty consider a fair share of the praise you lavish as undeserved, I am not the less susceptible to it, for verses like yours may easily survive many a monument of brass or marble."

A MONSTER POST-OFFICE is that of the London Peninsular and Oriental Company, the greatest in the world. It maintains with its mighty ocean steamers a regular connection with Spain, France, Malta, Egypt, Arabia, Ceylon, all the coasts of India, Australia, China, and Japan. Some of these lines are from ten to thirteen thousand miles long, and the service on them is so regular that the ships often vary but a few minutes from the time-table on the entire route. The Company has 12,600 officers, and 8,000 of these are on their steamers or transports. The average number of persons on their craft daily is said to be over 10,000, besides millions of letters and packages for all quarters of the globe.

Now and then we get a record of some minute geographical fact, a sunken rock, or a submarine volcano, added by our whalemén to the general stock of knowledge. But it does seem strange that so little has been done by these, the most adventurous of our navigators. From Scotland there have sailed annually for a hundred years a fleet of well-equipped vessels, now prin-

cipally steamships, to the seal and whale fisheries on the two sides of Greenland. But since the early part of this century, when the Scoresbys gained their fame in Arctic exploration, it does not appear that a single observation of any value has been put on record, by any British whalerman, tending to increase our scanty knowledge of the geography and meteorology of those regions. The same is almost literally true of our New Bedford and Nantucket whalemén. Evidence is just now before us tending to prove that Greenland is by no means an unbroken continent, but a series of islands separated by straits, like those to the west of it. But it would seem as if these facts would have been brought out by some of our numerous Scotch and American navigators, and not left for a government expedition to discover. The Norwegian fishermen are just now setting us a good example. In 1868, as a result of the German and Swedish expeditions, twenty-five vessels sailed from Norway for the whale and walrus fisheries of the seas around Nova Zembla. In the summer of 1869 twenty-seven vessels were thus employed, among which was that of Johannesen, whose voyage around the island of Nova Zembla completely overturned the common notions as to the state of the ice in the sea of Kara. Last summer the number of vessels had increased to sixty, and Johannesen was again foremost, and boldly sailed into the icy sea eastward to the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei on the Siberian coast, and northward as far as the 77th parallel. In five of these vessels very careful observations were recorded of the depth and temperature of the sea, and of the direction and force of the currents, as also of the state of the ice. From these journals Prof. Petermann, the great German geographer, has been able to draw up a very complete account of the condition of the Kara Sea during the summer months. This sea averages only some three hundred feet in depth, and grows rapidly shallow toward the north, and, what is of the greatest importance, is perfectly navigable during the months of July and August. A little of this scientific spirit might well be infused into our Yankee fishermen. We are not informed what organizations they have made for the purpose, but there is little doubt that New Bedford or Nantucket would be an excellent center for a vigorous geographical society.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

ART IN NEWPORT, R. I.

PERHAPS there is no spot in our vast country more auspiciously identified with Art than Newport. The first English artist of note who ever visited our shores was brought to Newport by Bishop Berkeley in the old colonial days; and his visit to New England is still kept memorable by the many portraits of Smibert, belonging to the families of primitive emigrants. Gilbert Stuart was born on the opposite side of the bay, educated at Newport, long resided there, and his only surviving daughter, Jane Stuart, has made the place

her home, and often receives a commission from her father's admirers to make a copy of one of his famous portraits, wherein she manifests remarkable skill. Allston and Malbone were schoolmates at Newport, and there pursued their early artistic studies. Richard M. Staigg practiced his art there with eminent success for many years, and still considers Newport his home, having a house in the town. Of the resident artists at present there, Richard S. Greenough, the sculptor, is the most eminent. There he modeled his beautiful statue of Victory for the Boston Latin School; and

his studio contains some remarkable results of his long and faithful studies abroad. There are two models for heroic statues which deserve the candid attention of all municipalities and private associations intent upon introducing this kind of monumental adornment, to celebrate local or national benefactors. We have had more than enough of crude, inexpressive, and badly modeled statues; they excite the derision of foreigners and mortify the pride of native citizens with the least knowledge of or taste for art. Mr. Greenough's designs for statues of Washington and Lincoln are harmonious, expressive, and artistic. A more graceful, spirited, and at the same time characteristic, equestrian statue of Washington than that which is to be seen at his studio in Newport, in the form of a highly finished miniature model, has never been composed; and whatever city or community secures the work, in colossal proportions, will possess a really adequate representation of our peerless chief. The same may be said of the Lincoln statue, which, being in a sitting posture, is free from the awkwardness and angularities unavoidable in a standing figure; this is dignified, impressive, and, at the same time, thoroughly characteristic. We were at a loss to conceive why these admirable models by a native artist, had been neglected, while such inferior ones have been adopted, until we remembered that Mr. Greenough was too genuine an artist, as well as too true a gentleman, to resort to those "tricks of trade" whereby public commissions are obtained, without reference to artistic capacity or the claims of good sense and good taste. The last work of this gifted sculptor is an Ideal Head, full of life and of exquisite beauty; an arch, lovely, womanly face, radiant with dreamy delight. It bears the appropriate name of *Felicità*.

Of summer sojourners of the artist guild, now at Newport, there are Richard M. Hunt, the accomplished and popular architect, who has already embellished this region with many admired specimens of his taste and skill; Mr. Key, grandson of the author of the "Star-Span-gled Banner," who has brought hither from California a series of carefully studied views of the most remarkable scenery of that region, which he is now busy in elaborating into landscapes, interesting from their authenticity, effectiveness, and associations; we have thus delineated the Golden Gate, the Yo-Semite Valley, the Big Trees, and the most famous lakes and mountains; these beautiful memorials of a country now sought by caravans of eager tourists, are duly appreciated, and Mr. Key has many orders. No artist has made more thorough and varied studies of California scenery, from the first glimpse of the Pacific to the wild waters, rocks, and arborescent wonders of the inland valleys. Mr. Newell is the assiduous limner of the villas and cottages; Monsieur Thibaut, who married a niece of Fenimore Cooper, has portrayed very skillfully several remarkable canine favorites. John W. Ehninger is hard at work in William Hunt's old studio, and Stone is daily expected to execute some portraits; while George Harvey, an English artist, is sketching

the coast; and Kensett will pass some weeks here to make studies for marine landscapes.

"THE GENESIS OF SPECIES."

THERE is marvelous power in an epigram sometimes. Linnaeus made one, a sheer assertion, impossible of proof; yet naturalists have been bound hand and foot by it almost ever since. Even so vigorous and independent a thinker as Charles Darwin has been prejudiced by it. Out of the innumerable variations in the forms and functions of organic beings which his theory presupposes, it would seem right enough, and reasonable enough, to expect some to be sufficiently great to appear large to human eyes; but such a contingency was denied by Mr. Darwin, because, forsooth, "Nature never jumps:" as though the steps of Nature must of necessity be graduated by human standards, and limited to what man considers small. This restriction of individual variation to the infinitesimal was the fundamental mistake of Mr. Darwin's theory. The well-known and admitted fact that in certain cases, as, for example, that of the Ancon sheep, Nature has been seen to 'jump' vigorously in the evolution of a new form, could not outweigh an epigram. Variation *must* be by insensible degrees; and the most original of naturalists was thereby driven to fanciful hypotheses to account for phenomena that needed no such explanation. The strongest arguments advanced by Mr. Mivart (*The Genesis of Species*: D. Appleton & Co.) are directed against this weak point of the Theory of Natural Selection; so effective, indeed, are they, that many anti-Darwinists have prematurely raised a jubilant cry that his entire theory has been exploded, and their "crude conceptions," as Mr. Mivart calls them, triumphantly sustained. Mr. Mivart has thus been discredited with views which he would be the first to repudiate. Like the great majority of modern students of Nature, he is a thoroughgoing evolutionist. That existing faunas and floras are the direct descendants of antecedent and mainly inferior forms, he believes as firmly as Darwin, or Wallace, or Huxley, or Herbert Spencer. He believes also that "Natural Selection" has had a very great deal to do in the determination of the present order of animated nature; only he relegates it—as Mr. Darwin seems disposed now to do—to a secondary position, along with sexual selection and other known modes of modification, all subordinate to some as yet undiscovered law of Nature. He goes behind the law of Natural Selection, and endeavors to account for the origin of the forms which Mr. Darwin's theory begins with, and which Natural Selection—or, more properly, the "Survival of the Fittest," as Herbert Spencer happily calls it—only conserves. He takes the ground that there is in each individual some internal force or tendency which interferes with, co-operates with, and controls the influence of external conditions, and is the main determining agent in the genesis of species; while inheritance, reversion, atavism, natural selection, and the rest play secondary parts. To be sure, there is no di-

rect proof of such an innate force or tendency; still he believes that the conception of it will ever remain necessary, however much its subordinate processes and actions may become explicable. He maintains further that by this assumed force new species are evolved through ordinary generation; not, as Prof. Owen holds, irrespective of altered outward conditions, but largely in consequence of them; the external influence equally with the internal being the result of one harmonious action underlying the whole of Nature. As regards the extent of the variations, Mr. Mivart believes them to be considerable in comparison with those of Mr. Darwin's theory—in fact, sensible steps, such as discriminate species from species. The office assigned to Natural Selection in conserving the results of such 'jumps' is, briefly, to rigorously destroy monstrosities, and abortive or feeble attempts at the evolutionary process; to remove the antecedent species rapidly when the new one evolved is more in harmony with surrounding conditions; and finally to favor and develop useful variations, though it is impotent to originate them, or to erect the physiological barrier which seems to exist between species. The chapter on the incompetency of Natural Selection to account for the incipient stages of useful structures is chiefly directed against the erroneous assumption that minute variations naturally selected are sufficient to account for the forms and functions of existing structures. The untenable nature of that position is most conclusively shown by an array of facts that seem to be beyond dispute. The development of baleen in the mouth of the whale, and the peculiar structure of the throat of the young kangaroo, would be evidence enough, if there were no other, to show that something more is required than the mere conservation and development of rudimentary beginnings. Either of the structures mentioned, if not immediately complete, and co-ordinated with others equally complex and wonderful, would have been fatal to the possessor. The argument that Natural Selection does not harmonize with the co-existence of closely similar structures of diverse origin is almost as strong. That based on the absence of fossil transitional forms hardly deserves the prominence given to it: negative evidence of that sort has proved delusive too often to be worthy of much regard. The argument quoted from the *North British Review*, and so often referred to with favor by Mr. Mivart, is only a striking illustration of the futility of trying organic phenomena by mathematical laws. The figures show plainly enough that a single variation, however favorable, would be utterly outbalanced by its numerical inferiority: but it is the old quibble of the hare and the tortoise in a new form. The single example of a sudden "sport" developing to the extinction of the pre-existing breed, afforded by Sir J. Trevelyan's flock of peafowl, is quite sufficient to demonstrate the worthlessness of the mathematical argument. In the chapter on Evolution and Ethics Mr. Mivart follows Mr. R. H. Hutton in an argument against an alleged position of Herbert Spencer, which Mr. Spencer has

since shown to be not fairly deducible from his writings. Under Pangenesis Mr. Mivart brings together an array of strong objections against Mr. Darwin's far-fetched provisional hypothesis, following chiefly the criticisms of Mr. G. H. Lewes, and Prof. Delpino, of Florence. He prefers Herbert Spencer's hypothesis of "physiological units" to Mr. Darwin's of "organic atoms," inasmuch as the former presupposes but one mystery, while the latter has to be supplemented by other powers and tendencies, each distinct, and each in itself inexplicable and profoundly mysterious. The independence of "Natural Selection" and "Pangenesis," however, is frankly admitted, the fall of the latter having power to throw a doubt over the former only because the two acknowledge the same paternity. The chapter on Theology and Evolution, showing that neither the special Darwinian theory, nor any other legitimate evolutionary theory, need have any bearing whatever on Christian belief, is calculated to do a twofold good work—to satisfy timid believers that there is necessarily nothing unchristian or antichristian in Evolution; and to silence those who vainly imagine to overthrow Christianity by facts of biology.

"AMERICAN RELIGION."

WHY Mr. John Weiss should have given to his pretty little volume of three hundred pages the title, *American Religion* (Roberts Brothers) instead of calling it, for example, "The Swiss Navy," or "The Snakes of Ireland," or "The Morals of the Hippogriff," or anything else which might occur to a lively and unfettered imagination, is a question which will naturally suggest itself to many of his readers. It has little to do with America or with any continent under the moon; it has perhaps still less to do with religion of any hitherto discovered kind. There are three hundred pages of oracular utterance, the intent of which is not readily to be discerned by the uninspired reader, except in places where the author takes pains to be distinctly offensive. One characteristic paragraph, in which he asserts the antagonism between the theology of naturalism and the theology of supernaturalism, we should be glad to quote entire (page 23), but hesitate because of its cheap and unpleasant profaneness. Treating what he calls supernaturalism with a scornful superiority of patronage, he speaks of the naturalist as seeing "everywhere through the continuity of law a God" (with a big G), while the supernaturalist "jumps in from time to time with *his* god" (with a little g). The studied offensiveness of the paragraph in which this remarkable passage occurs forbids the charitable conjecture that the difference is a mere error of proof-reading. The proof-reading of the volume is indeed remarkably accurate. And this method in theological polemics is one for which Mr. Weiss may claim the merit of invention. It reminds us of the severity with which the Paris Communists were reported to have spoken of "a person called God." And it is much as if Mr. Bennett of the *Herald*, desiring completely to annihilate Mr. Greeley of the *Tribune*, should spell

the name of that editor with a small g, or the title of his paper with a small t. After all, if Mr. Weiss finds comfort in wit so cheap, the supernaturalists, as he calls them, will hardly begrudge it to him.

Concerning Mr. Weiss's God with a big G, however, when we look and listen that we may learn, we look and listen with the most vague and unsatisfactory result. Once or twice we get at something like a revelation—we will not say a definition,—of It—we will not venture to say Him. On page 147 we find this passage, which is worth quoting:—

“When the powerful vibrations of music shake down our bars, and we are released to each other, or the upliftings of great speech take our feet from the ground, and we can no longer stand braced in resistance, but conspire into the wave of the orator's persuasion, we are in the temper of Deity. It is never strange at such moments to find all the petty individuals believing in God, unconsciously translating the occasion into the conviction that gathers and crushes all the clusters of all souls. God is the cup that catches that life's wine. We taste our own unadulterated flavor.”

We are glad to see that this is still the God with the big G. And we are content to be called worse names than supernaturalists if we may still be permitted to worship some better Deity than “the cup that holds our own unadulterated flavor.”

The antagonism which Mr. Weiss is laboring to perpetuate between science and the Scriptures is, of course, an unreal antagonism. Religious men are now, for the most part, ready to acknowledge the right of students in natural science to explore to the utmost the realm of knowledge, and are ready devoutly and gratefully to accept assured results. There seems something malignant in the endeavor of such books as this to keep asunder what is divinely joined together, and to affirm a necessary conflict between reason and faith, between the revelations of science and the revelation of Scripture, between nature and the supernatural. This particular book is not likely to be widely mischievous—the oracle is too vague to be popularly effective. But the intent of it is, we are sorry to say, none the less evil that it is likely to be futile. A certain charm of style deludes the reader into a patient hopefulness and expectancy as he turns the pages; and the tone of lively self-confidence with which the author musically babbles is not unattractive till it is discovered to be an unending monotone. If Mr. Tupper had been brought up, let us say, in Boston, and stimulated by the mutual admiration of the Radical Club, it seems probable that he might have given us a book like *American Religion* instead of the *Proverbial Philosophy*. As we read, for example, “how it thunders and lightens when a moral Yea leaps from a million nobodies into the reconciling equilibrium of God” (still with the big G), we are constrained to a certain pathos of admiration, such as the critic in the *Bab Ballads* expressed concerning the imaginary verse of Tupper—

“Which I knew was very clever, but I could not understand it.”

“TEN GREAT RELIGIONS.”

It is not often that we find a theological writer who has the power to state with clearness and at the same time with fairness the views of those from whom he differs. The bitterness of the *odium theologicum* has become proverbial. But there is to be found no trace of it in the writings of Mr. James Freeman Clarke. To the long eras of contrast and controversy in theology he hopes to add an era of good feeling, by the method of comparison. And the learned and readable volume just issued by Osgood & Co. (*Ten Great Religions: an Essay in Comparative Theology*), is his contribution to the science of Comparative Theology. He brings to his work the thoughtful and scholarly preparation of twenty-five years, and, what is better, a critical faculty of no mean sort, and, what is best of all, a reverent and religious spirit. It would be strange if, in a book requiring such various learning, there should not be found now and then some inaccuracy of statement, some error of fact. But on the whole it seems to us that the book is not only honest in spirit, but also exact in statement.

Of course the doctrinal standpoint which Mr. Clarke occupies is not the one held by the churches known as orthodox. And he does not pretend that it is. His fairness toward those from whom he differs is not secured by any disguise of his own convictions. But there is little in the concluding chapter, for example, where the ten great religions are brought into formal comparison with Christianity, from which any Christian man would feel bound to dissent.

The present volume is only one of a series which Mr. Clarke hopes to be able to continue hereafter. All scholarly and religious men will give him their cordial good-will in a work for which his qualifications are so unusual. Whoever believes with Mr. John Weiss (whose book we have noticed above), that a brand-new religion is to be invented for the specific use of the American continent, will have small sympathy with such endeavors as these of Mr. Clarke. But whoever believes, in common with very many respectable and useful persons, that the religion of Christ is to be the religion of the human race, will recognize with gratitude the significance of such work as is given in this volume. To compare is better than to contrast, when comparison is possible. The right method for Christian men—pre-eminently the right method for Christian missionaries—is the method which Mr. Clarke illustrates. There was never a better missionary sermon, surely, than the one which Paul the Apostle preached on Mars Hill, when he declared to the very religious men of Athens the God whom they ignorantly worshiped. And it is significant of the aim and spirit of Mr. Clarke's work, that he puts on the title-page of his volume, for a motto, a text from this discourse.

MRS. STOWE ON DIVORCE.

WE never realized more emphatically the injustice which the serial form of publication does to a story

than we have in reading Mrs. Stowe's "Pink and White Tyranny." (Roberts Bros., Boston.) As this story has appeared, month by month, in *Old and New*, it has certainly not won fair recognition. Mrs. Stowe has not command enough of dramatic machinery, nor sufficient finish of style to give to each page of a story an intrinsic interest, apart from its position in the development of the narrative. We confess that as we have glanced at *Pink and White Tyranny* now and then in the course of the last six months, it has seemed to us merely a commonplace and wearisome story, carelessly written, and with no particular purpose. Nothing is further from the truth. It has as distinct a purpose as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*; and, we had almost said, aims at a more important end. Mrs. Stowe has taken the wise—if inartistic—precaution of stating, near the end of the book, just what she intended should be its moral. We would like to see those few pages, with their unvarnished, unanswerable words, printed in form of a tract and circulated widely. No moral could be more pertinent to the present time; no lesson more terribly needed by women. The plot of the story is told in few words. Instead of plot, we would better say problem; and here it is given: A clever and upright man married to a silly, deceitful woman—what is to be done? In these days we hear a great deal about the converse problem, *i. e.*, a clever, upright woman married to a bad man; and to many people's minds the answer seems to be as simple as that to any sum in "simple subtraction," $2-1=1$, and all the better for everybody! We venture to say that no woman can read the last chapters of this book of Mrs. Stowe's without being led to see that there can be no such off-hand way of dealing with human relations, without misery and ruin and sin. There are dancing to-day at Newport and Saratoga hundreds of just such pretty, brainless, characterless simpletons as poor little Lillie; and before a year has gone by, hundreds of just such simple, honest, deluded fellows as John will have taken them for wives. There is no sentimental gloss thrown over John's position in Mrs. Stowe's picture. He has simply "lost" his "personal happiness;" that is a strong expression, but it is not one whit too strong to describe the position of a man or a woman who has made the mistake of an utterly uncongenial marriage. What next? John's first impulse is the first impulse—the natural impulse—of every human soul, to "escape" from torment.

"My wife, Gracie! she is worse than nothing,—worse, oh! infinitely worse than nothing! She is a chain and a shackle. She is my obstacle. She tortures me and hinders me every way and everywhere. There will never be a home for me where she is; and, because she is there, no other woman can make a home

for me. Oh, I wish she would go away, and stay away! I would not care if I never saw her face again."

The counsel of a wise sister, and the memory of a good mother, and the clear-sighted instinct of a Christian heart triumph over John's unwillingness to suffer. To the day of Lillie's death, he remains the tender, care-taking husband; on her death-bed the poor little foolish woman begins, almost like Undine, to find her soul:

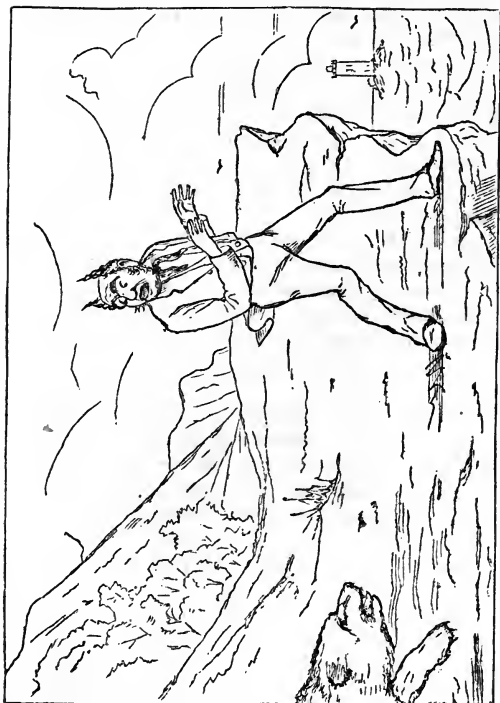
"John, I do feel that God will take pity on me, poor and good for nothing as I am, just because I see how patient and kind you have always been to me, when I have been so very provoking. You see it has made me think how good God must be,—because, dear, we know that he is better than the best of us."

These were among poor Lillie's last words. Their simplicity is more eloquent protest against hasty separation of man and wife on the ground of simple uncongeniality than volumes of high-toned and unanswerable arguments, based on considerations of church or policy or honor.

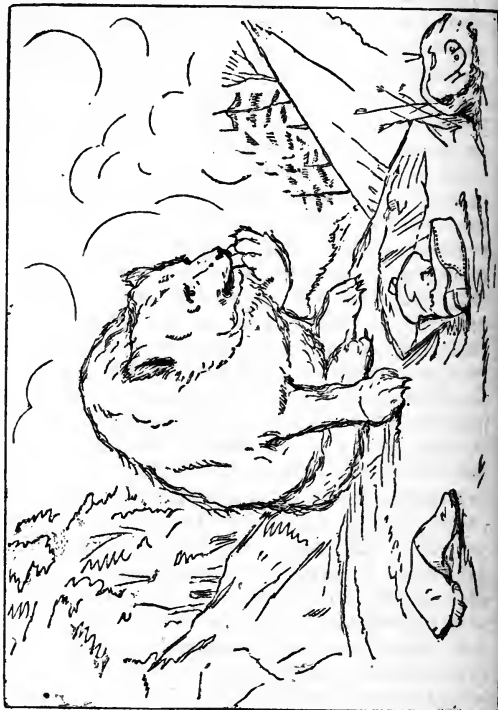
John Ellis saved his wife's soul. That is all! If he had left her he would have ruined it. That would have been all! Let them see to it, who are to-day taking high hand and loud voice to teach that such absolute self-sacrifice, acceptance of life-long loss of personal happiness, are unworthy of human souls. "Greater love hath no man than this;" and again, "He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not, he shall enter into the tabernacle of the Lord."

"PAPERS FOR HOME READING."

It is a somewhat hazardous experiment to reproduce in permanent form the essentially ephemeral contributions, even of an eminent man, to newspapers and magazines, especially when the journals to which they were contributed are those of another country. This is the experiment, however, upon which one of our publishing houses has ventured, and which seems justified by the great popularity of the distinguished preacher whom they thus introduce to American readers. (*Papers for Home Reading*: By Rev. John Hall, D.D., Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. New York: Dodd & Mead.) The miscellaneous papers thus collected are characterized by Dr. Hall's unfailing good sense, simplicity, and honesty. While they are in no way remarkable, they will tend to deepen the satisfaction which is already widely felt, that an influence so manly, so healthful, in the best sense so Christian, is effectively put forth in the great metropolitan church of which he is the pastor.



But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,



"'t the mouth."



"Thou'dst shun a bear :



"Thou'dst meet the bear

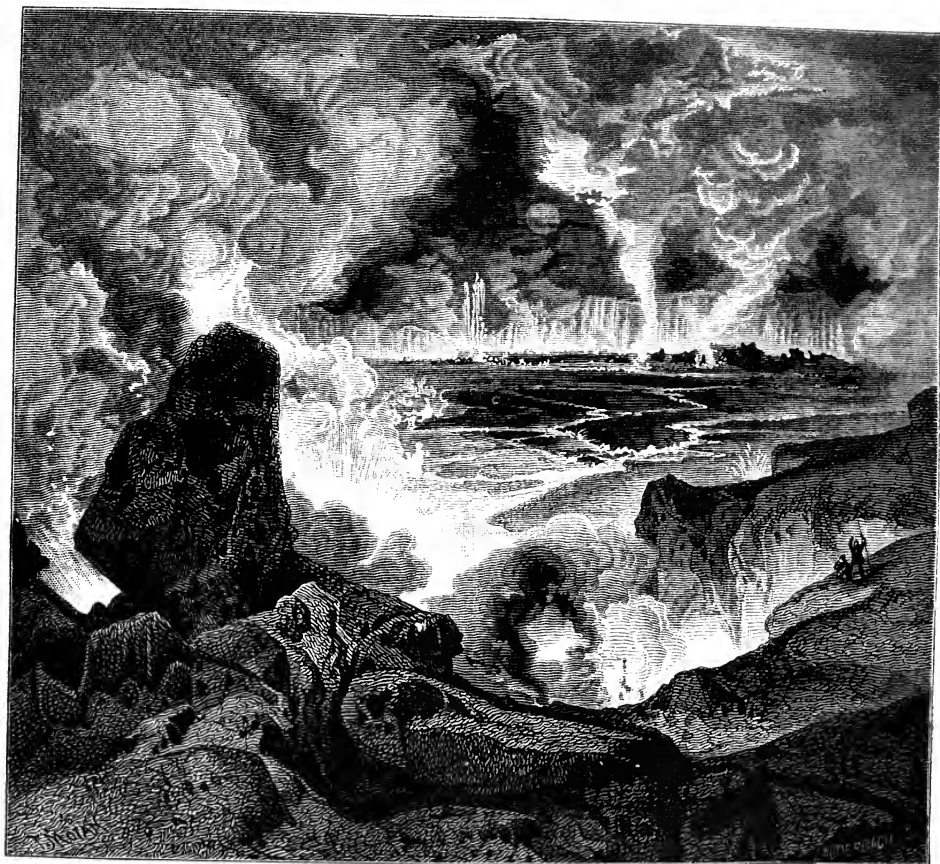
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AN ISLAND ON FIRE.



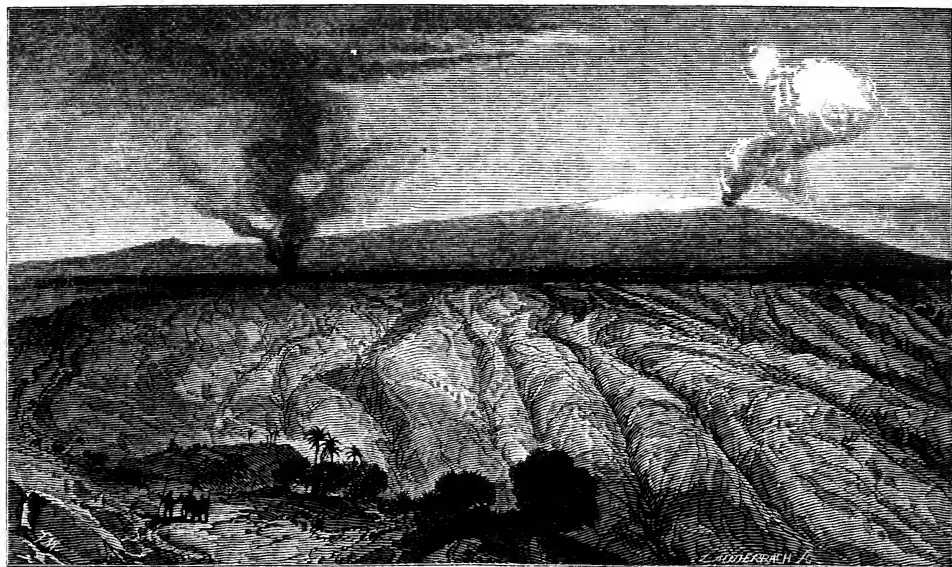
HALE MAU-MAU (THE LAKE OF FIRE), VOLCANO OF KI-LAU-É-A, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

It was my fortune to spend the first eighteen years of my life within thirty miles of the greatest volcano in the world.

A quiet little home was ours in Hilo—a green retreat embowered in the shade of the bread-fruit and the pride-of-India trees. The banana and the coffee-plant grew before the door; the tall shafts of the cocoa-nut fringed the near waters of the bay; and the bamboo, growing in luxuriant clusters, shaded the neat white house that looked like a New England

parsonage set down in the middle of the tropical landscape. This green spot by the sea still represents to me, after a long absence, all that is fresh and bright and tender in an island home.

Yet the whole island upon which the village of Hilo stands was often shaken by the earthquake; and our green nook was threatened, more than once, by devouring torrents of volcanic fire. Hawaii is an island nearly as large as the State of Connecticut; but like the



KI-LAU-É-A.

MAUNA LOA, THE FIRE MOUNTAIN.

THE SUMMIT CRATER.

eleven smaller islands which with it make up the Hawaiian or Sandwich group, it is entirely of volcanic origin. Upon the rest of the group the fires have long ago been extinguished; but here they still roll and roar with undiminished fury; the melting, forging, and welding goes on as from the beginning in the great volcanoes of Ki-lau-é-a and Mauna Loa. The thunder of the Plutonic hammer is heard; the whole island shakes beneath the blow, and the white vapors and sulphur-smoke roll away forever from those mighty forges.

The volcano played a large part in the imaginations of the children that grew up in that island home. Often, on clear nights, our parents' call would follow our footsteps upstairs, after we had blown out the light and gone to bed in more than heathen ignorance of the fear of ghosts or of darkness, and we would hear with a sort of dread delight the words, "Children, look at the volcano!"

Peering out into the darkness over the tops of the forest, we could see the flank of the mountain dome, Mauna Loa. At the point where the black smoke rises on the left hand of the picture, a great glaring light seemed to spring from the mountain to the clouds, like a steady pillar of flame; and we watched with excited eyes the slow writhing motion of the clouds as they were drawn into the glare,

borne by the inward currents of air that rushed from all sides toward the crater. It was Ki-lau-é-a, the greatest of all active volcanoes, that made this "terrible light in the air."

The contrast to this scene came in the morning. When we awoke we saw a faint golden light upon the walls of our room, even though its windows opened toward the west, and though the sun was not yet risen. Looking out we saw the high mountains covered with fresh-fallen snow, that took the beams of the sun long before they were visible to us, and shone in the light of that tropical sun-rising more brightly than pure gold,—radiant, glowing, like no other splendor in the world; and from those great canopies of snow the morning land-breeze flowed down cool upon our faces, and chilled them as we flattened our features against the panes.

Two mountains, one of snow and one of fire, formed the chief features in the landscape which, with the ocean, was all of nature to our young eyes. Two enormous mountains, each nearly as high as the highest summits of the Alps, for they were fourteen thousand feet in elevation—twin giants of the Pacific. I climbed once, with companions of my own age, and native guides, to the summit of the extinct mountain, Mauna Kea. The nearest

elevation of equal height, the Sierra Nevada, in California, was almost three thousand miles away; and westward we should have had to journey three times as far—to the mountains of Thibet—in order to find any summit as lofty as this upon which we stood in the flush of boyhood's pride, and waved our alpenstocks triumphantly in the air.

From this great mountain, as from all other mountains and islands of the Hawaiian group, except one, the fires have long since died away. Mauna Kea is a completed mountain, except so far as the graving-tool of Time is busy upon it, and its outlines yield to the comparatively mild agencies of sunlight, wind, and rain. But the twin mountain Mauna Loa is still a-building. Each eruption from its terminal crater or its flanks adds a new layer to the surface of the great dome. How much higher its summit may yet be raised is, of course, unknown.

The sources of volcanic eruptions in Hawaii are two. First, the crater of Ki-lau-é-a, situated upon the eastern slope of this mountain, and about midway between its summit and the sea. It is a vast pit, nine miles in circumference, sunk in the flank of the mountain, and varying in depth, in different years, from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet, according as the sea of molten lava beneath its floor is at high tide or at ebb. For years this floor will be slowly raised by the accumulating lavas below; and when their lateral pressure becomes at last too great to be resisted, the molten torrent, rending its way with irresistible force through rock and earth, and shaking the whole island with the throes of its progress, finally breaks to the surface, five, ten, or twenty miles from the crater. The river of fire leaps from the ground, a mighty fountain that sometimes plays a thousand feet high, with a jet that is several hundred feet in diameter, and pours down the flank of the mountain toward the sea. This it often reaches, enlarging the area of the island by pushing out new capes and promontories of lava into the water. The lava thus ejected may remain, in many places, warm and smoking for months after the eruption has ceased; yet I have seen spots where the natives, pulverizing the cooled lava, and mixing

with it a few dead leaves before planting in it, had obtained good crops of sweet potatoes from what a year before was a torrent of liquid fire. Nature thus renews the soil,—furnishing a bran-new article at each eruption, white-hot from her chemical laboratories in the center of the earth.

With each eruption "the bottom is knocked out," so to speak, of the great crater of Ki-lau-é-a. The flood of molten lava upon which it rests is rapidly drained away, and the vast floor of indurated lavas, an area of six square miles at the bottom of the pit, goes crashing still farther downward, three, four, five hundred feet toward the central fires; as when the water,—to compare great things with small, is let off from a frozen mill-pond, and the ice settles down upon the bottom. The mountain-wall is probably not entirely solid and compact, as the lavas are extremely fluid, and in running off honeycomb its structure, leaving numerous caverns behind them, through which subsequent eruptions force their way. Yet the pressure required for the lava to rend the mountain-wall is estimated at not less than five hundred pounds to the square inch, or a million pounds for a stream two feet deep and seven feet broad. When the breadth of the lava stream is measured by miles instead of feet, force enough is exerted to shake the island to its very foundations.

The grand eruptions of Ki-lau-é-a occur, with some approach to regularity, at intervals of about eight years. But the volcano does not, like Vesuvius, Etna, or Stromboli, confine its activity to special occasions. The fire rages continually in the southern end of the great crater, where a lake of melted lava tosses its red surges and pours forth its sulphurous vapors without ceasing. This lake, the "*Hale Mau-maú*," or "*House of Everlasting Fire*" of the old heathen mythology, may be safely approached by the traveler at almost any time. It is represented in the first engraving, as it appears when very active.

The appearance of this lake varies greatly, however, at different times. Sometimes the lava is so far sunken below its banks that the traveler cannot reach it, and comes away quite disappointed with

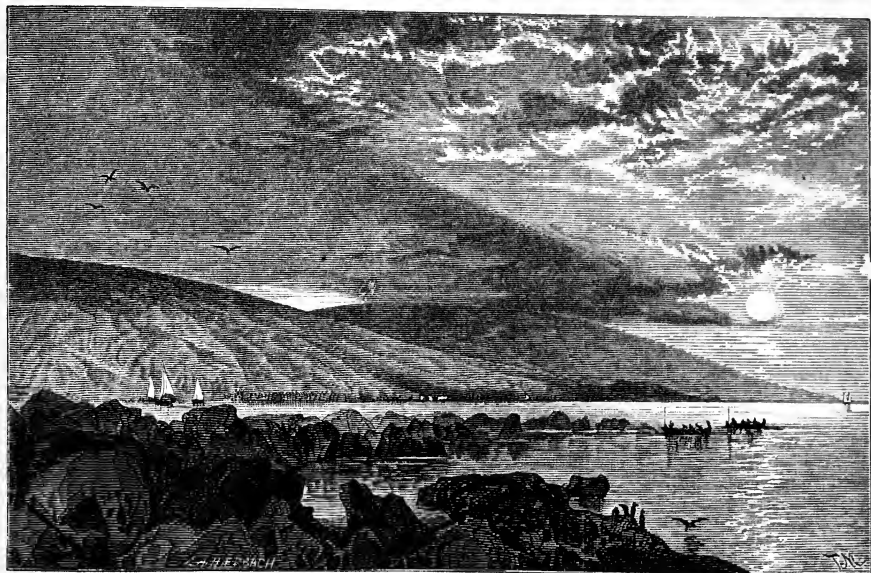
what he has seen. Again, in times of great activity, the fiery sea may overflow upon the bottom of the crater, or force itself up through numerous cracks and chasms in the floor of indurated lavas. I was once in the bottom of *Ki-lau-é-a* when the lava, boiling up from below, overflowed its banks in a manner so uniform and measured as to congeal around the edges of the great lake, and build for itself a barrier around the fearful caldron of fire. The lava, thus walled in, gradually rose many feet above the level where I with others stood, at first quite unconscious of the terrific process that was going on so near us. The fiery waves, lapping over the margin, congealed where they fell, and thus builded up, little by little, their inclosing wall. The surface of this sea of fire was elevated about thirty feet above the level of the bottom of the crater; it was a boiling mass of fluid lavas, half a mile in diameter, that surged and thundered and sent down a threatening roar. Splashes of liquid fire, hurled over the margin of its confining barrier, fell among our company. Warned by this danger, we withdrew to a short distance, and awaited the breaking forth of the imprisoned fire. We had hardly gained our new point of observation before the lava wall gave way in two places with a thundering crash and roar, and from each of the rents thus made a torrent of liquid fire poured over a cliff fifty feet high, into the rough channel of a former flow. Roaring, glowing, smoking, and wreathed in bluish flames, it ground along the lava channel with a peculiar dull thunder, that was caused by the ponderous weight of the molten mass. It lapped up huge rocks and bore them away upon its surface; I could see them oscillate sluggishly upon the red river, and finally melt and sink into it like so much wax. The power and splendor of this sudden display, the fierce sweep of the mighty torrent, the strange process that had heaped up the flood of lava to disgorge it with such resistless power, all made a spectacle never to be forgotten by any of the party who witnessed it.

The phenomena of an eruption of *Ki-lau-é-a* were shown upon the most imposing scale in the year 1840. This was before my own

memory of volcanoes; but it has thus been described by the most experienced and eloquent of volcanographers, the Rev. Titus Coan, who has visited and studied every eruption in the Hawaiian Islands during the past thirty-six years:—

“From *Ki-lau-é-a* the lava flowed underground for eight miles to the east. Its course can be distinctly traced all the way by the rending of the earth into innumerable fissures. . . . Again it disappears, and flowing in a subterranean channel, cracks and breaks the earth, opening fissures from six inches to ten or twelve feet in width, and sometimes splitting the trunk of a tree so exactly that its legs stand astride at the fissure. . . . Again it broke out, an overwhelming flood; and sweeping forest, hamlet, plantation, and everything before it, rolled down with resistless energy to the sea, where, leaping a precipice of forty or fifty feet, it poured itself in one vast cataract of fire into the deep below, with loud detonations, fearful hissings, and a thousand unearthly and indescribable sounds. Imagine a river of fused minerals, of the breadth and depth of Niagara, and of a deep gory red, falling in one emblazoned sheet, one raging torrent, into the ocean. . . . The atmosphere in all directions was filled with ashes, spray, gases, etc.; while the burning lava, as it fell into the water, was shivered into millions of minute particles, and, being thrown back into the air, fell in showers of sand on all the surrounding country. The coast was extended into the sea for a quarter of a mile; three hills of scorïæ and sand were formed, the highest three hundred feet in elevation. . . . The waters of the sea were heated for twenty miles along the coast; and multitudes of fishes were killed. During the three weeks of the flow night was converted into day on all Eastern Hawaii. At the distance of forty miles we could read fine print at midnight.”

Such are the eruptions of *Ki-lau-é-a*. Let us now look at the still grander phenomena which take place at or near the top of *Mauna Loa*. The terminal crater, called *Mokuawéowéo*, is circular, eight thousand feet in diameter and eight hundred feet deep. It is more regular in form than any other crater in the Hawaiian Islands. The eruptions, however,



COAST FORMED BY VOLCANIC ACTION.

burst forth from fissures in the mountain near the summit, rather than from the crater itself, in which there is now little trace of volcanic activity.

The earliest recorded eruption from the summit took place in 1832; the beacon-light, flaming from the top of a mountain 14,000 feet high, was distinctly visible upon the island of Maui, and at other places more than a hundred miles distant. An eruption from Ki-lau-é-a occurred simultaneously. A quiescence of eleven years then followed, and my own first observation of volcanoes dates from the year 1843, when the second eruption from Mokuawéowéo took place.

I shall never forget the impression of that time. The evening was clear and quiet, and as the night grew dark a strange light was noticed upon the summit of Mauna Loa, whose serene blue dome formed the wall of our western horizon. All our house was in excitement; a clear white flame, whiter than the moon, deeper and stronger than any star, rested upon that distant crest, and grew momentarily as we gazed upon it. My parents told me that it was an eruption; but it seemed to my excited imagination as if the world was newly on fire, and I turned away from the sight of that terrible splendor with an uneasy feeling of awe and fear, as if the entire planet

was in danger of consuming before morning. The mountain was really aflame; no fitful jets of fire or whiffs of heated stones, as in other volcanoes, but a steady column of white-hot lava playing noiselessly in the still night, yet emitting a light so powerful that I could read by the fiery splendor that cast strong shadows against the moonlight. For four weeks this scene was nightly continued with little change, while by day great volumes of smoke obscured the island. The flow of lava continued for three months, pouring forth about seventeen billions of cubic feet of lava, and flowing more than twenty miles from the summit of the mountain. Mr. Coan visited the stream, and found it crusted over, in portions where its course was the most steep and swift, with a roof of congealed but brittle lava. Venturing alone upon this treacherous crust, he found cracks in it through which he was able to gaze down at the fearful river of fire beneath him. It rushed down the mountain-side at a velocity which he estimated at not less than thirty miles an hour. Fragments of rock which he threw down upon the lava-torrent were whirled away out of sight like a ball when the bat strikes it, and before they had time to sink into the fusion.

In 1851 and 1852 the next eruptions occur-

red, the latter of which repeated, at its commencement, the phenomena of the eruption of 1843. "At half-past three on the morning of the 17th of February," wrote the same observer, in a letter much more graphic than any other description I can give, "a small beacon-light was discovered on the summit of Mauna Loa. At first it appeared like a solitary star resting upon the apex of the mountain. In a few moments its light increased, and shone like a rising moon. Seamen keeping watch on deck in our port exclaimed, 'What is that? The moon is rising in the West!' In fifteen minutes the problem was solved. A flood of fire burst out of the mountain, and began to flow in a brilliant current down its northern slope. . . . In a short time immense columns of burning lava shot up heavenward to the height of three or four hundred feet, flooding the summit of the mountain with light, and gilding the firmament with its radiance. . . . In two hours the molten stream had rolled, as we judged, about fifteen miles down the side of the mountain. This eruption was one of terrible activity and surpassing splendor, but it was short. In about twenty-four hours all traces of it seemed to be extinguished."

But after three days it broke out a second time, forcing its way through the flank of the mountain toward Hilo, about midway from summit to base. How stupendous the forces that thus tunnel at will these gigantic domes of volcanic rock! Had Pê-le, the goddess of eruptions in the mythology of Hawaii, taken the Hoosac tunnel contract, she would have found it an easy task to pierce the mountain in a single night.

Mr. Coan, the most indefatigable explorer of volcanoes who has ever recorded his observations, set off at once to visit the scene of action. Road there was none, and the flank of the mountain was covered with the densest of tropical jungles; but into these he plunged with four picked natives, and cut and beat his way with hatchets, long knives, and clubs, at the rate of a mile an hour. The forests of the tropics are almost impassable; it was not until the fourth day that he had beaten every yard of his way through this horrible thicket. On the fifth day, having left his men behind him

exhausted, he pressed on alone, his intense interest mocking all obstacles and dangers. Taking the fiery pillar as his guide, he crawled on all-fours up the side of the giddy ravines which seemed to forbid his progress toward the thunder and the flame of the eruption. "At last," wrote the veteran explorer,* "I reached the awful crater, and stood alone in the light of its fires. It was a moment of unutterable interest. I seemed to be standing in the presence and before the throne of the unutterable God; and while all other voices were hushed, His alone spake. I was ten thousand feet above the sea, in a vast solitude untrodden by the foot of man or beast, amidst a silence unbroken by any living voice, and surrounded by scenes of terrific desolation. Here I stood, almost blinded by the insufferable brightness, almost deafened with the startling clangor, almost petrified with the awful scene. . . . The fountain of fusion was elevated some two or three thousand feet above this lateral crater where I stood, and pressing down an inclined subterranean tube, escaped through this valve with a force which threw its burning masses to a height of four or five hundred feet. . . . Vast and continuous jets of red-hot, sometimes white-hot lava, were ejected with a noise that was almost deafening, and with a force which threatened to rend the rocky ribs of the mountain, and to shiver its adamantine pillars. . . . First, a rumbling, a muttering, a hissing, a deep premonitory surging; then followed an awful explosion, like the roar of broadsides in a naval battle, or the quick discharge of park after park of artillery on the field of carnage. . . . The force which expelled these igneous columns from the orifice shivered them into millions of fragments, some of which would be rising, some falling, some shooting off laterally, others describing graceful curves; some moving in tangents, and some falling back in vertical lines into the mouth of the crater. . . . During the night the scene surpassed all power of description. Vast columns of lava, at a white heat, shot up continuously in the ever-yarving forms of

* Rev. Titus Coan to Prof. C. S. Lyman, of New Haven.

pillars, pyramids, cones, towers, turrets, spires, and minarets. The descending showers poured one cataract of fire upon the rim of the crater; the molten flood constantly flowed out of the orifice, and rolled down the mountain in a deep, broad river, at the rate of probably ten miles an hour."

This eruption flowed twenty-five or thirty miles, and was checked in the woods toward the southwest of Hilo.

In August commenced the great eruption of 1855. It flowed directly toward Hilo; and for months the fate of that beautiful village was in suspense, as the stream, fed by the incessant fountain upon the flank of Mauna Loa, urged its way slowly toward the sea. It spread among the dense forests which may be seen in the second engraving, belting the base of Mauna Loa, and slowly extended its "giant forms" along that gentle declivity of three or four degrees. Let us take the opportunity to study the lava in its more sluggish mood, as it spreads in the woodland, and slowly, yet irresistibly, creeps shoreward, threatening the fairest portions of a fair island with a fate as terrible as that of Sodom and Gomorrah. Whence the origin of these streams of fire, and what force lifts them up to pour forth from the summits of these lofty mountains, three miles above the level of the sea?

David Forbes, in a lecture delivered in January of this year, sums up as follows what is known of the constitution of the interior of the earth: "The balance of evidence appears to me to be decidedly in favor of the hypothesis that the interior of our earth is a mass of molten matter, arranged in concentric layers or zones according to their respective densities, and the whole inclosed within a comparatively thin external crust or shell." The expulsive force which brings the central lavas to the surface is generally thought to be a gradual contraction of the earth's bulk, due to the radiation of its heat into space. This is the view of Prof. J. D. Dana and of other authorities in geology. Dr. C. F. Winslow, a laborious student of volcanic and seismic or earthquake phenomena, argues that in addition to this cause of eruptions, a force of repulsion, the counterpart of

gravitation, acts from the center of the earth and other planets outward, and plays a large share in causing the overflow of craters.

It is necessary, indeed, to summon the largest causes in explanation of phenomena so gigantic as these. The eruption of 1855 traversed a distance of nearly forty miles in a straight line, or of sixty miles, including the sinuosities of the stream. Its breadth ranged from one to three miles; its depth, according to the contours of the mountain-slope down which it flowed, varied from five feet to two hundred feet; it continued no less than fifteen months, pouring out a torrent of lava which overspread nearly three hundred square miles of desert land, and whose volume is estimated at thirty-eight thousands of millions of cubic feet. I know of no volcanic eruption on a scale equal to this in any other part of the globe.

Mr. Coan, as a pastor who has a volcano in his diocese, made numerous episcopal visits to the eruption, as was his wont. As it continued, and neared Hilo, the simple natives would inquire of him how much longer the eruption would last. They seemed to consider him as the Bishop of the volcano, and relied upon him to give accounts of its behavior.

Slowly the lava-stream crept seaward; during five long months the inhabitants of Hilo watched the devastating progress of the fire, that came a little nearer every day. It affected the imagination with a terrible charm. Flowing through the desert forests which girdle the bases of the mountains, the eruption had ravaged no fertile country; but native traditions told that the neighboring volcanic district of Puna, a province about as large as Rhode Island, now a waste of jagged lava and barren sands, was once as fair and blooming as Hilo itself, and had been devastated by an eruption like that which now threatened our home. The reader can imagine with what feelings we endured the suspense of half a year while the fate of beautiful Hilo was in doubt.

When the river of fire had reached a distance of not more than eight miles from Hilo, it became a holiday excursion to visit it. I with others went to see the sight. Lazily spreading itself in vast contorted coils and

puddles, that seemed to writhe upon the ground like the misshapen limbs of a myriad of Titans cast out of Tartarus, the lava made a desolation in the wood. The surface of the stream, congealed by exposure to the air, had a glassy-metallic luster, but showed seams of red where the imprisoned lava was about to break through its vitreous armor. Watching awhile, this tense, glittering mineral shell would finally give, with a crash and a hiss, to the pressure from within, and the red fusion would rush forth with a roar, forcing the spectators to retreat from the intense heat. This was the moment for the curious, shading their faces from the fiery glow, to plunge their walking-sticks into the viscid mass and dip out portions of the lava. A coin, stamped into the specimen before it cools, gives assurance that it was dipped from the original fountain of fire.

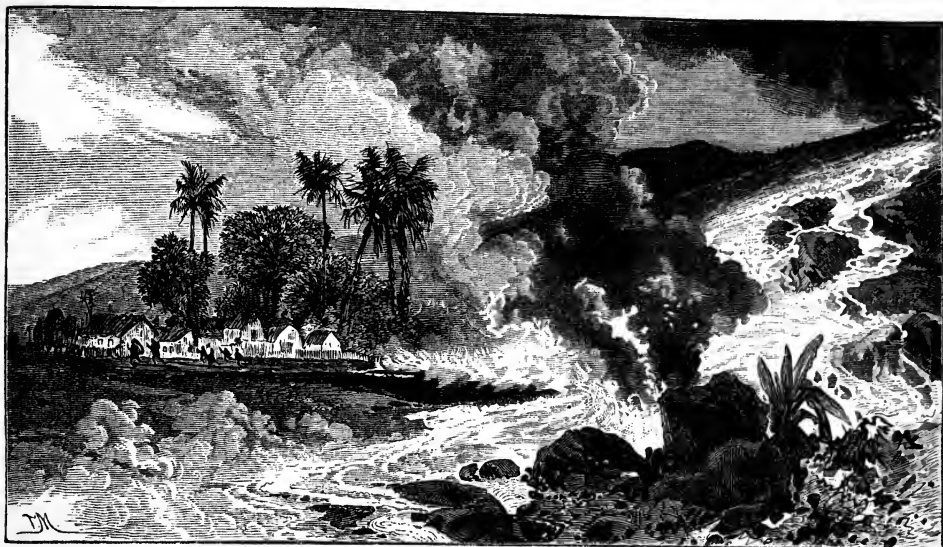
But the stream, though now moving so sluggishly, yet afforded, even at this great distance of forty or fifty miles from the still active fountain, occasional spectacles of the most striking beauty. On one occasion a party of American ladies were entertained by the sight of a torrent of lava pouring into the channel of a river. Driving away the waters of the stream with a tremendous hiss and roar, it seemed like a ferocious beast of prey seizing upon a victim. That part of the river which was not converted immediately into steam, flowed boiling hot toward the sea, cooking all the fishes as it ran, and adding the risk of scalding to that of drowning in crossing it. The stream of fire, an offshoot, not more than thirty or forty yards wide, of the central river, had here pushed out nearly two miles in advance of the latter, taking possession of the declivitous bed of the torrent. Reaching a precipice forty feet high, it began to pour over it into a large basin of water deep enough to float a ship. First in great broken masses, like clots of blood, and then in continuous incandescent streams, the fiery tide poured down the cliff throughout the night of the 12th of February, 1856. All night long the visitors watched the spectacle. The water boiled and raged with fearful vehemence, reflecting the red lava like the "sea of fire mingled with blood" that

John the Revelator saw. Before morning the whole body of water, some twenty feet deep, was converted into steam, the basin was filled up with solid lava, and the precipice was changed into a gently-sloping plane.

Long before the eruption ended, this flow ceased to make any further progress toward Hilo. Although the great fountain at the summit continued to play, its fiery waves met, during their course, with obstacles which turned them hither and thither, and forced them to pile themselves up in hillocks or to redouble their thickness, without adding to the length of the stream; and thus the beautiful village was saved.

In 1859 another great eruption occurred, remarkable for the gigantic proportions of the lava-fountains that played upon the summit of Mauna Loa. Their height was three or four hundred feet, and their diameter nearly as great. This eruption was visited by many parties, who reached its source while the river of fire was still flowing. A friend of the writer found the lava-current, as it dashed fiercely down the mountain-side, melting its channels deeply into its solid flank; or disappearing in the fiery mouths of vast caverns that were jagged with stalactites of red lava, and bursting up again from the ground to overspread great tracts with a sea of melted minerals. This eruption ran fifty miles to the sea, in a northwesterly direction, in eight days; but the flow lasted longer, and added a new promontory to the island.

Thus far we have described eruptions that, however vast in their proportions, however magnificent as spectacles they have been, have visited only regions that were already desert, and destroyed no human life. Before the occurrences of which I am to speak, the Hawaiians had come to regard their volcano as pledged to the discreet conduct of its eruptions—almost as reclaimed, like other denizens of Titus Coan's parish, from the heathen disposition to homicide. In the year 1789, a troop of a hundred warriors had been suffocated by the vapors from a sudden eruption, as they passed the southward banks of Ki-lau-é-a. But since that time the volcanoes had been tender of human life. They



LAVA STREAM POURING INTO THE SEA.

had injured no one except by scorching, in two or three instances, a too rash intruder upon the domains of Pê-le. Had this heathen goddess, the divinity of fire and lava, of earthquakes, and the rushing volcanic wave, been Christianized with the conversion of the Islands? She seemed to have forgotten her old malignity toward her subjects. Earthquakes, indeed, had yearly shaken the island; twelve eruptions had occurred since the beginning of the century; yet, though destructive to houses and land, they had spared the owners; and all but people who were interested in landed property considered the volcanoes as an interesting feature in the landscape.

But this feeling of security was not always to last. In the spring of 1868 occurred a series of phenomena quite without precedent in the history of the Islands.

A series of earthquakes commenced upon the 27th of March, affecting the whole southern part of Hawaii. They grew more frequent and startling from day to day, until their succession became so rapid that, in the words of Mr. Coan, "The island quivered like the lid of a boiling pot nearly all the time between the heavier shocks. The trembling was much like that of a ship when struck by a great wave, or upon the discharge of a heavy battery." Yet no serious

damage was occasioned, as yet, by the shocks.

Upon the 28th of March the terminal crater upon Mauna Loa sent up columns of smoke, steam, and red light. In a short time it was seen that the great dome had been rent through its southern slope, and that four separate streams of molten minerals were pouring out of the fiery fissures and flowing rapidly down the sides of the mountain in divergent lines. The largest of these streams ran fifteen miles.

Then, suddenly, all the mountain-valves closed. The fire, the smoke, the stream, ceased altogether; but all eyes were looking to the hills, and every one was inquiring, "Where is the volcano?" This sudden quiet was ominous, for now the pent-up fires must force another vent to the surface.

Their gigantic struggle was at once announced by the occurrence of earthquakes of different degrees of intensity. They were almost continuous; the throbbing, jerking, and quivering motions grew more positive, intense, and sharp; they were both vertical, lateral, rotary, and undulating. For four days this state of things continued, until, at 4 P. M. on the 2d of April, 1868, an event occurred which defies description. Such a convulsion has no parallel in the memory, the history, or the traditions of the Hawaiian

Islands. The shock was awful. The crust of the earth rose and sunk like the sea in a storm. The rending of the rocks, the shattering of buildings, the crash of furniture, glass, and earthenware, the falling of walls and chimneys, the swaying of trees, the trembling of shrubs, the fright of men and animals, made throughout the southern half of Hawaii such scenes of terror as had never been witnessed before. The streams ran mud; and the earth was rent in thousands of places; and the very streets in Hilo cracked open, an occurrence as much out of character in Hilo as it would be in New York. Horses and their riders were thrown to the ground; and multitudes of people on foot were prostrated by the shocks, which only the light-thatched cottages of the natives could withstand. Mr. Coan said: "The confused noises, the awful throes of the earth, made it seem as if the rocky ribs of the mountains, and the granite walls and pillars of the world, were breaking up."

In the district of Ka-ú more than three hundred shocks were counted upon this terrible day; people were made sea-sick by their frequency: near Ki-lau-é-a it was impossible to count them. By the culminating shock nearly every stone-wall and house in Ka-ú was demolished in an instant. An observer (Mr. F. S. Lyman), who was near the point of the greatest vibration, wrote as follows:—

"First the earth swayed to and fro north and south, then east and west, then round

and round, up and down, in every imaginable direction, for several minutes; everything crashing about us, the trees thrashing as if torn by a mighty rushing wind. It was impossible to stand; we had to sit on the ground, bracing with hands and feet to keep from rolling over. In the midst of it we saw burst out from the mountain, about a mile and a half to the north of us, what we supposed to be an immense river of molten lava" (it was an avalanche of red earth), "which rushed down its headlong course across the plain below, apparently bursting up from the ground, and throwing rocks high in the air, and swallowing up everything in its way,—trees, houses, cattle, horses, goats, and men. It went three miles in less than three minutes' time." This discharge was so sudden that there was no escape for those within its range. The torrent of earth, shaken by the volcanic convulsion from the flank of the mountain, instantaneously buried a village with its thirty-one inhabitants, and five or six hundred head of cattle. "The final throes of the earthquake," wrote Mr. Coan to me, after having carefully explored the fallen avalanches, "rent the framework of a mountain and hurled it upon the plain. Rolling and sliding along the steep incline, the whole immense mass came to a precipice, and pitched over it with amazing power and a thundering roar: gaining a momentum so tremendous as to propel it over the plains at the rate of more than a mile a minute. Great beds of lava were laid bare by this gigantic land-slide; and there were scores of lesser but similar ones. Everywhere the once beautiful faces of these glorious hills and headlands are rent, scarred, and scalped by the terrible convulsions of the earthquake. Near Wai-o-hi-nu a tract of land half an acre in extent and sixteen feet in thickness was shaken from its hold upon the mountain-side, and slid quietly down hill for a considerable distance. It lodged there, and still lies unbroken in its new place, its trees, grasses, and flowers intact; while the bald scar of its old site looks down upon it from above." With due deference to Mr. R. G. White, one might call this occurrence a fall in "real estate."

Many cattle and goats, overtaken in their



THE FALLING MOUNTAIN.

flight by the earth-avalanche, were found half covered with mud, portions of their bodies protruding from the margin of the flow. The gain of a single second in time might have saved them. This avalanche was three miles long, averaging three-fourths of a mile in breadth; and it varied from six to fifty feet in depth. One house which stood upon a little hillock was surrounded by it, and its occupant afterwards made her escape uninjured.

The inhabitants of the valleys fled hastily to the mountain-slopes; and none too soon, for a new terror was in store. Collected on an elevated spot that overlooked the sea, they spent the night of the 2d April in prayer and singing. Looking toward the shore, they saw it sink; a gigantic wave, twenty-five or thirty feet high, hurled itself upon the coast, dashing away whole villages, and even heavy stone houses, at a touch; forty-six people, who had lingered too near the shore, were destroyed in an instant. Yet the wonder was that the loss of life was not greater. Such a wave, breaking in the harbor of New York, would have destroyed a hundred thousand lives; such an earthquake as that which preceded the wave, if happening here, would have left fewer living than dead in this great city. The loss of life in volcanic convulsions, as in the case of the late earthquakes in China,

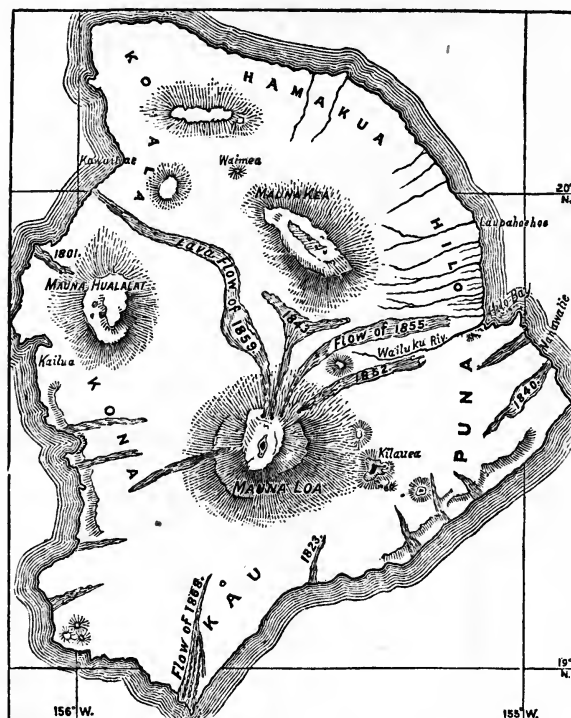
indicates rather the density of the population than the real magnitude of the physical phenomena.

During these fearful days the lava-eruption was still latent; but it was evident that the great molten ocean at the top of Mauna Loa was striving to force an outlet at some less elevated point. "We were incessantly reminded," wrote Mr. Coan, "of the awful tread of subterranean dynamics. The question still was, Where is the volcano?" People put their ears to the ground and heard, or believed that they heard, the deep thundrings and surgings of the lava-tide as it tore its way through the caverns of the living rock, far beneath the surface.

People did not have to wait long to learn what had become of the volcano. Five days after the great earthquake the answer came in characters of fire. On the 7th of April the ground broke open, ten miles from the south point of the island, with a frightful crash and roar. At this point the molten river, having forced its way under ground for more than twenty miles, burst forth through an enormous fissure, two miles in length, at the top of a beautiful grass-covered plateau,—a pastoral region, dotted with the houses of natives and foreigners, and affording support to many herds of cattle. On the 10th of April Mr.



A VOLCANIC WAVE BREAKING ON THE SHORE OF HAWAII.



ERUPTIONS IN HAWAII.

The above map shows the seaward course of the lava-streams, with the date of eruption whenever it is known. Many of the shorter flows, it will be observed, are prehistoric, and have no date attached. The names of mountains and of districts are in large capitals. For the data used in the preparation of this map, I am under obligation to the "Memoirs of the Boston Society of Natural History," Vol. I.

H. M. Whitney, of Honolulu, visited the scene, which he thus graphically describes:—

"We found the eruption in full blast. Four enormous fountains, on a line a mile long, north and south, were continually spouting up from the opening. These jets were blood-red, apparently as fluid as water, and ever varying in size, bulk, and height. Sometimes two would join together, and again the whole four would be united, making *one continuous fountain a mile in length*. It boiled with the most terrific fury, throwing up enormous columns of crimson lava and red-hot rocks to a height of five or six hundred feet. The lava was ejected with a rotary motion,—always toward the south."

From this source the river of fire poured rapidly toward the sea, dividing itself into four smaller streams as it ran, and shutting in men and animals upon the long narrow islands

which it thus inclosed. All of these prisoners finally escaped, upon the cooling of the lava; but cattle that chanced to be in the direct course of the lava torrent were paralyzed by fear as it approached them, and were swept away and consumed. One of the streams reached the sea in a few hours, but the others spent two days in getting over the ground. The flow continued four days. According to the estimates of the Rev. Titus Coan, the aggregate width of its four branches averaged one and a half miles; its length was ten miles, and its average depth was fifteen feet. Where it entered the sea it extended the coast-line half a mile,—a doubtful gain to Hawaiian territory; for it was purchased by the destruction of six thousand acres of arable land, and a much greater quantity of forest; besides which the whole southeastern shore of Hawaii sank from four to seven feet, submerging many hamlets, covering the beaches, and flooding the beautiful cocoa-nut groves. Facts like these seem to favor Dr. Winslow's theory that vast cavities exist "between the earth's crust and the molten mass," undermining islands, oceans, and continents, and that into these voids the

crust may suddenly sink in times of volcanic disturbance.

Though the region was very thinly peopled, two hundred houses and nearly a hundred lives were destroyed during the eruption. From the earthquakes and the falling mountains, from the volcanic waves of the ocean and the rivers of fire that burst up from the bowels of the earth, the affrighted survivors fled, many of them quitting forever the desolated district. The fugitives came to Hilo like the messengers of grief to Job, one treading upon the heels of another. One said: "My house is fallen, and my wife and children are dead, 'and I am left alone to tell thee.'" The next man said: "I was in the field catching my horse, when lo! the earth rent and disgorged vast masses of mud, swallowing up my house and my lands and my family of thirteen, 'and I am left alone to tell

thee.'” Another hurried in and said : “ I was eating with my family in my house upon the shore, when suddenly a great wave struck the building, and, of all in that household, ‘ I am left alone to tell thee.’ ” The pastor of Hilo wrote : “ I might repeat indefinitely these tales of parents made childless, children made orphans, husbands and wives sundered, or buried in a moment with their families and houses.”

Since 1868 there have been frequent earthquakes in Hawaii, but no volcanic outbreak. It is the hope of the inhabitants that Pê-le, wearied by her unprecedented efforts in that year, will defer for a longer time than usual her dangerous experiments in mountain-building. But if she should not do so, visitors who may go to Hawaii about the year 1875 will have a fair chance of seeing another first-class volcanic eruption.

THE LAST OF THE PEQUODS.

IN the vestibule of the library of the New York Historical Society is the figure of a North American Indian, in purest marble, wrought by the hand of Thomas Crawford. The man is sitting, with his head low bent and resting upon his palm, and his expression is that of one entirely absorbed in deep and sad contemplation. That fine work of art is called “ The Last of his Race.” Art, history, and romance have touchingly depicted that rare, melancholy person, the last of *his* race or nation, but have yet failed to portray that rare, melancholy being, the last of *her* race or nation.

A dozen years ago I visited that rare woman, the last living survivor of *her* nation. She was then just one hundred years old, and blessed with a liberal share of bodily and mental vigor. She was undoubtedly the last of the Pequods, a powerful nation (in the limited sense of the term) of Indians, who occupied an extensive region of country along the borders of Long Island Sound, in Eastern Connecticut. They had come, nobody knew when, from the more vigorous North—a hardy people, inured to the chase and war—and driven away the weaker ichthyophagists of the seaboard. They exercised wide authority, by right of conquest, over the continental tribes in their vicinity and a greater portion of Long Island; and they were so aggressive that they won the fear and hatred of all around them. Their national seat was at the mouth of the Thames, and their chief sagamore, when the white people first settled in Connecticut, was Sassacus. He was a sort of emperor, having under his

control between the Thames and the Hudson rivers, along the Sound, twenty-six chiefs and almost four thousand warriors. His royal residence was upon a hill a little southward of the present village of Groton, then covered with the primeval forest. Upon the Mystic River, eastward, not far from Stonington, he had a strong fort, and around him stood seven hundred young warriors ready to obey his every command. Haughty and insolent, he spurned every overture of the white people, and looked with contempt upon the rebellious doings of Uncas, of the royal blood, then in armed insurrection against him. The English were but a handful compared to his people, and he scorned their friendship. What had he to fear? Much, very much, as a brief campaign against him in May, 1637, proved.

The outrages of Sassacus and his followers had made his name so terrible, that white and dusky mothers alike drew their babes closer to their bosoms whenever it was uttered. It was evident that he aspired to be master of all New England, and that his first business toward the accomplishment of that end would be the extermination of the English. Imminent danger caused quick and energetic action. Captain John Mason was sent, with less than one hundred men, to land on the shores of and penetrate the Pequot country, and bring the haughty savages under subjection. His little army sailed in pinnaces down Narraganset Bay. Two hundred Narraganset warriors, under Miantonomoh, their principal chief, joined the English; so also did many brave Niantics, and the Pequot

rebels under Uncas. When, early in June, Mason approached the fort of Sassacus, on the Mystic, he had full five hundred light and dark warriors following him.

At early dawn that little army from the east stealthily crawled up the thick wooded hill crowned by the Pequod fort. The whole garrison were in deep slumber, excepting a solitary sentinel; and at the same moment when he shouted into dull ears, "The English! The English!" the invaders scaled the mounds, beat down the palisades, and swarmed into the fort with gun, sword, and tomahawk. The mattings of the wigwams and the dry bushes and timbers of the fort were fired, when seven hundred men, women, and children perished by the flames and steel! The strong, the beautiful, and the innocent were mercilessly slaughtered; and the impious leader in his account said, "God is above us! He laughs his enemies and the enemies of the English to scorn, making them as a fiery oven. Thus does the Lord judge among the heathen, filling the place with dead bodies!"

Swift couriers flew to Sassacus with the sad news. Close upon the steps of the bearers of evil tidings followed the remnant of his warriors who escaped the massacre, and were excited to madness by the dreadful calamity. The Sagamore sat, stately and sullen, under a canopy of boughs, while they boldly charged the disasters of the morning to his haughtiness and misconduct. With violent gestures and frequent yells, they threatened him with death; and they would doubtless have pushed the threat to action had they not been startled by the blast of a trumpet near by. Another foe was upon them. From the head of the Mystic came two hundred armed settlers from Massachusetts and Plymouth, to seal the doom of the Pequod nation. Their advent brought despair to Sassacus and his followers, and these instantly set fire to their wigwams and palisades, and, crossing the Thames, fled westward, closely pursued by the English, with great slaughter. These spread utter desolation over the beautiful land of the Pequods. Wigwams and gardens disappeared before them, and men, women, and children met the fate of the Canaanites before the sword of the

son of Nun. With a few followers Sassacus took refuge in Sasco swamp, near the present Fairfield, where all surrendered but the Sagamore and half a dozen warriors, who escaped to the Mohawks and met death by murder among them. And so it was that a nation was destroyed in a day. None of all that once powerful people remained but the few captives and their families, and the surviving rebels under Uncas, himself the last of the Mohegans of the royal line of the Pequods.

Almost a hundred years later, a descendant of one of these Pequod captives was a man of energy and wisdom, named Mahwee, or Mahweesum, whose family lived in Western Connecticut. With a party of hunters (he was then quite young), he chased a buck to the summit of a range of high hills beyond the usual limits of their hunting. At near sunset they looked down into a beautiful valley flooded with golden light, through which flowed a winding stream. In the morning they descended to the plain and there discovered rich corn-lands. Bringing their families over the hills, they made their homes there, near the mouth of a little tributary to the river. The corn-lands and the little stream they called Pish-gach-ti-gock,—the "meeting of the waters,"—and the river they named Hoo'-sa-tah-nook', "the stream over the mountains." Their place of settlement was near the present village of Kent, in Litchfield County, Connecticut. Such was the origin of the name of the Housatonic River, and the tribal one of the remnants of the Pequod, Narraganset, and other New England Indians who settled there, which has been corrupted into Schaghticook. Of this mixed tribe, so formed, Mahwee, about the year 1728, became sachem or civil ruler, and held the scepter until his death.

One day, before he became sachem, Mahwee was hunting on the mountains westward of Schaghticook, and from their tops he looked down into a lovely valley covered with rich grass, and broken into little rocky and wooded hills that appeared like islands in a green sea. Through it flowed a sparkling stream that received many a brook from the mountains. It was the valley of the Weebetuck or Ten Mile River, in the town of Dover,

N. Y. The mountain-sides of the valley were full of game, and the river abounded with fish. There Mahwee built a wigwam for his family, gathered about him an Indian settlement, and became its sachem. He afterward dwelt in one or two other places, and finally went back to Schaghticook, where he drew around him the other settlements, and became sachem over all.

Several years after that general gathering, Moravian missionaries had penetrated that region. A station was planted, in 1741, at Shekomeko, in the eastern part of Dutchess County, N. Y., and not many miles from the valley of the Weebetuck. The labors of the missionaries among the Indians were extended to Schaghticook, and the first convert among the tribe there was Sachem or King Mahwee, to whom they gave the baptismal name of Gideon. He was baptized by Martin Mack, on the 13th of February, 1743, and to the end of his life he was faithful to his profession. For a long time he was an exhorter among his people. Believing it would add to the dignity of his household, he was married to another wife from among the Stockbridge Indians, farther up the Housatonic River, and took her to Pishgachtigock. But his people were so offended by the act that he felt compelled to reside, for a time, in the valley of the Weebetuck, his old home. There he lived until convinced that he had done wrong, when he sent his second wife back to her people, and returned to his own.

Eunice Mahwee, grand-daughter of Sachem Gideon, and who was descended in unmixed blood from her Pequod ancestors, the unfortunate contemporaries of Sassacus, was "the last of *her* nation" to whom I have alluded. I visited her under circumstances of peculiar interest.

The fact that one of their missionary stations had been planted in the province of New York, near the borders of Connecticut, more than a hundred years before, had almost faded from the Moravian mind, and was known only to a few students. A farmer plowed up, on the site of Shekomeko, a fragment of a stone bearing an inscription in the German language. It was an impenetrable enigma until records pointed to the spot

as the site of the settlement of "the praying Indians." The Moravian Historical Society of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, became interested in the matter. A delegation from it visited the spot as explorers in June, 1859, and it was found that the fragment was part of a monument erected there at the grave and to the memory of Gottlieb Büttner, one of the two earliest missionaries at Shekomeko. The writer accompanied the explorers, and a few months afterward he participated with the Moravian bishop and other clergy and laymen of the United Brethren, in the dedication of a monument erected at the grave of Büttner, and another near Sharon, Connecticut, where the Moravians had a missionary station. From these interesting places we rode through a most picturesque region southward, passing on the way the upper borders of the Weebetuck Valley, and arrived at Kent, on the Housatonic, at sunset. The next morning the whole party rode a short distance down the western side of the river to the Schaghticook Reservation, and visited Eunice Mahwee, the chief subject of this paper. At that time only about fifty persons composed the remnant of the mixed tribe over which Sachem Gideon had ruled; and "Aunt Eunice," as her friends and neighbors called her, was the only one in whose veins then ran the pure blood of the Pequods.

As we approached the Reservation we found the valley very narrow and more picturesque, with the Pishgachtigock or Schaghticook Mountain overlooking it. Some of the houses were of logs, and others were framed; and around each was a patch of cultivated land. Some of the dwellings were adorned with flowers, shrubbery, and vines. Thus beautified, was the house in which Eunice dwelt with her grand-daughter Lavinia, who was in the yard when we drew up. She was tidily dressed in faded calico, and had a man's straw hat upon her head, and an implement of labor in her hand. Undisturbed by the sudden arrival of so many strangers, she led us quietly into the house, where, at an open fire-place, before some glowing embers, sat upon a rush-bottomed chair the venerable object of our visit, with a half-finished basket on which she had been working by her side.



EUNICE MAHWEE.

In an open doorway, connecting with another room, stood Lavinia's pretty, bright-eyed daughter, a young married woman, with a babe in her arms. So the eye rested upon living members of the same family born a hundred years apart! Glancing around the room we saw evidences of poverty, but not of want. Three chairs, a deal table, a small cracked looking-glass, a faded paper window-shade, and a pair of bellows composed the furniture. On the table was a wooden dish nearly filled with lamprey eels, a fish which one of the Moravians of the company said was often mentioned in the records of the mission there as a wholesome and abundant article of food in the settlement.

Eunice had evidently been a stout, thick-set woman in her prime, a little below the ordinary height of her sex. She had strongly-marked Indian features, evidently lighted in earlier life by brilliant black eyes. Age had now made its furrows everywhere upon her face, and somewhat dimmed her vision; but her voice, slow and clear, had all the force and melody of that of her young womanhood. Her mind was strong, but a little sluggish;

and when, by questions, we tried to draw from her the salient points in the story of her long life, she would sit a moment, with her eyes fixed upon the fire, to summon tardy memory to give us answers. She never failed; and by patient questioning and more patient waiting our curiosity was satisfied.

Eunice was born in Derby, Connecticut, between the Naugatuck and Housatonic rivers, in the year 1759. Her father, Gideon Mahwee's second son, was named Joseph, and wore the costume of the white people. She remembered a visit made to him by her grandfather and a few friends, when she was a little child. They were dressed in the Indian manner, and were entertained at dinner, of which they partook with their fingers out of a huge kettle of meat and vegetables, all sitting around it on the ground. Their wild appearance frightened her, and she hid in the bushes for fear of being eaten up by them. She lived in Derby until she was married to a Narraganset Indian named John Sutnux, who, almost immediately afterward, went to

the north with Connecticut troops, and was engaged in the short campaign that ended in the capture of Burgoyne and his army at Saratoga.

At that time there were only five Indians in Derby, and soon after her husband's return from camp they settled among the Schaghticoaks at Kent, where there was then no sachem, her grandfather being dead, and no person of unmixed blood remaining who might bear the honor. His memory was dear to the people, for he had been a father to them, telling them where and when to plant and sow, and reap and gather. He allowed no drinking of fermented liquors; and while he lived the tribe flourished and increased. They were so numerous when Eunice first went among them that she was timid for a long time, they seemed so wild. After Gideon's death the tribal bonds became weakened. Intemperance and idleness marred their prosperity, and the community began to scatter. At the opening of the Revolution there were yet a sufficient number to send one hundred warriors to the field. In that war many of them perished.

Eunice's husband died at Kent, and she afterward married Peter Sherman. She had borne nine children, and had outlived them all. Skillful in basket-making, many years of her womanhood in the early part of this century were spent in that business. She often wandered over the mountains into the Weebetuck Valley (now Dover Plains), selling her wares, and was made welcome by everybody. Many a night was spent by her in the hospitable mansion of the estate on which the writer now resides, when the young people of the family would listen during a long evening to her marvelous stories of the past. One of these, now almost four-score years of age, and other old residents of this region have a vivid recollection of the vigorous and wandering Eunice, the basket-woman, and also of her contemporary and friend of the Stockbridge Indians, John Konkepot, who was educated at Nazareth Hall, in Bethlehem, by the Moravians. He was better known as Doctor Konkepot, because he was famous for his certain cures of the bite of the rattlesnake, as well as of almost every other disease, by the use of "Indian medicines." Strong drink became his enemy. He had no cure for *that* serpent which "stingeth like an adder," and he died its victim.

Somewhat late in life Eunice again became a widow; and when, in 1844, at the age of eighty-five years, she was baptized and received into the Congregational Church at Kent, she took her maiden name of Mahwee, by which she was ever afterward known. In fact, she had assumed it on the death of her second husband, many years before.

The Schaghticook Reservation was originally more extended than when we visited it. It was bounded on the north by the creek which gave it its name, on the south by the Weebetuck, on the east by the Housatonic River, and on the west by a line on the mountains. Sachem Gideon laid out this tract into oblong strips extending from the river to the mountain, and assigned one to each family. This partition gave to each the right to hunt in the mountains and to fish in the river. He compelled each family to till their land and live off of the products, and thereby discouraged laziness.

Eunice was still living on land assigned to her family, and she was so much attached to it that she did not want to leave it, even for an hour. She spoke sadly of the decay of her people, and almost contemptuously of those whose blood was mixed with other than that of the Indian race. She remembered when there was a fair degree of prosperity in the settlement, the inhabitants quite numerous and the papposes in the fields as plentiful as squirrels. Alas! at the time of our visit not more than thirty persons with the Indian purple in their veins were inhabitants of the Reservation, and these were of almost every shade of brown. Eunice spoke with honest pride of her own pure blood, and said she was the very last one of the Pequods whose pedigree was free from the taint of amalgamation.

Our questions concerning the past excited Eunice's memory of her youthful days. She told us that even so late as in her young womanhood she had heard her people declare how much they loved the Moravians, and delighted to relate the manner and incidents of their visits.

Those faithful missionaries came first one and then another, singly, stayed a while, and returned; and then they came again, with their women. During the few years that they ministered in Eastern Duchess they baptized no less than one hundred and fifty Indians in the Schaghticook settlement.

Perceiving signs of weariness in the face of the venerable centenarian, we bade her farewell and continued our journey, satisfied that we had been face to face with the last survivor of a once powerful nation, whose race inhabited our continent ages, perhaps, before Europeans discovered it—a race now rapidly fading away, there remaining not more than three hundred thousand within the broad domain of our republic of the vast multitude who were here when De Soto and his fellow-invaders, a little more than three hundred years ago, swept over the Gulf region from the Peninsula of Flowers to the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Crawford's grand figure of *The Last of his Race* is a prophecy soon to be fulfilled.

WAS ADAM THE FIRST MAN?

WHETHER the human races have descended from a single pair, is a question which scientists are forcing upon public attention. Theologians are generally settled in the belief that the Bible doctrine of the unity of our race is plainly revealed; but many learned authors have contended for a higher antiquity of man than can be assigned on the Mosaic record. Conviction of this truth is very general among scientists. They point to the various sources of scientific inquiry, and assert that they prove the existence of man on this planet ages before the commonly received period of the creation of Adam. Some of them have, therefore, improperly inferred that the Mosaic chronology is incorrect. They put back the flood at least ten thousand years, and the creation of Adam ten thousand years before the flood. But where are we to stop if explicit declarations of the Bible are discredited? We had as well deny one Bible-asserted fact as another. We must hold fast to all the declarations of the Bible. They are the utterances of inspired truth. Yet in such a position we are not, necessarily, called upon to deny the facts of science. They are a part of the testimonies of truth. If it be necessary to readjust old theories, let us not fear to do so, if revelation and science are thereby reconciled.

Much evidence has of late been furnished touching the antiquity of man. Archæological and scientific researches have surrounded the question with fresh interest. Among recent publications on the subject, are *Adam and the Adamite*, published by Bentley, London, 1868, and *Primeval Man*, published by Routledge & Sons, London and New York, 1869. The former, by Dominick M'Causland, Q.C., LL.D., is an elegant contribution to literature and science. It advocates the theory that races of men existed on this planet anterior to Adam. The latter, by the Duke of Argyll, is less fascinating as a literary work, but it earnestly upholds the view of the unity of the human race of which Adam was the sole progenitor. The Duke's estimate, however, of man's antiquity carries his origin far back of the commonly received period founded on the chronology of Moses.

Both of these learned works are intended to be loyal to the Bible. The one supposes that the Bible plainly teaches, incidentally, the existence of men when Adam, as the head of the Caucasian race, came on the scene of earth, the final and finished work of the great Creator. The other opposes that view, and contends for the unity of the human race in Adam's line, but he does not attempt to reconcile the theory with the Mosaic record, nor attempt to measure the space that reaches back to the creation of Adam. Its learned author thinks "there remains a weight and concurrence of authority in favor of a long chronology, which grows and increases in the minds of all who have studied each one of the separate branches of inquiry" that point to man's high antiquity; but insists that "the unity of the human race, in respect to origin, is not easily separated from some principles which are of high value in our understanding both of moral duty and religious truth."

The first-named author contends that "the Book of Genesis is obviously made up of several distinct sections, which, if not composed, were compiled by Moses, under the dictation and guidance of the Almighty. Taken together they furnish a consistent and most significant record of antediluvian events, and an unbroken series of genealogies, from which a complete and accurate chronology of the time that has elapsed since the creation of Adam has been deduced, carrying down that event into the historical era, and thus connecting it with the present age of the world." This record gives the several ages of Adam and his descendants, in the direct line, at the date of the birth of a son; and, thus computed, the time between Adam's creation and the deluge was one thousand six hundred and fifty-six years. To this he maintains we must hold fast, as to any other truths positively stated in the Divine Word. Time is an element inseparably interwoven with the history, and it cannot be rejected without sacrificing the whole record and converting it into a myth or fable.

Neither of the writers we refer to limit the human era to the commonly received period of six thousand years; and it is well known

that many intelligent authors contend for an antiquity incalculably more remote. It may not be uninteresting, therefore, to look at the subject to ascertain, if we may, what the Scriptures set forth and what science has disclosed concerning the races of mankind. The endeavor would be vain to attempt to reconcile the various disputants who have thought deeply and written learnedly on the subject; but to make any contribution by which the Bible record of Adam's creation and of his relation to his race may be better understood, is a more worthy ambition.

That there are distinct races of mankind it needs no history nor any argument to prove. The living witnesses of the fact are before us. A recent estimate computes the population of the globe at 1,228,000,000. Of this number 500,000,000 belong to the Mongolian race; 362,000,000 to the Caucasian; 190,000,000 to the Negro; 175,000,000 to the Malay, and 1,000,000 to the Indo-American race.

These races are at present distinct types of mankind. Were they created so, or have these diversities of color and organisms flowed from a single source?

There are differences of color, physiognomy, and structure between these various groups of the human family, more especially between the Caucasian, the Mongol, and the Negro. The black skin of the Negro is different from the fair skin of the Caucasian, and both are different from the olive-colored Mongol; while the tawny Malay and the copper-colored American Indian present contrasts to all the others. When Dr. Johnson was asked, "How the color of the Negro was accounted for?" he answered: "Some thought they were children of Ham, whose son was cursed; others that they were descendants of generations who had lived under burning suns; and others that they were a distinct race." There is no doubt the doctor gave what to his mind was the least plausible reason first, the better reason next, and the best reason last. The ancients generally attributed the Negro's color to the action of the sun; but that climate will not account for the sable hue is now conceded. The Negro, without admixture of other blood, retains his color in the high latitudes, generation after generation; and the

Caucasian has never been known to assume the black tint, though he and his ancestors have been for centuries inhabitants of the latitude of the Negro in Africa. Indeed it is found that the color is not in the Negro's skin; it is as colorless as in the European; but it is in a tissue situated under it, "known in anatomy by the name of the tissue or net of Malpighi," which is peculiar to the Negro race, and is the seat of a dark pigment.

Besides the differences in complexion, physiognomy, and anatomical structure between the various races of men on the earth, there is also a difference in language, which, when fully considered, marks a distinction, and presents a difficulty in the attempt to trace back the several lines of descent of the races to a common source. One group or family of languages "form a class known as *the inflectional*," and are distinguished from all others on the face of the globe as the only languages that are adapted to, and possess, a literature." This is the property of the Caucasians, "the sole civilizing race in the world," and was, doubtless, taught to Adam in the garden of Eden. The other group are *monosyllabic*, and are destitute of all grammar. The nouns have no numbers, declensions, or cases; and the verbs are without conjugations through moods, tenses, or persons. Variation of tone, which in English is but emphasis, produces in Chinese different words, and conveys totally different ideas. There is not space in this paper to pursue this point, and it must be dismissed by referring the reader to Max Müller and other great masters of the subject of languages.

The varieties of man are a great mystery; and the want of any evidence to show that changes of characteristics have taken place in any of the distinct races, except by amalgamation, deepens the difficulty of supposing that all these varieties have descended from a single stock. There is no proof that a change from white to negro blackness is possible. History and observation assert it is impossible. It is known that in Egyptian pictures of more than 3,200 years ago the Negro kneels at the feet of Sethos I., in the same attitude of bondage and submission which has so long typified his race. There are the

blackness of color, the wooliness of hair, the flatness of nose, and the projection of the lips, which thus early marked his distinction. In others of these pictures, 500 years older, are similar representations of the Negro; and, at nearly the same time, elaborate representations of battles between negro soldiery and those of other races are portrayed. Drawings taken from Egyptian temples show that, at so early a date as the time of Abraham, the negro race was already what it is now; that he belonged to a numerous nation; and the Egyptian monarch is symbolically represented as ruling over him. His likeness is accurate and characteristic; and that of the Caucasian beside him is not less so. On a tomb at Thebes, the date of which is in the reign of Thotmes III. (about 1500 years B.C.), four negroes figure in a procession, two carrying elephants' tusks, another a string of precious stones, and the fourth a leopard's skin.

In the same representation of the procession, Egyptians, and also men of Jewish features, are depicted. (See Hoskin's *Travels in Ethiopia*, pp. 318-319.) There is other evidence abundantly showing that the present distinctions of race were the same nearly four thousand years ago; and how long before they existed we cannot calculate. "The skeleton of an Egyptian mummy, as old as Moses, differs in no respect from that of a modern Copt;" and writers on the old Egyptian monuments point out how distinctly upon them were traced the distinguishable forms of Negroes, Persians, and Jews.

Dr. McCausland asserts, that "all the evidences that are available on the subject—geological, archæological, philological, physiological, and historical—tend to establish the proposition, that of the three apparently distinct races of mankind which are now, and have been from time immemorial, inhabitants of their respective sections of the earth's surface, the Caucasian was the last to make its appearance."

He asserts that there is no evidence to the contrary, "except the supposed authority of the Scriptures," and this, he forcibly undertakes to show, "instead of warranting, forbids the conclusion that the earliest human

inhabitants of the earth were of the highest type of organization."*

Sir Charles Lyell, in his *Principles of Geology*, 9th Ed., p. 660, remarks, that "if all the leading varieties of the human family sprang originally from a single pair, a much greater lapse of time was required for the slow and gradual formation of such races as the Caucasian, Mongolian, and Negro, than was embraced in any of the popular systems of chronology." In confirmation of the high antiquity of two of these races, he refers in his subsequent work on the *Antiquity of Man*, chap. xx., "to pictures on the walls of ancient temples in Egypt, in which, a thousand years or more before the Christian era, the Negro and Caucasian physiognomies were portrayed as faithfully, and in as strong contrast, as if the likenesses of these races had been taken yesterday." He also refers to the same peculiarities of the Negro, after having been transported from the tropics and settled for more than two centuries in the temperate climate of Virginia; and he then asserts that "if the various races were all descended from a single pair, we must allow for a vast series of antecedent ages, in the course of which the long-continued influence of external circumstances gave rise to peculiarities increased in many successive generations, and at length fixed by hereditary transmission." Sir Charles Lyell is everywhere regarded as one of the most learned scientists of the time. His visits to different countries and his personal investigation of facts, commingled with the highest culture and erudition, combine to render his judgment on geological questions of great value. Yet his deliberate and publicly expressed conviction is as follows: "So long as physiologists continued to believe that man had not existed on the earth above six thousand years, they might, with good reason, withhold their assent from the doctrine of a unity of origin of so many distinct races."†

Which alternative shall we adopt—reject the Mosaic chronology, or, adhering to it, consider whether the Mongol and the Ne-

* *Adam and the Adamite*, p. 150.

† *Antiquity of Man*, Chap. xx., 3d Lond. Ed., p. 386.

gro races existed on this planet before the creation of Adam?

We should not adopt the latter alternative unless the evidence is sufficient to warrant the hypothesis of a higher antiquity of man than is allowed by the Mosaic chronology, nor unless also there are plain indications in the Scripture record that favor the hypothesis. But if such evidence and indications appear, should we not do so?

In respect of the evidence of such higher antiquity, it seems to be unanswerable. The civilization and strength of the Egyptian nation anterior to the time of Abraham is the first item of importance. The moderate computation of learned men who have studied the subject carries the foundation of the Egyptian monarchy as far back as seven hundred years before the visit to Egypt of the Hebrew patriarch. R. Stuart Poole, of the British Museum, pronounced to be a competent and cautious authority, makes that computation. According to that chronology the beginning of the Pharaohs was in the twenty-eighth century B.C. This is about four hundred years before the Flood, according to Bishop Usher, and still more, according to the chronology founded on the Septuagint version of the Scriptures. Now, it has been well observed, "the founding of a monarchy is not the beginning of a race." The growth of the nation must have preceded it, generation after generation.

There was another organized government in the time of Abraham, known as that of Chedorlaomer, under which there flourished in Elam, beyond Mesopotamia, a powerful nation, which, as the Duke of Argyll asserts, would "even now be ranked among the great Powers." No notice is taken of either of these numerous nations in the Scripture narrative, except incidentally, and we are left to gather our information concerning them from other sources. The Mosaic record, however, furnishes strong intimation that other nations than the descendants of Adam dwelt on the earth, and it seems quite impossible to suppose that a period covered by its chronology is long enough to admit of the dispersion of tribes and the growth of powerful nations, at the early time they are found to exist.

Then there are the authentic records of the Chinese nation, which commence in the twenty-fourth century B.C., more than three hundred years before the time of Abraham, and more than a century before the Flood; and these records begin when a kingdom was already established, when the nation had a capital city and a settled government. This civilization, too, appears at the farthest extremity of Asia, separated by many thousands of miles, and by most impassable regions, from the commonly called "cradle of the human race," and from the spot where Noah began the re-peopleing of the earth. Hugh Miller has shown that the traditions of the deluge were universal among the ancient peoples; and has referred to numerous legends of different nations to the same general effect, that in an early age a great deluge took place near a mountain in Armenia. He refers to a Chaldean legend, an Assyrian tradition, an Egyptian tradition, Greek and Mexican traditions. "Its symbols," says he, "are found stamped on coins of old classical Greece; they have been traced amid the ancient hieroglyphics of Egypt; recognized in the sculptured caves of Hindustan, and detected even in the far west, among the picture-writings of Mexico." He holds, probably on good reason and safe evidence, that the Noachian deluge was partial and not universal. He well remarks that as to the "eight souls" in the Ark who were saved, it could not be known to them, "nor even though from a mast-top they could have swept the horizon with a telescope, whether the waters that spread out on every side of them, covering the old familiar mountains, and occupying the entire range of their vision, extended all around the globe, or found their limits some eight or ten hundred miles away." Whence, then, these universal traditions? Assuming that only the Adamic race perished; and that, except those implicated in the ruin that swept the place of abode of the Adamites, the other races of men in other portions of the globe were not destroyed; it is easy to conceive how such an appalling destruction should have sent the agitating waves of its tradition over all cotemporaneous nations and their successors.

The family of Noah was small—eight per-

sons in all when they entered the Ark. Their descendants at the time of their dispersion could not have been numerous, which event is supposed to be 2250 B.C. How could races of men of different color and characteristics, in widely different localities, grow into powerful nations, establish different forms of government, found capital cities, learn different languages, and produce such different national diversities as are shown to have existed so near the time, if not anterior to the date of that dispersion? Is it possible they could have descended from Noah? Chevalier Bunsen, assuming the unity of mankind in Adam, was compelled to date back the deluge to a period ten thousand years before our era, and to date back the beginning of mankind ten thousand years before the deluge. Prichard, Lyell, and many other learned scholars, on the same hypothesis of the unity of the race in Adam, extend the period of his creation thousands of years prior to the date assigned by the Mosaic chronology. This principle extinguishes many Bible passages, and "relegates the antediluvian record to the domain of legend;" whereas the book of Genesis plainly links the beginning of Adam's race to the historical ages, by specified generations, and by exact statements of the number of years intervening between each succeeding family. The book of Genesis contains an authentic account of the Patriarchs, from Adam down to the death of Joseph, covering a period of about 2,369 years. The statements of the ages of the patriarchs are so explicit we are not at liberty to doubt them.

According to a table appended to his commentary on the book of Genesis, the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke assigns the commencement of the Egyptian monarchy to a period sixty-two years subsequent to the dispersion of the sons of Noah. He dates the conquest of Chedorlaomer, king of Elam, over the kings of Pentapolis, Sodom, and Gomorrah, at one hundred and twenty-five years after the dispersion. We have already seen that later researches carry back the existence of those great monarchies centuries farther, and that of Egypt so far back, on the most moderate computation, as four centuries before the Flood; and, on

the computation founded on the Septuagint version, it is carried back to eight centuries anterior to the deluge. Dr. Hales, quoted by Dr. Clarke with approbation, asserts that the great empires of Assyria and Egypt were founded by the *Hamites*, who were a sea-faring race. The sons of Ham, as we learn in Genesis, were Cush, Mizraim, Phut, and Canaan. Two of these, Mizraim and Phut, went to Egypt; but how, even on the supposed chronology of Dr. Clarke, could it be possible that the descendants of the two sons of Ham should, in sixty years after they entered Egypt, have grown into a great nation, and in so short a time have founded that unexampled monarchy, which existed in such power and extent for so many centuries? On the theory of Dr. Clarke, these sons of Ham had a new language to develop, and an uninhabited country to occupy; and he asserts elsewhere that the patriarchs usually had no children until they were sixty-five years old. There is another difficulty in the theory of the descent of the races from Noah's family. The descendants of Noah, few in number at the dispersion, were in an advanced stage of civilization. The Bible account so describes them. Those of them who emigrated eastward have left records which prove their proficiency in knowledge. Now, could brethren of the same blood, who went westward, have sunk to the degraded state of "the savage cotemporaries of the extinct mammalia of the Post-Pliocene, or to that of the tenants of the European ossiferous caves, or even of the Swiss pile-habitations?" Upon this point Dr. McCausland remarks: "Any attempt to force these well-established phenomena into consistency with the theory of a descent of all the races of men by degradation from Noah must end in failure. Arguments to that effect would require us either to abandon altogether the chronology of the Bible, and relegate its teachings to the domains of unreal legend, or to discard the well-sifted testimony of the circumstances of primeval man, collected by the philosopher from the various fields of scientific research. On the other hand, to render the Scripture record of Adam's creation consistent with scientific facts, we have only to read it as a description of the

creation of a human being of a superior race among pre-existing inferior races of mankind."

It seems to be established on sufficient evidence that the Chinese nation existed centuries before the dispersion, and has continued to exist to the present day. According to Prichard, the race descended from the north-western mountains of Asia upwards of four thousand years ago. He has reviewed the authorities on the subject of the antiquity of that race, and observes that "there is a nearly uniform consent among the best-informed students of Chinese literature, favorable to the authenticity of Chinese history as far back as twenty-two or twenty-three centuries before the Christian era." * Other writers agree in this chronology. Professor Neumann dates the origin of Chinese history at twenty-two hundred and fifty-seven years before Christ. † Rémusat says it goes back, with certainty, to the twenty-second century before our era, and that reliable traditions allow us to date its commencement four centuries earlier, in the year 2637 B.C. ‡ Before that time, a wild aboriginal race, abject and savage as the Bushman, inhabited the land, and its representatives are still to be found in the mountains and forests of that empire.

We cannot account for the antiquity of these peoples upon the commonly received notion that all the races of mankind have descended from Adam through Noah, unless we abolish the received chronology of the Christian world. There is but one hypothesis to assume, which admits the fact of the existence of the ancient races at the periods learned men have assigned to them, and which, at the same time, is consistent with the verity of the Mosaic record. Upon this hypothesis and no other can we understand also how, 350 years after the Flood, in the time of Abraham, nations warred with nations and kings subjugated populations of whom we have no account beyond their names, "the Rephaim, the Zuzims, the Enims, and Horites."

Geology has tracked the march of time along

the steps of ages, and has clearly shown that man was the latest product of creation; but in leading us back to the dawn of human life on this planet, it becomes an unequivocal voucher for his high antiquity, and for the same distinction of types long ages ago as exist at the present day. It furnishes another powerful reason for adhering strictly to the Bible narrative, while at the same time we accept the theory that Adam was the progenitor of the Caucasian race only, whose history is related in that narrative. Unless that theory be accepted, we must either deny the disclosures of that branch of science, or deny the Mosaic chronology. It seems a vain effort of blind incredulity to deny the facts, and the legitimate deduction from facts, which the science of geology has disclosed. Its testimony is repeated from many fields of exploration and tends to the same result. When that or any other science is understood, there will be no conflict with revelation. The God of nature is the author of revelation. A few years ago, theologians railed at geology because it asserted that the world was not created in six literal days. Even the renowned Dr. Chalmers attributed infidelic tendencies to the assertion, and asked, in seeming indignation, what it proposed to do with the Sabbath? Would geology abolish the Sabbath? But when the truth of that scientific assertion was made clear, theologians saw that the true interpretation of Moses was not inconsistent with it; and now what was once so vehemently denounced has come to be generally admitted. If geology, or any other science, reveals *facts* that conflict with the common interpretation of the Mosaic record, it is probable the interpretation is at fault. It cannot be the record itself.

Without giving implicit credence to everything that has been asserted by geologists, there is still such a varied assemblage of well-attested facts, all pointing to one general deduction concerning the antiquity of man, that the strength of the most obdurate incredulity must give way to the deduction. A learned clergyman of the city of New York, who has lately published some interesting and able lectures on *Man in Genesis and Geology*, in responding to the question, How long man

* *Phys. Hist. of Mankind*, vol. iv., 477.

† *Coup d'Œil Hist. Nouv. Journ. Asiat.*, Tom. xiv., p. 50.

‡ *Mélanges Historiques*, Tom. i., p. 66.

has existed on this planet? answers, "I don't know." There is no reason, if the common view of the Mosaic account be accepted, why a theologian should say he don't know. The answer, "I don't know," is a plain concession to the weight of evidence which is not in accordance with the common acceptance of the Mosaic chronology. In the light of that evidence it is not safe to say "six thousand years" are the limit of man's existence; and the preponderance of opinion among scientists and other competent and learned men who have studied the subject assigns an antiquity to races of men on the earth many thousands of years higher than the Mosaic chronology. This remark will find confirmation in the numerous works on geology, as well as in many publications on the races of men and on correlative subjects. Numerous facts, industriously gathered from many of them, are related in a late work, entitled "Natural History of the Human Races," by J. P. Jeffries, of Wooster, Ohio; printed at New York, for the author, 1869. See also Sir J. Lubbock's recent work on the *Origin of Civilization and the Savage Tribes*, just reprinted at New York, by Appleton.

The uninspired evidence on the question of man's antiquity is derived from five distinct sources:—geology, archæology, history, language, and ethnology,—and it all conspires to conduct us to the conclusion that man's appearance on this planet antedates the creation of Adam many thousands of years.

Now, while the Bible was not given to mankind to instruct them in the knowledge of the sciences, yet that inspired book, correctly understood, cannot contradict the deductions of science. The statements of Scripture and the facts of philosophy will at last be found to be in harmony, however much timid men may spurn the wager of battle for inspiration on the field of physical science.

Is the theory of a common origin and the doctrine of a unity of mankind derived from Adam a tenet of the Bible? By one class this is asserted; by another it is maintained that the Scripture narrative, simple as it is, accounts for all the phenomena of race and language upon the earth; and from beyond the reach of human knowledge it brings its in-

spired utterances to confirm the teaching of tradition, philosophy, and science, that nations of uncivilized and of semi-civilized men were dwellers of earth when Adam appeared on the scene.

It was well remarked by the learned author of *Man in Genesis and Geology*, that—

"A sound Theology looks upon Nature as the handiwork of God, and while it accepts a supernatural revelation upon evidence peculiar to itself, it accepts also every established fact of the physical universe as equally of divine origin and authority. Hence, the devout inquirer after truth will be bent,—not upon devising some compromise between Science and the Bible, as presumably at variance,—but upon ascertaining the exact facts of Nature, as a portion of God's testimony concerning Himself, and the precise meaning of the Bible according to legitimate principles of interpretation. When each class of declarations is fairly brought out by its own methods, if there is a seeming discrepancy, neither will be set aside as of inferior authority, but either some error of observation, induction, or interpretation will be suspected; or while both forms of testimony are accredited, the decision of the case will be held in abeyance, until a more advanced knowledge shall reconcile them from some higher plane, where the harmonies of all science, physical and metaphysical, and of all revelation, the secondary and the supernatural, shall interblend without confusion or mistake."

In the spirit of such views, remembering the undeniable disclosures of science, let us look for "the precise meaning of the Bible, according to legitimate principles of interpretation," touching the point under consideration.

In our common version of the Bible two different words are, in the early chapters of Genesis, used indiscriminately as if they were the same word. These words are אָדָם (Adam), and אִישׁ (ish). Both these words are translated *man*, whereas the latter is used in the original generically and not in the *particular sense* in which the former is used. The Hebrew text seems to unfold a different meaning from our authorized version when this distinction is noticed. "God said, Let us make *man* in our image and after our likeness," Gen. i. 26, is the rendering of our version. The Hebrew text is, "God said, Let us make *Adam* in our image," etc. In the next verse our translation reads: "So God created *man* in his own image," etc. The Hebrew reads: "So God created *the Adam*, or the *Adamite*" (ha-Adam), with the

article prefixed. So, in the second chapter it was "*the Adam*," or "*the Adamite*," that God formed of the dust of the ground; that he placed in the Garden; that had not existed to till the ground; gave names to animals; for whom a helpmate was provided; that disobeyed and fell; was the father of Cain and Abel, etc. Now the expression *ha-Adam* is never applied to designate the individual Adam after the birth of Cain; he is henceforth until his death simply called Adam; for after his children Cain and Abel were born he was no longer *the Adamite*—there were others like him. Yet after his death, when his progeny began to multiply, the expression *ha-Adam* is used to particularize *his posterity*. They were daughters of *the Adamite* that the sons of God took for their wives. Thus in chapter vi. it is written:

"And it came to pass, when *the Adamite* began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of the Gods saw the daughters of *the Adamite*, that they were fair, and they took them wives of all that they chose.

"And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with *the Adamite*, for that he also is flesh, etc.

"There were giants in the earth in those days, and also after that, when the sons of the Gods came in unto the daughters of *the Adamite*, etc. * * * and it repented the Lord that he had made *the Adamite* on the earth; * * * And the Lord said, I will destroy *the Adamite* * * * both *the Adamite* and beast, and the creeping things," etc.

Now this particular expression is not used in the Hebrew text as the generic term for mankind in general. When that seems intended, a different word (*ish*) is employed. Thus, at the end of the second chapter, where Adam states the general relationship of husband and wife, the word for woman is *ishah*, the feminine of *ish*. In the third chapter, ver. 16, *ish* is used to designate a husband. Eve uses it at the birth of Cain, "I have gotten a man" (*ish*), a male, "from the Lord." It occurs again in the song of Lamech, and in other passages.

The different terms "*Adam*" and "*ish*"

appear to be employed in various texts in a way that denotes the distinction between them; the latter referring to the lower races of men, and the former to the higher or Adamic race. "Give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world, both *high* and *low*." Psa. xlix. 1, 2. We are told by the learned that these words literally mean "*sons of Adam*," and "*sons of man*" (*ish*). The same in Psa. lxxii. 9: "Surely *men of low degree* (sons of *ish*) are vanity, and *men of high degree* (sons of *ha-Adam*) are a lie." In Isa. ii. 9, we have this text: "The *mean man* boweth down, and the *great man* humbleth himself;" the literal translation of which is, "*the Adamite* boweth down like as *man* (*ish*) humbleth himself."

The author of *Genesis of the Earth and Man*, whose opinion is indorsed by R. Stuart Poole, of the British Museum, maintains that Adam was the progenitor of the white races only, and that before his creation the black race had been established in the continent of Africa; also that in the Mosaic narrative there are intimations of the existence of pre-Adamic races. Referring to this opinion the Duke of Argyll* remarks: "This theory undoubtedly explains one passage in Genesis, which seems otherwise wholly unintelligible, namely, that in which mention is made of unions between the 'sons of God' and the daughters of men. It is affirmed that for the 'sons of God' we ought to substitute as the true meaning 'the servants of the gods,' or, in other words, the idolatrous races of the world. In like manner the 'daughters of men' should be translated the 'daughters of the Adamite.' The passage would thus refer to intermarriages between the children of Adam and the pre-existing idolatrous nations of the world. It is true also that this theory would remove or diminish some other difficulties attending the received interpretation."

The intermarriage between the daughters of the Adamic race and the idolatrous men, called sons or servants of the gods, seems to be stated as the moving cause of the flood. Immediately after the relation of that wickedness, follows this verse: "And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with *the*

* *Primitive Man*, p. 105.

Adamite, for that he also is flesh." * * * *
 "And the Lord said, I will destroy *the Adamite* whom I have created, from the face of the earth;" * * * * "But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord." Ch. vi. 1-8. The old popular misapprehension as to the extent of the Noachian deluge has, in the present day, given place to a better informed conviction that the earth's surface was not everywhere submerged, but only that portion of it in Asia which was the abode of the family of Adam.

When sentence was pronounced on Cain, this was a part of it: "*A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth.*" Gen. iv. 12. Cain understood this penalty; and in fear of it said: "Every one that findeth me shall slay me." His being "driven out from the face of the earth" consisted, in part at least, in his going out from the presence of the Lord. "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden." v. 16. What does this mean but that he was banished from the presence of his father's family, where the worship of the true God was maintained, and His presence and peace implored, and where His favor was sought by offerings like Abel's? But after he was thus driven out, Cain had a *dwelling-place* in Nod; he was not a *wanderer over the face of the earth*; for he dwelt in the land whither he had been banished, and *builded there a city*, calling it after the name of his son, Enoch. This son, it is thought, from the import of his name, was dedicated to the service of God, that he might minister in the sacerdotal office, from which Cain, by his crime, had been excluded. Dr. M'Causland thinks that from the history of Cain, "it may be fairly inferred he became chief of a community composed of a different race and blood, to whom he and his descendants imparted a knowledge of the arts of civilized life." He also remarks: "Time, place, and circumstance all combine to assure us, that in this short narrative we have the fountain-head and source of the history of the civilization of the Chinese and other nations and tribes of High Asia;" and he refers to "the date of the Chinese emigration from the west," which, as fixed by

their records, "corresponds closely to the Mosaic date of the Cainite civilization of the primitive inhabitants of the land of Nod, which would have occurred about five hundred years before that event."

Is not this view of the history of Cain after his sentence more in harmony with the divine record than the common opinion, that, notwithstanding his banishment "from the presence of the Lord," and his punishment, which consisted in his being "*a fugitive and a vagabond,*" he still *dwelt with his own kindred* and employed them in building a city? Dr. Clarke supposes there were female descendants of Adam at the time Cain went to the land of Nod; and it is by some supposed that *Cain married one of them*. On such hypotheses, what becomes of the punishment denounced against him? Can a rational answer be given? He was no *fugitive* if he dwelt in a city with his own kindred.

But it is said there are texts in the New Testament which declare that Adam was the progenitor of all humanity. Let us examine them. (1) Paul, in his address to the Athenians on Mars Hill, said, "God that made the world, and all things therein, * * * *and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.*" * * * Here the word (*αἷματος*) translated "blood" is said to be omitted in fourteen of the principal MSS. from the fifth to the eighth century, including the Vatican and the Alexandrian. It is, however, found in the same number ranging from the fifth to the eleventh century. Whether the word be interpolated or not, it would seem that St. Paul employed the phrase to denote the general unity of humanity, as creatures of God who had made them all; and not in the sense of teaching their unity as children of Adam. The sense is elucidated when he immediately says, "*as certain also of your own poets have said, for we are also his offspring.*" In 1 Cor. xv. 39 he says, "There is *one flesh* of men, *another flesh* of beasts, another of fishes, another of birds." Surely no one will hold that St. Paul meant to teach that all the varieties of beasts on the earth descended from a single pair; nor all the varieties of

birds, or of fishes. Dean Alford in his New Testament (vol. ii. pp. 180-181) holds that the meaning is not "hath made of one blood," but "caused every nation of one blood (sprung) to dwell on all the face of the earth;" which is not contradictory of the co-existence of nations of different blood. Dr. Pye Smith, who has written in support of the doctrine of the unity of mankind, observes: "With regard to Acts xvii. 26, it cannot be proved that 'one blood' necessarily signifies descent from a common ancestry."

Paul was speaking to the Athenians, who had an erroneous notion that they were self-produced and were the aboriginals of mankind; and the point of the Apostle's argument seems to be, that *every nation of men* was made by the great Creator; that all were his offspring, and that the source of their existence and the principle of their life were derived from Him, in whom all live, move, and have their being. In the Latin Vulgate the text reads: "*Fecit que ex uno omne genus hominum inhabitare super universam faciem terræ*;" the translation of which is, "*And hath made of one every race of men to dwell on all the face of the earth.*" In other words, every race of men (descended from its one head) God hath made to dwell on the earth.

But whatever may be the true rendering of the expression of the Apostle, it can scarcely be made more distinct than the expression in Acts ii. 5: "Every nation under heaven;" or the expression of the same Apostle in Col. i. 23: "Every creature which is under heaven;" which are both limited to the people of the countries known to the Jews, and are not to be read in their full literal import.

(2) Another text is quoted, Romans v. 12, as bearing upon the point: "Wherefore as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." The argument which the Apostle is pursuing when he uses these words is, that the consequences of Christ's obedience extends as far as the consequences of Adam's disobedience. He is not pretending to state a literal verity, that "by one man sin entered into the world." To assert that as a literal truth, is to deny that Eve first partook of the forbidden fruit. Sin had entered

into the world when she yielded to the serpent's temptation, and that was *before* she gave the fruit to Adam and he did eat. The point of the Apostle was not to assert a literal fact, but to state the truth, to wit, that as Adam, as the representative of the race, had conferred on his progeny, by his sin, the consequences of death, so Christ, as the representative of all mankind, had by his obedience in fulfilling the law conferred the gift of life on believers.

What does the Apostle say in v. 14? "Nevertheless, death reigned from Adam to Moses, *even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression*, who is the figure of him that was to come." Who could the Apostle mean, over whom death reigned from Adam to Moses, and yet who *had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression*? If we admit there were races of men who had lived on the earth before Adam, who had sinned before him, and over whom and their progeny death reigned in consequence of sin, we perceive a plain application of the text to them; if we deny such pre-existing races, the text seems to have no certain application. Dr. M'Causland remarks (p. 291), that "the Bible is the history of a particular race, the Adamite; his creation, his fall, his restoration to Paradise, are the theme of Holy Writ from Alpha to Omega; and while salvation is proclaimed to the heathen, it is proclaimed by faith in Christ, to be preached by Adamite missionaries." * * "What Adam might have been the instrument of obtaining for the rest of mankind, had he been obedient to the divine command, has been more than regained by the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. At his fall we have the first promise of the Redeemer and restorer of the lost inheritance in the person of the second Adam. Therefore it is that the Apostle refers to the sin of Adam and its immediate consequence, death, as the primary cause of the redemption to life by the second Adam,—not death in general, which we know had reigned in the world *before* Adam, but death, the penalty incurred by him, and entailed on his otherwise immortal race." He argues further that the Apostle was alluding to the redemption of man by the second Adam, from the effects of the sin

of the first Adam, which he maintains does not imply that no one had lived or died before Adam. "The Saviour redeemed Adam and his race, as the Apostle states; but the redemption extends from the highest heaven to the lowest hades,—from Abel, Enoch, and Noah, to the 'spirits in prison,' who were not of Adam's race." He thinks the teaching to be that the forfeited inheritance was redeemed for Adam's race, and that all other races are admitted to the participation of the benefits purchased by the Saviour's blood. They were represented in the vision of St. Peter, by the "four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air."

In Ps. viii. 4, we read this text: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" St. Paul in the second chapter of Hebrews quotes this text, verbatim, from the Septuagint; but, as Dr. Clarke observes, the Greek is not so emphatic as the Hebrew; he gives, in his note, the original, and renders its translation thus: "What is miserable man that thou rememberest him? and the son of Adam, that thou visitest him?" Dr. Clarke says the variation of the terms in the original is *very emphatic*. The idea, then, is that God has *remembered* the *miserable man* and has *visited* the *son of Adam*. Dr. Clarke, *in hoc loco*, observes: "Some think *eminent men* here intended." The Lord "visited" Abram, the father of the faithful, and promised to bless him, and through him *all the families of the earth*. Gen. xii. 1-3. When he was ninety-nine years old God appeared to him and "talked with him, saying, * "my covenant is with thee, and thou shalt be a father of many nations; neither shall thy name any more be called Abram, but thy name shall be Abraham; for a father of many nations have I made thee." Gen. xvii. 1-5. This promise touching *all the families of the earth* is without limitation, and the word translated "*families*" is the same used in Gen. viii. 19, to designate the various *species* of animals that went forth out of the ark. If more races of men existed, at the time of the promise, than the Adamic, it would properly include them all. The Apostle Paul, in Heb. ii. 16, says

of the Christ, as the great High Priest of mankind, "For verily he took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham;" or, as the better translation reads, "Moreover, he doth not at all take hold of angels, but of the seed of Abraham he taketh hold." He had respect to his covenant with Abraham, and sealed its fulfillment in his blood for all the families of mankind. "And the Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the gospel unto Abraham, *saying*, 'In thee shall all nations be blessed.'" Gal. iii. 8. Thus Abraham was made the head of all nations who should believe the Gospel.

It is plain from the teachings of the Scriptures, that all nations, whether descended from one or many heads, are summoned to the Gospel feast. The disciples were commissioned to preach the glad tidings to "every creature;" and one who cannot err declared, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Acts i. 8.

On the theory above suggested, may not the revelations of science and the declarations of the Scriptures be harmonized? Is there any other tenable hypothesis that admits of such a reconciliation?

Truth, in whatever department of science it appears, cannot be contradictory of revelation. There may occur what would seem to be an apparent antagonism, but in fact it is not real. Where they are not reconciled, either revelation or science is misunderstood. One of the lessons slowly learned is the folly of making a particular theory the standard of infallibility. The grandest truths sometimes appear slowly; and the general belief in an old theory is not always the sure criterion of truth. If a fact or a dogma be clearly revealed, and be the sure statement or the sure teaching of the Bible, it is to be believed, and should not be surrendered at the demand of scientists, for scientists may err in their deductions, but the word of divine truth stands sure. A few glances through the chinks of the casement cannot disclose all the harmony and beauty of a temple; and explorers in the fields of science, whose views are limited by many obstructions, cannot always be certain

of their ultimate deductions. Yet often they set open the doors of marvelous truths. The Milky Way is not merely a dim cloud across the sky. Science reveals there the mystery of innumerable worlds. The theory of the Copernican system, though long opposed by a religious dogma, has been accepted from the masters of science by all the Christian world. Doubtless there are other truths, apparently opposed to old dogmas, for the knowledge of which the world will be indebted to science; but the discovery of new planets will never put out the light of the sun. Let no one fear that science shall obscure revelation. When truth in its ultimate expression is understood, it will harmonize with revelation. Perhaps preconceived theories of what revelation teaches will meet with disastrous overthrow; but when readjusted upon correct principles, there will be no antagonism with revelation. No one should object to a discussion of this subject. We cannot escape it if we would.

In an editorial of the *N. Y. Times*, relative to recent geological discoveries, it is remarked:—

“Perhaps a close examination of the ruins of ancient cities lately found among the Sierra Madre Mountains, and described a few days since in our columns, may bring to light evidence bearing on the subject. Still, it is what is under the earth’s crust, and not what is above it, to which we must look for conclusive testimony. Hence the human remains discovered in the gold drift of California have great interest. It is claimed by scientific men who have given the matter close attention, that the skull exhumed last season at Los Angeles, in Calaveras County, Cal., has greater antiquity than any of the human remains found in the drift of Abbeville and Amiens, in the valley of the Somme, or in the loess of the Rhine. This skull was found in a shaft one hundred and fifty feet deep, and lay below five beds of lava and volcanic tufa, and four deposits of auriferous gravel. The upper bed of tufa was homogeneous, it is said, and without any crack through which a skull could have been

introduced from above. Now, this would put the date of the skull before the age of volcanic eruptions, and so before the mastodon, the elephant, and other pachyderms. The owner must, therefore, have lived before the present mighty peaks of the Sierra Nevada or the Cordilleras were upheaved, before the cataracts of Yosemite or the Yellowstone began to flow, before the glaciers carried their freight of rubble and precious minerals into the lowlands, and even before those vast cañons were split through the solid rock, which we have suggested might be identified with the traditional seven caverns of the Aztec tribes.

“The estimates of the ethnologists must again, for the hundredth time, be revised, and the origin of our race once more be set back to a remoter period in the cycles of time. Bunsen extends the 6,000 years of the Hebrew chronology to 22,000, and puts the Flood at 10,500 years B.C.; and Prof. Owen follows Mr. Horner in assuming, from an examination of the sediment of the Nile, that man existed in a civilized state 13,375 years ago. But the verification of the epoch of these Californian remains, establishing it before the Pliocene era, must still further increase these figures, and oblige us to assign an earlier period than has yet been done to the primitive inhabitants of the globe.”

In Sir John Lubbock’s late work on the *Origin of Civilization* and the primitive condition of man, he has set forth many facts concerning the savage races, and deduced numerous arguments to uphold his views touching the law of progress in human affairs. He denies that primeval man has retrograded and degenerated into the savage state. He maintains that existing savages are not the descendants of civilized ancestors, but that their primitive condition was one of barbarism; and from this condition several races have emerged into a higher state tending towards that of civilization.

Thus, it will be perceived, “the grand research into the career of humanity upon earth” is being pursued by able and learned men from various starting-points and over various fields of inquiry.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GOOD HEALTH.

MAN deals with life pretty much as he deals with his teeth. In youth, and while they are sound, he values them somewhat,—in name, and for their uses and their comeliness,—but does all he can to injure them. When they

ache and torture him, he cannot extract and throw them away fast enough. But, when there only remain to him two or three old snags, mere apologies for teeth, which it were better for him to be without, he treasures

them as if they were invaluable possessions, —sibylline books, to a knowledge of whose inestimable qualities he has come only too late.

It is so with life. In the first periods, when we seem to tread Elysian fields, and dance like blossoms in the zephyrs of a perpetual spring, full of a vigor that we think is unfading, we cannot live too fast. We sail for every shore, and landing, burn our ships behind us. Life is a thing of no account, and, should disappointments and troubles come, we often think of putting it away, as a thing of no value. But when the years increase, when age draws nigh, and, in its ever lengthening and deepening shadows, strength fails and functions decay, and the sparkling fountain is wasted to a slow trickling rill, what a change comes o'er the spirit of our dream, and how tenaciously we cling to the last poor fragmentary leaves of the dog-eared volume! And at last, when decrepitude lies prone upon us, when we have received the "three sufficient warnings," and are come to the last scene of all in "the eventful history," friendless, alone, deaf, lame, and bent like sickles, sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything, how sordidly, eagerly, desperately, we cling to the worthless mockery of life, as if, as Dr. Rush observed, the simple habit of living, by being long indulged, had grown into a passion for existence!

So also do we deal with health, the attribute and the privilege of youth. There is nothing we fling so recklessly away while we possess it: there is nothing we strive so desperately to secure when our follies have put it beyond our reach. How strange it seems that we should never come to estimate good health for what it is worth until it has almost or quite forsaken us. There is not an invalid anywhere but would make any sacrifices and yield up his dearest possessions to recover what he might have made his own with scarcely an effort had he felt its value at the proper time. Yet it is not strange neither, for man is not capable of appreciating what has cost him no labor to secure. Even liberty itself is no treasure save where it has been purchased by battle and privation. How shall man know what health is until he has

lost it, when he has no consciousness even of his nerves, until some shock has impaired or preternaturally aggravated their action?

Nevertheless, health is more than a blessing to man,—it is a necessity. It is "indispensable to almost every form of human enjoyment; it is the grand auxiliary of usefulness; and should a man love the Lord his God with all his heart and soul and mind and strength, he would have ten times more heart and soul and mind and strength to love Him with in the vigor of health than under the palsy of disease."* Man, in fact society, the living world in which we pursue our activities, is but an aggregate of individual men, and if the members be unhealthy, doubt not but the body will be unhealthy likewise. He was not an unwise philosopher who said that domestic happiness owed more to digestion than to morality. Indeed, morality itself takes its hue, its tone, its spirit, from the sanitary condition of the moralist, just as a dyspeptic or bilious ruler may become the cause of "woes unnumbered" to those over whom he is placed. Science, philosophy, art, all are colored by the state of health of individuals who have charge to develop them; and we as naturally associate the riant, joyous, serene loveliness of Raphael's canvases with a state of equable good health, as we seek the causes of Salvator's savage shadows, or Carravaggio's brutal realism, in a disordered liver or an unhappy digestion.

There is an indissoluble lien between health and the highest state of mental vigor and activity. A badly cooked leg of mutton cost Napoleon the crucial battle of Leipsic. Newton, while he was composing his *Principia*, lived upon bread and water and the lightest vegetable diet. The critic Gifford's savage and murderous propensities towards all fledgling bards were the palpable fruit of torturing disease engendered in a feeble, crooked, and neglected body; while Cornaro, the apostle of regimen, has boldly affirmed it as his experience, that "neither melancholy nor any other passion can hurt a temperate life." "Temperance," indeed, says a man entitled to know, who was intemperate in his

* Horace Mann.

thoughts, his passions, in his life, and most wretched in his death,* "temperance is a necessary virtue for great men; since it is the parent of that ease and liberty which are necessary for the improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be one of the greatest felicities of life."

So far as the individual man is concerned, life itself, without health, and without its congener, happiness, is mere duration, not living. Life without enjoyment is life without motive, a mere nightmare, a shadow that marks but does not copy the thing of which it is the reminder. No pleasure of the sense, no pleasure of the soul, can have any true zest without the accompaniment of good health. The stomach, as Aretæus phrased it, "is the leader" of pleasure and pain. Dyspepsia is first cousin to the megrims. They are children of the same house, the same blood, playmates, companions, nay, inseparable. And so good health is the housemate of enjoyment and content. It clothes nakedness, lightens poverty, tempers the wind to the shorn lambs of every flock. No garden so barren but good health can plant flowers therein and make them grow. No hearth so desolate but it can wake a song thereby. No bosom so dry but it can make joy flow from it, as water burst from the desert rock in Meribah. It is indeed "above all gold and treasure." It is indeed "the poor man's riches and the rich man's bliss;" the salt of the earth and the bond of society.

Happiness is in ourselves, and not the effect of distributed gifts unequally flung abroad. The ragged beggar, sturdy and brown in the open air, who has but a crust in his wallet, and never a penny in his purse, nor never a purse itself, knows far more of the enjoyments of life than the wealthiest millionaire of us all, who cannot count even his money in peace, because the gout twinges him so savagely. And it seems to me that we of the world do not take sufficient note of these things in the conduct of our reformatory projects. We begin our reforms *at the wrong end*. The misery, and wretchedness, and degradation of "the dangerous classes" are the fruits of bad air,

bad food, bad ways of life, rather than of innate criminal instincts and vicious associations. "Mr. Chadwick," says Sir Benjamin Brodie,* "has shown that many persons [in London] are driven to drinking gin as affording a temporary relief to the feelings of depression and exhaustion produced by living in a noxious atmosphere; and he gives instances of individuals who had spontaneously abandoned the habit when they were enabled to reside in a less crowded and more healthy locality, where they could breathe a pure air instead of noxious exhalations." And it seems indeed that the right way to make these classes better is not to preach to them nor punish them for what they cannot help; not to send them to school nor to make their case worse by violent repressions and prohibitory laws, but to cleanse them, and feed them, and clothe them, and put them in the way to regain their right minds, by the salutary powers of hygiene and the beneficent influences of health. Send missionaries and tracts to them if you will, and do not abolish prisons nor hanging; but at the same time seek to effect more salutary reforms by good food, good air, good water, baths, and encouraging and profitable labor. In this way, at least, we shall run no risk of giving a stone where we are asked for bread; nor will we be doing any harm to the progress of moral and spiritual reform when we clear away the brambles that entangle the feet of its advancement.

It is certain, however, that the human race is not adequately blessed with this good health which is shown to be so desirable and so necessary. It is certain that the throat slays more than the sword. It is certain that an infinite multitude of diseases wait upon man's footsteps from the cradle to the grave, and that, as Cyprian said, each human body has more several torturing pricks and aches than it has members. Constantly, and with the dawn of each incoming generation, new diseases spring up, bringing new pains to wreak upon us—

"Macies, et nova febrim
Terris incubit cohors."

And although each period has had its occa-

* Dean Swift.

* *Mind and Matter.*

sional stout miracle of health and longevity, its old Parr, its Henry Jenkins, its Countess Desmond; though all the chronicles tell us of such men as Cornaro, who wrote comedies at eighty-three and a treatise on health at ninety; of Zerophilus the musician; of Hereward of Augsburg; of Pollio Romulus, who kept himself sweet and sound for a century by careful ministrations to himself of wine and oil; of Quintus Metellus, and of many others who have happily lived long years without suffering from any impediment, yet we believe that these are merely phoenix cases, and that, as Hesiod has told us was the case in his own time, each age, and every race, and earth and sea, and day and night, have borne sad fruit for self-willed men in evils and in restless plagues and torments.

Certainly what was the rule in Hesiod's day is still more the rule in these contemporary times. We live better, have better food, and more of it, and are more rational in our respect for hygiene; but for all that we do not live so rationally, nor so wholesomely, and consequently have not such strong health. Fewer children die with us than in former times, in spite of the homicidal iniquity of "swill milk," and pestilence is neither so rife nor so difficult to combat. The result of this is, that the average life of a generation of men is much greater in duration than of old. Yet not so many men grow old as formerly, nor do so many men nowadays possess unbroken health. We live too fast, in fact; and we neglect to respect those laws of physiology which instruct us that "intensive life can only be purchased at the cost of extensive life." It is the natural tendency of civilization to weaken while it refines, and there is a very deep import in the texture of this aphorism,—a proof of that all-pervading fatality which is congenerous with liberty in man's nature, and goes hand in hand with him, step by step through all the stages of his being—that deep fatality the contemplation of which in its relation to the destinies of man prompted Goethe to his memorable precept: "Provision has been made that the trees do not grow into the sky." The correlation of forces has a wider extent, and a more searching and intimate vitality of *rapport* with universal nature than we have

been used to suspect. There is an intimate consanguinity between Dynamics and Economics, through the common affinities of numbers, as the common exponents of law of whatsoever kind. It is highly probable, as Comte has said, that as the progress of science permits, we shall be able not only to find numerical expressions for every kind of relation of phenomena, but shall thus also be able to institute comparisons between things the most widely different that it is possible to conceive. Already, imperfect as is our grasp upon the numerical forces, we are able to bring testimony into the court of science from all parts of the world, and every department of the cosmos, with surprising efficiency. There seems to be at first glance no relation between the rain-fall of a season and the number of marriages of a country; yet philosophers have distinctly detected this relation, and accurately determined it. In the same way that mechanical rule which instructs us that "what is gained in power is lost in time," can, without undue twisting, be made to interpret the relations of intensities in physiology and in ethics and in æsthetics quite as well as in physics. The dynamical formula has been merely translated into the language of didactical ethics by Goethe when he so finely expresses the limitations of human genius and its law by saying: "Thought expands, but lames; action animates, but narrows." What genius gains in intensity it loses in breadth; what is gained in power is lost in time. And the law will be found almost universal in its application to all kinds and qualities of forces. Take the case of the peach-tree, for instance, which, by selection, and budding, and cultivation has been made to yield large crops of a delicious and noble fruit, but only by the sacrifice of its natural term of years, and at the cost of its natural hardy health. The wild, ungrafted tree in Georgia and Florida bears fruit during forty healthy years, untroubled by the worm, unconscious of "the yellows." The average vitality of the highly productive cultivated tree in Delaware and Maryland is scarcely eight years. In the same way, and upon the same principle, while the collective man has been able largely to better his condition and his health through the potent

instrumentalities of wealth, culture, and their correlative forces, the individual man has taken from his health and shortened his life by thinning his skin and laying bare his nerves to a poignancy of suffering never known in the remoter ages. This is what is meant by civilization weakening in proportion as it refines. Our organizations, under the hot-house processes of modern social life, are grown more complex and difficult; our sensibilities are more acute; our sympathies reach wider and deeper, and our passions, endowed with a more tremendous force, are more destructive and wasting. In consequence of all this we are more liable to disease, and less able to resist it; and besides this, disease is constantly assuming new and more complex and subtle forms, more insidious in attack and more troublesome to eradicate.

Medicine and the doctors have virtually no vocation here. If, in the olden times, when men were naturally healthy, and mercifully unconscious of the acuteness of their nerves and the fragilities and distemperaments of their organizations; when they were ignorant and credulous, and looked up to their doctor-priests as the authentic ambassadors of a divine mission of healing; if physic and physicians failed then, much more must they fail now. If they could not heal the body when man yielded passively up to them all his mind as an instrument with which to work all the tremendous effects of the imagination, much less can they heal it now, when man declines to send his fancy where they project their wills, when he seriously doubts and mistrusts them, and is constantly disposed to weigh their claims to power in the nicely adjusted scales of intellectual judgment. The best the doctor can do, in fact, is to work upon individual men a provisional sort of patchwork, as a dismantled ship rigs jury-masts to bear her to some near port after a storm. And this sort of patchwork is only too often like that of which the candid Snetzler spoke, when once a rural vestry called him in to consult with them about repairing the organ in their parish church. "Shentlemens," said the honest old organ-builder, taking a pinch of snuff after he had duly inspected the dilapidated instrument,—“Shentlemens, das

organ is vort one hoondert pound. You schpends mit me one hoondert pound more in dem repairsh. Vel den, das organ vill be vort shoost fifty pound!” This is upon the rather too liberal assumption that the machine can be repaired at all. In other cases, and numerous ones,

“When the artist goes about
To redress her flame, no doubt
Oftentimes he snuffs it out.”*

Fortunately for society, however, doctors do not enjoy any great immunity from the spirit of the age, and even their profession, interested as it is in maintaining the contrary proposition, cannot refuse to suspect occasionally that, as a rule, mankind “*ingravescit medendo*”—is none the better for physic. The medical atmosphere of to-day is indeed strangely rife with mysterious whisperings and murmurous speculations anent “unknown ethereal influences,” “changes in the type of disease,” and other roundabout ways of entering the plea of ignorance. There is much more talk nowadays than ever before of the expediency of flying physic and depending upon the *vis medicatrix naturæ*—that unknown force whose co-ordinate functions are immeasurable in numbers, and whose relations are not to be compared with those of any other of the powers that regulate humanity. Our doctors, indeed, still venture to cope with the diseases of individuals, but they show a praiseworthy timidity in so doing, and tacitly confess to us, by actions which speak louder than words, that they have abandoned all claims to possessing a peculiar faculty for even patching a broken, unsettled, and unnerved generation.

Yet, adverse as all the circumstances may seem, the boon of good health—that grand quest of Ponce de Leon’s evasive fountain—is more possible of achievement now, and nearer within man’s reach than ever it was in any previous age. “If you are careful with it,” says the proverb, “glass will last longer than iron.” Modern enlightenment endows us with large store of the very kinds of knowledge needed to teach us how we may bestow

* Philip Quarles.

proper care upon the preservation of our good health. We know the causes of our disorders, of many of them at least, and although, as Cicero said, the doctors have been very wrong in fancying that a knowledge of cures necessarily followed upon a knowledge of causes, yet it is unquestionably true that this sort of science is the first and most important step towards a rational reform and an efficient regulation of the laws of hygiene. "Contrary causes," as it was well said by Cornaro, "have contrary effects, and the faults of nature are often amended by art, as barren grounds are made fruitful by good husbandry." Nor need it be feared that the rule of good living, once found and laid down properly, will be impossible to pursue. The capacity of human nature to accommodate itself to untoward circumstances and to resist unfavorable influences, to lay down old habits and to take up new ones, is very remarkable. Surely that same flexibility of function which enables the sedentary sewing-woman to violate every law of health and yet live; which saves the sedentary smoke-dried German student from premature paralysis, and enables the London fashionable to preserve bloom and vigor while turning night into day and day into night; which sustains Livingstone in the sweltering jungles of Africa, and made existence possible to Kane and his companions frozen fast to the glaciers of Greenland—surely an adaptability so great will put it in man's power to

change his mode of life from a disorderly one against nature to an orderly one in accordance with nature, and will make it quite tolerable for him to put his belly-gods peremptorily away, quench his unruly appetites, and master the whole secret of a blooming and unfettered old age.

Nor are the means for procuring health far to seek nor difficult to attain. We must go back to nature—not indeed in Rousseau's sense of returning to savagery and unkempt nakedness, but, by using art, to discover the curative processes our instincts naturally pursue, and the philosophy of the regimen they require us to adopt. This, in effect, is to enforce upon our lives, our habits, our very thoughts, the scrupulous, sedulous, daily constant exercise of right reason. He who corrects and controls his appetites, says the old Latin moralist, gets something of the divine nature thereby,—becomes "*os oculosque Jovi par.*" A proper regimen, a proper mode of motion and of rest, a proper sobriety of appetite and a sweet continence of temper, and the whole tale of illimitable physical and moral regeneration is told at once. Surely there is no difficulty here. Surely the simplest man amongst us, or the most obdurate in passion and in unreason can, if he try, pursue

"The rule of 'not too much,' by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from
thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight."

SONNET.

STRENGTH for the day! At early dawn I stand,
Helpless and weak, and with unrested eyes,
Watching for day. Before its portal lies
A low black cloud—a heavy iron band:
Slowly the mist is lifted from the land,
And pearl and amber gleam across the skies,
Gladdening my upward gaze with sweet surprise!
I own the sign: I know that He whose hand
Hath fringed those sombre clouds with ruby ray,
And changed that iron bar to molten gold,
Will to my wandering steps be guide and stay;—
Breathe o'er my wavering heart His rest for aye,
And give my waiting, folded palms to hold
His blessed morning boon—strength for the day!

WATER: ITS WAYS AND USES.



NIAGARA FALLS.

THERE is no sight more imposing than that of the ocean; and on viewing the incessant march of the waves which glide gently along the shore, the fugitive foam which appears and disappears, the undulation of the billows following one another with a plaintive murmur, we can easily comprehend how it is that the inventive imagination of man has personified this inert matter, and we are not surprised that Schleiden, in his poetical language, compares the movement of the wave to a gentle respiration.

On the globe water is the rule, dry land the exception; yet it is very difficult to estimate exactly the extent of the sea. The slow movements of the land, sinking or rising, the waves which steadily destroy the rocky shores, the banks of madrepores and other polyps which increase from day to day in the bosom of the waters, all modify constantly the relief of the continents, and subject the map of the world to perpetual variations. Nevertheless, it may be safely said that the sea occupies about two-thirds of the surface of the globe.

The waters are very unequally distributed. The southern hemisphere is much more

abundantly supplied than the northern; and the terrestrial sphere may accordingly be divided into two equal parts, one of which is almost entirely a world of the sea, the other a world of the *terra firma*.

The bottom of the sea is formed of mountains and valleys, ravines and escarpments, hills and plains. The continents are in fact only the summits of marine mountains: the waters, obeying the laws of gravity, collect, in consequence of their mobility, in the great basins, and spread out over the lower parts of the terrestrial envelope. If the surface of the globe, instead of being irregular in outline, were smooth and uniform as an ivory ball, the ocean would cover it completely with a liquid coating of about six hundred and fifty feet in thickness.

The sheet of water which conceals the greater part of the solid earth is considerable compared with the dry land, but is very small if compared with the entire mass of our planet. If we divide the globe into 1,786 equal parts by weight, and take one of these, we will have the total weight of the water of the ocean.

The temperature of the sea warmed by the

action of the sun's rays at the equator is considerably elevated; but at the poles the surface of the water is in great part frozen, and formidable glaciers are to be found there throughout the entire year. Immense mountains of ice are constantly seen carried along by the marine currents, and the light playing on these transparent masses produces one of the most wonderful spectacles that it is given man to behold.

Waves are the caprices of the ocean; they vary according to the locality, according to the intensity of the wind, and are not regulated by any constant force in their effects. The sea is endowed with other more reliable movements, which may be considered as a part of the wheel-work of the grand mechanism of nature. Our globe is suspended in the immensity of the universe, but it is not alone. Constantly subjected to the influence of the stars, it obeys their attraction, and is in harmony with the heavenly bodies. As the flower turns towards the sun, so the ocean rises and falls under the powerful attraction of the sun and moon.

There exist in the sea immense currents, which may be regarded as rivers in the bosom of the ocean: arteries of a grand circulatory system that play an admirable rôle in the harmonies of the globe. They establish a sort of equilibrium between the extreme temperatures of divers climates, transporting toward the poles the warm water of the tropics, and conducting the cold water of the glacial regions toward the equatorial countries. The heat imparted by the sun's rays is doubtless the chief cause of this interchange of waters.

The waves level the rocky coasts, and wear away the continents. They dash against the cliffs, and each day carry off the *débris* that they have produced. Sometimes they cut and carve the rocks, giving rise thus to capricious constructions resembling promontories, capes, breakwaters, or reefs. The more abrupt and resisting a coast is, the more sure it is to be leveled by the irresistible element. Nothing is strong enough to stop the army of waves, and the land is always vanquished in these combats with the ocean. It triumphs only when it avoids the struggle, as Fabius with Hannibal. If it offers to the sea low and

uniform coasts, the waves advance gently along the shore; their anger is calmed before an enemy which does not attempt to resist them; they lose all their swiftness, and deposit then the rounded pebbles and the fine sand. They create more than they destroy.

The waves may pound and pulverize the rocky coasts, but the *débris* thus formed is not lost: it is carried to other places, where it is deposited in the form of superposed sediments. It has been long remarked that at the northern end of the Red Sea the Isthmus of Suez increases with extraordinary rapidity in consequence of marine contributions of this nature. This isthmus has double the width that it had at the time of Herodotus. At that epoch Heropolis stood on the shore of the sea; now it is as near the Mediterranean as the Red Sea, standing just in the middle of the Isthmus.

A part of the delta of the Nile is daily washed away by the waves and currents of the great sea into which this ancient river empties, and carried off even as far as the coasts of Syria.

The level of the ocean is immutable, but we are sometimes deceived by appearances. The water, always agitated at the surface, seems to be the image of mobility; it is, nevertheless, endowed with a remarkable fixity, and the land, according to Pliny, the symbol of immobility, is, on the contrary, movable. The ocean does not retire from the shore, but the shore itself rises. The ocean does not gradually submerge the coast, but the coast gradually sinks below the level of the ocean. The subterranean fires which have broken out and folded the terrestrial epidermis are far from being inactive, and in certain countries the tremblings of the land give daily proof of this.

According to a physical law, every body of water exposed to the air constantly gives out vapor, which increases in quantity with the temperature; there is consequently a process of distillation, on a grand scale, continually going on at the surface of the globe. The burning rays of the tropical sun take the place of the furnace heating an immense alembic; the equatorial ocean is the boiler of this vast apparatus; the elevated regions of the air constitute the top of the still; the cold atmos-

phere, the frozen summits of the mountains of the north, the glaciers of the poles, form the condensers; and the streams, the water-courses, the rivers, and the lakes are the receivers, that are incessantly filling with enormous volumes of water, which they restore to the ocean. This distillation revolves eternally on itself: the water of the receivers returning steadily to the boiler.

In traveling thus through space and over the land, water is charged with distributing warmth throughout the globe, with modifying the temperature of climates. On escaping from the equatorial seas, it is heated by the fires of a tropical sun; it stores up the warmth, and gives it out again to the cold countries. Under the form of rain it lessens the severity of the northern climates, and imparts to animated beings that vivifying power of which the sun is so prodigal at the tropics and so avaricious at the regions much nearer the poles. It is not generally for a long time stationary; after having traversed in the liquid state the bodies of animals, the tissues of vegetables, it is transpired, exhaled in vapor. It returns to the air, which it quits again as rain, hail, or snow, to renew its eternal course.

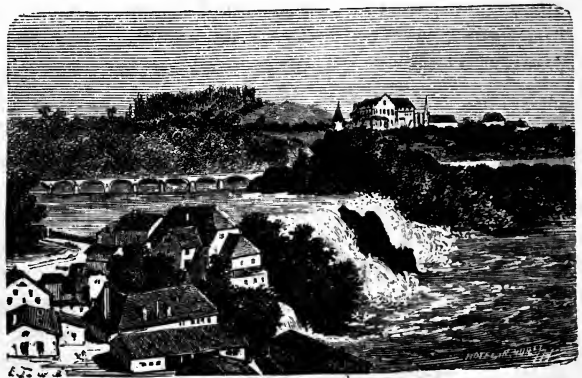
Veritable Proteus! It is the sap of plants, and it is the dew-drop; it is the blood which circulates in our veins, the frost which paints our windows with a thousand fantastic figures, the steam which animates our machines, and the mist which rises over our prairies. It is a solid, liquid, or a gas—ice, water, or vapor. It never quits one form but to take on another. It abandons the ocean to shower down upon the land. It deserts the continents to return to the empire of the waves. It penetrates the fissures of the rocks, warms itself in their great depths, and comes again to the surface hot and boiling.

The air, even when pure, transparent, and blue, is an immense reservoir of vapor—a vast shoreless sea, at the bottom of which live man, plants, and animals. The surface of the ocean, as we have said, gives out constantly the vapor indispensable for the wants of life. An air too dry is not respirable: it dries the

lungs, destroys animals and plants, and every one has heard of the disastrous effects of the *simooms* or dry winds of the desert. A too moist air has also its evils. Certain warm and damp localities are fruitful sources of *malaria*.

Vapor, on account of its power of absorbing heat, acts beneficially. The surface of the land tends to lose, by radiation into the celestial spaces, the warmth which it has received; but the aqueous vapor contained in the air, seizing this warmth, becomes itself elevated in temperature, and thus a mantle is formed around the earth which protects all life from being destroyed by excessive cold. When the air is very dry (and it is never completely so) there are diurnal extremes of temperature. On the *steppes* of India, the plateaux of the Himalaya, the plains of Australia, wherever aridity reigns, excessive warmth of the day contrasts with severe cold of the night. In the midst of the Sahara the solar rays elevate the temperature of the soil to such an extent as to render it almost impossible for man or beast to endure the heat, but at night the cold is so intense that water would be frozen if it existed in those arid zones.

It is perfectly easy to remove from the air the water which it contains—it is only necessary to lower its temperature, as in the refrigerator of a distilling apparatus. A decanter of cold water placed in a warm apartment soon covers itself with a coating of vapor or dew. The same thing takes place in Nature. When the temperature of a body of air sinks in consequence of the disappearance of the sun below the horizon, there arrives a time



FALLS OF THE RHINE AT SCHAFFHAUSEN.



FLOATING ISLAND ON THE MISSOURI.

when the vapor of water condenses in the form of extremely fine particles called mist. Clouds are only mists floating at a considerable height above the ground. They have a proverbial mobility, and their classification is consequently almost impossible. Meteorologists have, however, referred the numerous forms which they affect to certain principal types. They generally distinguish four sorts of clouds, viz.: the *cirrus*, the *cumulus*, the *stratus*, and the *nimbus*. The moisture of the air is precipitated, according to the temperature, either as rain, hail, or snow.

The most elevated portions of the surface of the globe collect the waters of the ocean, and allow them to run down their declivities. The mountain chains, which are themselves not irregularly distributed, also give direction to the courses of the rivers, and are frequently the chief feature in the landscape. In some countries a luxuriant vegetation covers the banks of the rivers, and often a remarkable phenomenon is produced by an accumulation of floating trees called *rafts*. These floating islands, which are met with on the Mississippi, the Missouri, and Red River, are sometimes several miles in length.

In traversing the solid earth in the beds of rivers, in the basins of lakes, and in sub-

terranean canals, water accomplishes incessantly numerous and powerful works. One of the causes of its destructive power resides in its property of expanding on freezing. It penetrates the fissures of the most compact and durable rocks, and shatters them by the mechanical force which it develops when solidifying. Enormous blocks of stone are thus detached from the mountains, as if a powerful and irresistible lever had lifted them to precipitate them into the neighboring valleys. The transporting power of water is equally important. We are often astonished at the facility with which streams of no great rapidity of motion bear along in their courses great quantities of sand and gravel; but we must remember that the weight of a stone in the water is not the same as in the air, and that the density of a great number of rocks does not exceed double that of water. The total mass of solid material carried down to the sea by the Ganges in a single year is equal in weight and volume to forty-two of the largest pyramids of Egypt. If we add to this transporting action of the Ganges that of all the rivers of the globe, we reach a most striking result, and see that water is a Titanic workman, that seizes on the earthy materials of which the continents are formed,

and carries them off to the domain of the ocean.

The water of rivers is not only charged with mud, but with mineral substances held in solution; hence the pure water of the clouds returns to the sea loaded with salt. When a stream glides over a great declivity its transporting power is singularly increased, and enormous rocks, thus lifted up, follow the course of the flood. The same result is brought about by rivers that freeze over in winter, their surfaces being often covered with stones and masses of frozen earth derived from their precipitous banks.

The numerous water-falls which are found in the courses of rivers in America, Europe, Asia, and all countries of the globe, afford striking instances of the degrading and leveling action of water on the continents. The most remarkable fall in America is Niagara. At its base there is an argillaceous bed of rock which is constantly being worn away by the incessant attacks of the water, and the calcareous rocks above, thus deprived of support, part, and finally fall with a crash, as of distant thunder, into the abyss below.

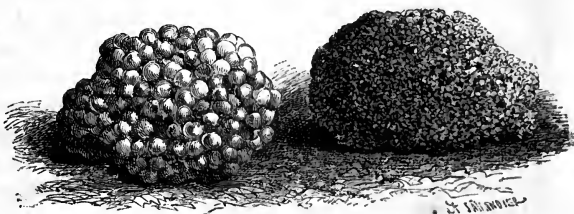
Deltas are formed at the mouths of rivers, either in lakes, inland seas, or on the shores of the ocean. They are the accumulation of the solid materials of the continents which have been subjected to the transporting power of water, and often increase with astonishing rapidity. The delta of the Rhone, at the upper end of Lake Geneva, is a striking example. The town of Portus Valesiæ (Port-Valais), which was situated, eight hundred years ago, on the shores of this Swiss lake, is now more than a mile distant from it. The Adriatic, without tides and currents, furnishes conditions favorable to the formation of deltas at the mouths of rivers, as the Po and the Adige, emptying into it. Adria, which under Augustus received in its port the Roman galleys, is now a town surrounded by a level country, and situated about eight leagues from the shore. The town of Spina, founded before our era, at the mouth of a great arm of the Po, is now some four leagues inland.

When rivers empty into the ocean

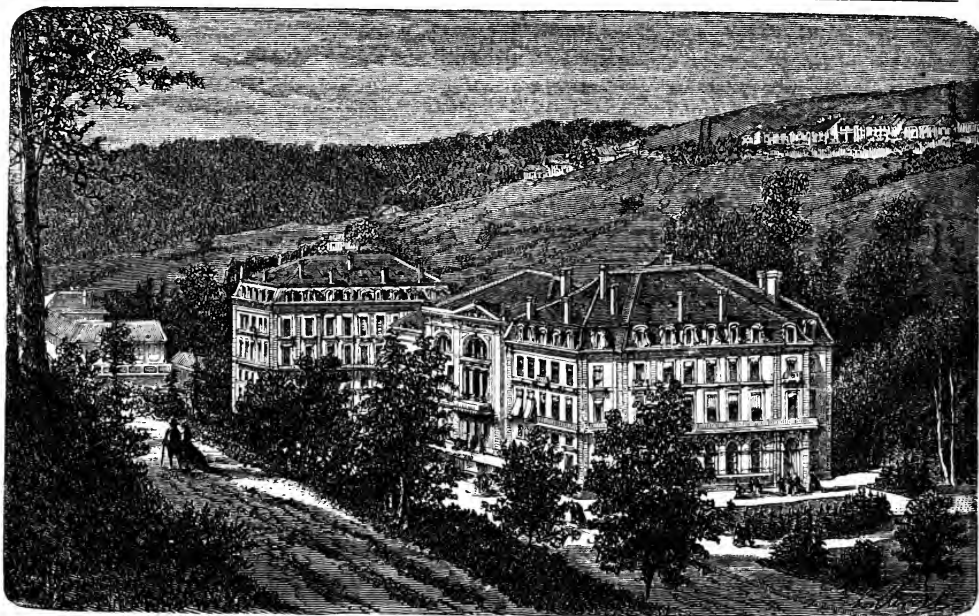
they are subjected to the action of the tides, and deltas are not so rapidly formed; often, on the contrary, the ocean encroaches upon the land, and gulfs, estuaries, or *negative deltas* are the result. But when the volume of the river is considerable, and the swiftness of its waters is great, the action of the tides may be neutralized, and deltas be projected into the sea in spite of the waves and currents.

The effects produced by so-called petrifying springs have always attracted the attention of naturalists, and even in our day there are many who believe that such springs are able to transform organic substances into stone. The error arises from the fact that the water, charged with carbonate of lime, deposits it on the surfaces of animal or vegetable organisms, and covers them with a stony coat, or calcareous varnish, which preserves their exterior form, but does not replace the material of which they are composed. Organic substances may be thus preserved without change for a great length of time. Baskets of fruit, nests of birds, branches, and objects of all kinds suspended in such waters, are soon covered with a marble glazing.

Rain-water, holding in solution carbonic acid obtained from the air, when passing through beds of limestone dissolves them in considerable quantities. If it finds its way into subterranean caverns the carbonic acid escapes, and the calcareous substance which it holds in solution is deposited, giving rise to singular ornaments which nature is pleased to model in a thousand forms. *Stalactites* hang like icicles from the vaults above, and *stalagmites* steadily rear their massive columns from below. The silence in these dark galleries is only broken by the falling of the drops of water which regularly follow one another, adding by their evaporation a few calcareous atoms to the monuments that they construct;



FRAGMENTS OF OOLITIC AND PISOLITIC ROCKS.



THE NAPOLEON BATH AT PLOMBIÈRES.

and the sound, like the ticking of a clock, is the only indication of the work that has been going on perhaps for incalculable ages in the subterranean depths.

Waters which hold in solution solid materials also give rise to other concretionary forms that the geologists call *pisolites* or *oölites*, according to the dimension of their grains. These globular bodies are formed under the influence of eddies in the basin holding the incrusting waters, which by their rotary movements lift up, and keep suspended in the liquid, particles of sand that become the centers of attraction. The calcareous material is deposited on them, and little by little this envelope increases in thickness till they are too heavy to be supported, and then they fall to the bottom. There they are soldered together and form granular masses. This process is constantly going on in the calcareous waters of Vichy, Carlsbad, Tivoli, and other similar springs.

On the continents, as in the sea, the action of water is both destructive and reproductive. It carries off the earthy molecules only to deposit them under other conditions. The mountain nourishes the delta. The polyps appropriate the solid material dissolved in the waters in which they live, and thus build up

in the midst of the sea immense rocky walls and banks. The continents of the future are but the continents of the present changed in form and place.

But what is this element which plays such a remarkable rôle in nature? We must apply to the chemist for an answer. Let us enter his laboratory; but we must not expect to find there the odd contrivances with which the alchemists startled their visitors. The crocodile no longer gapes at the ceiling; the broken-winded bellows no longer thrusts its nozzle into a massive furnace. The master has laid aside his long robe, and is no longer lost in the labyrinth of ponderous volumes that rise in disordered piles in the middle of the sanctuary. Instead of seeking truth in the inextricable rubbish of old books, he applies to nature, and by experimenting interrogates her. Before our eyes the chemist, by means of a simple apparatus, decomposes the liquid water into two distinct gases, one of which, hydrogen, burns with a faint flame; the other, oxygen, is identical with the gas with which hydrogen combines when set on fire in the air. Chemically, pure water is always composed only of these two gases, but water as found in nature is never pure. Rain-water holds in solution the gases of the air—the

oxygen, the nitrogen, and the carbonic acid; spring-water and the water of rivers contain all that is soluble on the land. At ordinary temperatures the pressure of the air prevents water from rapidly assuming the state of vapor, or boiling; but if we enclose a quantity of water in a glass globe, and by means of an air-pump withdraw the air which the vessel contains, it boils and is rapidly transformed into vapor. If, on the contrary, by means of an apparatus such as Papin's digester, we increase the pressure to several times that of the air, we may have water in the liquid state at a temperature several hundred degrees above its nominal boiling-point.

It is a law of nature that heat causes solids, liquids, and gases to increase in volume or expand, and that cold, on the contrary, causes them to contract. Water, however, forms a remarkable exception to this rule. At 39° it has its greatest density; if cooled below this point it increases in volume till it assumes the solid condition at 32° . In consequence of this provision, our rivers and lakes freeze *over* in winter instead of becoming solid masses of ice.

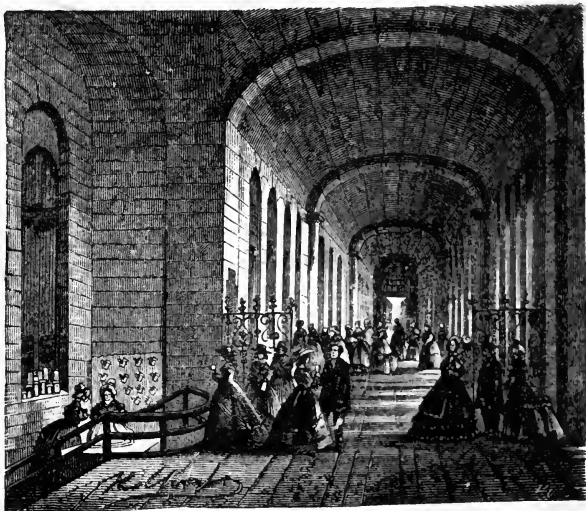
Snow is a confused aggregation of solid particles, that consist of aqueous atoms symmetrically grouped under forms of a wonderful variety, yet all modeled according to the same type. Ice, like snow, conceals a structure of surprising regularity. It is formed by geometrical crystals, that may be discovered by the aid of heat and light. If we pass a ray of electrical light through a piece of ice, and allow it to fall, after traversing a magnifying lens of some size, on a screen, we see stars with six rays, and flowers with six petals, appear on the latter.

The crystals of water that form fields of ice in the polar regions also form mountains of snow. They cover the Alps with a spotless mantle, and disappear in the spring under the action of the sun's rays. But this melting of the snow is not total. Above a certain limit called the "snow-line," there reigns eternal winter; and were an accumula-

tion of snow constantly going on in this region, the mountains would be burdened in the course of time with an enormous weight. If the bed of snow increased only at the rate of three feet a year, in eighteen centuries it would have a thickness of eighteen hundred yards. If we add to this the contributions of geological ages, its height becomes incredible. Such an accumulation could not take place, and it is not possible for the sun to heap up on the mountain chains the water of which it incessantly robs the ocean.

By what means then are the summits of the mountains relieved of the excess of snow? Immense masses sometimes become detached and form avalanches, which, falling into the valleys, return to the liquid state; but this sudden and accidental movement is not the only one with which the glacier is endowed. It descends the mountain declivity gently and progressively; whilst its upper part is in the domain of ice, above the "snow-line," its foot touches the warmer regions where snow is constantly melting.

Glaciers possess a singular property often remarked by tourists; they mould themselves to the canals or valleys in which they move; they penetrate into the anfractuosités of the soil, and, like a viscid mass, they enlarge and flatten out, and their sides progress less rapidly than their centers. The explanation of this phenomenon is, that ice is as brittle as glass,



THE GRANDE GRILLE SPRING AT VICHY.

and its minutest particles, separated from one another, readily become soldered or united again, and acquire new forms. A bar of ice, compressed successively in a series of moulds more and more curved, may be transformed into a perfect ring. The bar breaks in the mould, but almost immediately freezes again and forms a single homogeneous mass. The same principle is involved in shaping balls of snow in the hands; and the inhabitants of mountainous regions, without being initiated into the theories of physics, often make use of this property of regelation to bridge over with snow deep crevasses.

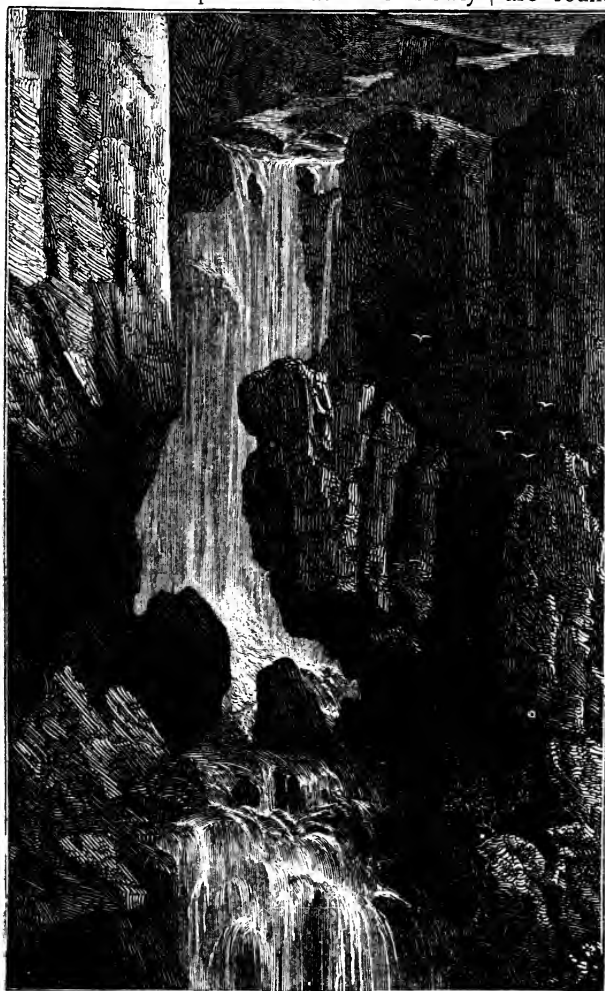
The glacier in its movement wears away and polishes the surfaces over which it glides. Its base is full of pebbles that march slowly

onward with the mass of ice. When the glacier has ceased to be, when it is converted into water under the action of the solar heat, it leaves on the place of its existence incontestable proofs of its having been, and the land which witnessed its birth is covered with impressions that it has made.

In all mountain chains, in all countries, there are observed in many regions deep channels which wrinkle the soil, rounded and planed surfaces that speak to the eye of the observer an exact language, and tell him most positively that a glacier was once formed on the spot where he stands. The valley of the Grimsel, in the Bernese Alps, has an appearance due to the passage of a glacier; the rocks are rounded and polished, and everywhere

grooves formed by the pebbles adhering to the ice are met with. The same features present themselves in the valley of the Rhone, and on the flanks of the Jura. Everything in these regions proclaims the existence of ancient glaciers, formidable and powerful—true giants in comparison to modern glaciers. The greater part of North America and certain parts of Asia have been formerly seas of ice, and the cedars of Lebanon grow to-day on the moraines of pre-historic glaciers.

Water plays an important rôle in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The plants, the trees of our forests, the fruits, the grains, and all animals are in great part composed of this liquid element. The philosopher Thales, two thousand years ago, said that "Water is the principle of all things; plants and animals are only condensed water; and it is into water that they are resolved after death." These assertions are not entirely destitute of truth. If we heat in an oven a quantity of green herbs to perfect dryness, we shall find that they have lost fully four-fifths of their weight. Blood is but little more than water containing a few globules, and certain mineral and organic sub-



ROCKS WORN BY WATER.—RAVINE OF THE OCCOBAMBA (SOUTH AMERICA).

stances may change water into sap, or milk. Blood contains ninety-seven per cent., and milk eighty-five per cent. of water. The human body reduced to complete dryness retains but one-fifth of its weight.

If water were to disappear from the surface of the globe, all that lives would be annihilated. The sky would no longer afford those gorgeous spectacles due to the play of light; the setting sun would no longer tint with brilliant colors the banks of clouds, and the entire terrestrial world would present a terrible scene of desolation.

The uses of water are innumerable, and constantly increasing. The agriculturist makes it his business so to dispose of the water of the land as to benefit his soil, and there are rules of *irrigation* and *drainage* according to which he labors. The water of the ocean yields by evaporation one of the most important industrial products, namely, common salt. We are all acquainted with the uses of ice. It preserves organized bodies from putrefaction. In Russia and in the regions of Siberia they slaughter at the commencement of winter the animals destined to be used as food during the season, and allow them to freeze, thus saving the nourishment which they would need. The Romans knew how to preserve snow and ice in caves arranged like our ice-houses, and snow-water was

an esteemed beverage among them. At night chariots covered with straw carried about in the ancient capital of the world the snow of the Apennines; and galleys transported into Italy the ice of Sicily, far superior to all others, so said the gastronomers of that day, because it was formed on the side of a burning crater where the lava boiled. To-day, as in the times of the ancient Greeks, the Caucasus and the Ural supply the Orient. The ice, wrapped in cloths of felt, and covered with straw, is transported on the backs of horses.



WATER-CARRIERS.

1. Water-carrier of Malaga.
2. Pongo.
3. Water-carrier of Mexico.

4. Water-carrier of Guaymas.
5. French water-carrier.
6. Arabian woman at the fountain.

In all times, wonderful properties have been attributed to certain springs and mineral waters. According to Theophrastus, the water of Crathis bleached the animals that drank of it. Ovid, Antigonus, and others tell us that the water of Sybaris gave a golden yellow color to the hair. Shepherds who wished to have white sheep led them to drink at the river of Aliacmon, and those that wished them black or brown let them slake their thirst in the water of Axios. In Bœotia, near the temple of Trophonius, there were two springs, one of which had the property of increasing the memory,

and the other of destroying it. The first consequently bore the name Mnemosine, and the second Lethe. It was seriously affirmed that in the island of Andros there was a fountain consecrated to Bacchus which furnished real wine at certain seasons of the year. Perjurers could not stand the action of the water of the river Olachas in Bithynia; it scalded them like boiling oil. If we believe Vibius Sequester, when one bathed several times in Lake Triton in Thrace, he was changed into a bird. According to Pliny, the inhabitants of Lycia consulted the spring of Limyra in regard to future events by feeding the fishes that it contained. When the response was favorable, they seized the food promptly; but if not, they repelled it with the tail. The fountain of Diodona revealed the future by the gentle murmur of its waters, and an old priestess, sitting constantly on its borders, knew how to interpret its mysterious language.

In our day more sensible views prevail, yet no one doubts the efficacy of the waters of certain springs in a great number of diseases, when taken as a drink or a bath. Their healing qualities are generally due to the salts that they hold in solution. Sea-water is a true mineral water, most widely distributed and most salutary in its action.

Notwithstanding the abundance of water on the surface of the globe, it is often wanting where it would be most useful, and there is hardly a city which would not be greatly benefited by an improvement either in the quality or quantity of the water which is supplied to its citizens. Civilized communities were never more awake to the necessity of energetic attention to this subject than at present, though the ancient Romans pierced mountains, filled up valleys, and constructed long lines of arcades as aqueducts, sometimes two or three, one above another, at a prodigious height, to supply their famous capital with water. Modern Rome is to-day better cared for than any large city in the world in this respect. New York comes next, and London and Paris are far from being in the front ranks. The quality of the water that man drinks has as much to do with his well-being as the quantity. Epidemics of typhoid fever and other miasmatic diseases

have often been traced to the quality of the water in the afflicted localities. The water of the Seine, on which the Parisians largely depend, is at all seasons more or less poisoned by the sewers emptying into it, and is always charged with organic material in various stages of decomposition, and with myriads of infusorial animals. Paris, before the late troubles, was making great efforts to free herself from her dependence on the river water; and before many years, in all countries, the water-carrier will become an institution of the past.

In regions where water is scarce, deep borings, such as have been known to the Chinese for thousands of years, are made. Some of these borings have been carried to a depth of two or three thousand feet, and the results are such as to render it highly probable that at no very distant day we may be able to utilize both the heat and the motive power of these subterranean waters.

Under the sand of the great desert there is a liquid bed which the inhabitants of the borders of the Sahara have long been in the habit of reaching by means of wells. With rude instruments they penetrate the successive layers of sand, gravel, and clay, till they come to a schistose or slaty stratum at a depth of one or two hundred fathoms. This last covers the precious fluid, and in penetrating it the indefatigable workmen are often overwhelmed by the sudden ascent of the water in great quantity. Sometimes these wells are completed under a column of a hundred or more feet of water of infiltration which it is impossible to keep out. The Arabs dive to the bottom, remaining not more than four or five minutes, and bring to the surface, as the result of each trial, only a few pounds of sand. It is evident that often many years are needed for the completion of these wells, under such circumstances. The French have come to the relief of these unfortunate inhabitants, and have sunk Artesian wells in various parts of the desert, some of which furnish more water than the famous well of Grenelle.

In so short an article as this, it is only possible to touch upon certain points of interest that may be found more fully developed in Tissandier's little work, from which we have freely quoted.

HOW THE STORM CAME.



SHALL I tell you how the storm came?

Just a whisper—nothing more.

But the sultry, silent heat
Which all day along the street
Had lain like death,
Was broken by a breath
Of sweet salt freshness from the shore.
And the dusty leaves
Of the old gray poplar, sere and dry,
Just stirred in the breeze:
And we said, "'Twill bring the boat in, by-and-by."
But Granny cried, "'Twill bring a gale,
Or signs fail."

Shall I tell you how the storm came?

Sudden! strong!

Like a panther on its prey;
And adown the bay
The black cloud grew and spread.
In the lurid light and red
The lilies, all the garden path along,
Gleamed strangely pale and white—
White like ghosts just a moment, and were gone:

Snatched away by the black night,
Which dropped from the black sky
And shut us in,
Alone with the roar
Of the breakers on the shore,
And the din
Of the angry, screaming northwind rushing by.
But we said, "His boat is new ;
It will ride the tempest through ;"
And we feared to look each other in the eye.
Shall I tell you how the storm came ?
In rush of angry rain
Which beat upon the pane ;
In wind which shook the window, screaming shrill ;
Then a silence, awful, still —
When we heard our own hearts beat
As we huddled close together on the floor,
And listened down the street
For the steps which never came :
Then the thunder of the tempest broke once more,
And we started at each creak,
And we shuddered at each shock,
And at every ghostly knock.
And Minnie fell asleep with the tears upon her cheek.
And I held my mother's hand,
And I heard her pray,
Whispering o'er and o'er the self-same prayer away :
"God ! bring my boy, my darling, safe to land !"
Shall I tell you how the night passed ?
The long, long hours and slow
Brought no ray of moon or star ;
From afar
Came nothing but the wailing of the blast,
And the gale's voice, wild and high,
Seemed to cry,
Lost ! lost ! lost ! and then die
In a sob which made the very life-blood chill.
And I heard my mother moan,
Rocking to and fro,
"Will it never, never go ?
Will the daylight never come and bring my darling home ?
O God, it is hard to do nothing and sit still."
When sudden, in the roar,
Wide open flew the door,
And I gave a shriek,
For in the flickering glare
He was there !
And his laugh, clear as note
In the black-bird's velvet throat,—
And we felt the salt sea-spray on his dear, brown cheek !

THE ELEVENTH COT.

It was in the winter of 1866 that my struggles with poverty were the most desperate.

A foolish bit of misconduct had excluded me from the office in which I was employed as a clerk, and the over-crowded condition of the city prevented me from obtaining another situation, even when delay and anxiety had destroyed my fastidiousness, and when the meanest salary would have been gratefully accepted. I quickly became poor, and then soon followed the regular train of sharp experiences with money-lenders and pawn-brokers—that harassing round of sickening conflicts which so quickly broke the lightness of my carriage and destroyed the smoothness of my face.

I was then the occupant of a small back room on the fifth floor of a large house on Sixth avenue; a dreary, barren barn, scant of furniture, with draughty halls, carpetless stairways, and always pervaded with a chilling damp. I had reason to think the house was full of lodgers, from the almost incessant opening and closing of doors at all hours of the night and day, though, on the other hand, I rarely heard a voice in the vast corridors, and never on any occasion a laugh.

The place was cheerless beyond comparison; what pretty scenes of light and fire may have occurred behind the numberless doors visible from every point, I do not know; there may have been times of carousal and conviviality, but I never knew when, or never, at that dismal period, looked upon one.

By the middle of February the train of bitter circumstances enveloped me very closely, and I began to deprive myself of food. I accustomed myself to do without light at night and without fire in the day-time. I recall that I kept my bed during several entire days in order to avoid the cold. By the latter part of this dismal month I was reduced to taking one meal each day, and even that was slender and barren enough. I grew ill and bent; and that inevitable sequence of hunger began to open upon me—the wide expanse of theft and villainy.

It was as I reached this common point that I became particularly conscious of a neighbor.

He performed no act that brought him to my notice, but I regarded his incomings and outgoings more in consequence of the utter vacuity of my own mind than from any unusual conduct on his part. In fact he was exceedingly unobtrusive. I had an indistinct idea that he was a foreigner, gained perhaps from the fact that he used to smoke cigarettes incessantly, though I never had heard him speak, and indeed could hardly recall his figure.

From some little trifling circumstances—circumstances which I knew only too well how to interpret, I came to believe that my fellow-lodger was as poor as myself. I could never quite understand why, but no sooner had I arrived at this conclusion than I became possessed with the desire to find the ins and outs of his affairs. It pleased me, and I actually became cheerful while prosecuting my inquiries among the few people whom I knew. The result was eminently unsatisfactory. It merely appeared that he came from some one of the South American States, and that he was unhappy, and that he was a gentleman.

I determined, therefore, to waylay him, and form his acquaintance. I never questioned myself in regard to my object; I doubt if I had any more legitimate one than the instinct to employ myself in some fashion or other, and I think the pursuit of a rat would have afforded me as much satisfaction.

At dusk on a cold, snowy day, I met him in the dimly-lighted hall, and at once addressed him. He stopped, raised his cap, and saluted me in a voice of surprising gentleness.

I instantly felt the irregularity of my proceeding, and stammered some excuses. I blunderingly explained my desire to know him, and he instantly gave me his hand. It was cold and thin; and I am certain mine must have been so, for we both shivered as we walked away from the spot.

We went to his chamber. I sat upon his bed, while he stood with his hands behind his back in the faint flush of light which came in at the dusty window. He was slight, grace-

ful, tall. His face was thin, distressingly thin, but refined and even beautiful. His coat was broken at the nape of the neck, at the elbows, and at the skirts. It was buttoned close about his throat. His shoes were of cloth, and I thought they were a woman's.

The room was the most wretched that I ever saw. It was untidy, unclean. Heaps of useless litter encumbered the floor; tattered articles of apparel were scattered here and there; everything was awry, twisted, out of place; nothing stood straight, and all lay under a pall of dust.

I sat for thirty minutes with my hands upon my knees without uttering a word. I could not speak. He also was silent, and I saw his knees yield beneath him several times. It was very cold, and I felt the perspiration from my chilled body run down beneath my arms.

Finally I spoke. I told him my circumstances, and then he told me his. We curiously slipped into a sort of competition in our various exhibits, and for the moment we became sorry rivals. I was his equal until we approached the end. I said:

"To-day I have had but one meal, and that in a German shop. It was a single egg, a piece of bread, and a cup of coffee."

He looked at me and smiled. His teeth were white and perfect.

"I have noting in me since a day. I am empty."

All the vicissitudes and pleasures of my subsequent life have not thrown an obliterating shade or obscurity over this expression of his; it always presents itself to me even at this distant day as the fullest expression of want and hunger that human being is capable of making. It was touching and pathetic to the last degree; the turn of his head, the glance of his eye, the strong intonation of his voice which accompanied it, rise before me like a scene of yesterday, and turn my trials into trifles, and disperse my sorrows for very shame.

I made no direct answer, but instinctively arose, as if with respect, and approached him. He covered his face with his hands, and surrendered for an instant; then he caught a long breath, and resolutely put his hands behind him again.

He had nothing to sell, and neither had I.

I remember that we went through the form of searching our pockets. Nothing was produced. A long look of intelligence passed between us; I took his arm and we walked to the window. We were being starved.

He raised his hand and pinched his shoulder, and neck, and arm:

"Look—look, see how theen—O, how meesarable—meesarable—meesarable!"

It was snowing hard and the streets were filled. The cars were running, however, and looking downwards we could see the warm glare of the shop windows. The crowd had long since turned homewards, and the undefinable murmur of the flowing throng penetrated even to us. I was weak, and I knew he was even weaker. I was thinking of nothing, for thought was impossible. I was confused. Presently my friend spoke to me and touched my arm; he told me afterwards that he spoke thrice.

"Do you hear de ring—de clang—de scraping of de metal?"

"Yes, they are shoveling the snow on the walks; it is clearing up."

"Ha—den why not we too? We go to de residence and we shovel him too."

He erected himself and looked eagerly down into the street.

"But we have no shovels. They will not lend them, for they will think us thieves."

He looked at me in an indescribable way, and, shrugging his shoulders, turned out the palms of his hands.

"We die if we stay here, that's true. And eef we go maybe we find a fool."

He put his hand on my shoulder and drew me away from where I was standing. It often happens to one, that though he has been in intimate contact with certain scenes, circumstances, and persons, both agreeable and disagreeable, for a considerable time, yet certain moments may occur when a vivid realization of his position presents itself and discloses relations which even long familiarity has failed to produce; a sort of glimpse at immaculate truth, a view undimmed with hope or joy or regret, as the case may be. Such a moment now occurred to me. I beheld an unflattering picture of my affairs. Weakness, poverty, hunger, and a chance for relief.

I immediately went and got my cap and a faithful little woolen tippet, which, thank God, all the pawnbrokers on the avenue had thrown out as worthless when I had endeavored to dispose of it.

My friend made no further preparation than restoring his cap to his head, and we descended to the street arm-in-arm, begging each other to dine at Delmonico's as a special favor.

It was raw and cold. A westerly wind tore down the street like the air from an iceberg, and in the uncleared places the snow was half-way to our knees. We walked up several blocks, avoiding first one street and then another, from some fancy, and finally hit upon one which presented no possible objection, and which I think was Twentieth street. I applied at the first promising basement and was refused the labor of cleansing the steps and sidewalk, for the reason, I feared, we had no implements of our own.

This was just enough, perhaps, but still I ventured to argue the case at other doors, albeit with no success for at least a dozen trials. Then we accomplished our object. For the sum of half a dollar we agreed to do the required work, and having received a hesitating loan of two shovels and a stiff broom, we set about our labor.

It was more arduous and exhausting than we thought possible. I felt my strength dwindle almost at the outset. I said nothing, but kept on until I found that my mate had ceased, and was leaning against the area railing, exhausted. I dared not speak to him, and pretending to be oblivious of him I kept at work. He resumed again while I took a long rest, and he told me afterwards that he watched my efforts with the same anxious feelings. It took us an hour to complete the work. At the end of it neither of us was able to stand erect, and we were trembling from head to foot. We panted up the steps and rang the bell. A little child playing in the hall-way opened the door and we went in, though a little doubtful of the propriety of the act. We were left alone, the pretty blue-eyed porter having run off, shouting for his father.

No chair was visible in the entry. I could keep my feet with difficulty, and began to look about. The place was comfortable, warm,

and perfumed. An open door showed a parlor to the right. I roused up and beheld an easy-chair beside a table with gilt heads upon it. I walked in and sank down, my cap falling upon the floor. My friend also entered and leaned against the table. Upon it was a small box tied with a white ribbon, and also a card-receiver of delicate iron-work.

He opened the box, and the side at once fell down and disclosed a piece of wedding-cake. We both uttered an exclamation, and my friend at once seized it and thrust it into his pocket.

Suddenly a noise came from behind us; we turned about and beheld a gentleman with wrinkled face and white hair regarding us with an expression of anger. He walked directly up to us and demanded what we had done and why. We exclaimed that we were hungry.

He glanced at the table; the pretty box remained, only the cake was gone. His face softened. He reached down and took my wrist in his fingers and laid a hand upon my forehead. This act he quickly repeated with my friend, who was white with dread and sickness.

"Hungry!" he cried; "you are a great deal more than hungry. Poor fellows. Sit where you are." He disappeared.

We were in the house of a good man. In a moment he returned to carry us to another room, and his wife came with him. The little child became frightened to see us walk so feebly, and I remember she began to cry as she saw us go by leaning on her father's arm.

They gave us some medicine and some food. Then we fell asleep in our chairs, while the gentleman and his wife with the child sat on either side watching us. When we awoke, which we did nearly together, it was dark. Only the gentleman remained; the others had gone to bed, and the gas was turned down.

At this point we told our stories; I telling mine frankly, my friend telling his with reserve. His name was Emilio Bello. He was a Chilean. He had been in this country two years. He was twenty-two years of age.

Beyond this he said little, but gave the idea of truthfulness from the very scarcity of

his information. But he was poor to the last extremity. He had no friends, no prospect of relief.

That night we slept in the house ; a sleep so deep, so precious, so sweet, that I never felt its like again.

In the morning came the gentleman, full of solicitude, bringing the little child.

We were well, he told us. Then he offered us employment. He was the leading physician in the —— Hospital. An additional number of beds had been added ; in fact, enough to accommodate twenty more patients, and from the recent great number of casualties these were nearly all occupied. More under-nurses were needed.

The duties were regular, not unpleasant, and would secure ease for us until the summer.

Had the most brilliant offer then opened beside this humble one, we would have eagerly embraced the last in order to have an opportunity to show our gratitude near the person of the good doctor.

We accepted with tears in our eyes. Poor Emilo was deeply affected. It was at this moment that I beheld the first evidence that he had a secret.

He sat up in his bed and thanked the doctor impetuously. He then asked, after a pause :

"Will I see de miseree of de human race, de seekness, de soofering, and de peen ?"

The doctor nodded.

"Den I have not so much as one regret. I am happee. I vill be so kind, so geentle, so teender. I vill make dem adore me. O, my doctore, I know I may be an angel, e-ven eef I have been a deevil."

His face was sublime. He stretched out his arms and looked upwards with transcendent joy. Then he cast himself upon his pillows and wept bitterly.

Within eight hours we were installed in our places.

The ward to which we were attached was a room of twelve beds, all of which were occupied but two.

Across one end was a corridor eight feet wide ; the other looked upon a garden filled with grass and shrubbery now dead, with a dozen trees which overtopped the roof.

The windows were long, and each had four shades of different colors. The bedsteads or cots were uniform, made of iron and ranged in two rows of five each, with the remaining two at the southern end of the hall.

When we first beheld the place it was illuminated by a yellowish glow. Before each window was a green glowing plant reared in a painted vase of earthenware. Harmoniously colored pictures of autumn leaves were hung upon the walls, and at each bedside was a table of walnut, having upon it either a book, a puzzle, or a vase of flowers, or sometimes all three. In front of the entrance was a small organ, which was played at evening prayers and on the Sabbaths when the condition of all the patients would permit it. All was refined, and pervaded with a calm which was almost holy. This apartment was a gift from a former patient whose bones had rotted in their sockets. He had been a mechanic, and while lying in his bed had invented a machine of great simplicity and strength, and the production of which was a blessing. He whispered the plan to his son, and before he died he asked that the present memorial of his thanks might be erected. It was scrupulously done, and ten miserable wretches now enjoyed the blessing. The impression of Emilo's last related words being still fresh upon me, I was able to partly understand his behavior.

He contemplated the ten occupied beds with a look which displayed something like delight. He glanced about the hall as if it were his kingdom, but walked from bed to bed with the gentleness of a woman. At the end of the little journey, during which he did not utter a word, his face was transformed, and throwing an arm about the neck of the venerable doctor, he went away.

Twenty-four hours had not elapsed before he had made the acquaintance of the ten patients, and had acquired an accurate knowledge of their cases as well as their remedies.

He began his work by endeavoring to love the unfortunate group, and no soil could be more responsive than such a one. A puny boy with a decaying thigh-bone, whose employment had been merely to watch the gradual wasting of his hand as he held it up before

him, was the first to worship the foreigner. His young heart burned stronger for a few days and then stopped, but ceased happily, under the burning eye of Emilo.

A bare remnant of a man, from whose body all had been lopped away save enough to contain the minimum of life, was awakened in the eleventh hour to the realization that he had a soul. His saviour was Emilo.

A cadaverous man, who had been a preacher of great power, had been deprived of the ability to utter a word by a necessary surgical operation within his mouth. He felt himself henceforward worthless, and despaired of further life. Emilo one day brought a tulip and explained its beauty, its history, its culture, its grace. The man listened with a refreshed heart, and became a fervid poet though he was dumb as a stone.

An ignorant fellow who had been a very fortunate mechanic, and who thought that the disease for which he was being treated was superficial, nearly destroyed all hope in the thoughts of the doctor by his willfulness and conceit. Emilo brought him painted pictures of the terrors he had just avoided. He turned pale with fright. Emilo brought others and explained them, and also explained the good progress of the present wound. The man became docile. Emilo encouraged him, and he lived.

Another poor wretch, a man who had been injured in a quarrel among his fellows, began to sink under the oppression of his friendlessness. He had vacant eyes, and a hopeless, droning way of speaking. All his acquaintances were his enemies. He had no home, no relation, and he was ready to die. Emilo roused him. He made him smile. He got him the promise of employment as a light porter in a large warehouse. The man began to see life differently, and under the effect of a stronger spirit at once commenced to mend. He afterwards took the position, and kept it until he rose to a better one, and every New Year's he and his wife wrote a mutual letter to Emilo.

Emilo grew more handsome every day. His occupation filled him with delight, and his carriage became noble and beautiful.

His labor to gain the affections of all about

him was persistent. No obstacle was allowed to intervene, and the sacrifice of sleep, habit, and comfort was mere bagatelle so long as he gained a look of gratitude. His tact was sublime, and his affection inexhaustible.

I could not understand his ardor from the first. Why he should so utterly abandon himself to so harassing a labor was beyond my conception. What he did was complete to the minutest point, from the arrangement of the softest light to the fortifying of a jaded man against a pending operation. His look, his tone, word, expression, step, his general presence was a power hitherto unknown, and it was almost, indeed I may say it was, worshiped. At every evidence of this, and in the course of the day many would happen, some expression of pleasure would escape him. He would grasp my hand and listen to hear them call his name, and then hurry away. A whisper of gratification, a sigh of ease, a murmur of content and relief, would fill his eye with tears of pleasure, and I once found him upon his knees thanking God in a broken voice.

In another part of the hospital was a former directress of a foundling school which had been destroyed by fire, and in consequence of which she had been given a high and responsible position in our building. She was young, ardent in her work, and had the face of an angel. Emilo met her twice and thrice a day. The result could be but one, and that the happiest.

One day the good doctor met them together as they were busy upon some scheme for improving the usefulness of the hospital. He gave them each a hand. "I have something to tell you which will please you both. Three hours ago Sarah Van Vorst, who was dying of cancer, lifted a little picture to her purple lips and whispered her last word with a face full of gratitude. The word was 'Edith.' I have just come from the last scene in the life of Archibald Prescott, the lumberman, who was crushed by a falling pine. He called on some one to lift off the terrible weight. That person did so. Prescott stretched out his arms and cried—'Thank you, Emilo.' Your two names mean peace and comfort. I never knew the power of sympathy until now."

Emilo's labors increased, and still I could not understand. I felt I was in the dark. Heaven forbid that I doubted his sincerity; I had no right to dream that, simply because I could not understand the impulse that animated him; yet because I was ignorant of it, I observed him closely. Nothing transpired to satisfy me: all was earnest, pure, and self-sacrificing; the splendor of his face, the dignity of his bearing, the winning inflection of his voice, grew as each new sufferer yielded his beleaguered soul and body to his consoling influence.

On a certain day, however, the disclosure came. It was stormy, and during the afternoon the tempest reached its height. I stood by a south window, startled at the violence of the wind, and watching the fearful way in which it swayed the elms outside. Emilo came up from behind and touched me on the shoulder. He was pale. I said nothing, but his hand slipped down to my arm, and held it tight. Soon he put his other arm about my neck, and began to tremble.

"Frederic, I see you watch me; do you tink me a hypocreet?"

I shook my head. In a moment he went on, making pauses now and then.

"I am frightened wid de day. I go back two years, when I see times so like hell. A meesarable day. I had a good friend, and I love him more than you, more than fader or moder. We have quarrel about women. We have fight. I keel him."

I cannot explain why, but I remember that I was not shocked, scarcely surprised. I bent my head to listen.

"It was in Chili. I ran. De memoree hunted me. O so awful, awful! Two years go. It never leave me. José Luco, my best friend, go wid me here and there in de speerit. I say to myself, I will do good. I will make de peeple happee. Maybe I make peace wid my soul. Heelp me, Frederic, heelp me."

This, then, was his spur. His work was that of recompense.

When the storm ceased he became himself again. I loved him more than ever. I watched his attachment to Edith with solicitude, as I feared that the disclosure of his secret would separate them.

Emilo now had nothing else to conquer. He became radiant with hope, and would often embrace me with rapture as he counted the hearts that were his.

He had a beautiful flower, a tulip; indeed, I think it was the same one with which he wrought the change in the preacher, and to this flower he would seem to confide his inmost wishes. He told me that it reminded him of his home, and that he fancied that it was a witness of what he did. He placed it upon a window-sill beside one of the vacant cots at the upper end of the room, and there it bloomed in all its lovely grace.

Seven days after the storm, Emilo came to me greatly agitated.

"Frederic, grasp my hand!"

I did so. It was cold.

"Frederic, my friend, I feel that I am being pursue; that they hunt me. I dreemed so in de dark night."

He was very nervous, and was covered with perspiration. I used all my persuasion to calm him, and partly succeeded, though during the day I frequently caught his eye resting upon me with an expression of expectancy. I fancied he was overworked.

The next day he brought to show me a rich velvet smoking-cap covered with gold bullion. It was a present from one of his former patients. With it was a letter containing some of the most refined expressions of goodwill and thankfulness which it is possible for man to write. Emilo read it time and again, and dwelt upon the prominent passages with an inexpressible delight. It banished his fears, and he became again filled with his high intents, and with even more than his old ecstasy.

At night we had news of a new-comer. His case had been severe, and he had undergone one of the most notable surgical operations known in the country. His delirium had been almost constant. This was the fifth day of his admission. He was to occupy the cot in our ward which was on the right of the room; he would lie in full view of Emilo's tulip.

At six in the evening he was brought. Emilo and I assisted, and then stood arm-in-arm at the foot of his bed, contemplating him as he lay perfectly still with closed eyes.

He was frightfully ugly.

His head was bandaged and covered with adhesive straps. His hair and whiskers were gone; he had large flaps of ears, a massive jaw, a wide mouth with thin lips, a retreating forehead, and narrow, trembling nostrils which gave him the look of a wolf. His hands were thin and long; he had a small chest and bow legs. I half recoiled, but Emilo smiled.

"I will make him my friend, Freederic. Eef I can teach heem something, if I can help hees awful peen to go away, den such a victoree shall prevent me from fright at dat one who hunts me. I shall scorn heem."

His face was filled with enthusiasm. I involuntarily turned around. The doctor was just within the doorway, staring hard at Emilo.

Presently he turned around with bowed head and disappeared, unseen by my friend. The next day the doctor was not to be seen, and the next in rank took his place. He was in the hospital, but he kept his room. Even Emilo and Edith could not visit him.

The man in the eleventh cot remained in a state of stupor until noon. Then he slowly awoke to consciousness. He met the calm glance of Emilo, and he returned it. Emilo reached him a bit of camphor from an ebony box. The man smiled and gave him his hand in a weak fashion. Emilo held it for an hour.

Still the doctor was not visible, and all began to wonder, for such a thing had not occurred for years; neither storms nor illness had ever prevented his presence, and yet all agreed that he was well.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, while it was yet light, Emilo went to his tulip at the window-sill. It was in the full of its loveliness, and he bent over it with the deep affection which I alone could interpret. It was nearly his idol. He almost thought it comprehended what it witnessed from day to day. Edith had admired it with him, and it was full of the purest associations.

Suddenly the earthen pot slipped in its saucer. Emilo endeavored to save it. He caught at the tulip and snapped it from the stem. He cried out vehemently:

"*Por todos los Santos!* Look, Freederic, see my prettee, prettee flower crushed! broken!"

His face assumed an expression of despair.

I heard a movement behind me and I turned about. The ugly man had risen to a sitting posture, supported by his hands. His face was of a green color, his mouth open, his nostrils dilated, and his eyes glared upon Emilo.

Emilo, still holding his tulip, beheld him. He stood transfixed.

The man drew a breath, closed his mouth, withdrew his eyes, felt about behind him for a pillow, and then lay slowly down again.

Emilo, full of anxiety, crossed over to him and put his hand upon his forehead. There was no change in his pulse. He appeared to have gone asleep.

"Poor fellow!" said Emilo; "I frighten heem. I was cruel, too cruel; and yet," he continued, in a tone of pride, "it is he that follow me wid his eyes all de day. I am sure he love me, and I have been so harsh; I think so leetle."

Two hours after, Emilo and I were in the linen-room in the eastern wing. Edith came in with her usual soft step, dressed in a long bluish gown, with a white apron. She had in her hands a tray, with glasses and napkins upon it.

Her pure face betrayed solicitude, and her gentle voice trembled. She gave a hand to Emilo.

"O, the poor doctor! I have seen him and he is almost wild. He is in his parlor, and is walking up and down with his hands upon his head. Something urges him one way, and he tries to resist it with all his strength. He is feverish and sad. Sometimes he stops as if his mind were made up; then he grows irresolute, then relinquishes it all. I have never seen him so disturbed. What can have happened?"

We wondered, but could suggest nothing. Emilo and Edith walked away together, he carrying her tray and glasses, and bending his head to hear her talk.

In a few moments he returned; he approached me slowly.

"Freederic, my good friend, I again feel that I am pursue—I feel uneasee, I have leetle heart. José Luco stand before me, now on my right hand, then on my leeft. Fear come upon me like de rain; from eeverywhere it

attack me—I am afraid.” He covered his face with his hands and turned towards the blank wall, where he stood in silence.

I had no heart to encourage him, and I cannot tell why; whether I was also oppressed by something of his shadow, or whether I felt that any words of mine would be unheeded from the depth of his emotion, I am unable to say, but it is certain that I did nothing but silently contemplate him as he held his singular attitude.

It was now seven o’clock. It was dark outside, and the lights were burning throughout the building. At five minutes past, a messenger came into the room; the doctor wished to see Emilo. I looked at him. He was looking at me. He asked me to go with him.

“But the doctor did not send for me!”

“You are a part of me, my dear friend Freederic.”

He took my arm and we went out together. We crossed two corridors and went through a long dining-hall and then passed into our corridor, at the other end of which was the doctor’s parlor. The door at which we entered was in the center, exactly opposite the door of our ward; our path lay to the left, and I by mere accident looked to the right without attracting Emilo’s attention. I saw Edith in the center of the floor with her hands clasped before her, her face pale, and with her eyes fixed steadfastly upon Emilo. She was immovable.

I said nothing and we went on. We entered the doctor’s room. There was a fire, plenty of light and warmth, and the place was comfortable. The doctor was before his fire, twisting and untwisting a handkerchief. His dress was disordered; he looked like a man in agony of mind.

He saw Emilo and not me. Emilo advanced until he stood in the center of the room. At first he was full of natural dignity, though distrustful; at last he gradually sank and hung his head like a criminal.

Some seconds of silence followed; then the doctor said in a whisper, and with a sudden wrench at the handkerchief: “Emilo—my dear—dearest boy—I—” he stopped as if choked, then finished vehemently: “You must go. I know you. I know about José

Luco. God knows I cannot look at it in the light I ought. See, I do not lay hands upon you, I do not detain you, Emilo!”

He advanced upon him as if to push him out of the room. Emilo shook from head to foot.

“All day long I have struggled and fought with myself; I have unwittingly shielded you. I have hid you. You have been hunted, you have fled, you are discovered. You belong to the officers of the law!”

Emilo clung to a chair.

“I think of you as my son. Your crime vanishes as I look at you, and if man’s poor forgiveness and love can—can ever be a pleasing thought to you in the miserable days to come, remember you have mine, Emilo. Emilo, go out of my sight!”

Emilo remained silent, erect, impassive. The doctor approached him closer and leaned his white hand on his shoulder. That strange quality of Emilo’s, the power of instilling affection, had developed even here. The man of blunted sensibilities and exhausted sympathy wept like a child.

Presently he raised his head. He pointed to the door with a shaking finger.

“No,” said Emilo, “I will not go; I will stay here.”

The doctor looked at him with terror. “I have one great object far above you and dem poor soofferers. I now look upon dat object, and conseeder it.” In times of disaster, ties which we thought were iron prove weak as thread. Out of the multiplicity of hitherto absorbing interests one suddenly becomes pre-eminent, and all the rest are lost. In this case the one remaining hold was—Edith.

“You know what dat ees?” said Emilo. “I loove her wid all my heart. I stay to tell her all at de proper time. Den I go, and she will go too.”

“I forbid it,” cried the doctor.

“What I care what you forbeed?”

“I will tell her myself. It will be my duty. She is strong and resolute. She will recognize that any pain which her separation from you will cause you, will be a part of the penalty for what you have done. She will avoid you; she will become afraid of you.”

The bare glimpse of this was frightful to Emilo. He descended from his position of resistance, and in a breath became a suppliant. He grew paler and more infirm.

"O Doctor, my best friend, you cannot be so cruel, so like a savage to me."

The doctor did not answer.

"I promise to go away from here. I will hide myself; only do not speak to Edith. I will tell her—I will tell her the truth. I will do it myself."

The doctor calmly said, "No."

"O, good Doctor, look at me. I am not change. I am as I was yeesterday. I am good to the seek and the troubled. You forget me. I am steel Emilo Bello."

He extended his hands in an attitude of supplication.

The doctor turned his eye quickly upon him.

"No, you are not Emilo Bello. Emilo Bello was an innocent man. He did the work of Christ. Your name is Victor Caro."

Emilo uttered an exclamation of despair. His own name was an object of hate. The sound of it overwhelmed him.

"Oh! Oh! what miseree, miseree. Doctor, I preey to you—I preey upon my knee. Do not tell her. Keep my secreet for one whole day. Say nothing, in the name of heeven."

He sank down and clasped his hands. The doctor was unmoved. He had become familiar with the scene. He could have smiled. He was inexorable, and pointed to the door. Two minutes elapsed. Emilo murmured some incoherent prayers, but they availed nothing. The silence became intolerable. He slowly got upon his feet.

"Den you try to croosh me?"

"I shall tell this poor girl that you killed a friend in a duel; that remorse has made you what you appear to be; that you are a criminal."

Emilo retreated backwards, with his large eyes fixed on the doctor, who was rigid and quiet. He slowly approached the door, opened it, hesitated, with a burning look, and went out.

I turned to follow. The rustle I made brought the doctor's eyes upon me for the first time. He was a little surprised, but

asked me to wait until he wrote a prescription which I was to carry to the Dispensary. While searching for paper he remarked that he had seen the patients, and this medicine was intended for the eleventh cot.

He wrote it out. He was agitated. His fingers with difficulty grasped his pencil, and he twice stopped to collect his thoughts. His mind was plainly upon Emilo.

I received the prescription. The doctor trembled violently. I went out.

Emilo was in the hall, waiting for me.

"Did I not tell you I was pursue? Ah, is it not strange that that wicked news should come thousands of miles and catch me in sooch a place as this? All my good thoughts fly away; now I am weeked. I tell you, Frederic, I am weeked! Eef I lose Edith, I die in one hour."

He pinched my arm and shook me.

"I shall make dat coorsid doctor to soof-fer a leetle of my torture, by—!"

I put my hand upon his mouth. I partly calmed him. I told him I had a prescription. He asked to see it, and I gave it to him. He read it carefully, and then looked at me with an intensity which made me feel a momentary foreboding.

"I will keep this," he said, and put it behind him.

I explained that I was sent to have it prepared for use. He shook his head, and took a pencil from his pocket.

"My friend Frederic, troost me, no harm shall come to any one. Vill you leave me here alone for three minutes?"

I did so without scarcely any hesitation. At the end of the time I returned to the corridor. It was composed of four bare walls, perfectly white, and twenty feet high. Six doors with casings of chestnut led off from it at different points, and each door had its rug in front. Two large windows made it glaringly light in the daytime, and at night it was illuminated by a single gas-jet, in the form of an ancient Egyptian lamp, high up on the wall, far out of the reach of any one but the one whose duty it was to light and extinguish it. In this place was the doctor, held tight against the wall by Emilo.

Emilo held him with a knee and the left

hand. In his right was the prescription. "Look at it," he whispered loudly, waving the paper to and fro; "it ees plain. You go to write a prescreeption; you mean to say one leetle grain of arseenic. You make a mark; you make a wrong mark. You say five grains of arseenic. That is death."

The doctor was appalled. He would have slipped upon the floor if Emilo had not upheld him tightly. He said nothing. I think he was unable to speak. Emilo's face was a terrible object. He approached it near the doctor's white cheek, and delivered the following, savagely:

"I can show it to de directors. I now can croosh you in one leetle word. I can take eet to the papers and have it pooblish. It will fly all over the world. You will hang your head. They will turn you out. You will be poor, wretched. You—you will be a monster, a creeminal—an outcast."

The doctor was languid, helpless, unstrung; but he listened.

"I now demand that you keep silence for one day; what you say?"

It was beyond the power of common integrity to resist. The abyss was too near, too deep. The doctor signified assent. Emilo released him.

He straightened up and went to his room, while Emilo folded the paper and put it into his pocket. He then went to search for Edith.

From what quarter had all this disclosure come? Who was it that had animated all this unhappiness?

Complaints began to rise from the eleven cots, for Emilo's absence was as plain in an hour as it would have been in a day. Edith was not to be found; he had searched for her high and low, and he came back prostrated.

Yesterday he thought himself safe; he felt the full sweetness of being heartily loved, and also of loving. He felt his specter grow more distant in this gentle atmosphere, and knew his score was diminishing. To-day a blow had fallen from somewhere.

Now he was desolate. He had no home; no friend, he thought; no heart for another struggle; he was alone with his terrible memory.

In this short space his cheeks had fallen,

his gait became stooping, and his eyes surrounded by purple rings; his hands swung at his sides, and his head hung upon his breast.

Edith reappeared, and with her came a change.

At eight in the evening I came upon them standing together, he holding both her hands while her eyes were downcast. He turned towards me. His face was brilliant with renewed hope. He seemed strong again:

"Ah, Freëderic, behold—behold! I again am happée. She learn all. She run off to hide and think and weep. She return; she say 'Emilo, the dreadful past is ours together, not yours alone.' Listen, we go now to see dem poor peeples for the last time. Will you come?"

We went into the ward. It was dimly lighted. One nurse was at the farther end, bringing away a tray of medicines. Some of the patients were sleeping. Others were awake, and one or two were restless.

Emilo went first, softly and tenderly. His face was illuminated, his carriage buoyant. Edith followed in his track, watching him. Two poor wretches woke up as he stood beside them for a moment, and reached out their hands with smiling faces. One clung to him as if he felt instinctively that he was looking upon his best friend for the last time. Another gave him an audible blessing in a foreign tongue; and another withdrew from under his coverlid a watch-guard which he had braided with hair, and with a trembling voice gave it to him. Others gave a warm good-night with feeble tones, and then, satisfied, closed their eyes in the firm belief that they would see him again to-morrow.

The slow, careful journey was a triumph. Everything was calm, and distant objects were shadows. Now and then there arose a whisper or an unintelligible mutter from a dreaming man, or a slight sound of heavy breathing. We completed the round. We came to the eleventh cot. I saw Edith clasp her hands. The man seemed asleep.

Emilo approached him and bent over him. Presently he arose to go away. He felt himself detained. The ugly man had grasped the skirt of his coat and opened his eyes.

He said, in a thick whisper,
"Victor Caro."

Emilo looked about him with terror. His knees trembled; his eyes came back again to the horrible patient.

"I come on an errand from José Luco."

"José Luco?"

"José Luco. He is alive."

Emilo fell at the bedside and grasped the man's hand. I was petrified, and Edith clung to me desperately. Emilo's smothered voice ejaculated something, and the man made this explanation:—

"I am English. I was employed by the family of Luco to find you. I started, but did not pursue you. I have been a villain. I have drawn pay for my debauchery. I have cheated them. I was hurt in a fight. They brought me here. I told the doctor what I told all—that I was looking for a man who had killed his friend. I saw you with the tulip. I heard what you said. I knew you. You awoke my gratitude by your kindness. I determined to release you and implore your forgiveness. José Luco was in the condition of the dead for one week; he is now recovered, and is well. God forgive me!"

He ceased, exhausted. I do not think Emilo, or perhaps, Victor, heard all of this disconnected tale; he was too full of the grand germ of it, the salvation of his friend. He kissed the hand of the man, and passionately pressed it to his breast. I looked up after a moment more, and I beheld the doctor on the other side of the cot. He had come to administer his prescription in person. He scowled upon all of us, and said to the man, in a harsh voice, "Rouse up! They have nearly killed you with their talk."

This was so dissonant that it roused Victor. He looked up, and then hastily fumbled in his pocket; he withdrew the old and dangerous prescription. With a trembling hand he unfolded it. He arose, and, going to the doctor, he put his arm about his neck, and gave the paper to him.

"I did not keel José Luco, dear friend. This man come from heem. I am free. Edith love me. I am happy."

The doctor's face flushed, his eye sparkled, but he was unable to speak.

"This is the prescription," said Victor, thrusting it into his hand. "I lie to you. You say one grain of arsenic. I alter eet with a leetle dot; I make eet five grains. I was desperate. I implore you to forgoeeve me."

The doctor changed color. For an instant we all stood in silence.

He then whispered: "Come, Emilo, raise the head of this man upon your shoulder; we will save him. He deserves it, the scoundrel!"

In a week, Victor and Edith went away to his country, whither I followed in a few months, as an *attaché* of the American Legation. The Englishman recovered, but was remanded to a Home for Incurables one year after.

The good doctor died. He was killed by a singular and persistent ulceration of the throat, which defied the accumulated skill of the best surgeons of the country. His was the extraordinary case described at length in No. 801 of the Medical Journal of the College of Physicians at Paris.

I am called uncle by a blooming child whose name is "Emilo."

A SUMMER TRIP TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

EARLY in August, 1870, I took passage in the little English hermaphrodite brig *Clara*, for St. John, Newfoundland. It was a pleasant morning when we cast off from Long Wharf and dropped down the harbor before a light breeze, which gradually fanned the deeply laden craft outside of Boston Light. The wind freshened and everything promised fair until after nightfall, when the heavy curtain of gloom which overhung the land behind us, from whence issued the low growl of distant thunder and ominous flashes, indicated a severe storm traveling along the shore. It was evident after a while, from the increasing vividness of the lightning and the mist that was encircling us, that we were not to escape a touch of the storm. About midnight the wind struck us with the force of a heavy squall from the north; the storm was moving in a circle. We were now past Cape Cod, so the brig ran for an hour under easy sail before the gale, when, finding the wind likely to hold, Capt. Byrnes hove to, under close-reefed foretop-sail and fore and main staysails. The sea was rising fast, but the *Clara* rode like a duck, dry and easy on the seething waters, and about sunrise the force of the gale blew itself out. An observation at noon showed us to have been driven, by wind and currents combined, to the south of the "Georges." All sail was now made, and I then had an opportunity to take a quiet survey of the ship's company.

All on board were natives of Newfoundland, excepting the captain, who was a native of Dublin, a Prussian before the mast—the best sailor on board,—and the writer; and all, with three exceptions, were of Irish descent and good "Romans." I shared the diminutive cabin with four junk-dealers, who had just disposed of a cargo of junk in Boston, and were returning with an assorted cargo, part of which, a deck-load of apples, contributed towards making the brig roll hard, and so overcrowded the deck that it was a ticklish operation passing fore and aft in bad weather to shorten sail, when blocks and sheets were snapping furiously, and she was lying over to her scuppers. A young mechanic with his

wife and another young woman completed the list of *first-class* passengers. To say that the accommodations were not what are usually found on American sailing-vessels, and that the fare was inferior to what is furnished to seamen in the forecabin of American ships, is no exaggeration. Salt junk of the worst description, and pilot-bread highly seasoned with the flavor of the kerosene oil and tar in the run, formed our diet, with a few potatoes, which soon gave out, and some tomatoes, intended for the owner, but served out to us in small rations as fast as they decayed. The unfailing good-humor of Capt. Byrnes, whose broad face presided benignantly at the table which he and the owner had conspired to furnish so meagerly, and the Attic salt and Irish wit of the junk-dealers, were of some avail in covering the deficiencies of the *Clara's* lockers. Nothing could exceed the garrulousness of these worthy islanders except the everlasting chattering of a crowd of vociferating Arab donkey-drivers, or the bedlamite tongues of Constantinople caïkdees; and only the flashes of genuine humor and wit which enlivened their talk made their company endurable. Early and late they maintained the wordy Donnybrook, the endless discussions on questions suggested by their own experience regarding salvage, invoices, the rights of ships as carriers, quirks of marine law, the treatment of wives, and the like—all stale and prosy enough, but rendered novel by the animation, earnestness, dogmatism, and occasional shrewdness displayed, and the strongly marked individuality of the speakers. The debates were always spiced by the sallies of Johnnie Feene, who, though usually on the wrong side of an argument, often by a neat repartee threw unexpected confusion into the ranks of the opposition. Amid a number of pithy sentiments which passed at random from one side to the other, two or three struck me as meaning more than perhaps the speakers themselves realized at the time. Said one of the disputants, "Aye, but remember, sir, that Newfoundland is two centuries behind the times;" a strange admission from an old sea-dog, and a Roman Catholic at

that, who boasted elsewhere of the influence of Romanism on the island.

Another said, "Maybe ye're right, but thin there's a great difference between justice and law;" so there is, my man, thought I, and bad luck to them that have wrought this divorce between right and intellectual might.

A third, in reply to the observation, "Shure, but ivery man defers to his own opinion," replied, "And of coorse, for ivery man's mind is a kingdom to him." Now here was a man, who could not be accused of ever having read *Percy's Reliques*, or any extracts therefrom, giving utterance to this idea, in words almost identical with the first line of the beautiful piece well known to all lovers of English poetry, "My mind to me a kingdom is." The fact is, that the same thoughts in similar language often occur to different minds without collusion, in different ages and countries; and what critics who have not studied their own or others' mental phases choose to stigmatize as plagiarism, is of much less frequent occurrence than they represent. Indeed, I am inclined to think that very often this charge is made simply that the critic may display his own acquaintance with the passage he cites, in proof of the charges so lightly adduced by his officious pen.

But if there was one topic more discussed by these junk philosophers than another, it was the supernatural. Bushnell would have found them in full accord as to the reality of the supernatural and its relation to nature; and Robert Dale Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World* contains nothing more startling than the weird, mysterious yarns which were nightly told from actual personal experience in the little crowded cabin of the *Clara*; told, too, in earnest tone to listeners who heard with bated breath, and, on occasion, corroborated the truth of the most impossible incidents. By attending with becoming gravity and an air of implicit faith, which, sooth to tell, almost turned sometimes into actual belief, I was permitted to hear the story of many a rare adventure or encounter with the powers of darkness. One of the narrators had fought an hour with the body of a deceased friend; another had been stopped on the public road to Waterford Bridge by a "sperrit"

in the shape of a black dog; another had been within an ace of recovering hidden "threasure" from a foundered frigate, while a fourth had assisted in drawing "an irron chist of threasure" to the water's edge, when the ghost of a man, who was killed and buried with it to keep watch over it, suddenly appeared and spirited it away, nevermore to be seen by mortal eye. Johnnie Feene, of course, had his quota of marvels to relate, all of them sufficiently entertaining. One of his stories recounted the experience of a friend who, four years previously, had left his family starving at Bay of Bulls village and gone to St. John in search of employment. Failing of this, he started for home, and was met after nightfall by a black dog, who addressed him, and then assuming human shape, informed him that he was an enchanted person fixed by a spell in a subterranean cavern near the Bay of Bulls, and that his enchantment could only be abated by the entrance of some one sufficiently bold to brave the guardians of the cave and carry hence the riches it contained.

Overjoyed at the suggestion, the fisherman gladly volunteered to accompany the enchanted stranger, who accordingly introduced him to a subterranean hall, vast and gorgeous with oriental magnificence, where the wealth of the Indies lay apparently at his disposal, and he had it in his power not only to relieve the poverty of his condition, but also to become the most opulent of Queen Victoria's subjects. But suddenly he was assailed by a troop of unwholesome ghouls, who so disturbed his resolution that he fled to the upper air, renouncing possession of the riches in his grasp, and leaving the enchanted man enchanted there forever.

Very naturally I was led to conclude that a more behaunted, bewitched, and ghost-ridden country nowhere then existed than this same Newfoundland, which seemed to be an outlying station of Pandemonium, as full of hidden treasures as the old haunts of Captain Kidd, as beset with enchantments as the brain of Don Quixote, as packed with ill-omened spirits as Alloway Kirk. The imagination of these prosaic storm-beaten old fishermen of Labrador teems with the feverish fancies of a nervous child; they are possessed by the

fervid phantasies of the warm-blooded Southron. The black dog figures in most of their legends, and is evidently the *bête noir* of the Newfoundlandic imagination.

But all this time we were sailing towards our destination slowly but steadily. The dashing tide-rips indicated that we were on the Georges, "the graveyard of Cape Ann," as those shoals are rightly regarded, and the fishing-schooners dotting the offing showed we were on the fishing-grounds. It is very strange that no light-ship has ever been stationed on these dangerous shoals; many a ship must have met her fate on Cultivator's Ledge, where the depth is but three feet at mean low tide. It is not too late for Government to put up a beacon there, and thus mitigate the perils of one of the sailor's worst foes. A southwester took us towards Sable Island, but the currents seemed to combine with calms to set us nearer a direct line with that island than was comfortable. Somehow the brig failed to make the desired northing, and two successive observations did not allay the difficulty. It happened about this time that I took a trick at the helm. We were running with the wind a little abaft of the starboard quarter, and I noticed that the vessel, being too much by the stern and carrying too weather a helm, from the pressure of her large mainsail, "griped," that is, had a tendency to fly into the wind, which rather aided in giving us a drift to the southward. On informing the captain of this he immediately took in the mainsail and gaff-top-sail, and kept the vessel away two points. The next observation indicated a very decided improvement in the ship's course, and on the following day we had the satisfaction of seeing in the southern horizon the low globular clouds called woolpacks, which in clear weather hang over the island and show where it lies when too distant to be visible.

Sable Island is the bugbear of the mariners coasting in its vicinity. It is so low that it cannot be descried until close at hand; is besides enveloped in dense fogs half the time, and is so beset with swift tides and currents as to make it a very treacherous spot. Simply a sand bank scarce elevated above the ocean level, its sands are constantly shifting and altering its shape; so easily, in fact, are its

sands blown to and fro, that shipmasters who are wrecked there are recommended to make no effort to escape, as the sand will at once begin to gather around the grounded vessel and form a breakwater that will enable the crew to escape at their leisure. So soft and yielding is the beach, that some years ago, on a quiet moonlight night, a vessel went ashore there so easily that none of the crew were aware when it was done; the watch were asleep, including the man at the wheel; the captain was in his bunk. And there she lay until daylight; then the master went on deck, and behold, his vessel was hopelessly aground on Sable Island! He afterwards received another ship, but contrived to leave her ribs also bleaching on the same unlucky spot, and it is almost needless to say was not again entrusted with a command. The island is inhabited only by a corps of government wreckers, who communicate with the mainland once a month, and two or three hundred wild ponies, bred from a stock wrecked there in colonial times.

From Sable Island we beat up abreast of Canso, and made Scatari Light at the extreme eastern end of Cape Breton, on the tenth evening. Louisburg, or what grass-covered mounds remain of that once famous fortress, lay hidden in the gloom to leeward, even its light being invisible. It was a black night, and unpleasantly calm considering the proximity of the shore, and that the tide was swinging us helplessly towards the rocks, against which we could hear more and more distinctly the deep rote of the long ocean swell. But about nine we heard a wind rushing over the water, which soon filled our sails, and sent us plunging towards Cape Race, three hundred and fifty miles away; and a race indeed we had of it, running before a stiff breeze under all sail, rolling gunwale under in the heavy following surges, the porpoises playing around the foaming bow with phosphorescent trail, and not rarely a huge whale starting up and spouting alongside. One fine morning a school of eight whales, good-sized fellows, passed close astern, remaining at the surface and tossing the smoke-like jets of spray into the air for some time.

Those who voyage in steamboats, while

they gain in comforts suitable to the invalid, lose on the other hand much of the zest and flavor of sea life. Not for them is the adventurous sensation imparted to one who roughs it in a sailing-vessel, and enjoys the variety which comes with the observing of seamanship in the trimming of sails and the management of a ship in a blow, with the opportunity offered of occasionally turning to and lending a hand to haul on a halyard or brace, or taking the wheel, and associating on such terms of easy familiarity with the captain and crew as to relieve one of the feeling that he is a mere bundle of human merchandise transported for a given sum from one port to another with all possible dispatch,—which is all very well for the man of business, but is not pleasure. In addition to this, the constant grumble of a steamer's machinery prevents a full appreciation of the solemn grandeur of the ocean, deadening the wash of the waves and the sublime chant of the wind in the rigging. For the voyager on the sailing-vessel is reserved that most weird of ocean sounds, the muttering and shrieking of Mother Cary's chickens,—those wandering gypsies of the sea, floating over the water through the gloom of a dark night, like the eldritch laughter of lost spirits. Only on a sailing-vessel can one realize in any degree what the navigators of other days have endured, and imagine, as he tosses on the buffeting surges, that he is bound with the intrepid Vasco to discover the Indies, with Columbus seeks to evoke land from an unknown void, with Magalhaens is encircling the globe, or with Raleigh or Sir Humphrey Gilbert is traversing the endless spaces of waves to discover eldorado or quaff at the fountain of youth.

On the thirteenth day out we sighted Cape Mary's, and stood all day along the southern coast of Newfoundland. Small fishing-schooners were numerous, noticeable for their black sails, dyed in oil and tar to make them durable, which entirely ruins the picturesque appearance usual to fishing craft, and aids to give a melancholy aspect to a shore that is already sufficiently barren and dismal. No other signs of life were visible from dawn until nightfall, except two or three fishing

huts, and the light-houses on Cape Pine and Cape Race. Having a leading wind and no fog, we passed within half a mile of the latter, so famous for its shipwrecks. It is altogether a very cheerful spot, invested with the most agreeable associations. In Trepassey Bay, close at hand, two ocean steamers were lost quite recently, and just beyond, scarce a mile north of the cape, we passed the graveyard on the cliff where the remains are buried of those whose bodies were recovered by divers, from the *Anglo-Saxon*, which struck while going at full speed in a fog, and went down at the foot of the beetling crags. The *City of Philadelphia* was lost not far from the same spot, as well as many other ill-fated vessels. It may not be generally known that since the loss of the *City of Boston* the boats of the Inman Line have orders to give Cape Race a wider berth than heretofore, and it is to be wished that the change might be adopted by all the lines whose boats now shoot at full speed far too near that fog-en-shrouded cape for the safety of the traveling public.

Under press of sail we glided up the eastern coast of the island, which welcomed us with a succession of chilling squalls from the high table-lands, which, with but one or two exceptions, is the formation of this part of Newfoundland. There was nothing inviting in the prospect. The rocky shore was like a huge wall falling sheer down most forbid-dingly, seamed here and there by deep gulches, at the bottom of which two or three fishermen's huts might be discerned at long intervals. When we rounded Cape Spear, whose light is three hundred and seventy feet above the sea, the scene only became more grand and desolate. Before us towered Sugar Loaf like a stupendous bastion of Titanic mold, and the houses of St. John were visible as through a telescope at the end of a deep gulch or channel, scarce a cable's length in width, guarded on either hand by perpendicular cliffs rising from five hundred and fifty to seven hundred feet, a tremendous spectacle. A wheezing, consequential little tug came out and towed us through the channel into the snugest pocket of a harbor in the world, and laid us alongside the wharf of

the United States Consul, the owner of the brig.

St. John is a place of about twenty-three thousand inhabitants ; it is built on a slope, and is a cross between an Irish and an English town, and, except as it thereby represents an anomaly belonging rather to the Old than New World, offers nothing especially worthy of note to one who has been in Great Britain. The streets abound with dogs almost as if it were a Turkish city, generally of mongrel breeds, and burdened by a billet of wood hung to the neck, which renders them harmless. So numerous are dogs in the habited regions, and so mischievous to the flocks, that the laws of the island permit any one to shoot them at sight. But while other curs are so common, individuals of the genuine Newfoundlandic stock are very scarce, and always fetch from eighty to one hundred dollars. The breed is consequently guarded with great care, but seems nevertheless to be dying out. No dog that is not entirely jet black, and has not the web-foot and dew-claw, is of the unmixed Newfoundland breed.

The port of St. John is small, but, as before observed, well sheltered, and presents in summer-time a bustling appearance, being crowded with vessels of all nations. On entering the passage to the harbor a pungent "ancient fishy smell" informs the stranger what is the trade of the island. The energies of the islanders are devoted to the seal and cod fisheries. Early in March the seal-hunters, as the sealing-vessels are called, put to sea, cutting a way out through the ice if necessary, and strike directly for the ice-fields in the Straits of Belle Isle, where the seals congregate in great numbers. From fifty to seventy-five men go in a sealer, their bunks being ranged gallery-like along the hold. Half the proceeds go to the crew, half to the owner or planter ; £30 is a fair average per man, £36 being occasionally made in one trip, and two trips are sometimes taken in the season, which lasts until May. The sealers are usually hermaphrodite brigs, and are somewhat wedge-shaped in the floor, so that when nipped by the ice, they are raised up instead of being crushed, slipping back into the water when the ice parts. Nevertheless, serious mishaps

not rarely occur. Latterly a few screw-steamers, carrying 150 to 200 men, have been introduced ; their crews share only a third of the receipts, but the increased rapidity of locomotion enables them to gain equal profits with the other crews.

The best seals are those called whitecaps, harps, and hoods ; the latter so named because the males, when attacked, protect their faces by a cartilaginous vizor, hard as India-rubber and impenetrable to the spear. Two men are requisite to kill these,—one to divert the attention of the seal, while the other thrusts the lance through the throat. The men employed in this business wear snow-spectacles, formed of blue glass, and protected on the sides by a fine net-work of wire, but even thus do not always escape a touch of snow-blindness, which is very common and painfully acute.

The cod fisheries of Newfoundland are more profitable even than seal-catching. Not only do her fishermen resort to the Banks, but all along the shore in her spacious bays they "till the farm that pays no fee," and the stages and flakes or platforms for drying the fish are to be seen at every hamlet, crossing above the street like vine trellises in Italy, bearing a fruit less fragrant and graceful, but not less useful—codfish destined for the nourishment of good Catholics the world over, so long as Tuesdays and Fridays and Lent continue sacred to cod. It is interesting, when walking in the suburbs of St. John of a pleasant day, to see the women and boys, who cure the fish while the men are gone to sea, driving carts into town from Quidy Widly, Empty Basket, and other little fishing ports, drawn by diminutive ponies and laden with salt fish ready to be shipped to distant lands. In other countries the peasantry flock to the shiretown with vegetables and fruits, the product of the gardens and vineyards ; in Newfoundland it is codfish that the peasantry carry to the market town.

And yet, although the profits of the seal and cod fisheries are large, and all on the island are in some way connected with what is virtually its sole business, yet poverty of the most abject character is the rule among all but a very few. This business is under

the control of monopolists, and presents, by the way it is managed, an instructive example of what may result when the sense of mutual interest which should bind capital and labor is forgotten. Twelve men, most of whom reside in England and carry on the business through agents in Newfoundland, furnish the capital on which the fisheries are conducted; consequently a large portion of the profits does not remain in the country, but is taken abroad to be distributed elsewhere. But this is a minor evil compared with the iron clutch by which these capitalists hold every fisherman, as it were, by the throat, scarcely permitting him to draw breath without their leave. The truck system, so powerfully rebuked lately in Parliament, and working disastrously in some of the Pennsylvania mines, is in full force in Newfoundland. The capitalists, in return for the fish, pay the fishermen in kind, that is, furnish them with all the supplies for supporting their families or carrying on their vocation, so managing as to oblige them to draw in advance of the profits of the still ungathered crops of fish or seals,—a draft on the future,—and contrive that the account shall always so stand as to leave the poor fisherman, already rendered improvident by this practice, always in debt, and thus always in the power of the capitalist. In addition to this, the capitalists or their agents meet in a sort of club or Board of Trade room at stated periods, and arrange among themselves the values to be placed on the supplies furnished to the fishermen in their employ, and from these prices, be they never so high, there is no appeal, nor, from the situation of affairs, is there any remedy to be provided against the repetition of the extortion. Gradually, but surely, has this tremendous tyranny gained strength on the island, and, so long as they remain under the present government, shuts out all hope or power of improvement or progress in the condition of the islanders, or the development of the mineral and agricultural resources which Newfoundland undoubtedly possesses in a large degree in its northern and western sections.

The island has nearly the superficial area of New England, with yet a population of only a trifle over 150,000; and these, with

the exception of St. John and Harbor Grace, are doled out along the singularly indented and irregular coast in little settlements of half a dozen cabins, widely separated from each other; and even this meager civilization is confined to the seaboard. Immediately on striking inland, one comes to the primeval forests of dwarf spruces, which are about as destitute of traces of the supreme Caucasian race as if Columbus had never been born. Half a century ago, one white man with an Indian guide crossed from the eastern to the western coast, and wrote a valuable account of his trip and of the interior wilds; but no one has followed in his track, and the deer still migrate unmolested from north to south with the change of the seasons. The few Micmac Indians remaining live chiefly along the northern shore.

The Roman Catholics have, in former time, been in excess of the Protestants of the island, and, as elsewhere, have characteristically secured the most commanding site in St. John for their cathedral, which is the first object that meets the eye on entering the port, its imposing Italian architecture suggesting similar scenes in the Mediterranean, and its size and position leading a stranger to infer that opulence and numbers are monopolized by the Romanists; but, like all the Roman Catholic churches I have seen in the New World, the exterior is far more showy than the interior, which is cold and barn-like, finished off with crumbling stucco, and poorly ornamented with cheap copies after the Masters; not an inapt symbol, methought, as I scanned its chilled walls, of the organization which it represents—to outward observers imposing and alluring, but to those who inspect its internal system disappointing and repulsive.

The last census, however, showed that the Protestant element is gaining, and is now in a respectable majority, chiefly of the Church of England, but including a fair proportion of Scotch Presbyterians and Wesleyans. The Anglican Bishop of Newfoundland presides over the most extraordinary diocese in Christendom. The see may almost literally be termed the *sea*, for while it is the largest in limits in the world, it is almost entirely composed of water, and the good prelate dischar-

ges his episcopal duties by much traversing of the boisterous Atlantic. Newfoundland and the "vext Bermudas," with all the waters wide that roll between, are comprehended in this episcopate of many miles and few souls, unless we include soles that in the sea do dwell. A schooner-yacht is owned by his reverence, who in the summer visits and confirms his northern flocks, a third of the coast of Newfoundland being thus circumnavigated by this ghostly yachtsman once a year; the fourth summer he rests from these maritime visitations, and the winters he devotes to the spiritual necessities of the Bermudas, who evidently receive more than their share of the spiritual nourishment. A suffragan bishop resides at St. John, and missionaries, as they may well be called, are set over the fishing hamlets. They take charge of several each, and go from one to the other in fishing-boats, faithfully and patiently doling out the scant store of religion to the poor islanders, and, as one of their number observed to me, "endeavoring to make good Christians of them, or at least good churchmen."

It is supposed by many in the "States" that Newfoundland belongs to the New Dominion, while others, better informed as to that, but, as would seem, against the best interests of our country, which already embraces all the territory we can take care of for the present, are endeavoring to create a movement in favor of the annexation of that island to the United States. For Newfoundland it would doubtless prove at least an advance on her condition as it is now, split by rival factions and under the control of monopolists, who repress the energies of the people and prevent the natural growth of the multiform resources of the island. There are two political parties there, strongly divided on the question of confederation with the New Dominion, a measure which could only result to the ultimate advantage of the islanders. So it is properly regarded by the best citizens, but they are unfortunately still in the minority; and such is the ignorance of the masses, that they are of course under the guidance of pestilent demagogues, those curses inevitably attendant on democracy in all ages, who, for the accomplishment of their selfish ends, give currency to

the most amazing stories against Canada, so incredible that we refrain from repeating them here; yet not too incredible for the credulity of those for whose benefit they are manufactured. The elections are attended by much excitement and corruption, and the intelligence and integrity of the legislature are not above suspicion. By annexing Newfoundland it is to be feared we should also annex a body of voters and pot-house politicians of a piece with the Tammany Sachems and their horde, "to vex Israel," and add another to the difficult problems which this nation is now trying to solve and digest, God only knows with what ultimate success.

There is some attempt at popular education on the part of the government, but, judging from the intelligence of the popular mind, wisdom will not die with the Newfoundlanders. There is a reading-room at St. John, for the free use of which we here tender our grateful acknowledgments; but communication with the outside world is at best but scanty. The United States press is represented in the book-stores by the most vulgar of the New York weeklies, which may account for the not unreasonable opinion expressed to me by a usually well-informed clergyman, that he supposed "the United States was governed entirely by mob law." The papers of St. John are of a contemptible character; the telegraphic news they contain is much garbled, and what seems extraordinary, considering the near vicinity of Heart's Content, the terminus of the cable, is obtained via Boston and Halifax, several days after date! Mail communication is maintained with Halifax, and the rest of the world thereby, twice a month, by steam-packet in summer, but only once a month during the winter season, owing to the ice; considering how rarely the mails have to be made up and distributed, the post-office might almost seem a sinecure, and yet it will excite a smile to learn that the postal officials recently complained of overwork!

After all, we found it pleasant to be quiet a while, and free from the turmoil and confusion, the constant hurry of events, the swift recurring rush of telegrams, the fever of life in the nineteenth century, and to live over a bit of "still life," as it was in some retired

English seafaring town fifty years ago. And while one can hardly consider Newfoundland, with its pale sunlight and sere plains and infrequent mails, altogether the place to live in, yet it is well worth a visit. Its aboriginal scenery, unexplored wastes, quaint capital, curious fishing ports, frowning coast, legend-

ary lore, hospitable folk, and blooming lassies with eyes of brimming blue, cheeks mantling with the roses of health, plump trim figures, and elastic step, present a variety of attractions adapted to interest and please the stranger, and store his memory with delightful recollections.

THE CLOAK-CUBBY AND THE BLUE-ROOM.

HOW WE LOST AUNT FANNY.

THE "General Association" was to hold its annual meeting at our church in A., and I, a hero-worshiper of nineteen years, was drawn to its first session by the announcement that Prof. K. would preach the opening sermon.

It was a hot June day, and as our house was more than two miles out of town, I was not a little dismayed when I came out of church, after service and a little supplemental gossip with Kittie Winter, our minister's daughter, to find that my forgetful father, who had gallantly convoyed me thither, had thoughtlessly driven home without me. This was not at all an unprecedented occurrence, as I was apt to linger, and he to forget me.

I knew that he would remember his offspring some time about midnight, and come to me forthwith for absolution, spoiling my scanty sleep with his untimely remorse; but, meantime, I must walk home.

So it happened that when at last I arrived, thoroughly heated, and dusty, and cross, I instinctively turned my steps toward Aunt Fanny's room,—a sort of cave Adullam where "every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented gathered themselves" for aid and comfort, as did the unhappy Israelites to David's rocky den. But when I found the refuge vacant of its comforting genius, my present grievance seemed to swell and swell intolerably, while memory bestirred herself to heap on, one by one, every bit of awkwardness and distress which my poor, busy father's special weakness had inflicted on me in the past, until, under the accumulated

weight, my heart was becoming hardened like a millstone toward any probable exhibition of paternal penitence.

Fortunately, Aunt Fanny's gentle step was heard just then, and when her sweet face smiled upon me, my implacability was as frost before an April sun.

But I suppose you would like to know who "Aunt Fanny" is.

Aunt Fanny had been grandpapa's baby, and was his joy and pride till he died in her arms, five years ago. Then she came to us, to abide with us forever, as we fondly believed. The ground of this reliance was a certain "fatal facility" she had acquired in early life for parrying matrimonial assaults; and then, too, was she not now forty-eight years old?—So she said, and grandpapa's big Bible confirmed the saying.

Yet her brow was smoother than mine, and her limpid eyes with their fathomless depths of blue, were bordered with soft brown hair, far more childlike than mine. Now, as she came in, with her cheeks ("velvet-cheek" was one of my thousand pet names for her) tinged by the ardent sun, and her limp white sun-bonnet yielding in soft curves to the outline of her face, she seemed too lovely for anything, unless it were an incarnation of Raphael's *Madonna del Cardellino*.

I assaulted this gracious creature with "You dear old darling! how exasperatingly pretty and all serene you look; but what makes your cheeks so red?"

"Strawberries, Pusskins."

"Strawberries?" I said.

"Yes; I have been putting the Blue-room in order for any minister whom your father

might happen to bring home with him from town, and went into the garden for a few roses as a finishing touch. I wanted some of the blessed old cinnamons, which you know, dearie, I love best of all, so I ran down into the vegetable-garden whither Tom has banished them, and as I passed the strawberry-beds I saw the fruit was ripening fast. So I just came in and divided my roses between the Blue-room and my own, and then went back to the strawberries and picked fully a quart."

"But, Auntie, you never should have done it yourself in this heat."

"Oh, I don't mind extremes as you do, dear; and then you know I have a special tenderness for this fruit, and fancy that it likes to be gathered by a lady's fingers. I certainly couldn't have trusted Tom or Jane to coax from the vines the coy first-fruits of the season. I shall be as fresh as the berries after my bath. But, Puss, how flushed and tired you look!"

"Well I may, Auntie. Father forgot me, as usual," said I, half-crying, as my mischances came back to mind; "and I had to walk all the way home in this vile dust; just look at my pretty new suit."

"Poor child! But I can brush it nicely for you, while you put on this dressing-sack and lie on my lounge until tea-time."

"It is inconvenient at times" (I should think so!) "to have your father so oblivious of little things; but how thankful we ought to be that he has never by any chance forgotten a client or any business of importance."

"I don't know what you can call important business, Aunt Fanny," said I tartly, for I had come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him, and my disrelish for this unseasonable magnanimity was just then stimulated by the cloud of dust which rose from my dress as I threw it off.

"Just look at that horrible dust! I should think taking decent care of his only child might well come under the head of 'business of importance'!"

My "David" shook—not me, as she ought to have done, but one of her finest handkerchiefs out of its soft folds, moistened it with her choicest *eau de Cologne*, and with gentle

touch subdued the rash choler which my father's forgetfulness had raised within me, as she cooled my half-grilled face and neck.

"Don't lie there, Puss," remonstrated Aunt Fanny, as, after giving her a penitentially grateful kiss, I threw myself on her lounge. "You are directly in the draught. I have opened the doors through the closet into the Blue-room, you see, and that gives us this delicious breeze. But you mustn't lie in full range of it. Keep still and I will trundle you back against the wall. There now, shut your eyes and say your multiplication-table till I come back."

She then disappeared through her dressing-room door, which opened on the opposite side of the room from the breezy closet. After a long absence she peeped in with my suit on her arm, both she and it looking as fresh as she had promised. "So you are not asleep? Then I'll brush my hair in here and have a little gossip. You haven't told me a word about the meeting. I suppose your father brought home no one with him, for I met him alone in the garden, and he talked of nothing but strawberries."

"Was Professor K. as grand as ever? Tell me all about it."

"Professor K. didn't preach, after all," said I, rather sleepily.

"Poor child! What a disappointment for you; it is no wonder you came home so disconsolate, if you had to listen to a dull substitute this hot day."

"But he wasn't dull at all, Auntie," said I, rousing a little. "My horrid tramp home had almost driven it out of my head, but it really was splendid, and he had such a magnificent gray moustache, and great kind-eyes like yours, only black—blue-black, or brown-black,—and he isn't married at all, and Kittie Winter says there are all manner of romantic stories about him; but his sermon was just gorgeous, and if it weren't for Charley Coates, and you hadn't warned me so appallingly against marrying a minister—"

"For the minister's sake, Pussy, you know," interrupted Aunt Fanny.

"—I don't know but I should have surrendered unconditionally."

Aunt Fanny was so thoroughly acclimated

to my torrid rhetoric that she only smiled and brushed away at her soft locks.

"But you haven't told me all this time who preached, my dear; who is this new light that almost outshone our Charley?"

"Dr. —, let me see, Hooper? Yes, Hooper, and what is more, Clarence Hooper. Isn't that romantic?"

"Clarence Hooper! Goodness gracious me!"

As surely as I live it was immaculate Aunt Fanny who used these improper words; she denies it to this day, but she it was who said or rather shrieked them, in as shrill tones as her mellow voice could assume. Her face was all aflame—it could not be "strawberries" now; and her brush fell from her hand in her agitation.

I sprang up in a quiver of delight; "O Auntie, how jolly! Are you at the bottom of this splendid old fellow's romances? Is he one of the tens of thousands of your slain? Tell me all about it, there's a darling. You never will tell me anything nice. Mamma says every theologian at the Seminary felt himself foreordained to convert you out of Emersonianism, and into a wife for his own saintly self, and that you've had more offers than she ever heard of outside of a novel."

Aunt Fanny never even smiled in response to my vehemence. The color flickered on her cheeks and went out. Her eyes had a far-away dreamy expression; her lips were silent. Altogether she was a most exasperating image to confront an impetuous girl's curiosity.

"Say something, Aunt Fanny, if it is only 'boo.' What on earth has Clarence Hooper, S.T.D., ever done to you, or you to him, to cause such conduct as this?" cried I as I picked up her brush.

"I beg pardon, Fanny." (I am Aunt Fanny's namesake, though if they had only given me her nature, they might have called me Karenhoppuch.) "I hadn't heard his name for years, and it brought up a little incident of my youth."

"Now, Auntie, don't drive me crazy with your mystifying generalities, but give me every single particular; all the 'says I's' and 'says he's', and the 'hope we shall part as friends' at

the end, etc., etc. If you will," I added, with reckless bribery, "I'll 'do' your hair for you!"

Now Aunt Fanny delighted in this toilette service, and I rendered it less reluctantly to her than to any other mortal because of the exquisite softness and fineness of her hair; but, selfish sinner that I was, I held it in reserve as a final cajolery when I had an end to gain with her.

"Why, there is nothing to tell, my dear; only this: Mr. Hooper once did me a service for which I should like to have thanked him."

"Why didn't you thank him?"

"How foolish of you, child! I never saw him in my life."

"Goodness, gracious me!—You needn't look so at me, Aunt Fanny, you said it yourself only ten minutes ago—yes you did, with your own gracious lips. But now, please, put me out of my misery and explain yourself! Why didn't you write gratitude if you could not speak it?"

"But it was such a peculiar service, and I—I—I was so peculiarly situated at the time it was rendered, that that was out of the question. I could neither speak nor write my thanks, you know, under the circumstances."

"No, I don't know, Aunt Fanny. You talk as one of the foolish women talketh, and not like your own wise, orderly self. Now give me the brush, and begin at the beginning and end at the end, while I make your hair look heavenly. If you would only braid it in front at night—not frizz it, you know, but wave it a little—you would be perfectly bewitching."

"I'll send you into your own room, Fanny, if you treat your old aunt as if she were an idiot to be beguiled by flatteries."

"Sh—sh. Stick to your text, my logic-teacher; Dr. Hooper is your text. Now begin: 'Once upon a time, when I was a beautiful young minister's daughter—I mean the beautiful young daughter of a minister—Dr. Hooper rescued me from a burning house by means of a pair of tongs two miles long, so that we never met; and as I was not in full toilette at the time, it being the witching hour of night, I never could muster the requisite indelicacy to say Thank you, sir.'"

I don't think she had heard a word I had

said, for when I peeped around into her face (I stood behind her, wielding the brush vigorously) to see the effects of my pertness, her eyes had lapsed into their dreaminess again, and she neither spoke nor looked the rebuke I deserved.

I changed my tactics, and gave a malicious twirl of the brush which summarily arrested her wandering thoughts, and seizing the opportunity, began again: "As you were saying, Auntie, once upon a time Dr. Hooper—"

"Well, you audacious tease, I suppose I shall have no peace until you hear just how little I have to tell; only please don't uproot any more of my sparse locks than is indispensable to the arrangement of a 'heavenly' coiffure! I remember very well that my hair was long and abundant enough the first and only time that I saw Mr. Hooper."

Eager as I was for the story, I interrupted her with the reminder that she had before said that she never saw him.

"No, did I? I should have said that I never had met him. I saw him once, and heard him talk at times during the space of two or three hours, but only took 'a limited view' of him, like the Marchioness, through a key-hole."

"You! Aunt Fanny! through—a—key—hole!"

"Yes," sighed she, with a fresh influx of "strawberries" to her cheeks and brow; "but really I didn't see that I could help it at the time, neither do I now."

"Aunt Frances Draper!" said I, impressively, "I am fast approaching a state in which I shall be dangerous to friends and foes alike. Will you oblige me by beginning your story, and going straight through it, 'whatever may oppose'? Now then,—

"One to begin,
Two for show,
Three to make ready,
And four to go!"

"Once there was an amorous youth, yclept Clarence Hooper—"

"Not at all. I prefer to tell my own story. Once there was, on the contrary, an ill-conditioned youth who used to darken the dear old parsonage with his presence frequently during my younger days.

"He had been 'liberally educated,' as we say, but his nature was so essentially common that all his years in college and at the theological seminary had only given it a nigardly gloss, through which it was always betraying its vulgar self.

"Your grandfather was so loving and generous that he even embraced this man in his friendliness. Indeed he wished special courtesy to be shown this person whenever he came to the house,—which was often, as the seminary was only a few miles from us, and several of the students, and John Leggett among them, used frequently to walk over to the parsonage."

"John Leggett?" interrupted I; "you don't mean that roistering revivalist whom you wouldn't let me go and hear preach last winter, when he was making such a stir in A.?"

"The very same. Some remote connection of his had been father's friend, and this blinded the dear man's eyes. I doubt if he had the dimmest suspicion of how ineffably offensive Mr. Leggett was to me.

"He could talk glibly of the holiest things. I remember how he used to ring the changes on 'spiritual' and 'spirituality,' and they have been tabooed terms with me ever since. He invariably pronounced any man whom he feared, envied, or misunderstood, 'unspiritual.'

"His own grossness was perhaps too deep-seated to challenge father's notice, and there was no particular overt act on which I could base a complaint; yet his mere presence made me cringe, and to give him my hand in welcome was absolute torture to me. I suppose that a woman must always be more sensitive to such impressions than a man, even one of delicate organization, can be.

"But this is not my story.

"One day, when I was—let me see—twenty-three or twenty-four years old, I was alone at home. Father was making pastoral calls, and our one servant had gone away to spend Christmas week.

"I had myself been down-town to make some purchases, as I was going to a party that evening. After putting the flowers I had brought in water, inspecting my ribbons, and

trying on my new slippers by the dining-room grate, as it began to grow dark, I made preparations for tea.

"Mrs. President Lott was visiting our opposite neighbors, and had just given me a recipe for muffins which I was ambitious to try.

"So, after setting the table in the dining-room (except eatables, on account of the heat), I made my muffins with great pains-taking, and committed them to the oven, where they were to stay precisely one-half hour, I remember, by the rule; and then, as father had not returned, it came into my head that I would dress my hair for the evening, while waiting for him. I ran up to my room, but as it was a very cold day, and the furnace not very active, I did a very improper thing, my dear, and suffered the consequences accordingly. I took my brushes and father's little shaving-glass down into the dining-room, and, after pushing the tea-table into the remotest corner, let my hair down, and soon had it in braiding order. In those days braids were very elaborate affairs, and smoothness was a great consideration, my child—"

"Now, Aunt Fanny, don't introduce irrelevant remarks, but let your eyes look right forward, as Solomon says, or I won't answer for the consequences to your blessed wig."

—"I was startled out of a day-dream with which I was beguiling the tedium of hair-dressing,—which was even then a burden to me,—by hearing father's latch-key in the street-door.

"I did not move at first, for father never would have thought that my dressing-sack wasn't a particularly elegant evening costume, and, besides, my hair was nearly done; but in a moment, to my dismay, I heard the voice of my *bête noir*, Mr. Leggett, in the hall, and an unfamiliar voice answering. I only needed to hear in addition father's pleasant tones, as he said, 'Come right into the dining-room, gentlemen, we shall find it warmest there,' to convince me that instant flight was necessary. There was no time to choose doors,—there were only seven opening out of that one small room!—so I caught at the nearest, and shut it behind me, leaving all my toilette articles at the mercy of the new-comers.

"Imagine my feelings when I found myself in the 'Cloak-cubby,' as we called it, a deep, dark closet, with no knob on the inner side of the door, and the key-hole minus its key, so that the door could only be opened from the outside! I was quite nervous and fanciful in those days, and should have thought myself suffocating if I had been shut in for five minutes, under ordinary circumstances. But then I was too excited and annoyed to think of my breathing apparatus.

"Every word of the conversation that followed is as fresh in my memory as if I had heard it to-day.

"Father began. 'Sit down by the fire, gentlemen, and make yourselves at home, while I look up our Fanny'—O father, father, how could you? 'Our Fanny' to that man!—'and we will all have tea as soon as possible, so that you need not hurry to the train. Why, what can the tea-table have done, that she has put it in the corner with its face to the wall?' he went on to say, as he rattled the innocent china back into position.

"Then out he went into the kitchen, and of course, not finding me, ran up and down stairs in the search. I even heard him in the cellar beneath me, and had an insane impulse to try and telegraph my situation to him. But he soon came up and said, 'I cannot think where she can be; her things are all here, but she may be across the street at Mr. Stacey's. If you will excuse me, I will run over there.'

"Off he went, and we three were left to our own devices.

"'This is a great joke,' said Mr. Leggett. 'I hope, if the old man can't find "Our Fanny," he'll at least manage to scare us up some supper.'

"'You use the lady's name very freely,' said the stranger, rather sharply.

"The voice pleased me, in spite of its sharpness—perhaps because of its sharpness—and I confess to you that at this point I mustered self-possession enough to put my eye to the key-hole in the hope of seeing the speaker. Mr. Leggett was sitting with his back to me, fearfully near, and Mr. Hooper, for it was he, opposite, so that his eyes, and very good honest eyes they were too, seemed to be piercing directly through my key-hole, al-

though they were actually only transfixing his impertinent companion.

"Well, why shouldn't I?" said Mr. Leggett. 'She's none too good to be spoken of, I hope, for all her high and mighty airs. You can't touch her with a ten-foot pole' (eight feet less would have been sufficient for the purpose at that moment). 'But what makes you so touchy about her? You don't know her.'

"I never shall know her, or any other lady, little enough or well enough not to object to such a free handling of her name, in her own house at least."

"Well, well, don't be huffy. She isn't worth quarreling about. We've got a first-rate chance to see how a blue-stocking keeps house."

"I never was that, my dear, but I was an omnivorous reader, and always credited with far more knowledge than I possessed."

"Here's her cloak and bonnet pitched into one corner, and the tea-table was pitched into another till her daddy straightened it. Have a lump of sugar, Hooper? Gracious! if here isn't her hair-brush with a couple of long hairs in it. I'll go halves with you. But there isn't much show for supper, is there?"

"The creature had set out on a voyage of discovery by this time, and I was in an agony of fear lest his vulgar curiosity shouldn't be limited to the room, but take him into the closets also, and lay open my retreat."

A sudden racket and a volley of expletives showed me that he had overturned my big work-basket, and the only consolation I had during all that awful afternoon was in the variety of its contents, and the length of time required to right them again; to say nothing of several resounding bumps which he got from table, sofa, and chairs, in his haste to put things in order before father's return, or my possible appearance. His running commentary would hardly have pleased the Professors any more than it did his hearers in the closet and without.

"Mr. Hooper occasionally remonstrated, and even declared that he would leave the house rather than stay in such company."

"Suddenly Mr. Leggett exclaimed, 'By Jiminy, that's a pretty little slipper, though!

How it must pinch her toes! I'll pocket one of 'em, sure as fate, and keep it in my room under a glass-case to make the fellows stare. Who'd have thought a blue-stocking could go into such a Cinderella slipper?'

"I am afraid Mr. Hooper used a too vigorous form of speech by way of preface as he cried out, 'John Leggett, take that shoe out of your pocket and put it where it belongs.'

"I shouldn't like anything better," said the wretch, 'if "our Fanny," or your Fanny, if you prefer, would only trot in her little toeses.'

"I am in earnest, sir; take out that shoe."

"Come, come, Hooper, what's the use of such a row? It's too good a joke to spoil. 'Twon't do you any harm.'

"You shall not leave the house with it, I warn you."

"What in tunket are you making such a to-do about it for? Any girl would be tickled to death to have me use her things to ornament my room. What'll you give for the little teenty-tonty-tootsey yourself, now?"

"Five dollars," said Mr. Hooper, greatly to my surprise.

"Done," said the other; 'fork over.'

"This strange bargain seemed to be consummated, for I heard the slipper fall, and silence followed, which Mr. Hooper was the first to break."

"I want you to know, Mr. Leggett, that I bought you off, not because one must adapt his arguments to his opponent, but to spare Dr. Draper the knowledge of how basely his hospitality has been outraged, and myself the shame of being known as the companion, even for one afternoon, of such a one as you."

"Draw it mildly, young man," said the cowardly——"Aunt Fanny hesitated for a substantive, but declined the torrent which I poured out in her service, and finally left the hiatus eloquently unfilled."

"Mildly! The longer I think of it, the more furious I am. I believe on my soul, what I suspected before, that you stole that daguerreotype of Miss Draper which you showed me the other night."

"Well, what of it? A picture's of no account. You were glad enough to look at it, and didn't you carry it off to your own room?"

"Yes, I am ashamed to say I did; but it was to get it away from profanation for a time. I ought to have known that a woman with such a face as that would never have given you her picture."

"You will think me a goose," said Aunt Fanny, parenthetically, "to tell you all these things; but they all rush back upon me, and I cannot stop to choose."

Whereupon I threatened her with dire punishment if she dared omit even a conjunction. Then she went on.

"The picture flatters her,—ambrotypes always do. She don't look handsome much, in my way of thinking; there isn't meat enough to her. Just take a look at her picture, so you can compare it with her if she comes in. I always carry it in my pocket here for the fun of it."

"Mr. Hooper must have snatched it, for I heard a struggle, though I did not dare look, and my champion cried out, 'I shall knock you down if you make it necessary, and tell Dr. Draper the whole story; but this picture you shall never touch again with my consent.'"

"Just then father came bustling in. 'Dear me! Haven't you seen Fanny yet? The Staceys knew nothing of her, but I went down to Mrs. Thompson's, and she said she saw her coming home more than an hour ago. Where can the child be?—But what an intolerable odor! Something must be burning;' and opening the kitchen-door, he inhaled in all its intensity the last expiring breath of my beautiful muffins, which I had poured into their rings with such proud expectation only an hour before!

"The pungent odor penetrated my key-hole, so that I thought I should have strangled, while the others were forced to open doors and windows.

"Poor little father"—(Grandfather Draper's weight was plump two hundred pounds, but Auntie and he were such friends!) "then set himself to serve tea. I knew there was only the last end of a stale loaf in the house (the muffins were my *pièce de resistance* for tea), and that he finally found, with a large loaf of rich fruit-cake. He also made tea in the coffee-pot, which was fortunate, when you consider his rate of measurement—a *table-*

spoonful for each person and one for the pot,' as he told me afterward, and very proud of his housewifery he was, too.

"You can hardly believe me, Puss, but there was not a quarter of that great fruit-cake left, and father declared he had not himself eaten a crumb of it. So these two theological students must have devoured the whole mass of indigestibility. I have no doubt Mr. Leggett took the lion's share, and, quite likely, filled his pockets besides.

"They did not remain long after tea. Father was obviously *distract* on account of my mysterious disappearance; Mr. Hooper scarcely spoke, but Mr. Leggett mumbled sanctimonious phrases, generally with his mouth full, winding up with a cold-blooded monologue on the state of the wicked after death, by way of a digestive.

"The moment the door closed behind the departing guests I shrieked 'Father!' with the little strength that remained to me, and fell against the door in a dead-faint.

"Of course he had to be told how I came there; but I spared him the story of what I had heard, only telling him that he must never ask me to receive Mr. Leggett as my guest again.

"But bless your dear heart! How selfish I am! I ought not to have let you stand there, brushing my hair all the time, when you were so weary and heated. Lie down quietly till tea-time, darling. No, not a single word more!"

"Yes, Auntie, I must just say that Dr. Hooper is a dear old love, and I should like to kiss him this very minute. Did he never come to your house again?"

"Yes, three or four times; but the Fates forbade our meeting. Once I was ill, and his other calls were made when I was not at home."

"O, Auntie, just look in the glass, and view the prospect o'er now; you are the very quintessence of cinnamon roses, your own dear self."

And so she was.

I had seized the opportunity given by her absorption in her own reminiscences to rob my own disheveled crimps of a pair of little top-sies, and rolled her soft chestnut hair over

them, away from her full white temples, and crowned my work with a half-blown rose.

"How could you play such a trick on your sober old aunt, Pussy? People will think I have gone daft if I go down to church to-night with my hair in this girlish fashion. And what will your father and mother say when they see me maltreating the cinnamons by wearing them on my poor old pate?"

"Why, they'll say,

'She is the cinnamon rosy bright,
And her poor types are they.'

"Don't you dare touch it! But did Dr. Hooper run off with your picture himself? I presume he wears it next his heart to this day. He has such a seraphic gesture when he throws back his head *so*, you know, and smites upon his breast, and I don't doubt he drives your image deeper in every time he does it!"

Auntie was finishing her toilette in her dressing-room by this time, so although I raised my voice, yet I doubt if she heard anything further than the opening question; at least she didn't reprove or reply to me, except to say when she returned, "The ambrotype was safe in my work-basket, and I have it now."

Just then came Jane's rap at the door, with the announcement that tea was on the table. I hastily exchanged Aunt Fanny's dressing-sack for a wrapper of my own, and soon joined the family in the tea-room.

Papa beamed upon me with the utmost innocence and tenderness, as if I were the very apple of his eye, which doubtless I am, though I should have been far luckier to have been his green bag.

His unconsciousness of having just broken that brittlest of divine laws, "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath," so exasperated me that I relapsed into sulkiness. Then mamma remarked that my dress was unbecoming the time and place.

However, after Aunt Fanny had eagerly pleaded in my behalf the fatigue of walking and hair-dressing—so graciously shielding papa that his tender sympathy for his child remained smoothly unruffled by any suspicion of himself as the unnatural cause of her woes—I was made much of, to the great improvement of my temper, and harmony reigned.

Aunt Fanny's muffins and strawberries

contributed not less than her eloquence, perhaps, to this result. I was mischievous enough to inquire, in regard to the former, if they were made from Mrs. President Lott's famous recipe.

Papa had just had his plate filled the second time with fruit, leaving perhaps three berry "manners" in the dish, when Aunt Fanny said to him laughingly, "It is well you found no delegate who 'had no objection to going into the country' to spend his nights, or we could have had only a dozen strawberries each."

Up sprang papa, with his usual dazed look when his impish memory has been playing its tricks, and cried out, "What on earth are you eating supper for without the minister, Bertha?"

Mother was so accustomed to this vicarious endurance that she calmly buttered her last muffin as she inquired, "Charles, dear, what minister?"

"You are enough to try the patience of a saint, Bertha. 'What minister?' Why, Dr. Hooper, who preached this afternoon the very best sermon I have heard in ten years."

Aunt Fanny and I gazed at each other somewhat anxiously, but had no apprehension as yet of the horrors of the situation.

I think we both cherished the hope that for once father's depravity had borne good fruit, and that he had left the honored guest on the church steps, or inadvertently spilled him out of the carriage on the way home.

As for mamma, she was moved to the depths of her hospitable soul, and said reprovingly, "Charles, Dr. Hooper hasn't been in the drawing-room all this time, has he?"

"No, no, no. He is up in the Blue-room. —Didn't you hear any stir in there before you came down, Frances?—Jane, go up and tell the gentleman tea is on the table. He had a head-ache and wanted to sleep it off before the evening session, so I took him right up to the Blue-room, as I told you when I came home."

"You couldn't have told me, Charles; I have just come in from poor Mrs. Howe's. I have been sitting at her bedside all the afternoon, so that sister Frances could have a little rest after her week's watching with her."

"It must have been Frances I told then, or some of you.—But where are you going, girls?" Aunt Fanny and I were alike "girls" to him.

"You will excuse me, please, Bertha," said Aunt Fanny, her face burning red, and fairly convulsed with mortification.

I too was vexed and frightened, but poor Auntie's agonized expression quieted me.

"I—I—I am not dressed, you know, mamma," stammered I.

"Dressed, child," said father, "what do you think a man like Dr. Hooper will care for a baby's second best bib and tucker? Don't you go away, Frances, *you* are fine enough I am sure, roses in your hair and all; and besides I told Hooper you were here and he said he had always wanted to meet your father's daughter. I introduced myself to him as Dr. Draper's son-in-law, you know."

Mother interrupted him with her commands. "I cannot spare either of you. Straighten the table as quickly as possible. Fanny, take away the strawberry-dishes. O Charles! you are really too thoughtless. We have eaten all those delicious berries!"

Papa sighed remorsefully as he devoured the last spoonful of fruit, and remarked,—

"Jane must have trouble in waking him, she is gone so long."

Talk of a drowning man's condensed memories! This cannot be compared with the mental processes which Aunt Fanny and I underwent during those moments of preparation. But papa had let in a ray of hope, and we exchanged a glance of relief by its aid.

Might not our dreaded neighbor of the Blue-room have taken an over-dose of hydrate of chloral? Or, still loyal to womanhood, as in his youth, might he not have fled the house, once more to spare Aunt Fanny?

Not a bit of it. Jane ushered him in, immaculately brushed like a sunny bridegroom prepared to run a race.

The audacious creature even wore in his buttonhole one of Aunt Fanny's own particular "cinnamons"!

I wondered how much he had heard?

The ordinary forms of social life must be gone through with under all conceivable cir-

cumstances, till merciful death releases us. So Aunt Fanny and I made our bows (very low, to hide our flaming cheeks) when Dr. Hooper was presented to us.

Mamma welcomed him at her left hand, and next myself, so that poor Aunt Fanny, alone on the opposite side of the table, had to confront not only my conscious face, but the Doctor's, which might express much or nothing, we knew not which.

So there the poor darling sat, the rose in her hair, smiling at its mate in his button-hole!

"I hope you have slept away your headache, Dr. Hooper," said father, adding mendaciously, "we thought we would not disturb you earlier than was absolutely necessary."

"I feel much refreshed," was the Doctor's non-committal answer, as he proceeded to devote himself to mother, in a way that won her heart.

He scarcely seemed to recognize the presence of Aunt Fanny and myself, fortunately for us, although he was courteously responsive to any table-service we were obliged to pay him.

Father was now so awfully wide-awake and present-minded as to be more dangerous than ever, since he was ignorant of any quicksands to be shunned.

He perpetually interrupted the conversation at the upper end of the table with irrelevant questions and remarks, so that Aunt Fanny and I winced apprehensively whenever he opened his lips.

"You love cinnamon roses too, Doctor, I see, as well as Frances and the rest of us. It is my favorite among all the glorious train. There was a great bush against Dr. Draper's parlor-window, where Bertha and I used to sit, and I always grow tender and sentimental when I see the blossom. You remember that bush, don't you, Frances?"

Frances thought she did, and Dr. Hooper echoed father's commendations warmly, and turned again to his hostess.

"Take another muffin, Dr. Hooper," persisted papa, with unprecedented attentive-ness. "They are very harmless. We think no one can make such muffins as our sister here. Where did you get the recipe, did you

say, Frances? From some of the Presidents' wives, wasn't it?"

"The muffins are of Bridget's manufacture," said Aunt Fanny, almost tartly, while I choked in the attempt to dispose of some water and a nervous giggle at the same instant.

"Very nice, very nice!" said Dr. Hooper, obviously growing nervous himself, for he helped himself to two muffins at once, and then asked, "Do you go down to church this evening, Mr. Winthrop?"

"No, I am sorry to say; I have some writing which must be done. But my wife and sister will drive down with you."

Aunt Fanny opened her mouth and said, "I shall not go—," when mamma checked her by saying, "I promised Mrs. Howe,—an invalid neighbor, Dr. Hooper,—that I would go back to her immediately after tea, so that I shall be unable to go into town to-night; but Miss Draper will pilot you."

"You said, Dr. Hooper, you would like to go early, I believe, so I will order the horse at once," said papa.

"If you prefer to drive yourself, you and Frances can go in the pony-phaeton, and I will send Thomas down on foot, so that he can take the horse from you at the church-door; or he can drive you both down in the beach-wagon."

"I should like to drive, if Miss Draper will trust herself to my horsemanship."

Miss Draper murmured something which, it is to be hoped, was as polite as it was unintelligible.

Papa, remarking that the pony was not at all exacting in her demands on the skill of the driver, excused himself from the table, that he might order her to be harnessed.

Instead of going into the back hall, as any other mortal would have done, and as he intended to do, this doomed man plunged into the china-closet, and, according to the eternal fitness of things, bumped his head resoundingly against a great salad-bowl which happened to overlap the shelf.

"Why, Charles!" cried mother, for once a little fretted at this glaring exhibition of his obliviousness; "one would think you might remember which was the hall-door in your own house."

Papa came out, looking comically rueful over the bump and the blunder, but mingled with his objurgations of his besetting sin the apologetic statement, "It is an idiotic room, any way, with doors enough to bewilder a more whole-witted man than I."

"Why, Charles, there are only four, and the room is quite large, I am sure." Now it was mamma's turn to harpoon us. "You know at home, in our little dining-room, there were actually seven doors—you remember, Fanny?"

"Were there, Bertha?" faltered that long-suffering darling.

"Why, of course there were. There were the parlor, study, kitchen, and hall-doors, beside the china-closet, the pamphlet-closet, and the Cloak-cubby. Now you remember, don't you?"

I think she did.

Dr. Hooper, Aunt Fanny, and myself all lifted our glasses simultaneously, as if to drink to the health of Grandpapa Draper's doors, and all strangled in the act.

Then we knew that he had heard.

When father had made a final exit through the legitimate outlet, mamma's perturbed spirit soothed itself by increased attention to her guest.

"Take a bit of cake, Dr. Hooper. Mr. Winthrop lauded the muffins, but gentlemen honestly care more for cake, I believe. This is fruit-cake. My sister gave it the name of the 'Theologues' Special,' years ago, and always insists upon making it when we expect clergymen to visit us."

"I never eat fruit-cake, madam, under any circumstances," cried Dr. Hooper, with such pronounced vehemence that even mamma realized that 'dangers were abroad' to which she had no clue, and deftly shifted the conversation to the safe ground of common acquaintance.

All things have an end, and so had that awful meal.

Aunt Fanny, pale and grim, went up to her room, at mamma's bidding, to prepare for the inquisitorial torture of her *tête-à-tête* drive with the majestic Doctor.

Could Aunt Fanny slam a door? I am inclined to think the accusing angel would

have pleaded extenuating circumstances in her behalf, even had the jar of double door-shutting been her fault, and not that of the breezy closet which had so perfidiously betrayed her confidence.

However caused, the effects reached even out to the piazza, whither 'we others' had adjourned, and the clangor was most grateful to my ears till I detected an appreciative twinkle in that tiresome Doctor's eye, which spoiled it all.

Immediately after Aunt Fanny left us, a messenger came from Mrs. Howe urging mamma's instant return, so that I was left alone to entertain our guest,—and very well I did it, I am convinced by my own recollection, aided by subsequent contributions from his. In a voice which I was conscious was ludicrously strained above its natural pitch, but which I could not at all control, I chattered on about I know not what, giving him no opportunity for reply.

Among other notable items, I am assured that I told Dr. Hooper, apropos of nothing, that "Ingratitude is the basest of human vices," and also that, in my opinion, the Millennium would not come until the celibacy of the clergy became a fixed fact; and from this latter position I am not inclined to recede.

At last the pony was driven around to the door, and I eagerly volunteered to summon the lingering victim; but father, with ill-timed consideration, said "No, no, child, you are tired enough, after your foolish walk, to sit still. I can call her from here perfectly well; she generally has the doors open through into the Blue-room in warm weather, hasn't she?"

This was his Parthian shot, which left me speechless, and brought Aunt Fanny down, looking paler, primmer, and grimmer than I could have believed possible to her calm, sweet nature.

Dr. Hooper solemnly handed her into the phaeton, seated himself by her side, and as they rode out of the gate together, I went off into a fit of hysterical laughter which lasted almost unrespired through the evening.

My curiosity to see in what mood and manner this Darby and Joan would come home overcame all my fatigue and early-to-bed

intentions. But eleven o'clock came before they did, and my first glimpse of Aunt Fanny's face—its pink bloom more than restored—satiated my curiosity in such an unlooked for and melancholy manner that there was no spirit left in me, and I meekly said "good night!" and vanished.

I was as sure at that instant of the awful fact that we had "lost Aunt Fanny" as I was the next morning, when she was guilty of the unprecedented offense of delaying breakfast a quarter of an hour, and at last came sauntering in from the garden, all unconscious of her crime, with fresh rose-buds in her hair, her hair in crimps, and Dr. Hooper's gray moustache in close proximity!

If this were the proper time and place, I should like to remark at length on the ways that are sinful of certain clergymen, who, ostensibly in attendance on meetings of the A. B. C. F. M., State and county C's. S. S. A. and Y. M. C. A.'s, absent themselves from the assemblies of their brethren, in secular devotion to Aunt Fannys and young Fannys. Dr. Hooper, for example, could furnish a far more trustworthy report of the topography of our particular suburb, than of the discussions which agitated his peers during the three days following his opening sermon.

Can you believe that that hitherto confiding, complaisant aunt of mine has never vouchsafed anything but the most barren generalities in regard to that evening drive, and her escort's defense against the charge of eaves-dropping?

It must have been in prevision of this base requital of my tender beautifying of her person that fateful afternoon that I had remarked to Dr. Hooper on the superlative baseness of the vice of ingratitude.

And when a certain ceremony, solemnized at our house two months ago, had proclaimed on the house-tops what was spoken in the ear in closets long before, I ventured to say to the bridegroom: "Uncle Hooper, I suppose you overheard me some weeks ago declaring that I would like to kiss you. I hadn't the least idea at the time what misery you were going to bring upon us, nor what a wicked eaves-dropper you were at that very moment, or I should have expressed a very dif-

ferent desire very differently. But, if you will only tell me how you inveigled Aunt Fanny into forgiving you so quickly for lying in wait in the Blue-room while a pair of unwary babes were babbling about you, I will try to forgive you even to the extent of that aforesaid kiss." When I had so humiliated myself, what did he,—that base eaves-dropper and desolater of our household? Why, he smiled triumphantly, patted me cavalierly on the head, and said: "I think little Fanny should be fully satisfied to know that Aunt Fanny is satisfied," and kissed—Aunt Fanny.

"I am Sir Oracle, let no dog bark."

I have told you "how we lost Aunt Fanny," but how Dr. Hooper managed to secure

her is an awful mystery to this day. That he got her surreptitiously, through a key-hole, so to speak, is evident, for there is every reason to believe that had they "met by chance, the usual way," our delegate would have eaten his meat with singleness of heart, even without Aunt Fanny for his *vis-à-vis*, attended conscientiously to his official duties, and finally adjourned to his bachelor quarters *sine die*.

Yes; the long and the short of the story is that we must forever mourn the loss of our angel of the household, and that it was papa's own particular iniquity of absent-mindedness which brought upon us all the miseries of her "taking off."

THE RAJAH'S GIFT.

'Twas true the Rajah's self had gazed upon her
From his tall war horse when he passed that way,
And given a sign, well known to those about him,
Concerning her—a red-lipped child at play;
And then the years went by, but oft there came
A princely gift in the great Rajah's name.

'Twas true she took one morn a fragrant blossom,
Sent from a rash, admiring stranger's hand,
And wore it once—the sweet and sole adorning
Of her rich locks in many a braided band;
And this was all—a thoughtless act at worst,
But jealous eyes o'erwatched her from the first!

And ere the morrow's sun of Orient splendor
Sank in the sea, appeared a dusky train,
Attendant on the Rajah's trustiest minion;
And thundering on o'er hill and vale and plain,
He paused beside her, drew the fatal "kris"—
"The Rajah sends you *this*—and *this*—and *this*!"

And at each word the keen blue steel has entered,
With mortal thrust that unsuspecting heart!
Which throbs its last amazed, affrighted beating,
Not sooner than the murderous band depart
To seek their lord, with abject mien and tread,
And show how well his bloody errand sped!

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD," "ALEC FORBES," "ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

(Continued from page 542.)

CHAPTER XLIII.—*Continued.*

"There is nothing in all that about the scabbard," said his father.

"Stop till we come to the history," he replied, and read on, as nearly as I can recall, to the following effect. I have never had an opportunity of copying the words themselves.

"This sword seems to have been expressly forged for Sir ———" (he read it *Sir So and So*) "'whose initials are to be found on the blade. According to tradition, it was worn by him, for the first and only time, at the battle of Naseby, where he fought in the cavalry led by Sir Marmaduke Langdale. From some accident or other, Sir ——— found, just as the order to charge was given, that he could not draw his sword, and had to charge with only a pistol in his hand. In the flight which followed, he pulled up and unbuckled his sword, but while attempting to ease it, a rush of the enemy startled him, and, looking about, he saw a roundhead riding straight at Sir Marmaduke, who that moment passed in the rear of his retiring troops, giving some directions to an officer by his side, and unaware of the nearness of danger. Sir ——— put spurs to his charger, rode at the trooper, and dealt him a downright blow on the pot-helmet with his sheathed weapon. The fellow tumbled from his horse, and *Sir So and So* found his scabbard split half-way up, but the edge of his weapon unturned. It is said he vowed it should remain sheathed for ever.'—The person who has now unsheathed it," added Brotherton, "has done a great wrong to the memory of a loyal cavalier."

"The sheath half-way split was as familiar to my eyes as the face of my uncle," I said, turning to Sir Giles. "And in the only reference I ever heard my great-grandmother make to it, she mentioned the name of Sir Marmaduke. I recollect that much perfectly."

"But how could the sword be there and here at one and the same time?" said Sir Giles.

"That I do not pretend to explain," I said.

"Here at least is written testimony of our possession of it," said Brotherton in a conclusive tone.

"How then are we to explain Mr. Cumbermede's story?" said Sir Giles, evidently in good faith.

"With that I cannot consent to allow myself concerned.—Mr. Cumbermede is, I am told, a writer of fiction."

"Geoffrey," said Sir Giles, "behave yourself like a gentleman."

"I endeavor to do so," he returned with a sneer.

I kept silence.

"How can you suppose," the old man went on, "that Mr. Cumbermede would invent such a story? What object could he have?"

"He may have a mania for weapons, like old Close—as well as for old books," he replied.

I thought of my precious folio. But I did not yet know how much additional force his insinuation with regard to the motive of my labors in the library would gain if it should be discovered in my possession.

"You may have remarked, sir," he went on, "that I did not read the name of the owner of the sword in any place where it occurred in the manuscript."

"I did. And I beg to know why you kept it back," answered Sir Giles.

"What do you think the name might be, sir?"

"How should I know? I am not an antiquarian."

"*Sir Wilfrid Cumbermede.* You will find the initials on the blade. Does that throw any light on the matter, do you think, sir?"

"Why, that is your very own name!" cried Sir Giles, turning to me.

I bowed.

"It is a pity the sword shouldn't be yours?"

"It *is* mine, Sir Giles—though, as I said, I am prepared to abide by your decision."

"And now I remember"—the old man resumed, after a moment's thought—"the other evening Mr. Alderforge—a man of great learning, Mr. Cumbermede—told us that the name of Cumbermede had at one time belonged to our family. It is all very strange. I confess I am utterly bewildered."

"At least you can understand, sir, how a man of imagination, like Mr. Cumbermede here, might desire to possess himself of a weapon which bears his initials, and belonged two hundred years ago to a baronet of the same name as himself—a circumstance which, notwithstanding it is by no means a common name, is not *quite* so strange as at first sight appears—that is, if all reports are true."

I did not in the least understand his drift; neither did I care to inquire into it now.

"Were you aware of this, Mr. Cumbermede?" asked his father.

"No, Sir Giles," I answered.

"Mr. Cumbermede has had the run of the place for weeks. I am sorry I was not at home. This book was lying all that time on the table in the room above, where poor old Close's work-bench and polishing-wheel are still standing."

"Mr. Brotherton, this gets beyond bearing," I cried. "Nothing but the presence of your father, to whom I am indebted for much kindness, protects you."

"Tut! tut!" said Sir Giles.

"Protects me, indeed!" exclaimed Brotherton. "Do you dream I should be by any code bound to accept a challenge from you? Not, at least, I presume to think, before a jury had decided on the merits of the case."

My blood was boiling, but what could I do or say? Sir Giles rose, and was about to leave the room, remarking only—

"I don't know what to make of it."

"At all events, Sir Giles," I said, hurriedly, "you will allow me to prove the truth of what I have asserted. I cannot, unfortunately, call my uncle or aunt, for they are gone; and I do not know where the servant who was with us when I took the sword away, is now. But, if you will allow me, I will call Mrs. Wilson to prove that I had the sword when I came to visit her on that occasion, and that on the morning after sleeping here I

complained of its loss to her, and went away without it."

"It would but serve to show the hallucination was early developed. We should probably find that even then you were much attracted by the armory," said Brotherton, with a judicial air, as if I were a culprit before a magistrate.

I had begun to see that, although the old man was desirous of being just, he was a little afraid of his son. He rose as the latter spoke, however, and going into the gallery, shouted over the balustrade:

"Some one send Mrs. Wilson to the library."

We removed to the reading-room, I carrying the scabbard, which Sir Giles had returned to me as soon as he had read the label. Brotherton followed, having first gone up the little turnpike stair, doubtless to replace the manuscript.

Mrs. Wilson came, looking more pinched than ever, and stood before Sir Giles with her arms straight by her sides, like one of the ladies of Noah's ark. I will not weary my reader with a full report of the examination. She had seen me *with* a sword, but had taken no notice of its appearance. I *might* have taken it from the armory, for I *was* in the library all the afternoon. She had left me there thinking I was a "gentleman" boy. I had *said* I had lost it, but she was sure *she* did not know how that could be. She was *very* sorry she had caused any trouble by asking me to the house, but Sir Giles would be pleased to remember that he had himself introduced the boy to her notice. Little she thought, etc., etc.

In fact the spiteful creature, propitiating her natural sense of justice by hinting instead of plainly suggesting injurious conclusions, was paying me back for my imagined participation in the impertinences of Clara. She had besides, as I learned afterwards, greatly resented the trouble I had caused of late.

Brotherton struck in as soon as his father had ceased questioning her.

"At all events, if he believed the sword was his, why did he not go and represent the case to you, sir, and request justice from you? Since then he has had opportunity enough. His tale has taken too long to hatch."

"This is all very paltry," I said.

"Not so paltry as your contriving to sleep in the house in order to carry off your host's property in the morning—after studying the place to discover which room would suit your purpose best."

Here I lost my presence of mind. A horror struck me lest something might come out to injure Mary, and I shivered at the thought of her name being once mentioned along with mine. If I had taken a moment to reflect, I must have seen that I should only add to the danger by what I was about to say. But her form was so inextricably associated in my mind with all that had happened then, that it seemed as if the slightest allusion to any event of that night would inevitably betray her; and in the tremor which, like an electric shock, passed through me from head to foot, I brunted out words importing that I had never slept in the house in my life.

"Your room was got ready for you, anyhow, Master Cumbermede," said Mrs. Wilson.

"It does not follow that I occupied it," I returned.

"I can prove that false," said Brotherton; but probably lest he should be required to produce his witness, only added,—*"At all events, he was seen in the morning, carrying the sword across the court before any one had been admitted."*

I was silent; for I now saw too clearly that I had made a dreadful blunder, and that any attempt to carry assertion further, or even to explain away my words, might be to challenge the very discovery I would have given my life to ward off.

As I continued silent, steeling myself to endure, and saying to myself that disgrace was not dishonor, Sir Giles again rose, and turned to leave the room. Evidently he was now satisfied that I was unworthy of confidence.

"One moment, if you please, Sir Giles," I said. "It is plain to me there is some mystery about this affair, and it does not seem as if I should be able to clear it up. The time may come, however, when I can. I did wrong, I see now, in attempting to right myself instead of representing my case to you. But that does not alter the fact that the sword was and

is mine, however appearances may be to the contrary. In the meantime, I restore you the scabbard, and as soon as I reach home, I shall send my man with the disputed weapon."

"It will be your better way," he said, as he took the sheath from my hand.

Without another word, he left the room. Mrs. Wilson also retired. Brotherton alone remained. I took no further notice of him, but followed Sir Giles through the armory. He came after me, step for step, at a little distance, and as I stepped out into the gallery, said in a tone of insulting politeness:

"You will send the sword as soon as may be quite convenient, Mr. Cumbermede? Or shall I send and fetch it?"

I turned and faced him in the dim light which came up from the hall.

"Mr. Brotherton, if you knew that book and those weapons as early as you have just said, you cannot help knowing that at that time the sword was *not* there."

"I decline to reopen the question," he said.

A fierce word leaped to my lips, but repressing it, I turned away once more, and walked slowly down the stair, across the hall, and out of the house.

CHAPTER XLIV.

I PART WITH MY SWORD.

I MADE haste out of the park, but wandered up and down my own field for half an hour, thinking in what shape to put what had occurred before Charley. My perplexity arose not so much from the difficulty involved in the matter itself, as from my inability to fix my thoughts. My brain was for the time like an ever-revolving kaleidoscope, in which, however, there was but one fair color—the thought of Mary. Having at length succeeded in arriving at some conclusion, I went home, and would have despatched Styles at once with the sword, had not Charley already sent him off to the stable; so that I must wait.

"What *has* kept you so long, Wilfrid?" Charley asked as I entered.

"I've had a tremendous row with Brotherton," I answered.

"The brute! Is he there? I'm glad I was gone. What was it all about?"

"About that sword. It was very foolish of

me to take it without saying a word to Sir Giles."

"So it was," he returned. "I can't think how *you* could be so foolish!"

I could, well enough. What with the dream and the waking, I could think little about anything else; and only since the consequences had overtaken me, saw how unwisely I had acted. I now told Charley the greater part of the affair—omitting the false step I had made in saying I had not slept in the house; and also, still with the vague dread of leading to some discovery, omitting to report the treachery of Clara; for, if Charley should talk to her or Mary about it, which was possible enough, I saw several points where the danger would lie very close. I simply told him that I had found Brotherton in the armory, and reported what followed between us. I did not at all relish having now in my turn secrets from Charley, but my conscience did not trouble me about it, seeing it was for his sister's sake; and when I saw the rage of indignation into which he flew, I was, if possible, yet more certain I was right. I told him I must go and find Styles, that he might take the sword at once; but he started up, saying he would carry it back himself, and at the same time take his leave of Sir Giles, whose house of course he could never enter again after the way I had been treated in it. I saw this would lead to a rupture with the whole family, but I should not regret that, for there could be no advantage to Mary either in continuing her intimacy, such as it was, with Clara, or in making further acquaintance with Brotherton. The time of their departure was also close at hand, and might be hastened without necessarily involving much of the unpleasant. Also, if Charley broke with them at once, there would be the less danger of his coming to know that I had not given him all the particulars of my discomfiture: If he were to find I had told a falsehood, how could I explain to him why I had done so? This arguing on probabilities made me feel like a culprit who has to protect himself by concealment; but I will not dwell upon my discomfort in the half duplicity thus forced upon me. I could not help it. I got down the sword, and together we looked at it for the first and

last time. I found the description contained in the book perfectly correct. The upper part was inlaid with gold in a Greekish pattern crossed by the initials W. C. I gave it up to Charley with a sigh of submission to the inevitable, and having accompanied him to the park-gate, roamed my field again until his return.

He rejoined me in a far quieter mood, and for a moment or two I was silent with the terror of learning that he had become acquainted with my unhappy blunder. After a little pause, he said,

"I'm very sorry I didn't see Brotherton. I should have liked just a word or two with him."

"It's just as well not," I said. "You would only have made another row. Didn't you see any of them?"

"I saw the old man. He seemed really cut up about it, and professed great concern. He didn't even refer to you by name—and spoke only in general terms. I told him you were incapable of what was laid to your charge; that I had not the slightest doubt of your claim to the sword,—your word being enough for me—and that I trusted time would right you. I went too far there, however, for I haven't the slightest hope of anything of the sort."

"How did he take all that?"

"He only smiled—incredulously and sadly,—so that I couldn't find it in my heart to tell him all my mind. I only insisted on my own perfect confidence in you. I'm afraid I made a poor advocate, Wilfrid. Why should I mind his gray hairs where justice was concerned? I am afraid I was false to you, Wilfrid."

"Nonsense; you did just the right thing, old boy. Nobody could have done better."

"Do you think so? I am *so* glad! I have been feeling ever since as if I ought to have gone into a rage, and shaken the dust of the place from my feet for a witness against the whole nest of them! But somehow I couldn't—what with the honest face and the sorrowful look of the old man."

"You are always too much of a partisan, Charley; I don't mean so much in your actions—for this very one disproves that—but in your notions of obligation. You forget

that you had to be just to Sir Giles as well as to me, and that he must be judged—not by the absolute facts of the case, but by what appeared to him to be the facts. He could not help misjudging me. But you ought to help misjudging him. So you see your behavior was guided by an instinct or a soul, or what you will, deeper than your judgment."

"That may be—but he ought to have known you better than believe you capable of misconduct."

"I don't know that. He had seen very little of me. But I dare say he puts it down to cleptomania. I think he will be kind enough to give the ugly thing a fine name for my sake. Besides, he must hold either by his son or by me."

"That's the worst that can be said on my side of the question. He must by this time be aware that that son of his is nothing better than a low scoundrel."

"It takes much to convince a father of such an unpleasant truth as that, Charley."

"Not much, if my experience goes for anything."

"I trust it is not typical, Charley."

"I suppose you're going to stand up for Geoffrey next?"

"I have no such intention. But if I did, it would be but to follow your example. We seem to change sides every now and then. You remember how you used to defend Clara when I expressed my doubts about her."

"And wasn't I right? Didn't you come over to my side?"

"Yes, I did," I said, and hastened to change the subject; adding, "As for Geoffrey, there is room enough to doubt whether he believes what he says, and that makes a serious difference. In thinking over the affair since you left me, I have discovered further grounds for questioning his truthfulness."

"As if that were necessary!" he exclaimed with an accent of scorn.—"But tell me what you mean," he added.

"In turning the thing over in my mind, this question has occurred to me.—He read from the manuscript, that on the blade of the sword, near the hilt, were the initials of Wil-

frid Cumbermede. Now, if the sword had never been drawn from the scabbard, how was that to be known to the writer?"

"Perhaps it was written about that time," said Charley.

"No; the manuscript was evidently written some considerable time after. It refers to tradition concerning it."

"Then the writer knew it by tradition."

The moment Charley's logical faculty was excited, his perception was impartial.

"Besides," he went on, "it does not follow that the sword had really never been drawn before. Mr. Close even may have done so, for his admiration was apparently quite as much for weapons themselves as for their history. Clara could hardly have drawn it as she did, if it had not been meddled with before."

The terror lest he should ask me how I came to carry it home without the scabbard, hurried my objection.

"That supposition, however, would only imply that Brotherton might have learned the fact from the sword itself, not from the book. I should just like to have one peep of the manuscript to see whether what he read was all there?"

"Or any of it, for that matter," said Charley. "Only it would have been a more tremendous risk than I think he would have run."

"I wish I had thought of it sooner, though."

My suspicion was that Clara had examined the blade thoroughly, and given him a full description of it. He *might*, however, have been at the Hall on some previous occasion, without my knowledge, and might have seen the half-drawn blade on the wall, examined it, and pushed it back into the sheath; which might have so far loosened the blade, that Clara was afterwards able to draw it herself. I was all but certain by this time that it was no other than she that had laid it on my bed. But then why had she drawn it? Perhaps that I might leave proof of its identity behind me—for the carrying out of her treachery, whatever the object of it might be. But this opened a hundred questions not to be discussed, even in silent thought, in the presence of another.

"Did you see your mother, Charley?" I asked.

"No. I thought it better not to trouble her. They are going to-morrow. Mary had persuaded her—why, I don't know—to return a day or two sooner than they had intended."

"I hope Brotherton will not succeed in prejudicing them against me."

"I wish that were possible," he answered. "But the time for prejudice is long gone by."

I could not believe this to be the case in respect to Mary; for I could not but think her favorably inclined to me.

"Still," I said, "I should not like their bad opinion of me to be enlarged as well as strengthened by the belief that I had attempted to steal Sir Giles's property. You *must* stand my friend there, Charley."

"Then you *do* doubt me, Wilfrid?"

"Not a bit, you foolish fellow."

"You know, I can't enter that house again, and I don't care about writing to my mother, for my father is sure to see it; but I will follow my mother and Mary the moment they are out of the grounds to-morrow, and soon see whether they've got the story by the right end."

The evening passed with me in alternate fits of fierce indignation and profound depression, for, while I was clear to my own conscience in regard of my enemies, I had yet thrown myself bound at their feet by my foolish lie; and I all but made up my mind to leave the country, and only return after having achieved such a position—of what sort I had no more idea than the school-boy before he sets himself to build a new castle in the air—as would buttress any assertion of the facts I might see fit to make in after years.

When we had parted for the night my brains began to go about, and the center of their gyration was not Mary now, but Clara. What could have induced her to play me false? All my vanity, of which I had enough, was insufficient to persuade me that it could be out of revenge for the gradual diminution of my attentions to her. She had seen me pay none to Mary, I thought, except she had caught a glimpse from the next room of the little passage of the ring, and that I did not believe. Neither did I believe she had ever

cared enough about me to be jealous of whatever attentions I might pay to another. But in all my conjectures, I had to confess myself utterly foiled. I could imagine no motive. Two possibilities alone, both equally improbable, suggested themselves—the one, that she did it for pure love of mischief, which, false as she was to me, I could not believe; the other, which likewise I rejected, that she wanted to ingratiate herself with Brotherton. I had still, however, scarcely a doubt that she had laid the sword on my bed. Trying to imagine a connection between this possible action and Mary's mistake, I built up a conjectural form of conjectural facts to this effect—that Mary had seen her go into my room; had taken it for the room she was to share with her, and had followed her either at once—in which case I supposed Clara to have gone out by the stair to the roof to avoid being seen—or afterwards, from some accident, without a light in her hand. But I do not care to set down more of my speculations, for none concerning this either were satisfactory to myself, and I remain almost as much in the dark to this day. In any case the fear remained that Clara must be ever on the borders of the discovery of Mary's secret, if indeed she did not know it already, which was a dreadful thought—more especially as I could place no confidence in her. I was glad to think, however, that they were to be parted so soon, and I had little fear of any correspondence between them.

The next morning Charley set out to waylay them at a certain point on their homeward journey. I did not propose to accompany him. I preferred having him speak for me first, not knowing how much they might have heard to my discredit, for it was far from probable the matter had been kept from them. After he had started, however, I could not rest, and for pure restlessness sent Styles to fetch my mare. The loss of my sword was a trifle to me now, but the proximity of the place where I should henceforth be regarded as what I hardly dared to realize, was almost unendurable. As if I had actually been guilty of what was laid to my charge, I longed to hide myself in some impenetrable depth, and kept looking out impatiently for Styles's return. At

length I caught sight of my Lilith's head rising white from the hollow in which the farm lay, and ran up to my room to make a little change in my attire. Just as I snatched my riding-whip from a hook by the window, I spied a horseman approaching from the direction of the park gates. Once more it was Mr. Coningham, riding hitherward from the windy trees. In no degree inclined to meet him, I hurried down the stair, and arriving at the very moment Styles drew up, sprang into the saddle, and would have galloped off in the opposite direction, confident that no horse of Mr. Coningham's could overtake my Lilith. But the moment I was in the saddle, I remembered there was a pile of books on the window-sill of my uncle's room, belonging to the library at the Hall, and I stopped a moment to give Styles the direction to take them home at once, and, having asked a word of Miss Pease, to request her, with my kind regards, to see them safely deposited amongst the rest. In consequence of this delay, just as I set off at full speed from the door, Mr. Coningham rode round the corner of the house.

"What a devil of a hurry you are in, Mr. Cumbermede!" he cried. "I was just coming to see you. Can't you spare me a word?"

I was forced to pull up, and reply as civilly as might be.

"I am only going for a ride," I said, "and will go part of your way with you if you like."

"Thank you. That will suit me admirably. I am going Gastford way. Have you ever been there?"

"No," I answered. "I have only just heard the name of the village."

"It is a pretty place. But there's the oddest old church you ever saw, within a couple of miles of it—alone in the middle of a forest—or at least it was a forest not long ago. It is mostly young trees now. There isn't a house within a mile of it, and the nearest stands as lonely as the church—quite a place to suit the fancy of a poet like you! Come along and see it. You may as well go one way as another, if you only want a ride."

"How far is it?" I asked.

"Only seven or eight miles across country: I can take you all the way through lanes and fields."

Perplexed or angry I was always disinclined for speech; and it was only after things had arranged themselves in my mind, or I had mastered my indignation, that I would begin to feel communicative. But something prudential inside warned me that I could not afford to lose any friend I had; and although I was not prepared to confide my wrongs to Mr. Coningham, I felt I might some day be glad of his counsel.

CHAPTER XLV.

UMBERDEN CHURCH.

My companion chatted away, lauded my mare, asked if I had seen Clara lately, and how the library was getting on. I answered him carelessly, without even a hint at my troubles.

"You seem out of spirits, Mr. Cumbermede," he said. "You've been taking too little exercise. Let's have a canter. It will do you good. Here's a nice bit of sward."

I was only too ready to embrace the excuse for dropping a conversation towards which I was unable to contribute my share.

Having reached a small roadside inn, we gave our horses a little refreshment; after which, crossing a field or two by jumping the stiles, we entered the loveliest lane I had ever seen. It was so narrow that there was just room for horses to pass each other, and covered with the greenest sward rarely trodden. It ran through the midst of a wilderness of tall hazels. They stood up on both sides of it, straight and trim as walls, high above our heads as we sat on our horses; and the lane was so serpentine, that we could never see farther than a few yards ahead; while, towards the end, it kept turning so much in one direction that we seemed to be following the circumference of a little circle. It ceased at length at a small double-leaved gate of iron, to which we tied our horses before entering the church-yard. But instead of a neat burial-place, which the whole approach would have given us to expect, we found a desert. The grass was of extraordinary coarseness, and mingled with quantities of vile-looking weeds. Several of the graves had not even a spot of green upon them, but were mere heaps of

yellow earth in huge lumps, mixed with large stones. There was not above a score of graves in the whole place, two or three of which only had gravestones on them. One lay open, with the rough yellow lumps all about it, and completed the desolation. The church was nearly square—small, and shapeless, with but four latticed windows, two on one side, one in the other, and the fourth in the east end. It was built partly of bricks and partly of flint stones, the walls bowed and bent, and the roof waved and broken. Its old age had gathered none of the graces of age to soften its natural ugliness, or elevate its insignificance. Except a few lichens, there was not a mark of vegetation about it. Not a single ivy-leaf grew on its spotted and wasted walls. It gave a hopeless, pagan expression to the whole landscape—for it stood on a rising ground from which we had an extensive prospect of height and hollow, corn-field and pasture and wood, away to the dim blue horizon.

"You don't find it enlivening, do you—eh?" said my companion.

"I never saw such a frightfully desolate spot," I said, "to have yet the appearance of a place of Christian worship. It looks as if there were a curse upon it. Are all those the graves of suicides and murderers? It cannot surely be consecrated ground."

"It's not nice," he said. "I didn't expect you to like it. I only said it was odd."

"Is there any service held in it?" I asked.

"Yes—once a fortnight or so. The rector has another living a few miles off."

"Where can the congregation come from?"

"Hardly from anywhere. There ain't generally more than five or six, I believe. Let's have a look at the inside of it."

"The windows are much too high, and no foothold."

"We'll go in."

"Where can you get the key? It must be a mile off at least, by your own account. There's no house nearer than that, you say."

He made me no reply, but going to the only flat gravestone, which stood on short thick pillars, he put his hand beneath it, and drew out a great rusty key.

"Country lawyers know a secret or two," he said.

"Not always much worth knowing," I rejoined, "if the inside be no better than the outside."

"We'll have a look, anyhow," he said, as he turned the key in the dry lock.

The door snarled on its hinges and disclosed a space drearier certainly, and if possible uglier, than its promise.

"Really, Mr. Coningham," I said, "I don't see why you should have brought me to look at this place."

"It answered for a bait, at all events. You've had a good long ride, which was the best thing for you. Look what a wretched little vestry that is!"

It was but a corner of the east end, divided off by a faded red curtain.

"I suppose they keep a parish register here," he said. "Let's have a look."

Behind the curtain hung a dirty surplice and a gown. In the corner stood a desk like the schoolmaster's in a village school. There was a shelf with a few vellum-bound books on it, and nothing else, not even a chair, in the place.

"Yes; there they are!" he said, as he took down one of the volumes from the shelf. "This one comes to a close in the middle of the last century. I dare say there is something in this now that would be interesting enough to somebody. Who knows how many properties it might make change hands?"

"Not many, I should think. Those matters are pretty well seen to now."

"By some one or other—not always the rightful heirs. Life is full of the strangest facts, Mr. Cumbermede. If I were a novelist now, like you, my experience would make me dare a good deal more in the way of invention than any novelist I happen to have read. Look there, for instance!"

He pointed to the top of the last page, or, rather, the last half of the cover. I read as follows:

MARRIAGES, 1748.

"Mr. Wilfrid Cumbermede Daryll, of the Parish of —, second son of Sir Richard Daryll of Moldwarp Hall in the County of —, and Mistress Elizabeth Woodruffe were married by a license Jan^y. 15."

"I don't know the name of Daryll," I said.

"It was your own great-grandfather's name," he returned. "I happen to know that much."

"You knew this was here, Mr. Coningham," I said. "That is why you brought me."

"You are right. I did know it. Was I wrong in thinking it would interest you?"

"Certainly not. I am obliged to you. But why this mystery? Why not have told me what you wanted me to go for."

"I will why you in turn. Why should I have wanted to show you now more than any other time what I have known for as many years almost as you have lived? You spoke of a ride—why shouldn't I give a direction to it that might pay you for your trouble? And why shouldn't I have a little amusement out of it if I pleased? Why shouldn't I enjoy your surprise at finding in a place you had hardly heard of, and would certainly count most uninteresting, the record of a fact that concerned your own existence so nearly? There!"

"I confess it interests me more than you will easily think—inasmuch as it seems to offer to account for things that have greatly puzzled me for some time. I have of late met with several hints of a connection at one time or other between the Moat and the Hall, but these hints were so isolated that I could weave no theory to connect them. Now I dare say they will clear themselves up."

"Not a doubt of that, if you set about it in earnest."

"How did he come to drop his surname?"

"That has to be accounted for."

"It follows—does it not?—that I am of the same blood as the present possessors of Moldwarp Hall?"

"You are—but the relation is not a close one," said Mr. Coningham. "Sir Giles was but distantly related to the stock of which you come."

"Then—but I must turn it over in my mind. I am rather in a maze."

"You have got some papers at the Moat?" he said—interrogatively.

"Yes; my friend Osborne has been looking over them. He found out this much—

that there was once some connection between the Moat and the Hall, but at a far earlier date than this points to, or any of the hints to which I just now referred. The other day, when I dined at Sir Giles's, Mr. Alderforge said that Cumbermede was a name belonging to Sir Giles's ancestry—or something to that effect; but that again could have had nothing to do with those papers, or with the Moat at all."

Here I stopped, for I could not bring myself to refer to the sword. It was not merely that the subject was too painful: of all things I did not want to be cross-questioned by my lawyer-companion.

"It is not amongst those you will find anything of importance, I suspect. Did your great-grandmother—the same, no doubt, whose marriage is here registered—leave no letters or papers behind her?"

"I've come upon a few letters. I don't know if there is anything more."

"You haven't read them, apparently."

"I have not. I've been always going to read them, but I haven't opened one of them yet."

"Then I recommend you—that is, if you care for an interesting piece of family history—to read those letters carefully, that is, constructively."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—putting two and two together, and seeing what comes of it; trying to make everything fit into one, you know."

"Yes. I understand you. But how do you happen to know that those letters contain a history, or that it will prove interesting when I have found it?"

"All family history ought to be interesting—at least to the last of his race," he returned, replying only to the latter half of my question. "It must, for one thing, make him feel his duty to his ancestors more strongly."

"His duty to marry, I suppose you mean?" I said with some inward bitterness. "But to tell the truth, I don't think the inheritance worth it, in my case."

"It might be better," he said, with an expression which seemed odd beside the simplicity of the words.

"Ah! you think then to urge me to make

money ; and for the sake of my dead ancestors increase the inheritance of those that may come after me ? But I believe I am already as diligent as is good for me—that is, in the main, for I have been losing time of late.”

“I meant no such thing, Mr. Cumbermede. I should be very doubtful whether any amount of success in literature would enable you to restore the fortunes of your family.”

“Were they so very ponderous, do you think ? But in truth I have little ambition of that sort. All I will readily confess to is a strong desire not to shirk what work falls to my share in the world.”

“Yes,” he said, in a thoughtful manner—“if one only knew what his share of the work was.”

The remark was unexpected, and I began to feel a little more interest in him.

“Hadh’n you better take a copy of that entry ?” he said.

“Yes—perhaps I had. But I have no materials.”

It did not strike me that attorneys do not usually, like excisemen, carry about an ink-bottle, when he drew one from the breast-pocket of his coat, along with a folded sheet of writing-paper, which he opened and spread out on the desk. I took the pen he offered me, and copied the entry.

When I had finished, he said—

“Leave room under it for the attestation of the parson. We can get that another time, if necessary. Then write under it, ‘Copied by me’—and then your name and the date. It may be useful some time. Take it home and lay it with your grandmother’s papers.”

“There can be no harm in that,” I said, as I folded it up, and put it in my pocket. “I am greatly obliged to you for bringing me here, Mr. Coningham. Though I am not ambitious of restoring the family to a grandeur of which every record has departed, I am quite sufficiently interested in its history, and shall consequently take care of this document.”

“Mind you read your grandmother’s papers, though,” he said.

“I will,” I answered.

He replaced the volume on the shelf, and we left the church ; he locked the door and

replaced the key under the gravestone ; we mounted our horses, and after riding with me about half the way to the Moat, he took his leave at a point where our roads diverged. I resolved to devote that very evening, partly in the hope of distracting my thoughts, to the reading of my grandmother’s letters.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MY FOLIO.

WHEN I reached home I found Charley there, as I had expected.

But a change had again come over him. He was nervous, restless, apparently anxious. I questioned him about his mother and sister. He had met them as planned, and had, he assured me, done his utmost to impress them with the truth concerning me. But he had found his mother incredulous, and had been unable to discover from her how much she had heard ; while Mary maintained an obstinate silence, and, as he said, looked more stupid than usual. He did not tell me that Clara had accompanied them so far, and that he had walked with her back to the entrance of the park. This I heard afterwards. When we had talked a while over the sword-business—for we could not well keep off it long—Charley seeming all the time more uncomfortable than ever, he said, perhaps merely to turn the talk into a more pleasant channel—

“By the way, where have you put your folio ? I’ve been looking for it ever since I came in, but I can’t find it. A new reading started up in my head the other day, and I want to try it both with the print and the context.”

“It’s in my room,” I answered. “I will go and fetch it.”

“We will go together,” he said.

I looked where I thought I had laid it, but there it was not. A pang of foreboding terror invaded me. Charley told me afterwards that I turned as white as a sheet. I looked everywhere, but in vain ; ran and searched my uncle’s room, and then Charley’s, but still in vain ; and at last, all at once, remembered with certainty that two nights before I had laid it on the window-sill in my uncle’s room. I shouted for Styles, but he was gone home with the mare, and I had to wait, in little short

of agony, until he returned. The moment he entered, I began to question him.

"You took those books home, Styles?" I said, as quietly as I could, anxious not to startle him, lest it should interfere with the just action of his memory.

"Yes, sir. I took them at once, and gave them into Miss Pease's own hands; at least I suppose it was Miss Pease. She wasn't a young lady, sir."

"All right, I daresay. How many were there of them?"

"Six, sir."

"I told you five," I said, trembling with apprehension and wrath.

"You said four or five, and I never thought but the six were to go. They were all together on the window-sill."

I stood speechless. Charley took up the question.

"What sized books were they?" he asked.

"Pretty biggish—one of them quite a large one—the same I've seen you, gentlemen, more than once, putting your heads together over. At least it looked like it."

Charley started up and began pacing about the room. Styles saw he had committed some dreadful mistake, and began a blundering expression of regret, but neither of us took any notice of him, and he crept out in dismay.

It was some time before either of us could utter a word. The loss of the sword was a trifle to this. Beyond a doubt the precious tome was now lying in the library of Moldwarp Hall—amongst old friends and companions, possibly—where years might elapse before one loving hand would open it, or any eyes gaze on it with reverence.

"Lost, Charley!" I said at last.—"Irrecoverably lost!"

"I will go and fetch it," he cried, starting up. "I will tell Clara to bring it out to me. It is beyond endurance this. Why should you not go and claim what both of us can take our oath to as yours?"

"You forget, Charley, how the sword affair cripples us—and how the claiming of this volume would only render their belief with regard to the other the more probable. You forget, too, that I *might* have placed it in the chest first, and above all that the

name on the title-page is the same as the initials on the blade of the sword,—the same as my own."

"Yes—I see it won't do. And yet if I were to represent the thing to Sir Giles?—He doesn't care for old books——"

"You forget, again, Charley, that the volume is of great money-value. Perhaps my late slip has made me fastidious—but though the book be mine—and if I had it, the proof of the contrary would lie with them—I could not take advantage of Sir Giles's ignorance to recover it."

"I might, however, get Clara—she is a favorite with him, you know——"

"I will not hear of it," I said, interrupting him, and he was forced to yield.

"No, Charley," I said again; "I must just bear it. Harder things *have* been borne, and men have got through the world and out of it notwithstanding. If there isn't another world, why should we care much for the loss of what *must* go with the rest?—and if there is, why should we care at all?"

"Very fine, Wilfrid! but when you come to the practice—why, the less said the better."

"But that is the very point: we don't come to the practice. If we did, then the ground of it would be proved unobjectionable."

"True;—but if the practice be unattainable——"

"It would take much proving to prove that to my—*dissatisfaction*, I should say; and more failure besides, I can tell you, than there will be time for in this world. If it were proved, however—don't you see it would disprove both suppositions equally? If such a philosophical spirit be unattainable, it discredits both sides of the alternative on either of which would it have been reasonable."

"There is a sophism there, of course, but I am not in the mood for pulling your logic to pieces," returned Charley, still pacing up and down the room.

In sum, nothing would come of all our talk but the assurance that the volume was equally irrecoverable with the sword, and indeed with my poor character—at least in the eyes of my immediate neighbors.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE LETTERS AND THEIR STORY.

As soon as Charley went to bed, I betook myself to my grandmother's room, in which, before discovering my loss, I had told Styles to kindle a fire. I had said nothing to Charley about my ride, and the old church, and the marriage-register. For the time, indeed, I had almost lost what small interest I had taken in the matter—my new bereavement was so absorbing and painful; but feeling certain when he left me that I should not be able to sleep, but would be tormented all night by innumerable mental mosquitoes if I made the attempt, and bethinking me of my former resolution, I proceeded to carry it out.

The fire was burning brightly, and my reading lamp was on the table, ready to be lighted. But I sat down first in my grandmother's chair and mused for I know not how long. At length my wandering thoughts rehearsed again the excursion of Mr. Coningham. I pulled the copy of the marriage-entry from my pocket, and in reading it over again, my curiosity was sufficiently roused to send me to the bureau. I lighted my lamp at last, unlocked what had seemed to my childhood a treasury of unknown marvels, took from it the packet of yellow, withered letters, and sat down again by the fire to read, in my great-grandmother's chair, the letters of Wilfrid Cumbermede Daryll—for so he signed himself in all of them—my great-grandfather. There were amongst them a few of her own in reply to his—badly written and badly spelt, but perfectly intelligible. I will not transcribe any of them—I have them to show if needful—but not at my command at the present moment;—for I am writing neither where I commenced my story—on the outskirts of an ancient city, nor at the Moat, but in a dreary old square in London; and those letters lie locked again in the old bureau, and have lain unvisited through thousands of desolate days and slow creeping nights, in that room which I cannot help feeling sometimes as if the ghost of that high-spirited, restless-hearted grandmother of mine must now and then revisit, sitting in the same old chair, and wondering to find how far it has all receded from her—wondering also to think what a

work she made, through her long and weary life, about things that look to her now such trifles.

I do not then transcribe any of the letters, but give, in a connected form, what seem to me the facts I gathered from them; not hesitating to present, where they are required, self-evident conclusions as if they were facts mentioned in them. I repeat that none of my names are real, although they all point at the real names.

Wilfrid Cumbermede was the second son of Richard and Mary Daryll of Moldwarp Hall. He was baptized Cumbermede from the desire to keep in memory the name of a celebrated ancestor, the owner in fact of the disputed sword—itself alluded to in the letters,—who had been more mindful of the supposed rights of his king than the next king was of the privations undergone for his sake, for Moldwarp Hall at least was never recovered from the roundhead branch of the family into whose possession it had drifted. In the change, however, which creeps on with new generations, there had been in the family a reaction of sentiment in favor of the more distinguished of its progenitors; and Richard Daryll, a man of fierce temper and overbearing disposition, had named his son after the cavalier. A tyrant in his family, at least in the judgment of the writers of those letters, he apparently found no trouble either with his wife or his eldest or youngest son; while, whether his own fault or not, it was very evident that from Wilfrid his annoyances had been numerous.

A legal feud had for some time existed between the Ahab of Moldwarp Hall and the Naboth of the Moat, the descendant of an ancient yeoman family of good blood, and indeed related to the Darylls themselves, of the name of Woodruffe. Sir Richard had cast covetous eyes upon the field surrounding Stephen's comparatively humble abode, which had at one time formed a part of the Moldwarp property. In searching through some old parchments, he had found, or rather, I suppose, persuaded himself he had found sufficient evidence that this part of the property of the Moat, then of considerable size, had been willed away in contempt of the entail

which covered it, and belonged by right to himself and his heirs. He had therefore instituted proceedings to recover possession, during the progress of which their usual bickerings and disputes augmented in fierceness. A decision having at length been given in favor of the weaker party, the mortification of Sir Richard was unendurable to himself, and his wrath and unreasonableness, in consequence, equally unendurable to his family. One may then imagine the paroxysm of rage with which he was seized when he discovered that, during the whole of the legal process, his son Wilfrid had been making love to Elizabeth Woodruffe, the only child of his enemy. In Wilfrid's letters, the part of the story which follows is fully detailed for Elizabeth's information, of which the reason is also plain—that the writer had spent such a brief period afterwards in Elizabeth's society, that he had not been able for very shame to recount the particulars.

No sooner had Sir Richard come to a knowledge of the hateful fact, evidently through one of his servants, than, suppressing the outburst of his rage for the moment, he sent for his son Wilfrid, and informed him, his lips quivering with suppressed passion, of the discovery he had made; accused him of having brought disgrace on the family, and of having been guilty of falsehood and treachery; and ordered him to go down on his knees and abjure the girl before heaven, or expect a father's vengeance.

But evidently Wilfrid was as little likely as any man to obey such a command. He boldly avowed his love for Elizabeth, and declared his intention of marrying her. His father, foaming with rage, ordered his servants to seize him. Overmastered in spite of his struggles, he bound him to a pillar, and taking a horse-whip, lashed him furiously; then, after his rage was thus in a measure appeased, ordered them to carry him to his bed. There he remained, hardly able to move, the whole of that night and the next day. On the following night he made his escape from the Hall, and took refuge with a farmer-friend a few miles off—in the neighborhood, probably, of Umberden church.

Here I would suggest a conjecture of my

own—namely, that my ancestor's room was the same I had occupied, so—fatally, shall I say?—to myself, on the only two occasions on which I had slept at the Hall; that he escaped by the stair to the roof, having first removed the tapestry from the door, as a memorial to himself and a sign to those he left; that he carried with him the sword and the volume—both probably lying in his room at the time, and the latter little valued by any other. But all this, I repeat, is pure conjecture.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, he communicated with Elizabeth, prevailed upon her to marry him at once at Umberden church, and within a few days, as near as I could judge, left her to join, as a volunteer, the army of the Duke of Cumberland, then fighting the French in the Netherlands. Probably, from a morbid fear lest the disgrace his father's brutality had inflicted should become known in his regiment, he dropped the surname of Daryll when he joined it; and—for what precise reasons I cannot be certain—his wife evidently never called herself by any other name than Cumbermede. Very likely she kept her marriage a secret, save from her own family, until the birth of my grandfather, which certainly took place before her husband's return. Indeed I am almost sure that he never returned from that campaign, but died fighting, not unlikely at the battle of Laffeldt; and that my grannie's letters, which I found in the same packet, had been, by the kindness of some comrade, restored to the young widow.

When I had finished reading the letters, and had again thrown myself back in the old chair, I began to wonder why nothing of all this should ever have been told me. That the whole history should have dropped out of the knowledge of the family would have been natural enough, had my great-grandmother, as well as my great-grandfather, died in youth; but that she should have outlived her son, dying only after I, the representative of the fourth generation, was a boy at school, and yet no whisper have reached me of these facts, appeared strange. A moment's reflection showed me that the causes and the reasons of the fact must have lain with my uncle. I could not but

remember how both he and my aunt had sought to prevent me from seeing my grannie alone, and how the last had complained of this in terms far more comprehensible to me now than they were then. But what could have been the reasons for this their obstruction of the natural flow of tradition? They remained wrapt in a mystery which the outburst from it of an occasional gleam of congenial light only served to deepen.

The letters lying open on the table before me, my eyes rested upon one of the dates—the third day of March, 1747. It struck me that this date involved a discrepancy with that of the copy I had made from the register. I referred to it, and found my suspicion correct. According to the copy, my ancestors

were not married until the 15th of January, 1748. I must have made a blunder—and yet I could hardly believe I had, for I had reason to consider myself accurate. If there *was* no mistake, I should have to reconstruct my facts, and draw fresh conclusions.

By this time, however, I was getting tired and sleepy and cold; my lamp was nearly out; my fire was quite gone; and the first of a frosty dawn was beginning to break in the east. I rose and replaced the papers, reserving all further thought on the matter for a condition of circumstances more favorable to a correct judgment. I blew out the lamp, groped my way to bed in the dark, and was soon fast asleep, in despite of insult, mortification, perplexity, and loss.

(To be continued.)

IN THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS.

It seems to be growing dark.

The train is running slow,

But the car-wheels rumble so!

I'm in such a haste to get home!

For my wife has a terrible pain in her head,
And may not live till I come.

Who is that, there at the foot of my bed?
And there on the mantel, click, click, click—
I wonder if I've been sick?

I don't feel anything much like pain,
But, now I remember, the other day
A windmill got in my head some way,
And its fans wheel round and round in my brain.

Why, what have I done? You needn't smile!
I take queer notions once-in-a-while,
But you see I'm perfectly sane;
And, come to think of it again,
It wasn't a windmill, after all:
Only some sand got into my blood.
It's been rushing along my veins for hours,
And it grates and grinds and rubs and scours,
Till now, it wouldn't be strange to find
It had worn some holes in my mind.
How did it get there? Sure enough!
But it's very volatile stuff,

And I think I got it in my food.
 Why yes! of course! the other day
 They gave me a piece of toasted brick;
 And for hours and hours, I should think, it lay
 In my stomach, and felt so hard and rough,
 'Twould have made a well man sick.

Just look at those awkward curtain strings,
 They hang to one side, and the curtain's awry.
 Couldn't you fix them if you should try?
 What makes them so careless about such things?

Some laudanum for me to take!
 Ha! ha! But that is an odd mistake.
 The sick man's there at the foot of the bed;
 And he groans and tosses and tumbles about—
 I really wish you would take him out;
 For, you see, he is out of his head,
 And when a man's head is a little light,
 It's queer what silly speeches he'll make;
 And with this and that he has kept me awake
 For more than half of the night.

And another thing, let me tell you, I—
 Stoop, and let me speak in your ear,
 I wouldn't for anything have *him* hear—
 THAT MAN IS GOING TO DIE!

I could sleep, perhaps, but that terrible clock
 Rings like a wood-chopper's axe in the wood;
 And the blood in my veins pounds on with a shock
 Like sea-waves breaking against the rock.

I don't understand you; what did you say?
 I can't any longer see your face,
 And your eyes seem a million miles away.
 I think I am going—to sleep—
 Call me—at five—in that case.

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 What wonderful shadows, heavy and deep,
 Spin round each other, and crawl and creep!
 They vanish and gather, they pause and glide,
 And dash into mist as they break on me,
 Widening out in quivering rings,
 While low and lower, I slip and slide
 In the fathomless depths of an unknown sea,—
 A region of shapeless, nebulous things,
 A boundless, soundless ocean of air.
 I lose the notion of change and place,
 My body becomes a point in space,
 While I—I seem to be everywhere!

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THE Christian gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article died at Lucerne, in Switzerland, August 26, of typhoid fever, at the age of fifty years. It is hard to speak the fitting eulogy of such a man, because those who did not know him well while living will deem such eulogy extravagant, and those who did will deem the most extravagant praise incompetent and tame. His acquaintances were his friends, and his friends were his brothers. Kind, genial, hearty, faithful, noble and true, he held no relation in life which he did not illustrate with eminent virtues and graces, and no position that he did not adorn with manliness and honor. His associates in business lament his loss as if he had been their father or their elder brother, and his family mourn for him as one who united the strength of paternal affection for them with the ardent, tender, and wholly devoted love of a mother.

Few publishers, as matters go in America, have been able to bring to their business the education and culture which enabled Mr. Scribner to achieve his large success. Indeed, his education was for the law; but he entered early into the publishing business with Isaac D. Baker, and from 1846 until the day of his death, through several changes of business partnership, his history as a publisher has been one of steady growth, so that at last he found himself at the head of one of the largest and most important publishing houses in the United States.

The relations that existed between him and those authors for whom he published were the most cordial that can be imagined. Every author who had these relations with him must feel personally bereft by his death, for he was social and brotherly and considerate, almost beyond parallel. The hand that writes this article will ache with its sense of emptiness through life for lack of the strong grasp that told of a friendship stronger than life and more enduring. Willis, Morris, Headley, Mitchell, Dr. Bushnell, President Porter, the Alexanders, Dr. Schaff, Dr. Shedd—these and multitudes of others found their way to the public through him; and writers universally felt that his name was a most honorable indorsement. When this magazine was projected, his name was given to it as the most hearty expression which his business associates could make of the honor in which they held him, and the title will be continued as a living monumental tribute to his memory. His relations with English authors were very pleasant, many of whom he knew personally during his frequent visits to the old world.

Mr. Scribner's literary judgment was remarkable in many ways. Probably no other publisher living, who has done an equal amount of business, has done it with fewer mistakes. His kindness of heart sometimes led him to undertake projects that his judgment condemned, but he never felt certain of a book that did not succeed. His instincts and insight were very re-

markable. His knowledge of the public taste and the public want was so complete, and his insight into a new book so quick, that he seemed to know at once what could be done with everything that was offered. While disliking the details of business, and shunning contact with the asperities of trade, his ideas and plans of business were large, far-sighted, and comprehensive and liberal in a very eminent degree.

In our November number we propose to present our readers with his portrait, as the frontispiece of the new volume. In the mean time let us remember him as he sat on a memorable evening, a year ago, at the head of his own table with those who were interested in this magazine—publishers, editors and writers before and around him, radiant with hope and hearty hospitality. There he sits in our memory still, and presides over us all at our monthly banquets.

SHEPHERDS AND THEIR FLOCKS.

A MISCHIEF-BREEDING mistake is made when pastors and people fail to establish and maintain between each other a business relation just as independent of the spiritual as it is possible to make it. The physician may be, and in multitudes of instances is, the dearest family friend; but he lives by his profession, and his services have a recognized money value which he expects to receive without a question. He would prefer, perhaps, to render his services without reward, especially to those whom he loves; but he has mouths to feed and provision to make for rainy days, and for the days of helplessness that come at last to all. So, though love and sympathy, and self-denial for love and sympathy's sake may have actuated him in all his daily round of duty, he goes home at night, takes down his blotter, and enters his charges as formally as if he had been selling farm-produce or tin-ware.

There is a feeling in many parishes that it is a gift by whatsoever any pastor may be profited by them,—that a pastor earns nothing, and that in all things he is the beneficiary of the parish. To make this matter a thousand times worse, there are pastors not a few who take the position to which the parishes assign them, and assist in perpetuating the mistake. They are men whose hands are always open to receive whatever comes; who delight in donation parties, and who grasp right and left, with insatiable greed, at gifts. They become so mean-spirited that they do not like to pay for anything, and do not really think it right that they should be called upon to pay for anything. They are sponges upon their people and the community. Wherever they happen to be, they "lie down" on the brethren. There is nothing of value that they are not glad to receive, and there is nobody that they are not glad to be indebted to for favors. Sometimes they are extravagant, and have a graceless way of getting into debt, out of which they are helped yearly, and out of which they expect to be helped yearly. The abject meanness into which a pas-

tor can sink, and the corresponding and consequent powerlessness into which he can descend, find too frequent illustration among the American ministry. It is shocking and sickening that there are some men who seem forced by their parishes to live in this way, and it is still more disgusting to find men who seem tolerably comfortable and contented while living in this way. If a man is fit to preach, he is worth wages. If he is worth wages, they should be paid with all the business regularity that is demanded and enforced in business life. There is no man in the community who works harder for the money he receives than the faithful minister. There is no man—in whose work the community is interested—to whom regular wages, that shall not cost him a thought, are so important. Of what possible use in a pulpit can any man be whose weeks are frittered away in mean cares and dirty economies? Every month, or every quarter-day, every pastor should be sure that there will be placed in his hands, as his just wages, money enough to pay all his expenses. Then, without a sense of special obligation to anybody, he can preach the truth with freedom, and prepare for his public ministrations without distraction. Nothing more cruel to a pastor, or more disastrous to his work, can be done than to force upon him a feeling of dependence upon the charities of his flock. The office of such a man does not rise in dignity above that of a court-fool. He is the creature of the popular whim, and a preacher without influence to those who do not respect him or his office sufficiently to pay him the wages due to a man who devotes his life to them. Manliness cannot live in such a man, except it be in torture—a torture endured simply because there are others who depend upon the charities doled out to him.

Good, manly pastors and preachers do not want gifts: they want wages. It is not a kindness to eke out insufficient salaries by donation parties and by benefactions from the richer members of a flock. It is not a merit, as they seem to regard it, for parishes or individuals to do this. It is an acknowledgment of indebtedness which they are too mean to pay in a business way. The pastor needs it and they owe it, but they take to themselves the credit of benefactors, and place him in an awkward and a false position. The influence of this state of things upon the world that lies outside of the sphere of Christian belief and activity is bad beyond calculation. We have had enough of the patronage of Christianity by a half-scoffing, half-tolerating world. If Christians do not sufficiently recognize the legitimacy of the pastor's calling to render him fully his just wages, and to assist him to maintain his manly independence before the world, they must not blame the world for looking upon him with a contempt that forbids approach and precludes influence. The world will be quite ready to take the pastor at the valuation of his friends, and the religion he teaches at the price its professors are willing to pay, in a business way, for its ministry.

THE DIFFICULTY WITH DICKENS.

THE writer who praised Hawthorne's religion (at the expense of all church-going Christendom), by representing it to be so deep and broad that he could not bear to be fastened in by a pew-door, has been bothered, it appears, by some private questionings about the Christianity of Mr. Dickens, and has undertaken for the last time to answer such questionings. We are sorry that the lamented novelist is thus summarily judged, because it is possible that his eulogist may obtain suggestions from other pens that will materially assist him in putting the public mind to rest, and in establishing his own position. It is the misfortune of Mr. Dickens' defender that he lives only in a New England atmosphere, where, from time immemorial, the character of a man's faith has decided his reputation for Christianity. There are, however, even in New England, some who think that a man can make a profession of religion in a better place than in his last will and testament, and that there are higher evidences of Christianity than the use of the life of Jesus for artistic purposes. There are even in New England some who look to a man's life and works for evidences of his Christianity, and a few of these are reported to live in and around Boston. Indeed, until we saw this article, we had supposed that the writer was one of that number. "Was Charles Dickens a believer in our Saviour's life and teachings?" is the question which he attempts to answer. Now we beg the privilege of suggesting that it is not of the slightest consequence to the world or to Christianity whether Mr. Dickens believed in our Saviour's life and teachings or not. He could do that without having the belief of the least advantage to himself or his fellow-men. The devils believe—and—tremble. Have we any certificate that Mr. Dickens trembled? It should have gone as far as that, at least.

No; if Mr. Dickens was a Christian—and this after all is the real question that the world cares for—there must be better evidences of the fact than appears in the defense under consideration. If he was a Christian, he was fond during his life of Christian people. With as hearty a hatred of sectarianism and bigotry and cant as Mr. Dickens himself ever entertained, we declare in all candor that there are men and women in the world who are informed and moved by the spirit of the Master. They love mankind for His sake. They devote their lives and labors, and yield their hearts' best love to Him. They are pure and sweet and good. They live lives of prayer and benevolence. If Mr. Dickens was a Christian, he loved the society of these people, and was supremely interested in their aims and ends of life. When between these and those who so often invited him to the convivial table he was called upon to choose, he made a Christian choice. So his defender should not have been content to tell what Mr. Dickens believed, but he should have shown by his sympathies with Christian people that he possessed the Christian spirit. He should have shown how he always labored heart and hand with the Christian Church in every good work; how for that religion

which is the hope of the world he spent money and sacrificed time and talents, that its benign influence might be spread among the nations of the earth and the ignorant multitudes of his own nation. His ardent sympathy with Christian missions should have been brought forward, and his love and respect for Christian ministers, as displayed in his novels. If all this had been done, the question would have been more nearly settled than it is.

It may be suggested again that Mr. Dickens' friendliness to Christian reforms would do much, when properly presented, to establish his Christian character before the world.

In the long period of his literary life, during which he had the ear and the heart of the English-reading world, a million men and women—more or less—in Great Britain sank into the miserable grave of the drunkard. The liquor-fiend desolated the kingdom. He burnt up the health and the prosperity of the nation. He instigated murder, robbery, and all forms of cruel violence. He beat women and maimed little children, even before they were born. He assumed all seductive forms, and tempted the young to their ruin. Everywhere his work was degradation, desecration, and destruction. No pen can record—nay, no imagination can picture—the evils—the loathsome horrors—inflicted upon the British nation during those thirty years, by the demon of strong drink. To show how valiantly, how persistently, and how powerfully Mr. Dickens worked to stem the tide of intemperance in his own and other lands, to repeat his words of cheer to all who labored for the suppression of the great curse, to present his immaculate example of abstinence for the sake of one of the least of those who possibly might be helped by it, to picture the noble characters he has left upon his printed pages to represent his ideal temperance reformers—this would certainly be better than to tell what he believed, and would go to show something of the practical power of his belief.

Still again: Mr. Dickens lived during a period when the sanctities of Christian marriage were assailed by pretended revelations and infidel philosophies and bold beastliness. He belonged to a guild whose members had been conspicuously unhappy in their marriage relations. Hundreds of literary men and literary women had separated from their companions, and brought disgrace upon themselves, their class, and the sacred institution whose bonds they so lightly snapped asunder. To such lengths had one of them gone, that, after absorbing the lovely youth of his wife—nay, after having lived with her for twenty years, and seen pillowed in her maternal arms his large family of beautiful children, he decided that her nature was incompatible with his own, and that they must separate—a decision which seems so sadly cruel that we can find no words to give it fitting characterization. To be able to say that in such a time as this Mr. Dickens, though sorely tempted by his own temperament and by the circumstances in which he found himself, stood

with Christian resignation and Christian honor by his vows, would be grand indeed, and would do much to relieve his eulogist of future questions relating to the Christian character of his subject. We marvel that means of vindication so close at hand as these should have been entirely overlooked.

For thirty years we have been an interested reader and a devoted admirer of Charles Dickens. We believe we have appreciated his rare genius and all his good and noble impulses. Kind things have been said of him and his memory in this magazine, and it is only when his self-appointed champions insist on holding him up before the American people as a Christian saint that we feel compelled to protest. If Christianity is something to be bottled up in a last will and testament, or only used for the purposes of art and literature, it is very cheap stuff and is not really worth making much ado about. If it is something which softens, purifies, and elevates character, and reforms and regulates life, it is not at all necessary to inquire what a man believes. If Mr. Dickens yielded his life to the supreme control of Christian motives he was a Christian man; and, for the life of us, we do not see how he could have been otherwise. Nor do we see how we can do better in the attempt to determine this—and we are not responsible for this attempt—than to examine with the eye of common sense the manifestations and outcome of his life.

THE IMPROVED AMERICAN.

THOSE Americans who have traveled over Europe during the past three or four years, expecting to be shocked by the vulgar display of their countrymen and countrywomen, and shamed by their gaucheries, have been pleasantly surprised to find their expectations unrealized. The American in Europe is now a quiet person, who minds his own business, takes quickly to the best habits of the country in which he finds himself, pays his bills, and commands universal respect. The vulgar displays on the continent are now made mainly by men who were born there, and who, having made money in America, have returned to their early homes to show themselves and their wealth. These people do more to bring America into disrepute in Germany than all the native Americans have ever done; and many of them, we regret to say, have been sent there by the American government as consuls and other governmental agents whose end in securing such appointments was simply that of commanding respect and position in communities in which neither they nor their friends had ever had the slightest consideration. In railway carriages and diligences and steamers the American is always a courteous and well-behaved person, who bears with good-nature his full share of inconveniences, is heartily polite to ladies of all nationalities, is kind to children, and helpful to all. He and his wife and daughters are invariably more tastefully and appropriately dressed than their English fellow-travelers, and at the *table d'hôte* their manners are irreproachable, while very little that is pleasant

can be said of the "table manners" of the subjects of the Kaiser William. In brief, the traveling American is greatly improved, and it is time that he were relieved of the lampoons of ill-natured correspondents and penny-a-liners, and placed where he belongs—among the best bred of all those who are afloat upon the tide of travel.

Again, those who have visited the various American watering-places during the past season, have not failed to remark that a great change has occurred among the summer pleasure-seekers. At Newport and Saratoga the efforts at vulgar display, which were frequent during the last years of the war and the first of peace, have been entirely wanting. A "stunning toilet" was never trailed through the halls and parlor of the Ocean House but once,* by the same person, during the past season. The eminent respectability and quietness of the surroundings were such a rebuke that the wearer disappeared the next morning, or subsided into the universal tone. The vulgar love of the dance and the display which it involves, in all the popular places of resort, have almost entirely disappeared. With the most inspiring bands of music there has been no dancing during the season, except at the small family hotels in out-of-the-way places. Bathing, driving, walking, rowing, sailing, bowling, and croquet, and pic-nic have given a healthful tone to the sea-side and inland places of recreation, and dress and dancing have been at a discount. People speak of this change as if it were a fashion of the year, but in truth it is the evidence of an improvement in the national character and life. We are less children and more men and women than we were—finer and higher in our thoughts and tastes.

There are other signs of improvement in the American, and these relate mainly to the female side of the nation. The American woman has long been regarded by Europeans as the most beautiful woman in the world. This she is and has been for twenty-five years, without a doubt; and as the circumstances of her life become easier, her labor less severe, and her education better, she will be more beautiful still. America never possessed a more beautiful generation of women than she possesses to-day, and there is no doubt that the style of beauty is changing to a nobler type. The characteristic American woman of the present generation is larger than the characteristic American woman of the previous generation. It comes of better food, better clothing, better sleep, more fresh air, and less of hard work to mothers during those periods when their vitality is all demanded for their motherly functions. We venture to say that the remark has been made by

observers thousands of times during the past summer, at the various places of resort, that they had never seen so many large women together before. Indisputably they never had.

The same fact of physical improvement is not so apparent among the men, and the cause is not too far off to be found. It need not be alluded to, however, until something has been said about the reasons of the superior beauty of American women over those of other Christian nationalities. The typical American woman is not, and never has been, a beer-drinking or a wine-drinking woman; and to this fact mainly we attribute her wealth of personal loveliness. In America it has always been considered vulgar for a woman to be fond of stimulating liquors in any form, and horribly disgraceful for her to drink them habitually. As a rule, all over the country the American woman drinks nothing stronger than the decoctions of the tea-table, and those she is learning to shun. She is a being raised to maturity without a stimulant, and as this is the singular, distinguishing fact in her history, when we compare her with the woman of other nations, it is no more than fair to claim that it has much to do with her pre-eminence of physical beauty.

This will appear still more forcibly to be the case when we find that physical improvement in the American man is not so evident as it appears to be in his wife and sister. The American man is better housed, better clothed, and better fed than formerly, but his habits are not better. Our students are done with bran-bread and scant sleep, and are winning muscle and health in the gymnasium; but they smoke too much. The young men in business everywhere understand the laws of health and development better than the generation that preceded them, but they drink too much. This whole business of drinking is dwarfing the American man. It stupefies the brain and swells the bulk of the Englishman and the German, but it frets and rasps and whittles down the already overstimulated American. The facts recently published concerning the enormous consumption of liquor in America are enough to account for the disparity between the degrees of physical improvement that have been achieved respectively by the two sexes. The young American who drinks habitually, or who, by drinking occasionally, puts himself in danger of drinking habitually, sins against his own body beyond the power of nature to forgive. He stunts his own growth to manly stature, and spoils himself for becoming the father of manly men and womanly women. The improved American will not drink, and he will not be improved until he stops drinking.

THE OLD CABINET.

ONE bright Sunday morning of last July we formed part of the long procession that is to be seen on every pleasant Sabbath of the summer winding its way southward, over the Lebanon Hills, toward the Shaker Settlement. As far as the eye could reach, looking back or straining forward, the road was filled with carriages,—some of them we might have noticed at Central Park a little earlier in the season,—while here and there loomed a country stage fairly brimming with passengers. We knew very well when we had reached the Shaker village by the big, white, factory-like dwelling-houses, with plaited curtains at the windows. The road in front of the meeting-house was as crowded with carriages as Fourteenth street on a Kellogg night; and here, *not* as at the Academy, we men-goats were divided from the women-sheep,—the former entering by a door on the left; the latter passing in on the right, and all being seated by a Shaker usher upon benches ranged one above the other, extending along the road side of the house.

Upon the bench next to the front, staring at the wide painted arch of the ceiling, at the shiny smooth floor, at the large long windows, through the blinds of which the light quivered painfully, and at the vacant benches along the opposite walls—there we sat, with an awful feeling at the heart, wondering what strange thing would happen. And while we stared a door opened on the left, and in trooped a company of—what shall we call them? It was as if Gabriel had blown his horn over just one select little moss-grown grave-yard—and only the women had heard and arisen. Dear ghosts of our grandmothers!—they flitted before us so pale, so sweet, so daintily arrayed for this their resurrection morn!

Then opened another door, and the Shaker brethren stalked in on tiptoe in solemn, grotesque procession—occupying seats opposite the sisters.

At first a pause, but presently the worshipers arise and walk about indifferently—till, in an instant, the moving mass crystallizes into definite form: the sisters and brothers ranged in rows facing each other, the sexes separated near the farther wall by but little space, while the dividing avenue widens out toward the visitors like the letter V. Just to see that company standing there with folded hands! The sisters with their white caps, spotless white kerchiefs crossed upon immaculate bosoms, folded handkerchiefs hanging over prim arms, drab skirts in serene, cast-iron plaits, and high-heeled shoes. The brethren in their sombre, brown-gray suits, long coats, large white turn-down collars, and hair cut straight across the forehead.

Now a brother at the other end of the vis-à-vis—an old fellow with a Duke of Wellington face—steps forward and begins to speak in a subdued, hesitating monotone. He tells what a privilege it is to dwell thus in unity and peace, with all occasions for strife removed; and as he warms a little with his theme his body sways backward and forward, and at every few

words he lifts himself on his toes and comes down upon his heels with a jerk. After the Duke has been delivered of his burden, another and another step out from the men's side, and utter a few sing-song sentences of experience or exhortation—declaring how blessed this oneness of the faithful—praying that they all may be enabled to continue in the angel life. Sitting with closed eyes you might think, for all the world, that you were in an old-fashioned Methodist prayer-meeting, just before it had reached the hallelujah-point.

Again they wander around and again take sudden shape. This time the whole company stand in rows with their backs to the world's people—all save a single line stretching along the wall, with their faces toward their companions and us.

Another pause, a low, eldritch wail; a few slow twanging notes in solo; a swift, shrilling chorus—and the multitude has started into motion. Those in the single line along the wall hold out their hands, palms up, and beckon, in time with the singing; the same time is kept, both with hands and feet, by the great company of worshipers,—two steps forward toward the wall, then three quick tramps,—right about face,—backward and forward,—now and then five or six sharp claps of the hand, and above all that wild, exultant melody,—“on and on and ever on,” with never a pause between the verses. No bass nor alto. The deep voices of the men, following the air on the lower octaves, make a strange, surging undertone. Shriller and shriller rises the chorus; the dancers sway from side to side; you think you see a brighter glisten in their down-cast eyes, and the faces of some are lit with an inward ecstasy. Others move with a jaunty swing and kick, as if there were a mischievous twinkle under the mask of their stolid features.

“What solemn feelings rise,
And flow through every sense!
Who can behold without surprise
The passing great events?
This is a glorious day
Which God hath ushered in;
And now, his power He doth display,
To save the soul from sin.

“And we are truly blest,
With blessings many fold;
Of many treasures we're possessed,
More precious far than gold.
We are blest in many ways,
We are blest in many things;
And we enjoy far happier days
Than princes, lords, or kings.

“Christ is our heavenly head:
We are fed with angels' food;
We've all that we can ask or need,
To make us truly good.
Then, why should we delay,
Or any coldness feel?
Why not press forward on our way,
With courage, faith, and zeal?

"Let us renew those bands,
Which bind us to obey
The Holy Spirit, whose commands,
Will keep us in the way.
If we are not secured,
By truth's pure golden chain,
We are exposed to be allured,
And drawn to sin again.

"But, if we still pursue
The way so bright and pure,
And persevere till we get through
And heavenly life secure;
Then we shall feel and know,
What now by faith we view;
A rest, where living waters flow,
And joy's forever new."

In an instant all is still. Then out of one more scene of apparently inextricable confusion is evolved, with military precision, another figure: a central group, a circle around this, and another circle including all. The pitch is given, the hymn is started, and the circles move in opposite directions, with bewildering effect. The outer circle is so large that the Shaker plaits and homespun brush, in passing, against worldly flounces and broadcloth.

O those lovely old women demurely skipping by with that queer flopping of the hands—what are they doing here? Why aren't they crooning over the cradles of their grandchildren, or brightening homely firesides with the light of their sweet, motherly old faces. The pink-cheeked girl that just went past, did you notice (or was it only our imagination) that wistful glance toward the world's girls on the benches? What wizened, hopeless faces are these that follow!

And the men—representatives of all classes and kinds! Wellingtons, Benjamin Franklins, French Revolutionists of the Robespierre type; a dreamy-eyed Robert Falconer; a comfortable old Methodist presiding elder; a Continental soldier; and once in a while a countenance almost idiotic.

There were other dances. In the midst of one exercise a cry went up that made us start: "O, I'm glad I can live the angel life here below!" piped a small brother on the left. He went off into a nervous paroxysm and stood shaking for what seemed many minutes with fearful violence. But none of the worshippers appeared at all disturbed by the eccentricity of the little brother who loved the angel life. From what we heard afterwards, we suppose they were used to him.

After a while the backless benches—which had been piled at each end of the room—were brought out and the brothers and sisters sat down facing each other, with their handkerchiefs spread over their knees.

Then a dark-browed brother, with a very dignified bearing, and a sadness in his large eyes, came forward and took up his position in front of us poor sinners. So we poor sinners turned and looked upon ourselves. It was a contrast striking enough. There all was "gray and melancholy" as the ocean waste. Here bloomed a terraced parterre of richest flowers. But to the eyes of that stern prophet as he stood gazing full upon us, the contrast was deeper, more portentous, pitiful.

He thanked us for the respect we had shown their worship; he told how this little band was striving to imitate Christ; to follow the example of the early church; to live the angel life, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. He flashed into eloquence when he pointed to the sin and misery within the shadow of our splendid cathedrals; his lip curled with scorn as he spoke of our preaching peace with the bullet. Others of the brethren made short addresses in a similar strain, after which the service was declared ended.

Wasn't the dancing funny? and how could we keep from laughing? It was the funniest thing that ever we beheld—and we never, in our lives, felt less inclined to laughter. If the greatest jokers of all ages had united in devising the most consummately comical exhibition that could by any means be devised; if they had invented the quaintest costumes in the world and hung them upon the most outlandish set of people under the canopy; if they had succeeded in inducing these people to comport themselves in the most ridiculous manner possible, they could not have produced a divertissement more exquisitely absurd than the Shaker dance. And yet there was a wonderful pathos and charm about it—something of the same atmosphere that makes Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle a "thing of beauty and a joy forever,"—though many go away from the play, as well as from the service, with a memory only of the fun.

But besides the tender quaintness of it, there was an unutterable sadness—a horrible sense of error and misdirection. O, the least melancholy sight of all, that poor idiot face—those long, imbecile fingers, with their weary, pathetic beckoning.

This does not oppress you so strongly while you are under the influence of the spell. It is when you are riding home through God's green and lovely world, and the birds chirp and flit among the branches over your heads,—God's own world, full of all harmonies of sound and color. Then the Shaker song rings in your memory, uncanny, mournful,—the Shaker life, with its selfish self-denial, stands before you, barren, false, ungodly.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

BEST PARLORS.

PEOPLE just returned from Europe are apt to say (and to be laughed at for saying), "You can't think how it strikes us that there is no 'society' here at home. There are balls enough, and dinners; we drink tea with our relations, and in the country partake of fifteen kinds of cake at the sewing-circle. But of 'society,' as the word is understood abroad, there is none, —no habit of reunion—no necessity for social life. People enough there are, and nice people too, but they are all so dreadfully busy. They accept an occasional party as dire necessity, and repay the obligation at stated intervals, as they settle their butcher's bill. But they do not even pretend to find pleasure in it. Each family is intrenched within itself, and sits habitually with drawbridge up, and doors barred to the outer world. And yet 'tis pity, with such good material for better things. There are 'bricks' enough and to spare in our highly-favored land, but mortar is wanting to make them adhere together."

Such is the wail which breaks from many a returned traveler. And though we may scold and resent, it were vain to deny some reason at the bottom of these Jeremiads. Something *is* lacking,—which those of us unacquainted with Paris *salons* miss. Our homes are the narrower that they do not more easily open to receive outsiders, not every day nor all days perhaps—due space must be left for family privacies—but frequently, liberally, and without effort.

No formal entertainment and invitation should be needful. Let it once be understood that a pleasant family are regularly at home on certain evenings of the week and happy to see their friends, and the rest follows as a matter of course. People come for the pleasure of coming—come to meet other people—come to enjoy the atmosphere which any home worthy the name diffuses over a far wider circle than that which daily gathers about its hearth-stone. And there is real education and growth, especially for the young, in society like this; none whatever in a yearly ball, heralded by printed cards and Delmonico's *menu*, and wound up by a flourish of trumpets in the *Social Slop-Far*.

These evening reunions were the animus of the Paris *salon* in the days of its glory. Society was compacted and welded into form by constant attrition. "How can I fail to know him well," said the old Marquise, "when for twenty-six years I have passed five evenings a week in his society?"

But how if the mistress of the *salon* had spent her time habitually in the basement dining-room, and only when the bell rang to answer visitors, had hurried upstairs to change her cap and send a maid to light the gas? Would these pleasant little circles have been so apt to convene? And precisely here it is that the "best parlor" question comes in.

Almost every American house possesses one of these

dreadful altars, erected to what unknown goddess it is impossible to guess. It is a Bogy, before whom from time to time people burn gas in chandeliers of fearful design;—to whom are dedicated flagrant carpets, impossible oil paintings, furniture too gorgeous for common day and shrouded therefrom by customary Holland. Musty smells belong to this Deity, stiffness, angles, absence of sunlight. The visitor, entering, sees written above the portal: "Who enters here abandons—conversation." What is there to talk about in a room dark as the Domdaniel, except where one crack in a reluctant shutter reveals a stand of wax flowers under glass, and a dimly desecrated hostess, who evidently waits only your departure to extinguish that solitary ray? The voice instinctively hushes; the mind finds itself barren of ideas. A few dreary commonplaces are exchanged, then a rise, a rustle, the door is gained and the light of the blessed sun; you glance up in passing—flap goes the blind, inner darkness is again resumed, Bogy has it all his own way, and you thank your stars that you have done your duty by the Browns for at least a twelvemonth!

And yet, upon this dismal apartment, which she hates and all her acquaintances hate, poor Mrs. Brown has lavished time and money enough to make two rooms charming. For ugly things cost as much as pretty ones,—often more. And costly ugliness is, as Mrs. Brown would tell you, a "great responsibility to take care of." What with the carpet which mustn't get faded, the mirrors which mustn't get fly-specked, the gilding which mustn't be tarnished, there is nothing for it but to shut the room up to darkness and all dull influences. And as families are like flies and *will* follow the sun, the domestic life comes to be led anywhere rather than in the best parlor, and the "taboo" which Mrs. Brown proclaims is easily enforced:

And yet this very Mrs. Brown is quick to recognize the difference when in other people's homes she is shown a cosy and pleasant room. She sits on a chintz sofa in her velvet and ermine, and glances half enviously at the tinted walls hung with photographs, at the sparkling little fire in the grate, the windows gay with sun and green things, the book-cases and tables loaded with volumes. "How I admire an open fire," she says. "But doesn't it make a great deal of dust? And your plants, too—I can't think how you make them grow so well in a *parlor*."

"A little Croton and plenty of sun is all the secret," she is told.

"Oh, but how dreadfully faded your carpet must get," she goes on. "Such quantities of books, too. Well, I should like to have such things!"

It does not occur to the good lady that for the price of one of those useless mirrors which cost her such anxiety and rubbing with chamois-skin, a choice company of poets, philosophers, and sages could be won to sit forever at her side, informing her with their wisdom.

Or that for a tithe of the same her fireless grate would sparkle with Cannel coal for a winter long. Her furniture, her carpets, the dullness of her home, are encumbrances truly, but encumbrances which she bears willingly and would not be without.

And people having the right to live pretty much as they please, so long as they violate no law of the land, it would matter little, except that there are so many Browns and so many best parlors, that society is seriously affected thereby. For a system which necessitates great and troublesome changes in family arrangement whenever a guest comes, tends to narrowness and inhospitality. If the covers must be taken off the furniture, the plated spoons go up stairs and the silver ones come down, the best china be lifted from a top shelf, upon the arrival of each friend, be sure that friend will seldom arrive. Only when what Mrs. Stowe calls "a good liberal average" is established as a rule over *all* houses, will hearty interchange of social courtesies begin, and the communion of friends, face to face, be regarded as a pleasure rather than a toil.

To those of us who have been tasting the summer in the sweet breadth and freedom of the country, our homes will seem dull and straitened enough as we re-enter them. Now is the time, before the old habitual scales blind our eyes, to look about with anointed vision, and see how these homes can be brightened and broadened—made more like that lovely out-door home to which Nature welcomes each new-comer. Above all, let us cast out the "Best Parlor." To the sacred enclosure once called by that name, let us bring our daintier tasks of letter-writing, needle-work, study. Let the walls be beautified with every simple ornament within our reach—the windows opened to receive the sun, and vines and roses set to catch his shining. And over the door once sacred to "Bogy" let us write "Welcome." And so the last shadow of the Bogy will depart, and our homes be very homes indeed,

"From turret to foundation stone."

FOREST FURNISHINGS.

BUT before returning to these homes of ours, it behooves us to open our hands for those last gifts which Nature, pitiful as it were over the dull days to come, holds out to our acceptance. "Don't talk to me of ugly rooms and narrow purses," she seems to say; "here are my store-houses full of furniture to be had for nothing. Walk in, pick and choose; I love to give to those who know how to take. Carry off what you like and much as you like, and let your homes be, if possible, as pretty as I make mine."

So hearkening the sweet invitation, in we go. The door is open (when, indeed, is it ever shut?), the shelves are filled with treasures. No one watches us—none search our pockets as we go away. Let us see what we can find.

A great roll of birch-bark first, out of which as many things can be made as from the cocoa-nut tree. It shall give us simple baskets to hold our ferns and pressed leaves, dainty ones braided with ribbon for

needle-work or netting; a passe-partout to enclose a woodland sketch, drawing-board for some small vignettes in pen and ink, napkin-rings of all devices, Cologne-stands, handkerchief cases. Patience and ribbon will fail ere we exhaust the variety.

Next a spreading fungus of the "bracket" species catches our eye as it grows in the side of a tree-trunk. This shall be nailed above a rustic table we wot of, and upon it shall stand a wine-glass full of rich, black earth, in which a maiden-hair shall rear and nod its delicate fronds.

And now we come to beds of many-hued mosses, gold-flecked, scarlet-tipped, pale green, deep green, umber-brown. Here we make a long pause. Carefully we lift them in soft masses, and with them all sorts of forest treasures: michella, cranberry-vine, tiarellas with leaves of frosted silver, tiny ferns, Linnea sprays, which, planted in an ox-muzzle basket, and a wooden bowl stained and varnished, shall ornament our two south windows, and twinkle with life and growth when all the world is white with snow.

What is the gray sphere on that low bush? A hornet's-nest, by all that is lucky. Its quarrelsome colony have long since departed and left it to us. This we must have, and a mossy bough to hold it. Far away in the city we are aware of some southern moss which will serve as further drapery. It will be a troublesome thing to carry, certainly; but never mind—a perfect hornet's-nest is too great a "find" to be neglected.

Then a basketful of lichens and dry mosses for the window-box, and a handful of cup-moss, of which a glowing bank reveals itself upon an old log. And oh, treasure of treasures! here are rose-fungi, pansy-shaped, veined like rarest agates. Lift the exquisite things with careful—careful fingers.

Now we plunge into a whirlpool of color. The woods are all so ablaze with reds and crimsons, with orange, purple, paly gold, that the dazzled eye cannot for a while select. We dip and dive, we break large boughs and little boughs, we shriek and exclaim. No careful pressing shall they have, but simply dried under a weight, and, mixed with fresh ground pine, they will make our rooms all glorious at Christmas.

Blessed Christmas! Thinking of the day we cannot heap our hands too full of leaves, or of the bright brown fir-cones which go so beautifully with them. How either is to be carried home we know not—have them we must.

And so, perplexed at the burden of our riches, we slowly journey townward. But when all is safely housed, and each treasure has taken its appointed place on wall, and shelf, and bracket, then our reward comes. Summer sits by our side and charms Winter away; and when after long months her robes grow dusty, and the sweet smile fades from her face, lo! open window and robin's-song proclaim that Spring is at the door; and in freshest garb dear Summer comes back, and we dream that it was but a dream that she ever left us.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS ABROAD.

FRENCH LITERATURE is just now threatened with a shower of memoirs from notabilities who are endeavoring to justify their course in the respective complications in which they were but recently involved. Those of Ollivier are promised immediately. The ex-Minister is in retirement at the foot of Mont Blanc, busily engaged in the hopeless task of purifying his ministerial Augean stable. Benedetti is similarly employed in the Island of Corsica, and there fails but the story of Gramont to a clear comprehension of the measures that turned France into a devastated field covered with corpses and ruins. As for the master of these three destroyers of the peace of France, he clearly feels that he has washed his hands of all the responsibility, in the famous circular that he issued in his captivity at Wilhelmshöhe, in which he declared Ollivier to be one of the principal and greatest causes of the misfortunes of France and the Empire. The journalistic literature of the French capital has recovered from the terror of the Commune, and is now unwisely engaged in publishing letters from correspondents in various parts of Germany, detailing the dissatisfaction of the various German States at the supremacy of Prussia. Hanover is represented as on the eve of revolt, and Saxony is about to reassert its nationality, so that Bismarck is on the eve of interfering with the last argument of tyrants, and annexing both these countries as simple provinces of Prussia. Such stories sound pleasant to French ears, but they are simply siren songs, from which they would do well to turn and listen to the more pressing needs of their own suffering country.

GERMAN LITERATURE has been enriched by a new epic of the late war that is attracting the attention of the entire nation, and seems likely to gain for itself a lasting foothold in the classical literature of the country. It is termed *The Lay of the New German Empire*, and its fortunate author is Oscar von Redwitz, a favorite poet of the people, but one who had not hitherto scaled the loftiest summit of Parnassus. The marvellous success of the German armies seems to have inspired him, and the clear stream of his verses runs with a purity and beauty worthy of the Rhine that he sings and the deeds that he lauds. The poem tells the story of a volunteer who fought in the German war of Liberation against Napoleon, in 1813, and was afterwards imprisoned in his own country as a dangerous liberal, in the period of reaction that followed. The war of 1870 finds him a gray-headed physician, sending his son into the field, while he and two daughters enter the hospitals and care for the wounded. This son sends home letters from France telling of the deeds of German soldiers, and of his recognition by "Our Fritz," after bravery in the field. In the most fervent strains the old man now sings of the victories and the victors that honor his fatherland, and when William the King returns as William the Emperor of United Germany, he sees fulfilled the most ardent dreams of his youth, for which he fought and suffered. But, like

Moses, he is simply permitted to have a glance into the Promised Land from the mountain-top: he dies, and leaves his story as a last will and testament to be told to his country when the festive bells are proclaiming the glad tidings of peace. The Emperor, Bismarck, and Von Moltke have sent to the poet the most flattering testimonials of their appreciation of the merits of the poem, and the entire German people are now joining in tributes of praise: a circumstance all the more remarkable from the fact that the author is a South German now living in Munich. Within a few weeks several editions have been sold.

THE "WOMAN QUESTION" has at last made its way into "Free Italy" from the northern lands of Europe. The literary reviews and journals are discussing the eligibility of women to the ballot and all other State privileges of the male sex, and whatever differences of opinion exist in regard to these matters, all intelligent men concede that the era has arrived for a far higher grade of education of women in Italy, and especially for taking it out of the hands of monks and nuns, and from convent walls. In accordance with these views the lawyer Campeggi lately read in Genoa a series of lectures before the Society for Literature and Entertainment, in which he opened up to his countrymen the views and theories of John Stuart Mill. In the discussion which followed, it was quite evident that nearly all the members were in favor of a forward movement in regard to the women of their country. The president of the association expressed the wish that Italian women might soon be admitted to all privileges and duties for which their physical and moral capacities fit them. Correnti, the Minister of Instruction, has just delegated two ladies to visit the schools and convents of the Neapolitan Provinces, and report in regard to them. A seminary for female instruction of a higher order has just been opened in Milan, in the curriculum of which we find a course of lectures on moral philosophy by a lady—Signora Mozconi.

CAVOUR, the greatest of modern Italian statesmen, is receiving renewed attention from his countrymen since the realization of his prophetic utterances regarding a "Free Church in a Free State." Dupré, of Siena, the most celebrated of living Italian sculptors, has just finished a monument in marble to his memory. It is a colossal work, consisting of two parts—a foundation and superstructure: the crowning group is formed by Cavour and Italia, the latter a female figure sunken to the ground and being lifted up by him. The foundation supports two groups; one of these represents Statesmanship, a female figure with the head inclined to the left while the eyes turn to the right. She is supported by two boys, one of whom, with a sword behind his back, represents Diplomacy, and the other, with the torch in hand, Revolution. The other group consists of the female figure of Independence, holding a broken chain in her right hand. Two boys stand

close by her, one seeking protection, and the other bravely offering combat. Other half-reclining figures portray Strength and Military Discipline, while bass-reliefs indicate the Crimean War and the Congress of Paris,—the whole being a rare allegorical history of the great Italian's life, genius, and deeds.

THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT is at times a very unruly and impatient assembly, but when its President, with his clear, ringing voice, announces that the "Chancellor of the Empire" has the floor, a death-like stillness suddenly follows the confused humming and buzzing of voices. The members hasten to their places from the extreme corners of the hall, and very soon a buzzing fly would be called to order. Bismarck rises at the call of the chair; in his whole figure he stands before the waiting assembly, and the man to whose voice all Europe listens with anxiety, cannot in this moment divest himself of a certain timidity. His face grows paler, and he seems with difficulty to suppress his well-known anxious cough. The thumb and index-finger of the right hand soon find their way to his stately moustache, over which they glide right and left. He has important tidings to convey—perhaps a definitive treaty of peace. His tone is monotonous as are the muscles of the face immovable; his nervous fingers alone need occupation; sometimes they play with the buttons of his uniform, and anon with the papers that cover his green table. Now they seize the long steel shears with uneasy haste, and these flash and glitter so nervously that he seems to be handling them as a weapon, while he at times during the speech opens and shuts them. The Berliners maintain that Bismarck is a poor orator, and so he is, measured by ordinary standards; but his simple and concise speech is imposing, and his voice, with its clear, clarionet tones and distinct enunciation, possesses a penetrating precision that never fails to reach its goal and effect its purpose. It may be monotonous as a horizontal line, but it goes in the same direct way to its object. His words are like blows of the hammer on the head of the nail, or like the sharpened wedge that stays forever where it is once driven.

RICHARD WAGNER, the great musical composer, has a marvelous "event" on his hands—one that smacks a little of Gilmore. He has composed in verse and note what he calls a "Festive Opera," bearing the name of the "King of the Nibelungs." It is to be brought out in Baireuth, the birthplace and home of Jean Paul Richter, in the summer of 1873. For this purpose a special theater is to be constructed. The most celebrated musicians and singers of Germany, to be chosen by Wagner, are to assemble there in the early summer and devote two full months of undivided attention to its preparation and rehearsal, and those who know Wagner's intensity in his artistic labors, understand what this means. An association of Wagner's friends and admirers have already subscribed about \$300,000 towards the enterprise, and a great deal more is to be raised by means of certificates of patronage, at \$300 a-piece, which give to the bearer

the right of entrance to all the performances. These are to open with several special occasions for the principal patrons of the enterprise, and then the piece is to be seen nightly through several weeks, so that the performers will need to spend at least three months in the undertaking. Wagner is very popular in Bavaria, where for a time he was supposed to control the king, who is an ardent lover of music. There he may be successful, but it is quite doubtful whether he will receive the hearty support of other parts of Germany.

WEBER'S FREISCHÜTZ, the greatest of all German operas, has just celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, or jubilee, in Berlin. It was first brought out in 1821, and nowhere has it been presented with such wealth of scenic effect and genuine artistic talent as in this city. It has become the favorite opera of every stage in the civilized world where a love for music has extended; and now, after fifty years of success wherever German music is appreciated, the artists of Berlin have exerted their utmost talent to present it with a splendor and finish hitherto unattained. The influence of Weber's music has been largely increased by its lovely melodies, and since the great German capital has set the example, we shall doubtless see a revival of *Der Freischütz* on all the German boards, if not everywhere throughout the musical world.

THERE are said to be about eighty-three of *Raphael's Madonnas* still extant—pictures that may with certainty be declared genuine. Of these the native country of the famous painter has just lost the fifty-first, in this wise: It is the small one known as the "*Madonna del libro*," painted on wood, a jewel of Raphael's youth and the pearl of the gallery of Perugia, which has all been for some time offered for sale. The struggle for the little treasure was a severe one, as the Italian government wished to prevent its being taken outside of the country. Injunctions and confiscations were made use of, but these were not sustained by the courts. At last the Emperor of Russia offered no less than 330,000 francs for it if the bargain was concluded within twenty-four hours, as he wished to use it as a birthday present to the Empress. The government called a cabinet meeting to consult as to the crisis, but could neither outbid the Emperor nor prevent the sale. The only consolation the Italians have is the fact that no picture of Raphael ever brought so enormous a price. The famous *Madonna of Dresden* brought 53,000 francs in the last century. Its present worth, according to this scale of the *Madonna del libro*, would be simply fifty millions.

A COLLECTION OF GEMS in Vienna is attracting the attention of artists, tourists, and even European governments. Bichler, the collector, has just published an exhaustive catalogue of its contents. He began his purchases in Naples in 1830, and in a few years, while on his travels, succeeded in bringing together many valuable and pretty things. Since that time he has labored assiduously, and his collection now consists of more than eight hundred of the most valuable and interesting cameos and intaglios, that are nearly all set

in gold as rings, pins, or medallions. Bichler has gems of all periods, ancient as well as modern: Egyptian, Persian, Etruscan, Grecian, Roman, Byzantine, etc. The collection is considered very rare and valuable.

THE OBERAMMERGAU PEASANTS have gained such fame by their well-known Passion-play that they are this summer trying their hand at something of a patriotic order. In one of the most beautiful spots of the Bavarian mountains they have fitted up a rustic stage for the representation of the great deeds of the late European struggle. The scenery is very simple, and the large native audience takes the part of the chorus in the ancient Greek tragedy. In their presence one or several soldiers of the war relate some of its principal episodes, that are woven into the form of poems. At the close of each poem the entire chorus or audience strikes up one of the best known national hymns, and in this way replies to the impression produced by the story. The first description represents the departure of the soldier from his quiet valley, and the last his return to his home as a conquering hero. The space is of course filled up with the thrilling events between Weissenburg and Paris or Orleans. The thought seems to have found its inception among the peasants, and they alone share in the performance, which is conducted with as much simplicity and fervor as the famous one that has lately attracted the attention of the world.

IT really seemed quite hopeless to decide whether it was a right rib or a left rib of Adam out of which Eve was made, especially as Adam's sons as well as Eve's daughters regularly have seven ribs on each side of the body. But J. Beswick-Perrin, who has been studying human skeletons, has found some half-dozen cases in which an eighth true rib occurs, and in each case it is found on the right side of the body. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Beswick-Perrin that it was the eighth left rib out of which man's help-meet (if Richard Grant White will pardon the word) must have been made, nor yet the further deduction that it was the loss of a left rib which gave the advantage of strength to the other side of the body. But for Eve, man would have been ambidextrous! But, on the other hand, we should never have heard the blissful words, "You will please join your *right* hands," which ought to reconcile us to the comparative lack of vigor on that side of the body which has lost a rib to gain an Eve. Will it be believed that Mr. Beswick-Perrin does not see the significance of that constant occurrence on the right side of the supernumerary rib, but refers the whole matter, in Darwinian phrase, to "reversion," and talks about a chimpanzee which he found with eight ribs (on both sides), and the lower monkeys, which have from eight to ten? But we discard the gorillas and cling to our help-meets—our beautiful left eighth ribs!

A BOOK has just appeared whose motto is the dying declaration of Madame Roland, "O liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" and its title, *Paris under the Commune; or, The Seventy-three Days of the Second Siege*. Its author is John Leighton, a well-known artist, connected with France by ties of long

residence, taste, etc.; and, as may be supposed, the illustrations are a unique feature of the book. They comprise numerous sketches taken on the spot during the long agony of the investment, portraits from the original photographs (now interdicted in Paris) of the heroes of the Commune, and, in a word, all that artistic talent could observe itself, or gather from other sources, characteristic of the time of the shipwreck of society, when the ordinary relations of things were reversed. They exceed one hundred in number, and give to the book, independent of its literary claims, a permanent and enduring value.

THE impetus given to the cause of National Education in England by recent legislation is noticeable in various instances, and has borne fruit in a professional direction by calling forth an excellent and elaborate *Classified Catalogue of School, College, Classical, Technical, and General Educational Books, in Use in Great Britain in 1871*. It is formed from the various issues of nearly one hundred and fifty publishers, and comprises between eight and nine thousand separate works, whose titles are so arranged that all the works applicable to the study of any given subject may be seen at a glance, with their sizes, prices, &c. There is a prevalent opinion in the United States that its school-books are superior to those of any other country. As affording a key to the Educational Literature of England, the Catalogue may furnish means of testing the truth of this idea. It may be useful to mention that the formation of a Library of School-Books is one of the features included in the multifarious institutions of South Kensington; all the books in this Catalogue (nine-tenths of the whole number probably) to be found in this library are so marked, and may be consulted there. In the natural process of "wear and tear," and the absence of any care for their preservation, the school-books of the past ages of England have in a great measure disappeared, thereby causing gaps in the history of culture now irretrievable. This will be remedied in future by the institution just mentioned.

A NOBLE tribute has been paid to the genius of George Cruikshank, by the publication of the *Illustrated Catalogue of his Works*. Its price, and the small number of copies produced (135 only), necessarily confine it to a very limited circle of amateurs; but for the million a work is published affording even a broader range of illustrations of the artist's unrivalled flow of humor, fun, and exquisite perception of character, as shown in all ages, of each sex, under the circumstances common to the great mass of English life. *Cruikshank's Comic Almanac*, complete, in two thick volumes, comprises a perfect chronicle of London life for nineteen years—from 1835 to 1853. Originally published in a separate state, they are now combined as above and include nearly one thousand etchings and woodcuts by the inimitable artist. The literature was contributed by the well-known pens of Albert Smith, Thomas Hood, etc. Two of Thackeray's stories, *The Fatal Boots* and *Cox's Diary*,

were written expressly for Cruikshank's Almanac, and are only to be found with the illustrative etchings. As a magazine of graphic and literary humor, fun, frolic, and eccentricity, there is no equal to these two portly volumes.

THE deficiency of English literature in books of personal and literary anecdote has been often admitted. An effort in the right direction to supply it is made by *The Book of Authors, a Collection of Criticisms, Ana, Mots, Personal Descriptions, &c.*, wholly referring to English men of letters in every age of English literature, by W. Clark Russell. Mr. Russell is a son of the Henry Russell whose songs delighted us twenty years ago and will never become obsolete. His book shows a wide range of reading, and a happy talent for selecting the word or sentence likely to strike the fancy and dwell in the memory of the readers.

ONE of the most important Theological books lately published unquestionably is, *History of Protestant Theology, viewed in its Fundamental Movement, and in Connection with the Religious, Moral, and Intellectual Life*, by Dr. J. A. Dorner, Professor of Theology at Berlin (translated by Rev. George Ritson, of Inverness, and Sophia Taylor), already well known to English and American theologians by his great work on Christology. Dr. Dorner appeals to their common sympathies in this present book. Its origin is due to a Historical Commission of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich, under whose auspices is undertaken a complete History of Science (in its widest sense) in Germany, comprising twenty-five separate histories. Of these the *History of Protestant Theology* was intrusted to Dr. Dorner, and the distinguished reception this work has met with more than justifies the choice.

Though of course dealing at greater length with the German portion of its subject, the aim of the book is to treat of Protestantism as a whole, and to show how its two grand divisions, the British and American, and German churches, rest on the same foundation, have gone through identical experiences, and by paths different and even apparently opposed, have in view the same end, namely, the carrying out of the great work of the Reformation by the construction of an Evangelical Christendom, or comprehensive church, by the side of the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches. Histories of this kind, where the subject is comprehended as an organic whole, and each portion or separate development falls into its proper place in the general scheme conceived by the author, are not to be found in English literature (unless, perhaps, Whewell's *History of the Inductive Sciences* is the exception); that they require a class of intellect above that of the mere narrator of events is obvious, and Dr. Dorner's will be found one of the most masterly works of its species.

Another Theological enterprise must be noticed, the commencement of the translation of the chief Works

of *St. Augustine*, a series undertaken in connection with the Library of the Ante-Nicene Fathers, published by Messrs. Clark of Edinburgh, now nearing its completion, and, by its success, giving rise to the edition of *St. Augustine*. Volumes I. and II., now published, comprise a version of the famous Treatise, *The City of God*, by Rev. Marcus Dods, A.M. It is surprising that two hundred and fifty years should have elapsed since this great work was last made accessible to the English reader in the folio of 1620. Written at the moment the sword of Alaric had shattered the inviolability of Rome, when men's hearts were failing them, and the firm ground beneath their feet seemed to tremble in the wreck of worn-out faiths and institutions, St. Augustine, with an eloquence that rises with high argument, points out the contrast between the earthly and heavenly city, enforcing his theme with so much use of the circumstances of the time that the historical and ethical value of his work are equally remarkable.

It is almost too early yet for detailed announcements of the books of the next publishing season to be given. Some important works are, however, mentioned, as Mr. Grote's *Aristotle*, a companion to his *Plato*. This is unfortunately not completed. It will be given to the world, however, in the state it was left by the author, during November next, and will form two volumes octavo. A new book by the author of the *History of Architecture*, Jas. Ferguson, is sure to command attention, particularly when it relates to one of the subjects of the day—Prehistoric Archaeology. It is entitled *Rude Stone Monuments in all Countries, their Ages and Uses*, and will form one volume, octavo, with over 200 illustrations.

The Subterranean World is the title of a book now shortly to appear, by Dr. George Hartwig, the distinguished naturalist, author of *The Sea and its Living Wonders, &c.* It will form a handsome octavo, copiously illustrated by maps and wood cuts. *A History of the Gothic Revival, an attempt to show how far the taste for Mediæval Architecture was retained in England during the last two centuries, and has been redeveloped in the present*, is by the accomplished author of *Hints on Household Taste*, Charles L. Eastlake. It has been long in preparation, but may be expected this autumn. The number and beauty of the illustrations will make it very attractive to lovers of art as an ornamental book, independently of the interest of this subject; this, indeed, has as much reference to the state and prospects of architecture in America as in the mother country. The great treatise on *Spectrum Analysis, containing the researches of the German and English Discoverers*, Dr. H. Schelller and Dr. William Huggins, and treating the subject both in its application to terrestrial substances and the physical constitution of the heavenly bodies, cannot fail to become the standard work in the novel branch of science it relates to. It is promised for the coming autumn.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS AT HOME.

A TALK ABOUT TEACHING.

WISE old Noah Webster used to ridicule the notion that children should be taught only what they can understand. He remembered through life many things that he learned as meaningless words when a boy, and afterwards understood as his experience widened. What happened to him would happen to other children; wherefore he advised teachers and parents to store the children's minds with the raw material of knowledge, when their time was of little value, and trust to after-experience to furnish the interpretation.

On our way to school, years ago, we used to pass a thicket of pines on a hill-side, a "section" that had been left when the adjoining fields were cleared. Night and morning in autumn we were sure of a run after a chip-muk or a squirrel as he scampered along the rail-fence to or from a clump of oaks in the clearing, whence he carried his winter supplies to his retreat in the thicket. The pines were cut away, and directly there sprang up a growth of oaks, the seeds of which had been imported by the squirrels. Pine woods, we are told, are frequently followed by growths of oak thus planted. But would a timber-grower be justified in trusting his crop to the chance droppings of squirrels? Or would a wise man strew acorns in a pine forest, and trust to its possible clearing and the possible development of conditions suitable for the growth of oaks before the acorns were rotten? Yet that would be quite as reasonable as the method of "planting" knowledge approved by Dr. Webster, and practiced by teachers the world over. Incomprehensible instruction does stick sometimes, it is true; and sometimes the child happens to have the experience required for its conversion into fruitful knowledge: but the chances are against such a contingency. The time might better be devoted to work really suited to the child's age and development,—to multiplying the number and increasing the range of his experiences,—to teaching him how to get and how to use knowledge, whether acquired first-hand from men and things, or second-hand from books.

"Exactly so," puts in Professor Tellemhau, of the National Normal University. "That is just what *we* teach. Dr. Webster and his 'cramming' followers have had their day. The teachers that come from *our* hands are trained in a different method. *Educo*, you know: the teacher must 'draw out—'

Pardon, worthy Professor; but your educo-theory is as bad as cram. Not that your etymology is wrong (though it has been questioned), but it is too much to ask of the opinionated Nineteenth century—"heir of all the ages," and all that—to accept a doctrine just because some old pagans, who never dreamed of a Normal School, implied it in their word-making. If children were born into the world with a man's allowance of mind, needing only to learn how to use its powers, the drawing-out theory would have some

foundation in the eternal verities. But such does not appear to be the case. The teacher must make mind as well as train it to skillful action. A fully developed man has a muscular organization capable of evolving the power required in lifting five hundred pounds. He has likewise a nervous organization capable of controlling that power, and of generating the power required in solving a problem in mathematics, inventing a machine, or composing a poem. The new-born babe has neither organization, and is able to do none of these things. It is a mere bundle of possibilities,—of germs of capacity, which, under favorable conditions of aliment and exercise, will develop a complex organization capable of exerting all the powers of humanity. Its endowment of mental power is like its endowment of physical power—a promise. The schoolmaster's business is to make the fulfillment of that promise certain, chiefly with regard to mental power. He must provide the conditions best suited to the development of the nascent powers committed to his care. One of these conditions, primarily the most important one, is joyful activity of sense. Action and passion—using the last word with its ancient meaning—are the great educators. Prevent these in any degree, as by destroying or obstructing any of the avenues of communication between the child and the outer world, and you prevent by so much its normal development of mind. Feebleness of mind is inseparable from obtuseness of sense, whether arising from physical malformation or insufficient culture. This is shown in an extreme degree in the case of idiots. They are literally senseless. On the other hand, quickness and keenness of sense are ever correlated with quickness and keenness of wit. And with healthy children as with imbeciles, the proper exercise of the senses is the primary and always the most efficient means of developing mental power.

By the time the child comes to the hands of the teacher it has brought its senses to bear more or less on all surrounding objects. Within a variable limit it can discriminate the qualities of things, and can command a respectable number of names for things, their qualities and conditions. It has gained also a multitude of unnamed experiences, more or less acuteness of sense, and no slight mental power. The teacher's true business is to take up and carry on systematically the course the child has thus far pursued in a hap-hazard sort of way. He should vary it only to regulate it by a purpose which knows the end from the beginning, and seeks chiefly to cultivate right habits of thought and action, and to gratify the growing desire for knowledge by its appropriate rewards.

Letters, with their various shapes and sounds and uses, are certainly adapted to this stage of the child's progress; but they are not the only, nor in all respects the best objects to begin with. Things that the child is already somewhat familiar with, and interested in,

are better. An average boy will learn "A is an Agate" with indifferent zeal, caring more for the agate than for A. As a means of inciting thought, of developing brain-power, the agate is much the better object of the two. Try it and see. We are talking to teachers now, parental or other, and fall inevitably into the pedagogic style. Our "object" is, let us suppose, one of those particolored globes of glass that the boys call agates and play marbles with. At first sight the pupil will see that it is marked with various colors. Point to a particular portion; what does it look like? The boy thinks,—that is, he reviews his store of perceptions as memory holds them, compares one and another with the present perception, singles out the nearest counterpart to it,—and decides that the specified part of the agate looks like (say) *ice*, or *rock-candy*, or what not. In that flash of time he has called into exercise perception, memory, comparison, judgment. It is by such exercises, and such chiefly, that mind is developed and strengthened; and this sort of mental action can be educated in children more easily and more pleasurably, we believe, by the study of familiar things, than by books.

Pursue the investigation, not simply to teach the object, after the manner of formal object-teachers, but to train the senses to quickness and delicacy of action, to develop mind, and to teach the child the art of getting knowledge. How is the clear glass like, and how unlike, the particular kind of matter it has been compared with? This question calls for a long series of observations and experiments. The same course may be pursued with each of the other colors. The combined effect of the whole, the spiral bands of color, or whatever forms the colors may assume, give occasion for still another series of investigations, only limited by the teacher's time and the child's immaturity.

Still further: the agate is round. So is a pencil, a ring, a cent, a cone, a circle on the blackboard. How does the roundness of the agate differ from that of the pencil, or the circle? Compare these several objects with each other, and with other objects to which the term *round* is applicable; then classify the objects compared according to the kind and degree of roundness which they severally exhibit. Here is pure science,—and science-teaching not beyond the capacity of the smallest pupils, yet not diluted nor degraded.

Form appeals to touch as well as to sight. With shut eyes the pupil may grasp the agate with one hand, a larger or smaller one with the other. Are they alike or different? In form or in size?

Compare in like manner the agate with a small spheroid, grasping both together, or first one and then the other. More perception, memory, comparison, and judgment are called for. Then compare the spheroid with a cylinder, the cylinder with a cone, and each with the agate, using different sizes of each, until the child can distinguish and classify, by touch or sight, all the different geometric forms. All this, be it remembered, not simply to teach the meanings of the words *sphere*, *spheroid*, *cylinder*, and so on, but

for the sake of the training of sense and intellect which it will give. The other qualities of the agate are subjects for similar exercises, each quality being taught in connection with its opposite, and illustrated by many examples. It is not enough to say that the agate is hard. It is abominable to tell the child, as we have known teachers to do, that a thing—say a stone—is hard "because it resists compression;" that a board is "hard" for the same mysterious reason; that lead is "hard," and ice, and iron, and so on to the end of the chapter. *How* hard is the educating fact. Is the agate as hard as a ball of lead? as hard as marble? as hard as iron? Try a number of objects with a knife or a file, and find where the agate belongs in the scale of hardness. Again: How will it stand pressing and pounding? Does it crush and splinter like wood? flatten like lead? lose and recover its shape like rubber? crumble like a sandstone pebble? or resist like a ball of iron? Every child knows that the agate will break under a hammer; its peculiar brittleness, compared with the same quality as found in other objects, is the point to be determined; and still more important is the acquisition of the habit of intelligent investigation which such exercises will create. The other properties of the agate may be studied in the same way. Put it into water. Does it float like wood, soak up water like sponge, wet through and crumble like earth, become sticky like clay, absorb water and remain dry like quicklime, or what? Drop it. Does it fall dead like mud, or bounce like rubber? How does it behave in fire? Subject it to as many different tests as your opportunities will admit of, and the age of your pupils justify. Then sum up the results as a description of the object and a measure of the knowledge gained.

This is not wholly child's work. It should occupy a good share of the pupil's time during his entire school life. It is exactly the method pursued in scientific investigation; and, if children were trained to it from the beginning, we should hear fewer complaints from science-teachers because of the incapacity of average students to appreciate the method and spirit of true scientific study. It would afford, too, a profitable antidote for, or substitute for, the monotonous lesson-learning, and memorizing of ill-understood verbiage, that occupy so much of ordinary school time.

A Royal Road to Learning?

Thank you, yes,—but without the sneer; *the* royal road to learning. But not a new road, nor a newly-discovered one; only an old road smoothed and straightened. *You* gained all your real knowledge of material things in that way, and much of your knowledge of things not material rests on your perceptions of things material. You got your knowledge most likely by a long series of unguided or misguided assaults upon the world, or by inevitable and not always agreeable collisions therewith. You certainly will not assert that you could not have learned more in the same time, and at less expense of pain and labor.

TAINE'S ART LECTURES.*

AN inherent difficulty in investigating and defining the principles or results of Art exists in the fact that the artists who hold these principles in the concrete to an eminent degree, can never examine them in the abstract,—they never possess that power of analysis which enables them to trace their own mental operations to their work; while the analysts who would apply the scientific method of examination are met at the threshold by phenomena which perpetually elude experimental research—evidences of powers which the analyst does not possess and cannot estimate, yet without comprehending which fully he cannot speak authoritatively on their results. Ruskin, full of marvelous instincts and analytic acumen, cannot comprehend the operation of a synthetic faculty,—Turner, the greatest synthetic mind the world knows of, had his brain all behind his eyes, and could scarcely put an idea into words.

Essayists on Art—amongst whom, notable both for catholicism and thorough study of the ground, is Taine—have attempted to construct an æsthetical science by the experimental method. But, unfortunately, the same method is not applicable to the tracing and classifying artistic phenomena that is efficacious in the sciences. In the latter, we work from data materially appreciable to a great First Cause, ourselves being the chief datum, and the Cause infinitely removed and hopeless of final discovery. In the other, we must begin with the artist, and from him comprehend his works. We admit this in our appreciation of works of art,—their highest value and the strongest hold they have on us is in the expression of the individuality of the artist, so that we all learn to like the pictures of our friend, as we find *him* in them—which is not the scientific temper. Taine elaborates with great justice the idea that “the social and intellectual condition of a community is the standard of that of artists;” but beyond this is the equally significant and more important one, that the moral and intellectual state of the artist determines the character of his art—*i. e.*, that the art is the expression of himself in his essential nature. The man is moulded by his epoch, but he is the mould of his art.

Of all the tempting paths which open from this analogy we can only follow one: that which leads to a definition of art—which develops the law of self-expression. The law which Taine would establish is so far from the true one, that he himself excludes music and architecture from its full application, and his definition narrows down to this: “The end of a work of art is to manifest some essential salient character, consequently some important idea, more clearly and completely than is attainable from real objects.” But this expression of the salient character found in external or “real” objects is only the *means* of art, the language, the essential being in the individuality of the artist. Taine's definition is incomplete, because, to cover music

and architecture it must be amended. The true definition must be central, simple, and cover everything. It must be found by the experimental method.

Experiment first. A child in perfect health and enjoyment of external influences, going out into green and sunlit fields, especially with fellowship of its like, sings and dances; older and instructed, it sings and dances with others in harmony and symmetry. This is art, and becomes music and dancing.

Experiment second. Another child, with a strong love of external nature, *i. e.*, of beauty, which is the vital stimulant of that love, attempts to convey his delight by representation of the objects which stimulate it. Later, he draws and colors, always following the lead of this dominant emotion, or maybe attempts modeling, and finally art with this one becomes painting or sculpture.

Experiment third. A barbarous (childlike) people, animated by intense reverence for a superior being, desires to express its adoration by building a house better and more beautiful than all their own houses; as beautiful as may be, or as grand; and this art, aiming always to satisfy the emotions of grandeur and beauty in imposing forms, becomes architecture.

Experiment fourth. A lover, excited by a new and delightful emotion, immediately attempts versification of his sentiments, and the more noble and intense his emotion, the more highly harmonic becomes their expression, *cæteris paribus*. Metre, rhyme, cadence, become the imperative qualities of his effusion. This, supposing the intellectual qualification, becomes art—poetry.

Our deduction is, that Art is the harmonic (musical, as the Greeks used the word) expression of the emotions excited in the artist by external causes, either physical or spiritual. These causes we should call the Ideals.

But in any artistic expression there enters, to a greater or less extent as the art is objective or subjective, a scientific perception of facts (as in painting), or relations (as in music), which furnish the language or vehicle of expression, but in all cases of a trivial importance in relation to the Ideal. For instance, Denner paints a head in which the ideal is at the minimum, and realization of facts at the maximum; Correggio, one in which the ideal is at the maximum, and the fact at the minimum. Denner's work is base and Correggio's noble, while Bellini unites the two so justly that it is difficult to say which is most satisfactory. In all cases the true nobility of the work of art is in the ideal element. Turner painted pictures as perfect in expression of the ideals of light and color, *i. e.*, in art, as anything he did, but in which no facts are recognizable; their scientific perception being of relations as in music. Scores of painters will occur to us all who make his antithesis, and give infinitude of fact, and no art beyond a grim and painful perception of nature's anatomy, a scientific fervor for externalities.

It seems to us, therefore, far from true, as Taine asserts, that imitation is the end of art, but rather expression; the facts which the artist collects, and by

* *The Philosophy of Art, The Ideal in Art, Art in Italy, Art in the Netherlands, &c.* Translated by John Durand. (Holt & Williams, Publishers.)

which he expresses his ideal, are in the same relation to that ideal that the universe is to the Creator.

The artistic element, as such, is in the harmony and proportion between the words, forms, lines used in the expression of the emotions excited by the respective ideals; Art therefore being neither in imitation or intellectual perception, but in the successful expression of the emotions excited in the artist by the Ideal, so as to reproduce those emotions in the minds of others.

Taine, it seems to us, mistakes still further in making the arts peculiar to assigned epochs. They are, and always have been, synchronous, although certain epochs have taken the lead in particular arts, and carried them nearer to perfection than the previous ones, from incidental causes, mainly the individuality of the leading artistic nation of that epoch. Of Greek painting we know little, and of Greek music nothing; but we can hardly say that sculpture is the art of Greece, as Taine would have it, rather than architecture, which, like music, is clearly a continuous growth from the earliest ages.

The true division of epochs seems to us to be rather into that of the ideal of form (Greek), that of color (Venetian), and that of realization (Dutch); there being at all times a crossing and intermingling of these motives, forming three great schools with numerous sub-schools and classes, in which the character partook more or less of one or the other of these three motives, besides which none can exist in representation of external things, or what is called representative or objective art.

The Greek was thus the earliest pure objective art, (the Egyptian, Assyrian, etc., not being art at all, but monumental sculpture—mnemonic, and neither scientific nor ideal), and from circumstances and national traits became the supreme art of all time in all that pertains to purity of the ideal and logical treatment, either objective or subjective.

"ZERUB THROOP'S EXPERIMENT."

The true artist is never niggardly of his material. He fears no famine. He knows with reverent gratitude that such a thing can never happen to him. Nothing less than this unconscious generosity, which proves unreckoned stores, would have given us in one short magazine story the series of dramatic pictures which Mrs. Whitney has presented in the story, *Zerub Throop's Experiment* (Loring, Boston).

There is material in this clever little tale for a novel of average length. There are three eras in it, each of which, in the hands of a trickster at books, a penny-a-liner, would have been much spun out, and would have borne it, too, far better than most of the material to the attenuation of which we are indebted for the greater portion of our novels.

Zerub Throop, the odd old miser living alone with his still odder old maid-servant—how unprofitable for the book-maker the concentration which gives us, in one chapter, a graphic picture of him, his life and his death, incidents by which he is involved in the fates of the Whapshare family, and the curious whim by which he

chooses to make chance the instrument of his restitution of so large a sum as thirty-five thousand dollars.

Two chapters give us the whole history of the Whapshare family; as graphic, pathetic, genuine a picture as is often given of an every-day struggle in an every-day home in an every-day New England village. Each member of the Whapshare family is as clearly revealed to us, as clearly individualized, as if we had been condemned to listen to four hundred pages of their conversations, and two hundred pages of inventory of their downittings and uprisings, in the metronomic style—no, absence of style—of Mr. Trollope. And this is not done by any sensational touches—no sharp or startling qualities in any one of them; they are just as commonplace people as we are ourselves, and never once surprise us. But their worries, their economies, their sorrows, their hopes, their fears are as vital to us as our own: we keep school with Carry; we fret over burnt pea-soup with Martha; we are discouraged with poor Mrs. Whapshare; and we wish, oh, how we wish we could have had the wit to deal with a youthful gossip as Dr. Plaiice did with Dimmy. This scene is perhaps one of the best in the book. Dimmy, aged seven, one of Carry's scholars, has repeated in the Doctor's hearing that he (Dr. Plaiice) was Carry's "beau." Dr. Plaiice asks the little fellow into his office, and after torturing him with civil sarcasm for five minutes, makes him his friend for life by shaking hands with him and saying: "That is all, Dimmy, now let's shake hands and be friends. You don't like being talked to like a mean little man. Well, you can wake up from that bad dream all safe at seven years old, with twice your age to grow in, and to make what kind of a man you will. Miss Caroline told you: if you want to be a splendid, honorable one, don't do any small meddling things or tell any small meddling tales!"

And Dr. Plaiice kept hold of Dimmy's hand till his legs untwisted, and he was slid safely down out of the big chair. Then Dimmy put on his cap, pulled it very much over his eyes, and departed meekly and swiftly. When he was around the corner, however, behind the tin-shop, he paused, pushed his cap up into its place, took a good long breath, and said "By George" again.

The first "By George" had been his sole reply to the first half of Dr. Plaiice's address. Like a brave little fellow, he undertakes to remedy the mischief of his gossip, but finds it hard work to stop a rumor, even among little people. However, the next morning Dr. Plaiice, grateful perhaps to the gossiping babies for bringing his own resolution to the acting-point, has news for his friend Dimmy.

"I've stopped it, Dimmy."

"How?" said Dimmy, explosively.

"As the Indians stop the fire from chasing them on the prairies—kindled it at my own end. I want your congratulations, Dimmy; I am engaged to be married, some time—to Miss Caroline Whapshare."

The fourth chapter of the book contains a first-rate

ghost story, the denouement of old Zerub Throop's experiment, and the happy climax of the fortunes of Dr. Plaiice and Carry, and the Whapshare family. The note-of-hand which Zerub Throop had written, and had rolled up in a tiny ball of tin-foil, and left to chance, is discovered in a cellar furnace-pipe, and gives the Whapshares thirty-five thousand dollars. The machinery by which all this is effected is most ingenious and amusing,—a black cat, who journeys from cellar to sitting-room through the furnace-pipe, being the finger of Providence.

"It's very well," said Mrs. Hand (Zerub's old servant), with slow significance, "to lay it all off on to her. But what possessed the cat? It's like the pigs in the New Testament. If—a ghost—wanted something—out of a register-pipe,—he might very likely need some sort of a cat's-paw to help himself with."

Mrs. Whitney's great excellence as an artist seems to us to be in the quiet, exact delineation of homely life. In this she shows humor, pathos, and the ineffable, indefinable charm of that verisimilitude of likeness which distinguishes the reproducer from the imitator. This is most especially true of *The Gayworthys*, which is far the best of her stories. Many of the scenes on the Gayworthy farm remind us of George Eliot's pictures of a similar life in England.

"A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION."

WHAT relationship exists between Charles Reade, who is now writing novels in England, and the lamented gentleman of the same name who some years ago wrote *Peg Woffington* and *Christie Johnstone*, we do not know. But the present writer is a most pitiable illustration of the degeneracy of a noble house. It is hard to conceive how he can be so insensible to the obligation of an honorable lineage. Who does not remember the sparkle, the flow, the delicious vividness of *Peg Woffington*? the genuine strength and sweetness of *Christie Johnstone*? How glad we were in those days that Charles Reade wrote! How have we learned to shudder at an announcement of a fresh story bearing his name on its title-page!

Instead of sparkle, we have flippancy; instead of flow, we have spasms; instead of true vividness, we have cheap melodramatic shams; and overlying and underlying everything, an air—nay, more, a positive odor of coarse vulgarity which is disgusting.

We believed that *Griffith Gaunt* must have touched bottom in these respects. But it seems there was a lower depth still; and we are brought to it by this last story, *A Terrible Temptation* (J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston; Harper & Brothers, New York).

It is useless to recapitulate the offensive details of this narrative. Two of the most influential houses in the country are scattering cheap editions of the book broadcast through our land. Everybody has read it before this time. There is not a circulating library in any town which would venture to omit in its purchases "Charles Reade's last novel." It is of small use to cry out against the book; or, for that matter, against any other bad book; but we do wish that there were

any means of rousing in the reading public a liking for pure English, and an aversion to indecency of plot; and that it might come to pass that writers should find it better *policy* not to seek for all the materials of their fictions in the lowest police-court records; not to say, when they wish to describe the effect on a young boy's manners of too great familiarity with stablemen, that he learned "to talk horsey and smell dunghilly."

What Charles Reade may have yet in store for us in the way of Horrible After-thoughts, Later Insanities, or Commandments Done Away With, it is appalling to fancy. The best thing we can wish to him is an immediate and severe threatening of illness, and imperative orders from physicians putting him under vigorous cold-water treatment. A year at Great Malvern might cleanse his disordered brain, and give us back once more the man and novelist whom we admired and respected.

NONSENSE.

BLESSED be nonsense! And blessed be he who invented it! But who was he? Was he pliocene or miocene? Were little Tubal Cain and his sister Naamah sung to sleep by anything deliciously silly? Did anybody draw funny caricatures of the Dinotherium and the Iguanodon in those days? And would sixty-five Pterodactyls sitting in a row, on a rail, fast asleep, make as effective a picture as Edward Lear's picture of the sixty-five parrots whose two hundred and sixty tail-feathers were "inserted" in the bonnet of Violet, in that most exquisitely nonsensical story "The Four Little Children," in that most exquisitely nonsensical book, *Nonsense Songs, Stories, Botany, and Alphabets*, by Edward Lear; J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston? The world, especially this American world, owes more than it knows to the man who makes it laugh. This summer has owed largely to Edward Lear. Anything so funny has not been seen for many a day, as are some of these nonsense songs and stories, with their attendant pictures. The voyage of the Jumblies is perhaps the best of the songs; the Jumblies who went to sea in a sieve with

"Forty bottles of ring-bo-ree.
And no end of Siltion cheese;"

they were gone twenty years or more, and when they came back,

"Every one said, 'How tall they've grown;
For they've been to the Lakes and the Terrible Zone
And the hills of the Chankly Bore.'"

Perhaps there is an under-thought of moral in the story of the Jumblies. Perhaps when we welcome back Jumblies who have been to the hills of Chankly Bore we give them

"A feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast."

But far the best thing in the book is the story of the four little children who went round the world. Their names were Violet, Slingsby, Guy, and Lionel; but this is of no consequence, neither that they took a small cat to steer their boat. The gist of the narra-

tive is that they took "an elderly Quangle Wangle" as cook. What is a "Quangle Wangle?" That is precisely the joke. It isn't anything. It is a mysterious, formless, bodiless, comic demon! But in every picture, from behind the convenient shelter of sail or tea-kettle appear the fearful, inexplicable, useful, culinary hands of the Quangle Wangle! There is positive genius in this conception all through; and when at last the discomfited party, having lost their boat by a bite from a Sneeze Pyder, return home on the back of an elderly rhinoceros who happened to be passing, and we see the Quangle Wangle riding placidly and shapelessly astride the rhinoceros's big horn, the triumph is complete!

We should distrust the past and despair of the future of any man who could not laugh at the Quangle Wangle! and we wish every melancholy man had its portrait in his hands this minute.

HAWTHORNE.

THE tone of criticism upon Hawthorne in these days is growing mellow than it was ten and twenty years ago. He was then credited to the full with all his richness of fancy, power of imagination, and wonderful insight into human character, but was generally supposed to be a gloomy man who saw little except the dark side of life; who dwelt in perpetual shadow, emerging from it only to seize upon some hapless victim who, once in his clutches, was doomed to inevitable destruction.

Few who yet acknowledged in him the powerful writer of tragedy were willing to allow him the privilege usually accorded to tragic writers—to Shakespeare, for instance—of conducting his heroes and heroines, by the same path which crime and sin choose, down to the "sunless abodes" of death. The publication of his American and English *Note-Books*, and the collection and republication of the whole body of his works, together with the new light thrown upon his life and habits from many quarters, have, within these last six years, given us a more complete view of the character of the man, and enabled the reader of to-day not only to balance the shadow of his earlier works with the light and sunniness of his life, but even to see a better proportion of light and shadow in those early works themselves.

Going from *Our Old Home*, or from the *Note-Books* of America, England, and Italy (the latter of which are now being published in *Good Words*), to the *Blithedale Romance*, or the *House of the Seven Gables*, or to that terrible *Scarlet Letter*, the student will hardly fail now to adopt the estimate expressed (perhaps ironically) by an English writer, and to recognize that "while Hawthorne is stern as a prophet in denouncing crime and sin, he has the most tender indulgence for the criminal and sinner, judging him extenuatingly, setting forth his temptations, and sorrowing greatly as he abandons him to the inevitable law—a kind of soft-hearted Rhadamanthus, held by an unhappy fascination on the judicial bench, and forced

in conscience to punish the culprits whom he would willingly set free."

The best of the old critics (and not very old either) claimed that while punishment did surely follow sin, the course of the sinner was, after all, a much pleasanter one than Hawthorne represented it; there were a thousand alleviations; the deep baying of the hound was seldom heard. This was entirely true. Even Jim Fisk's course has probably been strewn with roses, and when the fatal bite comes at last, he may never guess what deed of his let loose the relentless hound. But the death of Judge Pyncheon, the destruction of the young and eloquent Puritan Dimmesdale, the awful end of Zenobia, the terrible catastrophe of Donatello, and the mysterious and awful disappearance of Miriam from the surface of society, were nevertheless as naturally the results of their lives, and mainly of the leading sin of their lives, as the end of Ruloff the murderer was of his. The vividness of the picture, and the clear light in which we see the relation of sin and its punishment, are the results of the purely scientific method which Hawthorne, and Shakespeare as well, and the Greek tragedy writers also, pursued, of clearing the problem of unnecessary surroundings, of eliminating elements which do not essentially alter the result.

But whatever morbidness we may seem to find in some of his earlier tales, and however severe and relentless the fate which, in all his works, pursues any deviation from the strict line of rectitude, none of us will be likely to find fault with the value which he sets upon a pure life. The beauty of innocence, the sweetness of affection, the charm of genius allied to guilelessness, are surely expressed in Hilda, and Priscilla, and Phoebe Pyncheon, "with a most particular grace, and an inexpressible addition of comeliness," which may be set off against the "lurid gloom" that overhangs Miriam and Zenobia. The honor which we join to manliness will not be lessened by the character of the artist of the *Seven Gables*, or by that of Kenyon the sculptor. The beautiful pictures of home life at Concord, and Salem, and Lenox, and the sunny gleams we have in the *Note-Books* of English cathedrals and Italian antiquities, will throw a mild radiance over the harsher pictures of his gloomier pages. The "thunder-burst" is far off, and the "warbling of bobolinks" more present to us.

Even the elderly men and women, his contemporaries, with the new light in their hands, are going back into the silent halls of the past with more tenderness and greater reverence, to lift, as they can now, the "cloudy veil" which stretched over the abyss of his nature who could yet say:—"I have no love of secrecy and darkness. I am glad to think that God sees through my heart, and, if any angel has power to penetrate into it, he is welcome to know everything that is there. So may any mortal who is capable of full sympathy, and therefore worthy to come into my depths."

MISCELLANEOUS.

AMONG recent religious works are the following:—*The Conversion of St. Paul*, by Geo. Jarvis Geer,

D.D.; (New York: Samuel R. Wells). Under this title are gathered three discourses on the facts, influence, and teaching of St. Paul's Conversion and subsequent life. They are thoughtful and well-written studies on an important subject. *Ad Clerum*, by J. Parker, D.D., author of *Ecce Deus* (Boston: Roberts Brothers), is a book of advice to young preachers, in which much sound sense and earnest religious feeling are seasoned with keen wit. We commend it to all for whom it is designed, and do not doubt that some preachers no longer young would be both interested and benefited by reading it. *The Lord's Prayer*, by Henry J. Van Dyke, D.D. (New York: Robert Carter and Bros.). While there is nothing specially original or suggestive in the author's thought or expression, his book will be found a cheering and instructive one to many minds. *Westminster Lessons*: Prepared for the Presbyterian Board of Publication, by the Rev. Henry C. McCook. These lessons comprise twenty-six "Studies in the Last Year of our Lord's Ministry." The exegetical treatment of each subject seems to be full and satisfactory, and the questions are clear and pointed.

MANNERS and customs, domestic life and popular thought, are included in the modern idea of the materials of history not less than "the march of Empires and the fate of Kings;" but for the study of them we depend largely on the various phases of what is called historical fiction. The poet, the playwright, the novelist, if his work is genuine, reanimates the past, and shows us what we want chiefly to see—the play of human sympathy that underruns the historian's great events. Thus old Homer may tell us not a word of historical fact, in the usual sense of the term, yet his pictures of ancient life give a clearer insight into the thoughts and ways of the early Greeks than could have been given by the most accurate chronicler of the ordinary sort. For the convenience of those who wish to follow some sort of system in their reading in this department of literature, or to supplement their study of sober history with the works of imagination bearing on any particular period, the Superintendent of the Boston Public Library has prepared an experimental list of novels, plays, and poems illustrative of historical eras and personages. The scheme of supplementing in this way the catalogues of popular libraries with classified cross-references applied to fiction promises to be of great assistance to general readers.

WE can find it in our heart to forgive Mr. James Parton for taking from the editorial department of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY the title of his new volume of essays, because that title so distinctly describes them. In the tact of selecting for discussion just those *Topics of the Time* which are uppermost in the public mind, and are likely to prove popular, lies, in our judgment, one secret of his unquestionable success. No one knows better than Mr. Parton how "to catch as she flies the Cynthia of the minute." The materials which make up this handsome volume, recently issued from

the press of James R. Osgood & Co., have already seen the light in the pages of the magazines; but they will be enjoyed none the less in their collected form, for they relate to important questions of administration and social life every day talked about in the newspapers and in the domestic circle. "The Yankees at Home," "Log Rolling in Washington," "How Congress Wastes Its Time," and "The Government of the City of New York," are cases in point. Nor is it to be denied that Mr. Parton writes of these matters from a full knowledge of them, and with a certain freshness of style that makes his paragraphs truly enjoyable. The essay on "International Copyright" is the only one in the volume which may be said to lie without the range of popular sympathy and immediate interest, but this shows very strikingly Mr. Parton's ingenuity and shrewdness; and the general reader, who might be repelled from reading an argument on the copyright question, from a not unintelligent dread of its dullness, will find himself really entertained by Mr. Parton's original way of presenting a plea for the rights of authorship.

GRAMMAR as a science is a culture-study requiring maturity of mind and considerable acquaintance with language. The grammar-teaching needed by the young is a mere corrective of "naughtie speche," as the ancients called it. The failure of the ordinary grammar-teaching of the schools seems to be due to the failure of the text-book makers to choose correctly between the two. They begin at the wrong end of their work, and, neglecting the formation of right habits of speaking, attempt to dilute the science of language to the mental capacity of children. Grammar is thus spoiled as a culture-study, and made of no effect for teaching the art of using language correctly. In his *Shorter Course of English Grammar* (New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.) Mr. Kerl has tried to present the subject in a more suitable way, with no small measure of success. He has departed widely and wisely from the old-fashioned course, though not so far as he might have done to advantage. His inability to free himself from time-honored absurdities is amusingly illustrated on page 94, where the learner is taught to "spell the possessive singular" of certain words after the following mode: "*Sister*. —s-s-sis —t-e r-ap-stro-pæ-s-er's-s-sister's." That is almost as ingenious as the cookney's spelling "a hess, and a hay, and a hell, two hoes, and a hen," for *saloon*.

JOHN JERNINGHAM, whose *Journal* has just been published (Charles Scribner & Co.), although he writes in the same measures and in much the same lively vein, is by no means so dainty and delightful a versemaker as his little wife. But many people will be curious to hear the husband's side of the story, and there is this to be said in favor of the book that, like Mrs. Stowe's *Pink and White Tyranny*, it carries into society a protest against the growing heresy of divorce.

Strife is the monosyllabic title of a story by Mrs. E. D. Wallace, the incidents of which are laid in Germany and Italy within a comparatively recent period. The

plot hinges on the relation of a ring, bearing for inscription the family motto, "*Spes, Espérance, Speranza*," to the fortunes of the characters, one of whom has been wrongfully kept out of an inheritance. The movement of the drama involves to a considerable extent the politics of the Italian peninsula since the upheaval of 1848, and though the tone of the work is sombre, and the denouement is far from cheerful, being burdened with a murder by poisoning, there are many passages in it of very happy description, and some of real dramatic power.

One of the most important announcements of the year is that of the publication of Dr. Hodge's *Systematic Theology* (Charles Scribner & Co.). The first volume will include the Introduction and Theology proper. The two subsequent volumes will treat of Anthropology, Soteriology, and Eschatology. The same house will shortly commence the publication of the *Bible Commentary*, known in England as the *Speaker's Commentary*, by the issue of the first volume, which embraces the entire Pentateuch. They also announce *Elements of Intellectual Philosophy*, abridged from President Porter's well-known work on *The Human Intellect*; the second series of Froude's *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, which will include his already celebrated papers on "Calvinism," "Progress," the "Scientific Method Applied to History," &c.; *Lectures on the Science of Religion*, by Max Müller, with papers on Buddhism and a Translation of Dhammapada; *Mountain Adventures*, and *The Wonders of Water*, two new volumes in the Wonder Library; a new novel by the long silent author of Rutledge, entitled *Richard Vandermark; Shooting, Boating, and Fishing, for Young Sportsmen*, by T. Robinson; the second volume of Curtius's great work, *The History of Greece*, and an entertaining and suggestive volume of *Americanisms*, by Prof. Schele de Vere.

GEORGE SAND.

IT is now many years since a new voice began to make itself heard, and to utter such wonderful things that people could not do less than listen. But anon they stopped their ears and exclaimed: "It is Bogy!" for the voice uttered wild and lawless things; its tones set hot blood astir in men's hearts; it lamented, it imprecated; now smiting like a javelin, now foaming like ocean waves, against the bulwark of social restraint. So that in the end few listened, and those who did were worse off than those who did not. Thus, for all the beauty of the voice, and its eloquence, which was like a rare spell, the world was none the better that it sounded at all.

But bye-and-bye the voice (which called itself "George Sand") took on a different sound. Year by year it increased in purified beauty. Each utterance showed the change; the bitter waters confessed the herb of healing, and now the time was come when a

little child might listen, and listening, smile. But still the majority, faithful to old tradition, kept fingers in ears, and to all who said, "But the voice is sweet, and soundeth like one who playeth upon a pleasant instrument," replied, "Listen not, or you will run mad."

The George Sand of to-day is not the Circe of twenty years ago, against whom, with much justice and a little injustice, the good arrayed themselves. She is a better woman and truer artist; her later books are among the best delights of the age, and it is time that we all unstop our ears and suffer the voice to be heard.

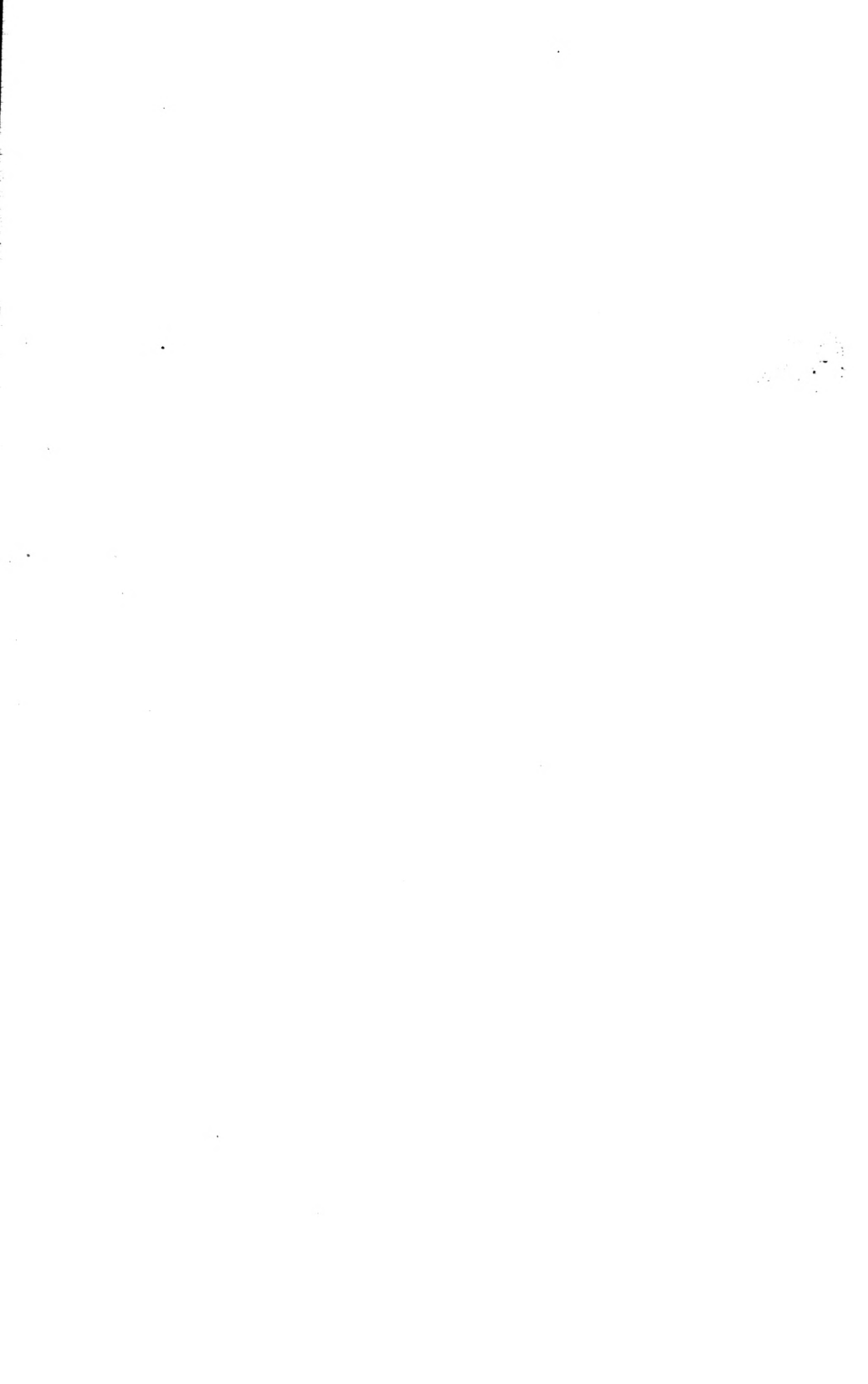
Her "picture-power" is extraordinary. This is wonderfully evidenced in each of the five translations recently issued by the Messrs. Roberts. There are no repetitions—no tinting over of dim accustomed outline. Each story is an "entire and perfect chrysolite,"—unique, distinct, original. The stale devices by which the modern novelist is wont to conceal his poverty-struck invention are as foreign as needless to such inexhaustible fertility. Her style, like a pellucid stream, reflects and beautifies the thought it glasses, without distortion and without change. Colors glow on her page, winds sound, birds sing. She has the marvellous gift of conveying to other minds with absolute distinctness the image which fills her own—a gift in the perfection of which she stands pre-eminent among her generation. Raphael did it on canvas; Beethoven in his orchestral scores; to accomplish it with pen and paper is a harder thing, and few in our day beside George Sand have attained thereto.

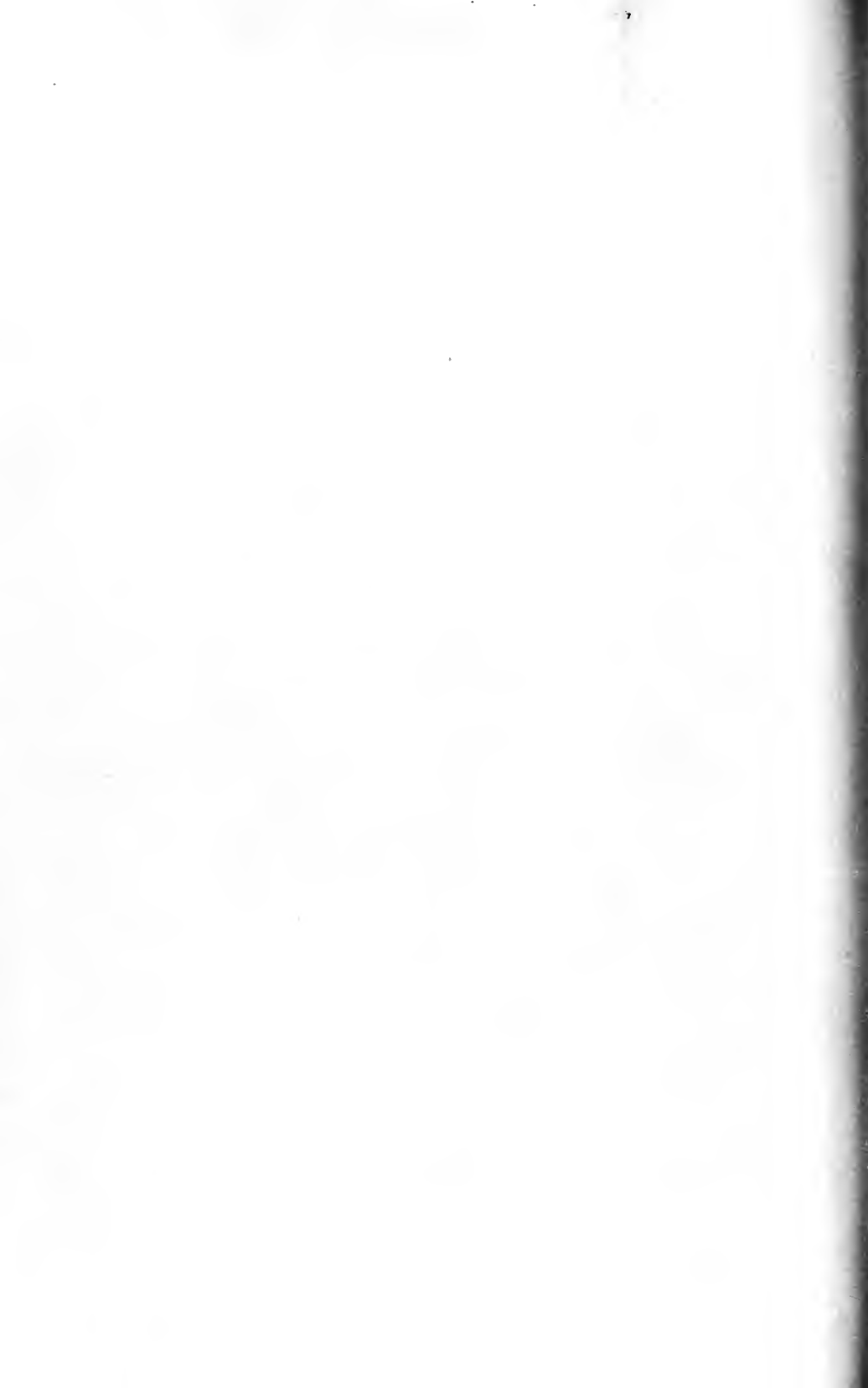
Examining the five novels to which we have alluded, we find *The Snow Man* our favorite; *The Miller of Angibault* ranking next in point of attraction; *Mauprat*, powerful and vivid, leaves a depression, as when one has watched a conflict, and sympathized in thew and muscle with its progress. *Monsieur Sylvestre* breathes a melancholy rustle as of dried leaves falling in sombre autumn evenings. But the *Miller of Angibault* is like the ocean wind blowing freshly amid the poplar trees, and tinkling their tiny leaf castanets into music. There is strength and freshness in the story, and a simple charm which blends with summer days and quiet thoughts. And the *Snow Man*, crisp, brilliant, dazzling, full of life and movement, is like the northern night, with its auroras, its mysterious shoots and crackles, its electric frosts, its innumerable stars drawn in a deep blue vault, and beneath, fires lit by human hands and the songs of simple hearts which warm themselves in the blaze.

We can hardly speak too strongly of this book, and of the honest regret it causes that, deterred by the old prejudice against its author, so many are likely to lose the pleasure of knowing and tasting its flavor, to which Miss Vaughn's admirable translation does true justice. "Prove all things," says the injunction; and how shall we "hold fast to that which is good" unless we comply?



A NEW ENGLAND TOWN MEETING. — "HOW MUCH THIS YEAR FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS?"





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